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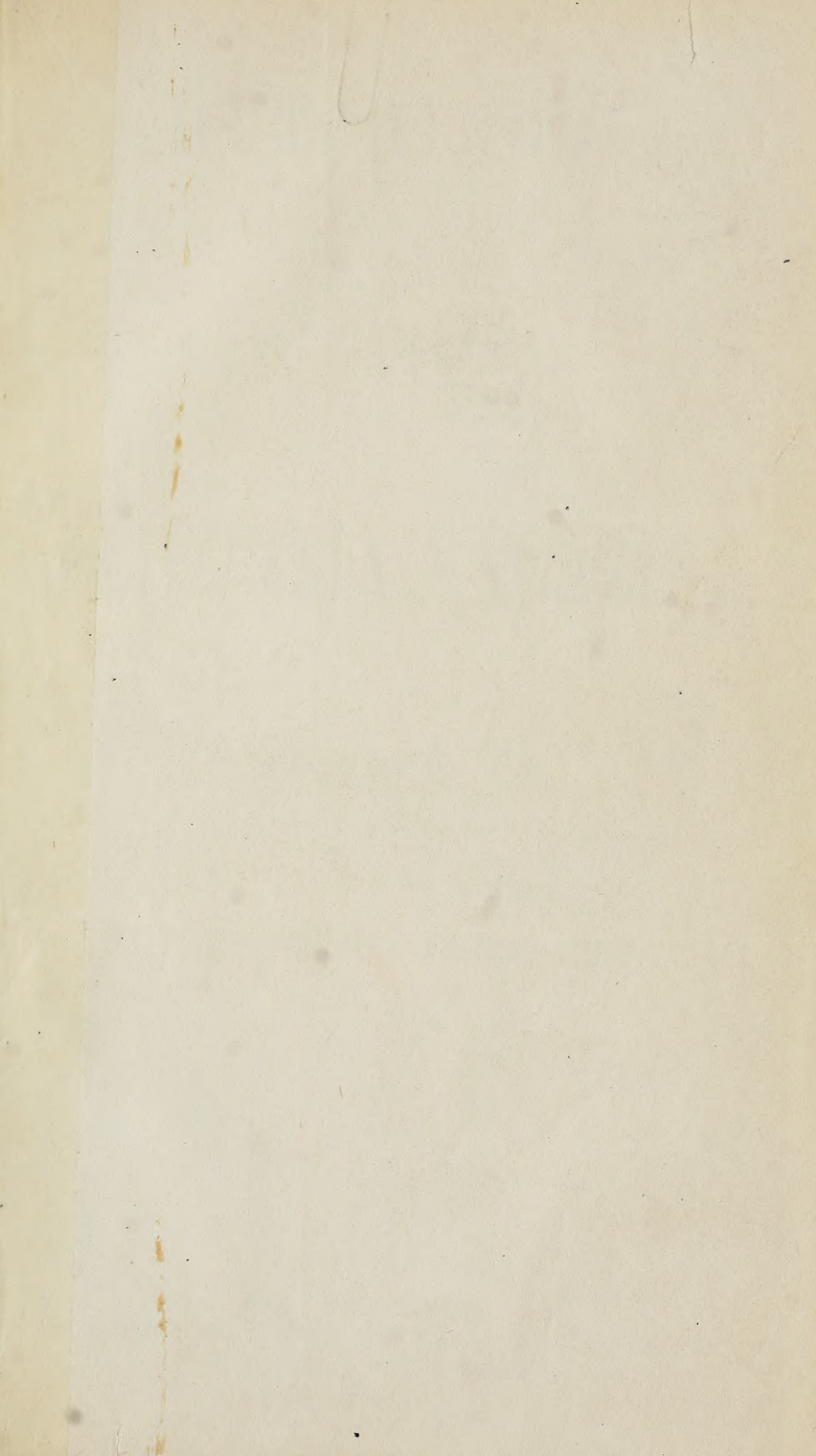
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ILLUSTRATED

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE,

VOLUME II.

JULY, 1857, TO JUNE, 1858.



SAN FRANCISCO:
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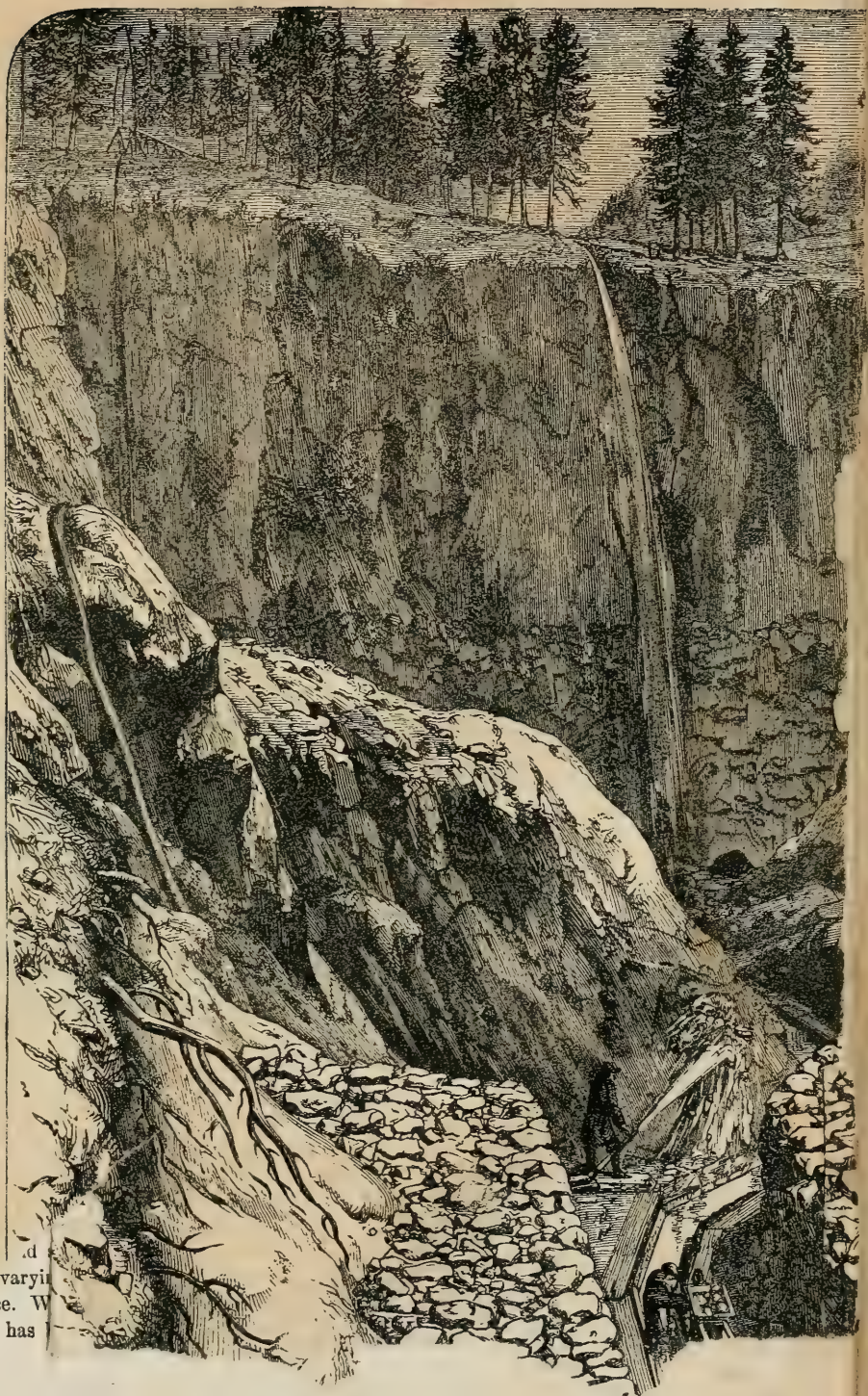
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HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

JULY, 1857.

NO. I.

OURSELVES.



N

this, the advent of the first-fruits of your continued kindness, and our second volume, gentle reader, we may, perhaps, be permitted to congratulate, and say "God speed ye," to each other. Thus far we have traveled together over plain and mountain, meadow and hill, among forest trees and shrubs, and wild-flowers of the ever-varying landscape of California experience. We trust that our converse by the way has been to each other's heart like

alternating sunlight and shadow to a beautiful scene, gilding the sorrowful with hope, and shading the joyful with a common brotherhood and sympathy, for the unfortunate.

We hope that during the coming months, our friendly interest in, and communion with each other, will be increased ; and our presence become a welcome identity with every household in our Pacific State.

It may be cheering to our friends to know, that their words of kindness, and acts of co-operation, have crowned our efforts with unexpected success, so that now there is scarcely a glen or a valley, a settlement or a camp, a town or a city, in California, where our Magazine does not find its way ; and thousands every month are sent to distant friends, to give them greeting and remembrance. Gratitude for these continually extending favors, will, we trust, nerve us to fresh endeavors, to make the California Magazine in every way more worthy of the kind approval of the public for the future ; believing it to be the cheapest publication on the Pacific coast, we are determined also, that it shall be among the best.

MINING FOR GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

The reader, no doubt, well remembers the peculiar impressions which the first tidings of the discovery of gold in California produced upon his mind. How in every possible way the imagination industriously endeavored to picture the exhilarating scenes which surrounded, and the pleasurable excitement which attended the enviable employment of digging for gold. What lucky fellows they must be, who, untrammelled by the common-place constraint of ordinary business, could, with their own hands, take the precious metal from the earth, and in a few brief months, perhaps, by their own labor, become the fortunate possessors of sufficient wealth to make a whole lifetime happy for themselves and family, as well as useful to others.

What enchanting visions of the good to be accomplished—of the pleasures to be



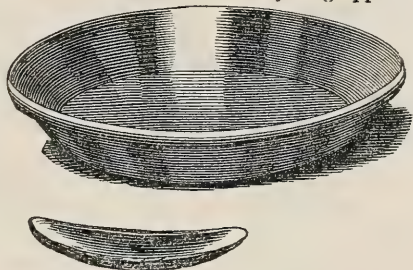
PICK.

enjoyed—of the greatness to be achieved,—or the triumphs to be won, influenced his decision and turned his thoughts and footsteps towards the Land of Gold.

No wonder that his impressions were somewhat vague, and his knowledge limited and indefinite; as but little was then known of the country, manner of living, the labor required, or methods in use for working the mines. Even to this day, with all that has been written, and all the pictorial illustrations which have been published, those who have not actually visited the mines, have but a very incorrect conception

of what they are, or how they are worked.

We therefore believe that the reader—be he ever so familiar with everything apper-



PAN AND SCOOP.

taining to mining and mining life—will be the better pleased should our description of each and every method and implement be simple, and easy to be understood.

After the discovery of gold, by James W. Marshall, at Sutter's Mill, on the South Fork of the American River, near Coloma, in the early spring of 1848, altho' the forests and glens were almost untrodden, and their stillness unbroken, except by wild animals, and Indians; the "Prospector,"



PROSPECTING.

SHOVEL.

with his pick or shovel upon his shoulder, his pan in his hand, and his knife and trusty revolver in his belt around his waist, began to wander among the hills, and up the ravines and gulches "prospecting" for gold.

In 1849 and 1850 it was very common for small companies of men to start on a prospecting excursion, with several days' provisions, cooking utensils, blankets, tools, and fire-arms, at their backs; and with this small mule-load, climb the most rugged and difficult mountains; descend and cross the most rocky and dangerous cañons; endure fatigue and hardship; and brave privation and peril almost entirely unknown at the present time.

Sometimes it is true an animal might be taken for that purpose; but, if his neck was not broken, he was almost invariably the cause of more anxiety and trouble than of comfort; as men would often have to travel over snow, into which an animal would sink; and cross an impetuous mountain stream upon a small pine, which, of course, no animal would ever attempt; and could he have been induced to enter the stream for the purpose of fording it, the force of the rushing water would have tripped him off his feet and dashed him to pieces upon the rocks; so that the company's course had to be entirely changed, or the enterprise abandoned.

At that period the precious metal was supposed to be found only in rivers, cañons, gulches, or ravines; and, as the latter were the readiest prospected, and the easiest worked, and often paid very well; they offered the most tempting inducement to the prospector; and consequently, were the first places sought after and tested by him.

Having arrived at a spot which looked inviting, and which he thought would "pay," down would go his pan and pick, or shovel, and after removing some of the loose earth or stones which were lying on the top, he would commence making a small hole (generally about the size of his hat!) in the lowest part of the ravine, from

whence a panful of dirt would be taken, and washed; and, if found to be rich, a "claim" or "claims" would be immediately staked off, and a notice put up which generally read as follows:

"We, the undersigned, claim fifteen feet square (or other quantity mentioned) commencing at this stake, and running up this ravine to the oak tree with a notch in it.

*(Signed.) PETER SNIGGINS
JEREMIAH TURTLE."*

As somewhat illustrative of this rule among miners, we may mention that a short time ago, a stalwart son of the "Emerald Isle," was prospecting a ravine near Forbestown, having obtained a dollar to the pan, and considering it a pretty good prospect, he concluded to "take up a claim" there; but just as he was exulting over his good fortune, he espied a "notice" upon an old stump with the ominous words written thereon: "*We, the undersigned, claim, &c., &c., having duly recorded the same.*" "Ow the devil," he exclaimed, "how came ye there now?" But as the notice returned him no answer, and as he saw some men working but a few yards below, he went to them with the inquiry—"I say Misther, who owns thim claims?"

"We do," replied one.

"Be gorrah thin ye hav no right to thim."

"Oh yes, we have a right to them, as we took them up, and recorded them, and have been working upon them all summer."

"Recarded thim! Ow the devil recard ye's! sure there's not an owld stoomp within five miles of Forbestown but what has a notice plastered all over it as big as a winder, with 'Recarded' in mighty fine letters all over the paper, from the top to the bottom. To the devil with ye's and the recarder too—the baist!" With this generous wish and benediction, he walked away muttering—"The devil 'recard' ye's."

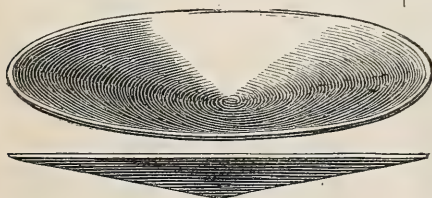
If, however, a good prospect was not obtained in the first panful of auriferous dirt, a second was seldom attempted by the prospector of 1848.

Before leaving him, let us see how his

panful of dirt is washed—as the process of “panning out” is precisely the same now as it was then, and is an indispensable accompaniment to every method of gold mining.

Having placed his pan by the edge of a pool or stream, he takes hold of the sides with both hands, and squatting down lowers it into the water, then, with a kind of oscillating and slightly rotary motion, he moves it about beneath the surface for a few moments, then, after drawing it to the edge of the pool, he throws out the largest of the stones, and assists to dissolve the dirt by rubbing it between his hands; the washing is then repeated; and, while the muddy water and sand are floated out of the pan into the pool, the gold, if there is any, settles gradually to the bottom of the pan and is there saved.

If a little only of very fine gold was found, it was called in miner's phraseology “finding the color,” and if from ten to twenty-five cents were found to the pan, it was called “a good prospect.” Now, however, with improved modes of mining, and less extravagant expectations, from one to three cents is pronounced “good pay dirt.”



MEXICAN BOWL.

The Mexicans and Chilians use almost exclusively the *batea*, or broad wooden bowl shown in the engraving above, instead of the pan.

Next to the *pan* and bowl as implements for the more speedy separation of gold from the earth, the *cradle* or *rocker* holds an important place; from the fact that it was the first appliance, superior to the pan used with effect in all parts of the mines. Its size and weight rendering it portable, it

was easily transferred from place to place, and even now is much in use as a prospecting implement upon a scale more extended than can well be executed with the pan.

Our description of the cradle or rocker is this: an oblong box from three to three and a half feet in length, eighteen to twenty-two inches in width, and about nine inches in depth at the upper end, with a bar across the middle; one end of the box is left open or has no end board. There is no cover to the box or cradle; but a separate box, sieve, or hopper, is made to fit into and occupy the half of the cradle furthest from the open or lower end; this hopper is about four inches in depth; the bottom is of sheet iron, perforated with holes about three-eighths or half an inch in diameter, and one and a half inches apart.

Under the hopper and sloping downward toward the upper end of the cradle, is the *slide* or *apron*. This apron being somewhat hollow or concave on its upper side, and covered with canvass, retains much of the fine gold that falls upon it.

Rockers are attached to the under side of the whole, quite similar to those of a child's cradle; near the middle an upright handle is attached, by which motion is given to it.

The hopper being nearly filled with auriferous earth, the operator being seated by its side, while rocking the cradle with one hand, he dips and pours on water with the other, from an adjacent pool or rivulet, using a half gallon tin dipper for the purpose.

The water dissolving the earth, it falls through the sieve upon the sloping apron, which conveys it to the upper end of the bottom of the cradle. On this bottom, about the center, is a “riffle-bar” placed crosswise, and one a little deeper at the lower end; and while the lighter sand and dirt passes over them with the water, the gold, by its greater weight, is retained by them, and thus kept from passing out at the lower end.



THE CRADLE AND MANNER OF USING IT.

The coarse stones and gravel remaining in the hopper after the water runs clear are then thrown out, the hopper replaced and refilled, and the process repeated. As often as is necessary, the apron, riffle-bars, and bottom are cleaned of the sand and gold that has concentrated upon them; the larger portion of the fine gold, being generally found upon the canvass of the apron.

The cradle, though still extensively used by the Chinese throughout the mines, has given way among Americans, and the more enterprising class of miners, to more summary methods for separating the gold from the pay-dirt; its use being superseded by far more efficient implements; and among them, as next in importance to the cradle, was introduced the "Long-Tom."

THE LONG TOM.

It was not long after the pan and cradle were in general use, that it became apparent that some more expeditious mode was required for washing the gold from large quantities of earth. Men were not satisfied with the slow, one man system, the use of pan or cradle; but something must be done, some invention made of an implement by

the use of which the united efforts of individuals, as companies, could be made available and profitable.

To supply this want, the wits and ingenuity of the earlier miners soon brought out the "long tom," exceedingly primitive in its first inception and form it is true, but proving so effective in its operations, it was soon greatly improved upon, and at length became the indispensable implement in the hands of companies of from three to five men in prosecuting their gold washing operations.

From the primitive toms, which were but troughs hollowed out from the half trunks of pine trees, they soon assumed the proportions and shape of the neatly constructed tom of sawed lumber and sheet iron of the present day.

The tom varies much in size, depending on the number of men intending to use it. It is an oblong box or trough about twelve feet in length, open at the top and usually at both ends; but always at the lower end. It is about eight inches in depth, and at the upper end from one foot to two feet in width; but increasing to nearly double that width at the middle,

from thence its sides are parallel to the lower end. The bottom of this broad portion for a distance of from three to six feet from the end, is made of strong, perforated sheet iron, in every respect similar to the sieve or hopper of the cradle, but of much heavier iron. The tom is not straight upon its bottom the whole length; but the sheet iron portion is turned upward as it approaches the lower end, so that the depth

of the tom is diminished at that end to less than three inches. The object of this is that the water may all pass through the sieve or tom-iron without running over the top.

Under this perforated iron portion is placed a riffle box, similar in principle to the bottom of a cradle; but larger, and alike with the tom, always to remain stationary or immovable while in use.



MINING WITH THE LONG-TOM.

The tom is now placed in a proper position, having reference to the dirt to be washed, generally as near the ground as possible to admit of the "tailings" passing off freely. The riffle box is first fixed in proper position, then the iron-bottomed portion of the tom placed over it, with its open or narrow end several inches the highest. Water is now let on, either in open troughs of wood, or through canvass hose, which by its force, carries the dirt when put in, down the tom; and while two or more men are employed shoveling the dirt into the tom at the upper end, one man at the side of the lower end, with hoe or shovel in hand, receives the dirt as brought down by the water; and after being violently stirred and moved about upon the perforated iron bottom until all has passed through it that will, the residue of stones and coarse gravel is thrown out by the shovel.

The manner of saving the gold by the riffle box, is precisely the same in principle

as that of the cradle, with this advantage over it; that the falling of streams of water through the tom iron serve to keep the sand upon the bottom of the riffle box stirred up and loose, permitting the gold the more easily to reach the bottom, where it is retained by the riffle bars; while the lighter matter, sand and pebbles, pass off with the water and is called "tailings."

Sometimes thirty or fifty feet or more of sluice boxes are attached to the tom at the upper end, and the dirt is shoveled in along the whole length, to be carried down to the tom by the force of the water, there to receive its final stirring up.

Toms are particularly adapted to nearly level grounds, or where there is not sufficient fall to admit of the still more efficient mode of gold washing with sluices.

SLUICING.

This is a mode of mining particularly adapted to those localities where it becomes desirable to wash large quantities of dirt,



SLUICING.

and where the descent is sufficient to operate advantageously.

To get at a proper understanding of this method of mining, seems to require a description of the "sluice box." This is merely an open trough, usually made of three inch boards—a bottom, and two sides; twelve or fourteen feet in length, and from twelve inches to forty in width, and sawed purposely for this use, two inches wider at one end than at the other. The sides of these troughs are secured from spreading by cleats nailed across the top; and from splitting at the bottom, by similar cleats on the under side.

A continuous line of these troughs or "sluice boxes," the smaller and lower end of each, inserted for three or four inches into the larger end of the next one below, form the "sluice," and being placed upon the ground or other supports, with a proper descent; the dirt, by whatever mode is adopted to remove it thereto, and into the sluice, either by shoveling, or the power of the hydraulic as hereafter described, is, by the force of a larger body of water than is usually used in tomming, conveyed through a continuous line of from fifty to several hundred feet in length, and when the de-



GROUND SLUICING.

scient is sufficient, the whole mass of dirt, from the finest particles, to stones and boulders of four or five inches in diameter, go rattling down by their own gravity and the force of the water, the entire length of the sluice.

Where the descent is not quite sufficient for this, forks and shovels are used along the sluices to loosen up and finally to throw out such of the larger stones and rocks as the water cannot force through them; as shown in the engraving.

There are different appliances attached to the bottoms of these sluices, inside, for the purpose of saving or catching the gold in its passage down the sluice, such as

riffles of a great variety of pattern, and false bottoms, perforated or split in pieces, the interstices of which are admirably adapted to the saving of fine gold.

These sluices are sometimes "run," as it is termed, for many days together before "cleaning up;" when this is done the false bottoms or riffles are removed, the sluices "washed down," and the gold secured by being carefully swept down the whole length of the sluice into a pan, to be more thoroughly cleaned by "panning out."

This is doubtless of all others the most expeditious mode of mining or separating the gold from the dirt that has yet been discovered, and where it can be adopted is doubtless the best.

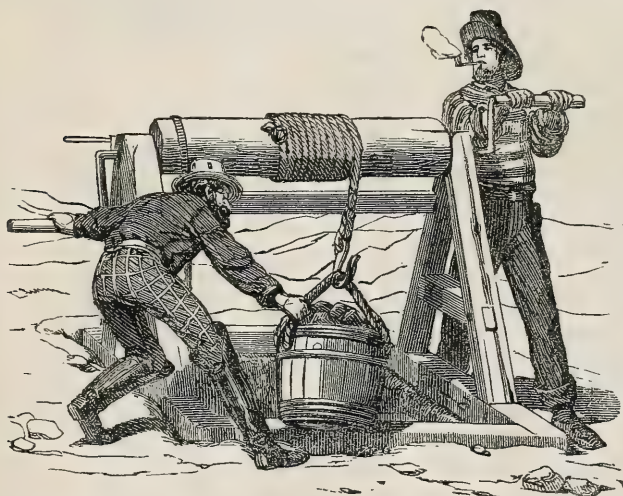
GROUND SLUICING.

Among the more important operations connected with gold mining upon an extensive scale, is "ground sluicing." Localities are often found in which the largest portion of the gold lies upon, or near the "bed rock;" above which may rest a depth of earth of many feet, containing no gold, or so small a quantity compared with the mass of dirt, that it would not pay either to wash in sluices or for the expense of re-

moval in any other way than by ground sluicing.

The principle of the operation is this; a bank of earth is selected which it is desired to reduce or wash away, down to the pay dirt; a stream of water is conducted thereto, at so high a level as to command it; a small ditch is then cut along the portion to be ground sluiced, the water turned on, and then any number of hands with picks and shovels either upon the edges of the ditch or by getting directly into the stream of water, pick away and work down the banks and bottom, to be dissolved and carried away by the water, while the gold that may be contained in it, settles down without being conveyed or lost, to be finally saved by being passed through the ordinary sluice.

When the process is solely for the purpose of removing the top strata of earth in which no gold or pay dirt is found, down to that which will pay, it is called "stripping," by ground sluicing. Often however when no pay is expected from the stripping process, the miner is unexpectedly cheered by finding in the top dirt more gold than sufficient to pay all the expenses of the operation.



SINKING A SHAFT.

SINKING A SHAFT.

The mining region of California in its physical conformation is made up to a great extent of immense ridges and hills, with gulches and ravines intervening, and all underlaid by what is usually termed the "bed rock." In very many places this bed rock assumes upon its surface the form of basins deep beneath the great earth ridges, and these basins are frequently found to be exceedingly rich in their golden deposits.

To reach the bed rock in these positions, two methods are adopted; "sinking shafts" and "running tunnels."

To "sink a shaft"—a shaft being a perpendicular opening in the earth usually from four to six feet in diameter—the same means and appliances are ordinarily used as in sinking a deep well; which in fact it much resembles, except that it is seldom walled up as wells are, nor is water desired in them; but which unluckily too often occurs.

Sometimes a "streak" or strata of pay dirt is reached, before arriving at the bed rock, and is termed a "lead." When the lead is followed horizontally to the right or left from the shaft, it is termed "drifting;" and when the bed rock is reached, if operations are continued they are all done by drifting.

The pay dirt is raised to the surface by the same means that are used in sinking the shaft, the principal of which is, the windlass and bucket, or tub. Sinking shafts is often performed, solely with the view of prospecting, in the cheapest and most expeditious manner, the bed rock, before proceeding to the greater expense, but more efficient mode, of working these deep hill claims by "tunneling." But this is not always the case; for shafts are sometimes sunk upon flats, to a great depth, and the entire process of mining out all beneath, conducted through the shaft; in aid of which, steam engines are often employed.



RUNNING A TUNNEL.

TUNNELING.

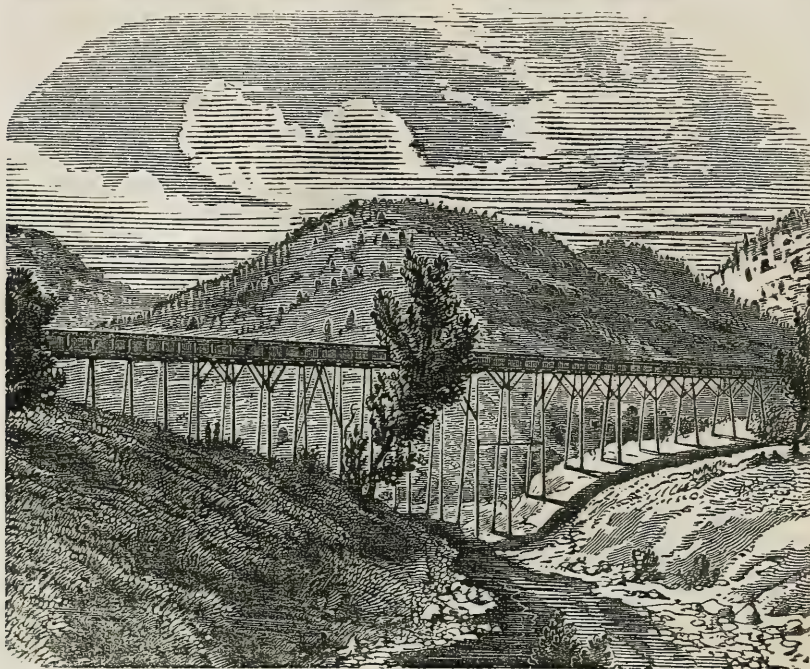
Tunnels are usually commenced upon hill-sides, or near the bottom of gulches and ravines and are run in nearly horizontal. Commencing at the surface upon the proper level, or what is supposed will prove to be the proper level, when the basin of the hill or pay dirt is reached, an open cut is first made into the hill, until a sufficient depth is attained to enable the tunnel to be commenced, with enough of earth or rock over-

head to sustain itself in the form of an arch, or if of earth only and inclined to cave in, then to be supported by "timbering" at a height scarcely sufficient to clear a tall man's head when standing upright.

The tunnel is now commenced, and usually from five to seven feet in width. When only earth and detached stones or boulders are met with, it often becomes necessary to "timber up," as the tunnel progresses; which is done by setting strong posts about



FLUMING IN A CANON.



FLUMING OVER A GORGE.

three feet apart on each side, and opposite to each other; and these supporting a cross timber above, and on these one or more plank are laid which support the roof; sometimes the sides are necessarily planked also.

In very many instances the tunnel is "driven" by picking and blasting through solid bed-rock many hundred feet in length, requiring a great expenditure of time, labor, money, and perseverance. To convey from the tunnel, the excavated portions of rock, stones, and earth, the wheelbarrow was formerly in general use, and is even now in many places; but with the more systematic, a narrow rail-road is constructed as the work progresses, on which is run a suitable car, the bottom of the tunnel having the necessary grade to enable a loaded car to be propelled outwardly easily by man power.

When the pay dirt is reached, a division is made of the excavated portion on being

brought out, into that which is, and is not, pay dirt, and as often as expedient when water is procurable, it is washed by sluicing in the usual manner.

FLUMING.

Only those who are familiar with the physical formation of the mountain and gold region of California, have anything like an adequate idea of the vast amount of labor expended, in the construction of the artificial water-courses that supply our mining canals and ditches with water from the mountain streams.

To hear of the construction of a hundred miles of mining ditch, conveys but a feeble conception of the magnitude of the enterprise, or the difficulties to be overcome. The mountain country from which the supply of water is obtained, does not consist of slope upon slope, or of successive tables of comparatively level land, and rising one above another; but from the foot hills, the

mountains rise to the height of from seven to nine thousand feet, in one uninterrupted succession of immense ridges, lying in every conceivable direction and position, with intervening gorges or cañons of corresponding depth; and by this we mean, of very great depth; many of the mountain streams occupying and rushing down cañons, whose sides are almost perpendicular walls of rock, and often three thousand feet or more in height, and along which the pedestrian can only make his way for a hundred yards together, by taking to the bed of the stream.

It is from such cañons, that the water is mostly obtained for the supply of our mining canals and ditches; and it is not unusual that from three to ten miles of wooden flume is required at the upper end, before the water can be brought out of the cañon sufficiently high to oretop or command the ridges and foot hills of the lower country, in which the mines and placers are principally found.

To lift as it were, the waters from these deep cañons, or rather to convey them at a fall of from five to twenty feet to the mile, out of them, often requires many miles of flume constructed entirely of wood, because the steep sides have not, in many places, a single inch of earth in which to excavate a ditch; and even the rocky sides often so high and steep as to require the flume to be constructed upon trestle work, a hundred or more feet in height; and even in some instances actually suspended by iron work, upon the smooth face of almost overhanging rock and precipices; the workmen are let down and suspended by ropes from above, while prosecuting their arduous labors.

Then again, the flume is made to span a vast gorge sometimes, and in places supported by timber work from beneath; at others, by suspension from the sides; and in its tortuous course, running up and crossing adjacent gorges, perhaps to take in the waters of some small tributary, and then again heading for and coursing along the great main cañon, leaping as it were,

from point to point of jutting crag and cliff, till at last it reaches the more earthy side or summit of the ridge, there to be at once used for gold washing, or milling purposes, or conveyed by ditches in countless ramifications to the lower mining world; and these enterprises constitute the great fulcrum of our mining prosperity.

THE "HYDRAULIC" METHOD OF WORKING.

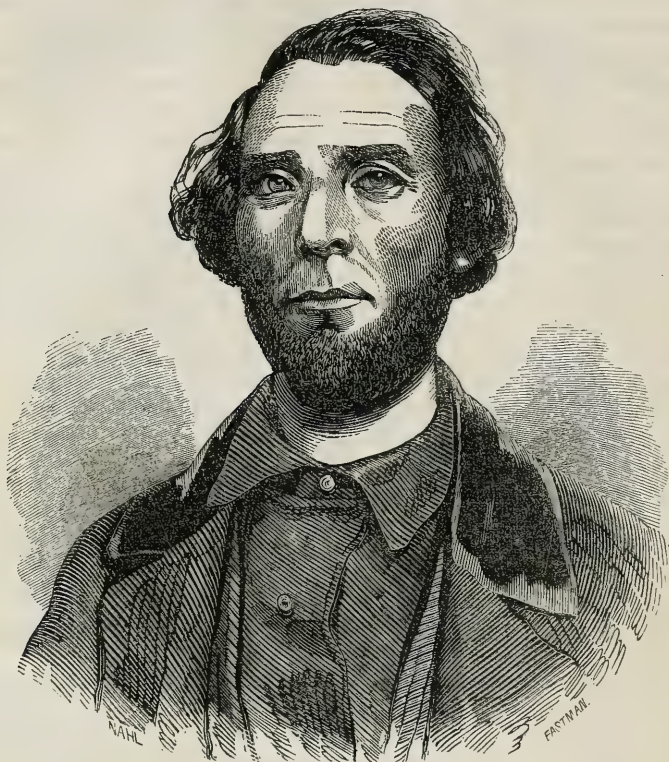
By far the most efficient system of mining yet known, for hill diggings, is the hydraulic; for the discovery of which California is indebted to Mr. Edward E. Matteson, formerly of Sterling, Windham County, Connecticut. Through the kindness of Mr. Cloud of Omega, Nevada County, we are enabled to present our readers with the likeness of Mr. Matteson, the discoverer, engraved from an excellent Ambrotype by Mrs. J. F. Rudolph, of Nevada.

Mr. M. first commenced the use of this method at American Hill, Nevada, in February, 1852, and such was the success attending its operation that others around him immediately began to adopt it; and it is now in general use throughout the mining districts of the State.

The large and accurate engraving on another page, from a beautiful ambrotype by Messrs. E. B. & D. H. Hendee, will give to the reader an excellent and correct idea of its manner of working and appearance.

Water being conveyed as before described, by canals and ditches, around and among the hills and mountain sides where mining is carried on, it is thence distributed from the main canal by smaller ditches to the mining claims requiring it.

Here it is run from the small ditch into a trough fixed upon tressel work, which is often technically termed the "Hydraulic Telegraph"; or, run in heavy duck hose upon the ground, to the edge of the claim, thence over the edge and down the almost perpendicular bank to the bed rock, or bottom of the claim, where it lies coiled about



EDWARD E. MATTESON.

on the rock and dirt like a huge serpent. As the upper end of the hose is much larger than the lower end, the water running in, keeps it full to the very top; and the weight of this water, escaping through a pipe attached to the lower end of the hose, in a similar manner to that of a fire engine, plays upon the bank with great force and effect, washing it rapidly away.

There are sometimes stratas of gravelly cement in the bank which are exceedingly hard and difficult to wash away, even with the immense force given by the weight of from fifty to two hundred and twenty feet of fall, which the water contained in the hose receives from above.

The most efficient manner of washing down these banks is by undermining them near the bed rock, when large masses—fre-

quently many tons in weight—"cave down" and not only break themselves to pieces by the fall, but unfortunately often bury the too venturesome miner beneath them. It is in this kind of mining so many accidents have occurred; and when we read in the newspapers of the day that Mr. so and so was badly injured—or killed—by the "caving of a bank," we may know it is generally in such places.

If the reader will please refer to the engraving he will see a stream of water running over the bank, which is often required effectually to cleanse and remove the large quantities of earth and rocks washed down by the pipe, and convey them to the sluice, down which they pass, and in which the gold is principally saved, although large amounts of the golden dust lie among the

earth and stones, but a few feet from whence they were washed.

After "cleaning up" the rock and "washing down" the sluice, the precious contents are swept into a pan where they are carefully panned out. After the day's work is done the miner repairs to his cabin to build his fire, cook and eat his supper, dry his dust, and blow out the black sand.

Sometimes when a man has been covered up by the bank falling upon him, not only the stream generally used in the claim, but often the entire contents of the ditch are thus turned on, and with the assistance of every miner who knows of the accident, it is used for sluicing him out, and which is by far the speediest and best method for his deliverance.

One becomes surprised when looking at the bold defiant strength of a miner's will and purpose, and the risk he so often runs, that comparatively so few accidents of this kind occur. By care, however, this branch of mining can be conducted with the same safety as any other.

The "hydraulic process" removes and washes immense masses of earth that would otherwise be useless and its working unprofitable, thus making it not only one of the most useful and effectual, but almost an indispensable method of mining for gold in California.

RIVER MINING.

In the beds of nearly all the rivers that traverse the gold region of California, deposits of gold have been found, many of them exceedingly rich; and large expenditures have been made in order successfully to work these "river claims."

Oftentimes the entire water of the river is turned into new channels, generally consisting of flumes of wood, built along the banks. A dam is constructed that turns the water into the flume, and being conveyed, often many hundred yards, is turned into the river bed again below. The water that remains is then pumped out, and usually, by the power obtained from wheels

acted upon by the water in its rapid passage through the flume.

The bed of the river by this means rendered dry or nearly so, the sand and gravel down to the bed-rock is then washed by either of the usual modes, with pan, cradle, tom, or sluice.

In a future number, we shall give engravings illustrative of river and quartz mining; the latter, having within the last two years, assumed an importance that entitles it to a more extended notice and space in our columns, than can well be devoted to it in this number.

CONSOLATION.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

She went to the radiant mansions afar,
The robes of the kingdom to wear; [star
And I think that the angels who dwell in the
Have twined a green wreath in her hair.

Not long on our shore did the child-pilgrim
Amid all our sorrow and sin; [wait.
For gently they opened a beautiful gate,
And said to her soul "welcome in."

The leaves of the summer were fresh on the
trees,
The primrose was bright in its bloom,
Waxen-like daisies were thick on the leas,
And winds were all breathing perfume;

When suddenly over her beautiful eyes,
There closed down the fring'd lids of snow;
The angels were singing far up in the skies,
And so she was ready to go:

Away in a lonely and beautiful vale,
We laid down our darling to rest;
Cross'd as in prayer were the hands milky pale,
O'er the burial flowers on her breast.

The sweet golden robin goes there, and sings,
In the hush of the bright morning hours:
And a rose tree above, her soft fragrance flings,
And covers the spot with pale flowers.

Ah not with the tears that are vain ones and
wild
Remember her earth vanished bloom,
But think that it is not the soul of your child
Hid in the cold clasp of the tomb:

Remember she went to her home in the sky
The robes of the kingdom to wear,
And YE when the shadows of life have gone by
May meet with the beautiful there!



A MAMMOTH TUSK.

A MAMMOTH TUSK.

The above engraving represents a remarkable tusk of solid ivory, eleven feet nine inches in length, and twenty-four and a half inches in circumference, at the base. It was found during the month of September, 1854, by a German miner named Geo. Keller, while working on Canal Gulch, near Yreka, Siskiyou county, firmly imbedded in water-washed gravel, about twenty feet from the surface.

We saw a portion of this immense tusk, in a cabin adjoining the claim where it was discovered, during the month of February, 1855, and which, although somewhat injured by its exposure to the air, still showed its ivory grain very distinctly. This piece—about two feet in length—we had the curiosity to measure, and though only a middle portion of the tusk, was eighteen and three quarter inches in circumference at the one end, and seventeen and five-eighths inches at the other.

We suppose the above remarkable relic of a bye-gone age and generation must belong to the *Megatherium*, a genus of the extinct *Edentata*, which has for many years engaged the attention of the most eminent professors of Geology and anatomy.

South America, and particularly in and about the neighborhood of Buenos Ayres, has furnished indubitable evidences that there once existed immense numbers of the *Mammalia* class of animals, now numbering comparatively few. Many museums have been lately enriched with this once dread animal's fossil remains, which were formerly only to be found in the museum of Madrid. They were sent over to Europe in 1789, and afforded Cuvier an opportunity to determine the affinities of this wonderful creature. They were dis-

covered southwest of Buenos Ayres, on the river shore of the Luxon.

Of later date, nearly a complete skeleton of one, was found in the bed of the river Salado, south of the Pampas, near the same city. During a long drought, of almost three years, it had become dry, and one Don Soza called the attention of Sir W. Parish, F. G. S., then H. M. Charge d'Affairs at this place, to this extraordinary discovery of some large bones found imbedded in the sand. An account of this was given in the "London Penny Cyclopaedia," May 29, 1839.

There is one of the finest specimens in the world, to be seen in the British Museum, set up I believe by Professor Mantou. This is nearly seventeen feet in height, and as many in length. Were the above specimen less curved, it would have doubtless belonged to the *Mastodon maximus*, a full account of which is recorded in the American Quarterly Journal of Agriculture and Science.

These animals the *Megatherium* and *Mastodon*, must have been most extraordinary. The bones of their skulls were of enormous size, and the tusks that issued from them, must have been levers, sufficiently powerful to uproot and lay prostrate, trees some four feet in circumference, on which they might fill their capacious maws to satiation. They are both supposed to have been herbivorous; from the appearances of their tusks, the *Mastodon* more especially, and from a remarkable matter found connected with one of the skeletons. In the midst of the ribs, there was seen a mass of matter composed apparently of twigs of trees, in small pieces about two inches long, of different diameters, from the smallest size to half an inch. Mixed with these, were four or five bushels

of a finer vegetable substance, like finely divided leaves, some in whole pellets, some in broken pellets, some within the lower part of the ribs, some without, plainly showing the food upon which the animal lived. The estimated weight of this animal, is twenty thousand pounds.

Next to the tusks of these wonderful gormandizers, their teeth excite our unqualified surprise. These have given name to one kind,—the Mastodon,—which, in Greek, signifies *small hill and tooth*; the Megatherium—*Great Wild Beast*.

The Megatherium is supposed to have had the head and shoulders similar to those of the sloth, and from the length and number of the vertebræ of the neck, many imagine that it could have had no tusks of the size attributed to it; but when we consider that the ponderous size of the connected shoulders, legs and claws, could never have allowed of any active habits; but like the sloth, only moving from one location to the other, after it had devoured the entire herbage of the full grown trees it might have felled, the conclusion would be otherwise. The weight of the antlers of many deer compared with the structure of the vertebræ of the neck, affords a good argument against such an assumption.

Both these creatures must have been most unwieldy and uncouth living masses; and their forms of the most forbidding and loathsome aspect. The history of the discovery of their remains, would well repay the curious reader, and to such we would recommend, for his perusal, *The Fossil Mammalia*, of Prof. Owen,—*Dr. Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise*,—*Sir W. Parrish's Buenos Ayres*; and, in a more compendious form,—*Comstock's Elements of Geology*.

EDUCATE YOUR CHILDREN.

Everybody believes in children—God bless them—being well educated. Everybody says “yes—certainly” when you point out the advantages and pleasures of a good education. “I had rather go without

—well, almost anything” earnestly avers the unselfish and affectionate parent “than either of my children should be without a good education.” That's right, say we, your heart is evidently in the right place; education is a good thing—it is even better than some people by their actions allow it to be; and next to a good strong mind in a healthy body, it is, in our estimation, the best blessing that a parent can bestow upon a child. How carefully then should the labors of the school-room be seconded and assisted by the co-operation of the home circle?—not in the cultivation and elevation of the mind only, but in the nobler and most refining impulses and aspirations of the heart.

LINES.

BY MRS. C. A. CHAMBERLAIN.

Suggested by white flowers growing in the Cemetery of Sacramento.

Fair flowers that dwell
In snowy vesture here beside the tomb,
Your white leaves bear no shadowy tint of gloom,
Of the dark grave to tell.

And your pure breath,
Borne on the air that lingers here to play,
Brings in its sweetness no dread thought of death,
No whisper of decay.

Like lovely dreams
Born suddenly amidst the blank of sleep,
Filled with a meaning spirit-voiced and deep,
Here your strange presence seems.

Why do ye rise,
So lone and lovely from this desert sand?
Amidst the graves, ye white-robed ones, why stand
With faces to the skies?

In this sad spot,
Has Nature placed these shining ones to glow
Like stars of hope, in mockery of woe,
Where human hope is not?

Or does she seek,
By many a gentle hint around us thrown,
Than ours a higher wisdom to make known,
In love divine to speak?

NEVER BE DISCOURAGED.—Many a man, “the lead” of whose claim, apparently, had “run out” one day, has “struck it” again, the next;—whereas had he either sold or abandoned it then, another, probably, would have reaped the reward of his labor. One often works within three inches of a fortune—

SISENOPHE.

BY G. HARRY R.

Lovely Sisenophe !

Beautiful maiden,

Fair among maidens was she.

Her world was an Aiden,

Ere the spoiler came laden

With poison and flame—

Ere cold-hearted falsity,

Cloaked in base falsity,

Aroused in her bosom

The germ of that blossom

That bloomed to her shame.

Not a cloud had her skies—

Oh ! how bright were her eyes,

How sweet was her smile !

For the heart knew no guile,

Ere the subtle one came.

Beaming with youthfulness,

Guileless, all truthfulness,

To goodness inclined.

How gay were the sports

Of young thoughts that held courts

In the halls of her mind !

Never once fearfully,

Trustingly, cheerfully,

Came out her spirit,

From peaceful retreat,

Like Heaven, or near it,

At morning to meet

One unworthy to share it :

One who dashed at the feet,

Of the statue of stone—

Humanity, statue of stone—

The pure heart that beat

For the spoiler alone.

Oh ! what were defence,

'Gainst the heartless pretender,

If maidenly innocence

Could not defend her.

Now, for one rudeness

Scorned, discarded,

Every goodness

All disregarded,

Unheard in a strange land,

Sisenophe cries :

Sister ! thy helping hand,

Aid me to rise !

She hath borne her,

Through deep sorrow ;

Who would scorn her

Sorrow borrows.

E'en below her,

Some despise her,

But who know her

Most, shall prize her.

For past weakness,

Though few mourn her,

Still her meekness,

Must adorn her.

In love and in wonder,

I gaze on her eyes,—

What eloquence under

The raven lash lies !

There a spirit that feels,

The slanderer's art,

The glance half reveals,

Through the fringe that conceals.

Oh ! who with a heart,

Could resist their appeals !

In the woodland,

Drooped a sweet flower,

Crushed by rude hands

In its bright hour.

Like that blossom,

Crushed, heart-broken,—

In her bosom,

All faith shaken ;

None to cherish,

Must she perish—

Must she shiver ?

In the pitiless cold,

Of her story often told,

All forsaken,

Oh ! forgive her !

In this cold world,

Ah, wherefore deeper,

So oft is hurried,

The gentle weeper !

Oh, that woman,

Will not list her

To her human, erring sister !

Shall her human

Faults outlive her,

Gentle woman,

Do forgive her !

Think of her confidence,

Wronged and betrayed,

Think of her penitence—

Can you upbraid ?

Thoughts of wronged innocence,

Burn in her brain,

Tears of true penitence,

Fall like the rain ;

Tears of such rarity,

Cannot their purity

Wash out the stain ?

Look on meek loveliness,

Drooping in wretchedness—

Can you disdain ?

Hast thou no sin,

Could bring distress ?

Be woman, in

Thy tenderness.

Ere throw the stone,

Of condemnation,

Think of your own

Humiliation.

Seek not to discover,

From whence she came,

Think not thou'rt above her,

Though lowly her name.

One error look over,—

In pity look over,—

Seek not to defame ;
 Let charity cover,
 Her blushes of shame.
 Only know, in her blindness,
 A victim she fell,
 Only know that your kindness,
 Her grief may dispel ;
 Only know you have power,
 To exalt or degrade,
 And good angels each hour,
 Wait to credit your aid.

A NIGHT ON THE SLOUGH.

"Murder most foul, as in the best it is ;
 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural."
 "Blood hath strange organs to discourse withal ;
 It is a clam'rous orator, and then
 Ev'n nature will exceed herself, to tell
 A crime, so thwarting nature."

I don't believe in spectres, ghosts or goblins,—never did: for it was n't the way I was brought up. I was always taught to believe they were but idle fancies, or phantasms of the mind ; so that I am not going to insist upon it that a spectre, or ghost, played any part in the drama of a night of horror to which I was witness ; not only myself, but my two comrades, and both as reliable, on the score of veracity, as I claim to be myself, and to whom I am permitted to make reference.

I shall only relate the circumstances—what we saw and heard—leaving it to the reader to account for the occurrences as he pleases.

We were on a trip along the Sacramento river and its numerous sloughs, in pursuit of water-fowl. Our sailing craft, a very small schooner, with a still smaller cabin ; but answering very well for sleeping in when, as night overtook us, we could find no more comfortable quarters.

After a day of unusual fatigue, but of great success, night came upon us as we were moving along one of those unfrequented sloughs that lie to the north and east of the mouth of the San Joaquin river. Unfrequented, did I

say ? not wholly so : for here the sportsman oft pursues his game, and the trapper sets his teeth of steel to catch the stealthy beaver.

We had descried in the distance, long before nightfall, a solitary shake-cabin or shanty. We made for it ; but found it so dilapidated on our near approach, we supposed it hardly possible it could be occupied : and yet, a very good canoe lay moored at the edge of the slough in front of it ; and as we neared the shore, a light smoke was seen curling up from the roof of the cabin.

It was now twilight : and as we approached nearer the cabin, an old and soiled blanket that formed the door was suddenly drawn aside, and, gun in hand, out stepped a stalwart form. But oh heavens ! such features as he bore ! so old and haggard in his looks ; 't would seem as though some spirit-fiend had preyed upon his soul, half through a long eternity. But he welcomed us cordially.

After dispatching our evening meal, the night being warm and balmy, we all took seats upon the low bank of the slough, watching the night birds, the sporting beaver, and the bittern as he flashed from beneath his wings his phosphorescent light upon his prey.

Conversation at length turned upon the song, or note, as being the voice or language of birds ; when our trapper, the occupant of the cabin, remarked—"Birds *can speak*, and they sometimes tell ghastly tales, that could they be believed, would indicate some murder foul had been committed, not half a league from here." This remark, uttered with so much apparent earnestness, quite startled us ; our eyes were

instantly turned upon him ; he noticed it, and jokingly remarked—"Tis nothing but a disordered imagination, but often while sitting here, and in my dreams at night, have I thought I heard a story told of one who dealt in cattle, a herdsman from the Stockton plains ; that he was slain by cruel hands, for the money that he had ; and I have so oft heard it, that I could think it true, could I but hear it told when other witnesses were near."

Amazed at his manner, I asked him what hour of the night these birds were wont to tell their horrid tale ?

"When all is deep darkness," he replied, "at no other time."

But at that instant, in the bright moon-light, was seen an undefined object enveloped in a misty haze, approaching from the opposite side of the slough, hugging closely the surface of the water ; on it came, and every eye was turned upon it ; till at length it took a fixed position but a few yards in front of us, but as undefined and indistinct as when first seen.

And now the trapper, with a smile perfectly demoniacal playing upon his features, called out—

"What news to-night ?"

When a voice low and sepulchral, but clear and distinct rolled in upon the shore—"No news ! but to tell thee once again, *thou didst the deed !*"

"What deed ?"—asked the trapper.

"Thou forced me, while yet alive, into a sepulchre of fire and flood."

"Tis false !—but since thou, a spectre grim of one who once did live, canst speak, and chargest me with it, thou hadst better tell the manner of thy death, in proof that thou and truth be not estranged."

"First then, thou didst drug me"—

"Tis false !"

"Then with my own lasso bound me"—

"Tis false !"

"Then placed my body in a tierce ; and having cut twain notches in the upper head, replaced it in its circling grove, closing therein my bared neck ; my head above, my body crouched beneath, within"—

"Hold ! close thy rattling teeth ; remembrance tells me naught of it."

"And thus circumscribed by shroud, the like ne'er worn by man before, thou placed me here, in the deep still waters of the slough ; with sack of leaden bullets fastened to my feet ; and just enough of air within to buoy me up from drowning ; then filledst the chime around with molten pitch, and set it all on fire ; and then, when I prayed to Heaven for the lightning's flash to shorten my great agony, as the last boon of life, I heard thy laugh upon the air, till my crisped ears were closed to sound ; and when my parched eyelids were drawn asunder by the flames, thou didst point thy finger at me ; and now—rememberest not I died ?"

"That thou didst die, and in the way thou sayest, may be very true ; if ghost or goblin ever speak the truth ; but as for me, having any knowledge of the fact, thou liest ! So I'll no more with thee—Avaunt ! or a leaden shower shall rattle o'er thy sightless sockets, summoning thee to another judgment, for having come again to earth, to mar the peace of one who never knew thee."

"If thou be innocent, be equal to thy threat ; perchance it may cut asunder the thongs with which thou didst

bind me ; and being loosed, that I may rise again."

The trapper shuddered at the thought ; but having uttered threat, and then in turn, being by goblin dared ; he raised his weapon with unsteady hand, and sped the leaden shower. And as his eye glanced beneath the rising smoke before him, he suddenly exclaimed—"Great God ! 'tis even so ! the crisped lips—the bared teeth—the sooty sockets that the balls were burned in—they are all there—and see—it moves—it moves—it rises !"

And with the thought, so did the spectre rise, and from his then unloosed limbs, coiled quickly up his lasso, and in an instant hurled it upon the shoulders of the trapper. And now a struggle as for life ensued, as hand o'er hand the now sinking spectre *tightened on the line.*

Vainly the trapper sought his girdle for his knife ; in vain with mighty effort at resistance, ploughed with his feet deep furrows in the ground ; in vain he grasped the growing shrub, earnestly he called for mercy, "Oh, let me stay !" he cried, "I know I'm guilty ; but take me not to the dead !" but the spectre of the slough, *kept tightening on the line.*

And now, as though a thousand demons were witnessing the scene, long, loud laugh-shrieks, fiend like and terrible, rang out from among the tules and along the slough, as the spectre herdsman *kept tightening on his line.*

One fearful shriek, a plunge, and all was o'er : we saw the cabin's occupant no more, for the spectre of the slough, *had taken in his line.* PIONEER.

[A pretty tough yarn, that, Mr. Pioneer.]

HIE FOR THE LILIES !

BY G. H. R.

Hie for the lilies ! the bonny white lilies !
The sweet-scented lilies that bloom on the hill !
Will you go with me, dearie, to gather the lilies,
The sweet-scented lilies, the bonny white lilies,
The lilies away on the side of the hill ?

There we'll walk in the shade of the tall forest trees,
And recline on the moss-cushioned ground,
And our cheeks shall be kissed by the wing of the breeze,
That beareth the sweets of the lilies around.
There's a green little bower on the side of the hill,
And a rill flowing by sings an eloquent song ;
There our bosoms with nature's wild psalm shall thrill,
While time, like the current, goes laughing along.

There the fond birds are telling, around and above,
In full many a sweet roundelay,
How their breasties ! are swelling with music and love ;
We may love, lassie dear, and be happy as they.
See ! the honey-bee gathers from many a flower
The balm of the blossom the sweetest at dawn.
Like that bee let us banquet on love for the hour,
Ere the blossoms of life shall be faded and gone.

Then hie for the lilies ! the bonny white lilies !
O, sweet are the lilies that bloom on the hill,
When will you go with me to gather the lilies ?
The pride of the mountains, the bonny white lilies—
Our troth 'mid the lilies away on the hill.

LOOK UPON THE BEAUTIFUL.—Yes, in whatever form it may appear, look upon the Beautiful. For in the gray gossamer of the morning, in the brightness of the sun, in the clear blue sky of noon-day, in the golden glory of the sun-set, in the mellow shades of evening twilight, in the silvery beams of the moon and in the twinkling of the stars, there is Beauty.

In the bending boughs of the forest, in the waving grain-fields, in the grassy lawn, in the flowers of the glen and hill-side and in the ripening fruits, there is Beauty. And they are all as signet-gems, set by God's own hand, as tokens of His taste and love for the Beautiful, that in looking upon them, we may be taught to love the Beautiful also.

Let us then thank Him for the lesson, and show our gratitude by looking upon and cultivating, always and everywhere, a love for the Beautiful.

CHURCH GOING AND FASHION.

BY EUGENIE.

Ha, ha, ha! It was a funny freak of mine. I can't avoid laughing whenever I think of it. Now, I wonder if you wouldn't like to know what it was?

Well, as most persons are curious, I'll relate the circumstance.

The celebrated Divine, Dr. S., was to preach for a few Sabbaths in the Rev. Mr. L's church; and, of course, a vast concourse of people were there assembled to listen to his eloquent discourses. I, having just received my new plaid silk dress from the dress maker's, concluded that there was no better place for me to make my debut in it than at the Dr's.

Of course, I did not intend going merely for that; for be it known that I attend church quite regularly; but then, I must candidly confess that I was not entirely free from vanity whilst surveying myself in the large mirror, because the fit was excellent, the frock pretty; and moreover, it was the first new dress that I had bought for six months. Just think of it! only one silk dress in six months!! What would Fifth Avenue folks say to that? However, the dress was pretty, and I was proud of it—that's the truth of the matter. So after arranging the remainder of my dressing that I was to wear with the much-talked-of article; such as putting a new piece of ribbon on my bonnet—cleaning a pair of soiled gloves with some crumbs of bread, and mending the rent in my veil; I considered myself prepared to attend church on the following Sunday. Therefore, when the morning arrived, at the ring of the second bell I turned my face towards the church.

The day was as calm as any one could have wished: Italian-like skies—soft light falling on the hill-sides beyond the Bay—together with all that I saw around me (the dress not excepted) made me think everything "nobly, truly beautiful." When I reached the steps of the sacred building, it was

with great difficulty that I could get to the door in safety, there being such a number of persons who were likewise striving to gain the top of the stairs.

I succeeded, finally, in entering the church, and was politely ushered to a seat in an obscure corner of the house. Two or three cologne-scented gentlemen occupied the same pew; and they, together with a number of their canes, monopolizing about seven-eighths of it, I certainly found myself very comfortably seated. They appeared quite displeased at my entrance, and seemed to think that I was not dressed with sufficient elegance to obtain so desirable a seat as the one by them. There it was! No one noticed my new dress any more than they would my old one. It was too bad! That, I declared mentally. But no wonder. In a few minutes the double doors were thrown open, and what did I see? Could it be that those were women in the center of such immense thicknesses of clothing? None other! And such tiny bonnets, uselessly endeavoring to peep over the ladies' heads, to which they were fastened: and such graceful trains of silks and satins!

Now all eyes were directed towards the door, to mark the entrance of the fashionables. Ah, another comes, and still more. Oh! such hoops and such loves of bonnets! No wonder that I was not looked upon. I began to think how glorious it must be to attract the attention of every one in church by dressing, no matter whether you have any intelligence or not.

But why could not I have hoops; and how could I get them? Ah! there was the rub. Father despises the sight of hoops and little bonnets (how like all fathers,) and is decidedly opposed to ladies' sweeping the streets with dresses! Therefore, he would of course object to my dressing fashionably.

However, notwithstanding that, and that I was in the house of God; yet I then and there concocted a scheme by which I might obtain a goodly share of

attention on the coming Sabbath. After service, I walked home thinking.

On the following Saturday I took my new plaid dress from its accustomed place in the wardrobe, and after tearing out gathers and hems, and re-sewing them, succeeded in having as fine a train as any one, (at least, as lengthy a one). Ere long, my bonnet had a new bow of ribbon at the side, and bugles around the front. It took but a few minutes to go to a store, and purchase some pieces of whalebone; and in less time than you could say "Jack and his bean-pole," I was the possessor of as large and good a hoop-skirt as any of the ladies of that congregation.

The long-wished-for Sunday came at last, and again did I ascend the steps. I was later than before; and as I sailed in at the door, behold every eye was upon me! In passing up the aisle gentlemen arose and proffered me their seats. When at length I was about entering a pew, the terrible thought came into my mind that I was the wearer of enormously large hoops, and what if I could not pass in? However there was no alternative, and so I managed, probably through fright, to seat myself. Now all eyes were directed towards me. The lookers thought of course, that I was one of the leaders of fashion, and one worthy upon whom to bestow their glances. I certainly was arrayed in the *ne plus ultra* of fashion, for my hoops were of large dimensions—my train all that could be desired—and my bonnet arranged *a la mode*, on the back of my neck: and besides this, I walked into the church with an air of nonchalance that was observable by all, and one, of course, that would attract the attention of all foolish creatures therein. Persons continued to glance at me: and I must acknowledge—bad as it was—that I leaned my head upon my hand whilst the Doctor was praying for *editors* and *all other poor beings*, and was actually, half the time, chuckling in my wide sleeves to think how easy it was to be grand! how

simple to gloriously attract the attention of nearly all the house: how—but I then began to wonder if they could be sensible persons who do so. Would *gentlemen* slight a commonly, but neatly dressed lady, who comes to church, by not offering her a seat, as well as graciously proffering a ridiculously dressed one a pew which they are occupying themselves? Certainly *not*. They most assuredly would not, were they of God's people; or were they *sensible beings*.

Therefore, why should I covet or care for their attention and glances: if they have nothing more profitable to employ them than to go to church and scrutinizingly gaze at and comment upon ladies' dresses, and to monopolize seats? I finally concluded that I should prefer no attention at all to that, and have returned to—as my old friends say—my more sensible style of dressing.

DREAM LAND.

On a roseate couch in an arbor of vines,
Reclining, I dreamed of the days that are past,—
And gems of all luster, from fabulous mines,
Hung clustering round on the pendulous vines,
And poppies were strewn o'er the path I had passed

The Zephyr came silently laden with dreams,—
And her wings bore a slumberous musical strain,
While far away floated sweet murmuring streams,
'Till in distance they blent with the silvery beams
Of Luna, that dreamily fell on the plain.

Light gossamer clouds floated high in the air,
Assuming the forms of most beautiful things,
And the sky was so bright, and the earth was so fair,
That, lulled to repose by the gentleness there,
My Fancy took flight on her slumberous wings.

Such fragrance came cut on the air of the night,
Such melody traversed ærial aisles,
That land was a city all peopled and bright
With the airiest forms and the rosiest light,
And each countenance beamed with the happiest smiles.

And gardens all filled with such delicate flowers,—
Where strolled the most lovely and perfect of shapes,
And arbors were there in whose cool shady bowers,
The roses were fanned by the wings of the hours,
And refreshed by the juice of the gushing young grapes.

O beautiful thought; that our spirits can rise,
Through sorrows and troubles to Dream Land
the blest;
Can people with fancies the realm of the skies,
Give life to our wishes, and hopes to our sighs,
And find in a lifetime sweet moments of rest.

LORA LEE.

THE REDEEMED HANDKERCHIEF.

BY CLOE.

"Colonel McClure," said a sailor, "you seem rather an early riser this morning."

The aristocratic Colonel turned round to take a look at Jack, who had so familiarly accosted him.

"Why Jack, is that you; how came you here? I thought you were one of the crew of the Lady Mary."

"Well, you see Colonel, I got in a row the day the steamer sailed, and as I did not like to engage on any other steamer, I am waiting her return."

"Is the Lady Mary expected this morning, Jack," asked the Colonel, evidently much excited.

"Why yes, Colonel; she has been looked for more than a week."

"Do you think anything has happened, Jack?"

"Why, Colonel," said Jack, laughing, "she will *happen* in port to-day."

"God grant it," said the Col., "but how do you know that, Jack?"

"Why, you see, Col., there are two steamers expected besides the Lady Mary, and it could not have been her that was seen burning last night, and if you will give me a dollar or two to get some grog (for I'm as dry as a fish,) I'll get all the news I can, and deliver it as soon as possible.

"Here Jack, take this and be off with you."

The Colonel, completely overcome with anxiety, made his way home; so deeply was he grieved at the prospects of the Lady Mary being burned, as it contained much that was near and dear to him; Charles, his only son, and his only brother, William, who had been traveling several months with Charles, "if lost," said the Colonel, "what comfort can my immense wealth give me; it was only for Charles, and now perhaps he is burned on the ill-fated steamer," and hurrying home he threw himself on the rich sofa, and covering his face with his hands, was so absorbed in his own grief, that he did not hear

any one approach; and not until he felt some one lay their hand softly on his shoulder, did he look up. There stood Jack, eyeing the Colonel with evident pity.

"News, Colonel," said Jack, "good news! Jack never fetches bad news; Lady Mary is safe."

"God be praised," said the Colonel, and rising, he thanked Jack for his trouble and kindness, and presenting him with a draft of fifty dollars, gave Jack his blessing.

"Dear Colonel," said Jack, "I'll be a new man: I'll see that your kindness is not lost on me;" and bowing, Jack made his way to other quarters.

"Missus wants you," said the faithful old Dinah; and the Colonel, walking up stairs, entered his wife's room.

"How are you now, Susan?"

"Better. Has the Steamer been heard of yet, Colonel?"

"Yes, dear, she will be in to-day, I think, and by the way Susan, I expect our old mansion will look quite insignificant to Brother William and Charles after seeing so many fine edifices in Europe."

"What are the servants making such a noise about down stairs Col.? Do go and see what can be the matter." The Colonel opened the door, and in rushed Dinah.

"Young Massa Charles has come! I seed him wid dese eyes, I did Missus, sure as I'm born."

"Where, Dinah, did you see him?"

"Why, coming right home, he is, look, dont you see him. Massa?"

And there, sure enough, was Charles with his uncle inside the gate, and being welcomed by all the servants.

In another moment and Charles embraced his dear parents; they were all overjoyed with happiness at meeting each other again.

"What prevented you from coming into port so long, brother?" asked the Colonel.

"We were detained in consequence of rendering aid to the burning steamer, Flying Turtle; all the passengers

and crew were saved with difficulty."

"We were very much alarmed," said the Colonel, "but thank God you are all safe."

The Colonel's house was thronged with company, to congratulate the travelers on their return. Many were the warm invitations Charles received to return the calls, as early as possible. Many were the happy days spent in the enjoyments of their re-union, but they were not destined to be thus always.

The second year after Charles' return, he became enamored with a young lady, the knowledge of which gave his good father and mother much uneasiness. Adaline Gray was the daughter of a rich merchant in Charleston.—Adaline was tall and rather handsome, proud, selfish and vicious. She lived a lie, for no one that saw her could think well of such deformity with so fair an exterior; her whole time was spent in maneuvering for her own aggrandizement, without the least regard for the feelings of others. It is not surprising then, that she should lay every plan to captivate Charles McClure, a young man of wealth, intellectual, handsome, prepossessing, of good morals and unsuspecting; ever looking for the good qualities of those with whom he became acquainted.

Adaline was quite successful, and Charles spent much of his time at her shrine. Colonel McClure, not knowing exactly how far matters had advanced, with Adaline and his son, the whole family happening to be present at dinner, he asked, "Is it true that Edward Allen is going West?" "Yes," answered Uncle William, "Miss Adaline Gray has mittened the poor fellow, and he has been discharged from his employment as clerk; so you see that Allen has been mittened by Mr. Gray, as well as by Adaline."

"He is very unfortunate," added Mrs. McClure.

"Rather fortunate, you mean, sister," said Uncle William. "I should be sorry to have my head in such a noose. I would rather loose ten clerkships,"

added he, and turning to Charles, he said, with a mischievous smile, "I am afraid that you will wear your welcome out Master Charles, if you continue to visit Miss Adaline so often at meal time, for Gray is as stingy as a pinched Negro."

"I think you do Mr. Gray great injustice, replied Charles, with warmth; as for Adaline rejecting Allen, I think there is some mistake, for she would not so far forget her position in society as to coquette with a man of Allen's standing; and besides, I am betrothed to Adaline myself, and it is very disagreeable to me to hear my friends speak of her and her family, in this disrespectful manner;" said Charles, pushing himself back from the table.

"Betrothed to Adaline?" said Uncle William; "Why Charles, how can a man of your sense love a girl so superficial?"

"Every young belle is superficial in the eyes of old bachelors, like Uncle," said Charles, "and so I shall not lay the charge up against Adaline."

"Do as you please, my boy; but if you hang that belle around your neck you will find the clapper inconveniently long, besides the everlasting jingle, tingling in your ears."

"I hope father and mother are not as prejudiced as you are, Uncle."

"Well my son, your mother and myself have a very bad opinion of the family; I am very sorry to say it, but you have our opinion, and now act for yourself; we do not wish to control you, only for your own happiness," said his father, with much feeling.

"Well, father, if I marry Adaline, it is I that will have to live with her."

"Yes, my son, make your own choice, but choose with wisdom."

"Dinner being over, Charles took his hat and walked over to Charleston to see his friend Milford, as they were making preparations for a fine entertainment that was to come off in a few days. Charles found Milford at the house of Mr. Scott, waiting for Julia and Emma Scott to go riding.

"There is plenty of room in the carriage. Come go with us, Charles," said Milford.

"No," said Charles, "I will not detain you, I only wanted to know when you have decided to go West, for I am determined to accompany you. I have all things ready now, but we must not go before that party comes off, you know, for we promised our presence; but I am detaining you;" and wishing them a good morning, turned several corners, and then found himself again in the presence of Adaline.

"Dear Charles, you have come at last; I declare I am so desolate when you are not here; would you believe it, although I have had so many opportunities of marriage, you are the only one that I have ever loved."

"Dear Adaline," said Charles, "when I return from my western tour with Milford, we will have our love consummated."

"When you return, did you say? Charles, let us be married before you go."

"No Adaline; I shall not be gone long, not more than six months; perhaps not so long."

Adaline could scarcely conceal her disappointment; she thought he would not dare to refuse her, and now she must wait another six months; this was a severe trial to Adaline, for she was afraid that Charles might alter his mind relative to her; at any rate, "delays are dangerous," thought she.

"Are you going to the party, Adaline?" asked Charles, "yes," said Adaline. "Well, I will bring the carriage around for you early," and kissing her, he took his leave.

A few days and we find our friends at a splendid entertainment given by Mrs. Clark, a lady of fashion. The guests were entertained with all the pomp of the most fastidious taste; Adaline seemed to be the belle of the evening; she took particular pains to play the agreeable, hoping to arouse Charles to jealousy; but Charles was pleased with the attention she received, never

dreaming of what was passing in the heart of Adaline. The company seemed to enjoy the evening to a degree that did honor to the lady who gave the entertainment. The evening passed away, and Charles took Adaline home, expressing many regrets at leaving, and hopes of pleasure when he returned from the West. The next morning found Charles and Milford on their journey.

A few weeks of pleasant journeying and we find them on a Sabbath day, entering the door of a church in Ann Arbor, Michigan; and were much surprised to see Edward Allen the officiating Minister. Allen recognized his friends, and invited them to call at his boarding house; they promised to do so. The next morning after breakfast, Milford proposed calling on Allen.

"Well, you can go, Milford, but I must write to Adaline and Father; tell him that I will call soon." Milford left Charles writing, and made his way to the lodgings of Allen who seemed delighted to hear from his old friends.

"And you tell me Milford, that Charles is going to marry Adaline."

"Yes. As soon as he returns." A few other questions and Milford took his leave. Allen sat some time thinking how Adaline had trifled with his feelings. "Yes," said he, "I will be avenged; she shall feel what it is to be disappointed. Yes, there is to be a party in a day or two, at Deacon Bradshaw's, and I will procure them invitations, so that I can 'slip a spider in his dumpling.' Yes, I'll have revenge."— And deciding upon the matter, he went and procured the invitations, and called upon his old friends, delivered them with Mr. Bradshaw's compliments. Milford and Charles being pleased with the opportunity of seeing something of Western society, accepted the invitations with evident pleasure. The evening soon arrived and our young heroes had turned their footsteps towards Deacon Bradshaw's. They found their old friend Allen waiting to introduce them. They were hospitably received by the

host and guests; the young ladies were really quite brilliant. As dancing was not countenanced, the young people amused themselves with plays.

"There, they are agoing to sell a young lady's handkerchief as a pawn."

"Yes, now I think of it," soloquized Allen, "I will tell Minerva Bradshaw, what shall be done to redeem it;" and stooping down, he whispered unobserved, to Minerva, "The penalty to redeem Miss Kate Hayes' handkerchief, must be that she and Mr. McClure have the marriage ceremony performed."

Minerva thought it a rich thing, and pronounced the sentence.

"I think the penalty rather severe," said Kate, but she was obliged, out of compliment to the company to redeem it, and Charles, to relieve her evident embarrassment, took her hand, and called on some of them to perform the ceremony.

Mr. Allen presented himself, and with a degree of mock solemnity went through the ceremony. All laughed, and Miss Kate got her handkerchief.

Nothing more was thought of the marriage by the merry throng; but Mr. Allen thought much. "Yes," said he, "I will fix it a tighter job than he thinks of," and making his way to the Clerk's office, he had the marriage recorded, and inserted in the morning paper, and writing a marriage certificate, he left it at the post office, and disguising himself, left for parts unknown.

Charles was astonished next morning at seeing his marriage advertised, and on a further investigation of the matter, he found himself a lawfully married man. His distress can better be imagined than described. Milford, who shared in his distress, soon ascertained the Rev. Mr. Allen had left the place. What was to be done? A divorce must now be had before he could marry Adaline. The whole thing seemed so ridiculous that our heroes left in disgust for home. Charles declared that if he ever saw Allen he would shoot him; and as for poor Kate, Charles

strongly suspected her being in league with Allen; he never saw her but once and never wished to look at her again.

We will leave our heroes on their way home, while we take a look at Kate.

After the party, she returned home to her Uncle's, where she had been left by her parents to attend school; her father and mother having gone to California. Sixteen years of age, and possessing naturally a superior intellect, she had made rapid progress in her studies, and took delight in contemplating the time when she should graduate and be able to instruct her little sisters in California.

"Six months more, and I shall receive my diploma," said Kate, as she was spending her vacation at the time of the fatal marriage, "and then father will send for me; how happy I shall be."

Kate was ever studying the happiness of others, and being left with those who would make but little allowance for her faults, what now would be her uncle's displeasure towards her, when he came home; one unintentional fault, and how much sorrow it had already cost her.

"It will kill my poor father and mother," said she, wringing her hands and weeping as if her heart would break, "what will uncle say?"

"Wife, what is all this fuss, about Kate getting married."

"Why, I believed the ceremony was only in fun, but somehow it is made out lawful," said Mrs. Page, "and I understand that Allen had something to do with it; at any rate he ran away and Kate is in a paroxysm of distress."

"Well, she deserves to be in distress, I don't pity her; but where is she?"

"She is up stairs, sick, she takes it so to heart."

"Children should not play with edged tools; I always despised a 'grass widow;' her father may as well send for her, now, I think she has graduated and I will write him to-morrow." We will leave Kate now, while we take a look at Mr. Charles.

The news of the marriage reached home before he got there, but the real state of affairs was not exactly known. Charles immediately sought Adaline, and made her acquainted with the whole. Her rage knew no bounds; she abused everybody. Not that she cared for Charles, but his property; and in giving away to her anger, she disclosed to Charles her real character, and in spite of himself he felt disappointed in Adaline.

"Are you going to Milford's wedding to-morrow, Adaline?" asked Chas.

"No indeed; the Scotts and we are not on good terms."

"I am sorry to hear it, Adaline, for they are my particular friends."

"Well you had better go and take the other one; perhaps she would relish a divorced husband."

This last remark so wounded his feelings, that he arose and went home.

"Divorced husband! This is insupportable."

With these thoughts, Charles seated himself in his mother's drawing-room.

"Where is Uncle William, mother?"

"There he is coming in from a walk."

"Come, Uncle William, and give me some of your advice, for I am sadly distressed about this unfortunate marriage."

"Why, do you wish to get a divorce?"

"Most certainly, Uncle."

"Well, my advice is, to send for your wife and acknowledge the relation, for I tell you Charles there never was such a disgrace brought on our house, and I hope the name of McClure will never be stigmatized with the name of divorce."

"Your mother and I are just of the opinion of your uncle, Charles," said his father "it is the best thing you can do."

"I will tell you what I will do, father, if she will come, I will acknowledge the relation; thus far she shall be considered as my lawful wife; to stop scandal, she shall receive every respect, as Mrs. McClure, but my heart I shall reserve, and she must be made acquainted with this fact."

"Well," said the Colonel, "I will write her to-morrow, and await the issue,"

Two weeks had now elapsed, when Colonel McClure received a letter from Mr. Page, saying, he would send Kate in a few days; she had been dangerously sick, and was now just able to sit up. A few weeks more elapsed, and the stage drove up to Colonel McClure's mansion; Charles was not in and Uncle William handed the young and beautiful wife from the stage, and introduced her to her father and mother. Kate burst into tears as she received the warm embraces of the old people, and throwing her arms around the old lady's neck, she besought their forgiveness for her unintentional error, her youth and beauty, together with her artlessness, won them immediately.

"Where is the unfortunate young man I have made so unhappy?"

"He will soon be in; but come, I will show you your room, where you can dress," and following her mother-in-law, was ushered into a magnificent suit of rooms.

"You had better lie down and rest child, until tea, you look quite exhausted."

"You are very kind, dear mother, give me a kiss before you go down, for I feel that you are a dear sympathizing mother."

"Well, now take a little rest my dear child, put your trust in God, and all will be well."

"Kate's limited wardrobe required but little time for its arrangement, her black silk dress and beautiful form accorded well with her sweet and melancholy face. The tea bell rang, and Uncle William knocked at her door.—

"Are you ready for tea, my little niece?"

Kate looked up, and her eyes filled with tears. She was overcome with so much unexpected kindness. They descended to the sitting room, where Charles was waiting to receive her.—He held out his hand with cold formality; suddenly dropping her hand, he led the way to the supper room. After

tea, company came in, and all were pleased with young Mrs. McClure.

"You had better retire soon, dear," said her Uncle. "Come, I will help you up stairs. A night's rest will do you good; good night."

"Well, Charles, how you like the looks of your little wife?"

"I like her so well that I shall leave home until I can control my hatred better," answered Charles.

"Do as you like, my boy, and your uncle will bid you God speed."

Long before Kate was up Charles was on his way to Mississippi.

Kate's health improved, and her uncle felt such sympathy for the unfortunate young wife, that he secured to her twenty thousand dollars, where she could draw at pleasure. Kate was a special favorite with everybody. Old Dinah said she "loved her as well as Massa Charles." Kate's kindness won upon her father and mother. She played for them, sang their favorite pieces, and was never tired of entertaining them.

"If Charles only loved Kate," said the Colonel, "I could die happy."

"She is a delicate flower, and is easily crushed. I fear that she will droop and die in the uncongenial soil to which she has been transplanted," said Uncle William. "I fancy I can see her now in her narrow house, and before another year rolls round, Chas. will be free."

"God protect the innocent!" ejaculated the Colonel, "and may she yet see the day, when she will be the dearly beloved wife of Charles. This is my fervent prayer."

"We could die in peace then, dear husband," said Mrs. McClure, "for she is all we could ever wish in a daughter, and I cannot think what has altered Charles so much; he ought at least to pity her, for he was as much to blame as she; and she is as innocent as she is lovely, and could not have been in any way leagued with Allen, as Charles thinks."

"We are all satisfied of her innocence," said Uncle William, "but here comes

Joe from the post office. Any letters, Joe?"

"Yes, Massa."

"Let me see them. Two for Kate and one for the Col. Yours, brother, is from Charles, it has the Mississippi post mark." "Take these to Miss Kate, Joe. Yes it is from Charles," said the Colonel, and he read it aloud with trembling anxiety.

[To be Continued.]

"WASHINGTON."

Air—"God save the King."

Great God! to thee we raise
Our songs of grateful praise,
For Washington.
Let notes triumphant sound,
And hearts respondent bound,
With thanks from all around,
For Washington.

Our liberty we owe,
With tyranny's overthrow,
To Washington.
Past battle-fields we view,
And there in glorious hue,
We see the debt that's due
To Washington.

Our Senate halls too showed
That virtue brightly glowed,
In Washington.
Courage with wisdom joined,
Justice with truth combined,
Firmness and love we find,
In Washington.

First in war, first in peace,
First in our hearts we place,
Our Washington.
Our country's foes could ne'er
Show character so fair,
With whom they dare compare,
Our Washington.

In freedom's sacred fane,
First will be found the name,
Of Washington.
Watchword of liberty!
Oh how dear to the free,
The name will ever be
Of Washington.

Americans! then raise
Your proud, your joyful lays
For Washington.
And ye, from o'er the sea,
Who've fled from tyranny,
Shout, loudest of the Free
For Washington.
C. V. G.

BACHELOR PENNYWHISTLE AND
HIS HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY DOCTOR D—N.

I am a bachelor, worse luck, and what is worse, getting into the sere and yellow leaf of my anthropical vegetation. I kept my college fellowship so long, that it deprived me of the opportunity of any umliebric fellowship. I succeeded to the property of a fellow sufferer, an uncle, on condition that I should alter my patronymic from Ent-whistle to Pennywhistle.

My housekeeper is not only keeper of my house, but keeper of the master of it. She is scarcely of portable size sufficient to be moved without a lever, yet she has the art of ubiquity to perfection, for of every rag-hole of the garret to the rat hole of the cellar, I do believe she is fully cognizant. I must be of a strange, dishonest nature to myself, for she insists upon putting under lock and key every blessed thing that may be placed under the house, in the house, above the house, and around the house, even to the jalap and Epsom salts department of the family medicine chest, and such a parade of locking and unlocking goes on through the whole of the day, that I often wish from my heart that some clever thief would pay us a visit, and with his pick-lock, pick a quarrel with every key-hole in the place.

If she would confine to her own capacious zone, these steel guardians against stealing, I might submit to the thralldom; but she insists upon my being my own turnkey and jailor to certain prisoners that every liberal, generous housekeeper scorns to deprive of liberty. If I want a glass of wine for a friend, or to recommend a dose for an enemy, the trouble is all the same, my attention must be attracted to a particular key, with a particular mark, with sundry cautions how to put it in if worn, and how to pull it out if rusty, how to turn it, if stiff, or how not to turn it, if broken. She has all the "penny saved a penny got" maxims by

heart, as every candle-end in the house can testify. In vain I tell her my fortune requires no such parsimony. I know nothing about it, I have not seen as she has, how large fortunes are dwindled into less than nothing by constant little wastes, and then she refers to her own disposition to waste, how if it were not kept under proper subjection, what would become of me, although I am the last man in the world to meddle with such a waist as her key zone encircles. That is my present housekeeper.

The one before her was a widow, one of the sauciest, coaxingest little sluts that ever killed a man. She had the prettiest arm and hand I ever saw, and she knew it as well as myself. I have always been a very susceptible appreciator of beauty and fine form in any shape, from a candlestick upwards to the *Venus de Medicis*. This little wretch took as zealous and tender care of my health as the present one does of my property. She would never let me go out of my house without consulting the weathercock, nor come into my chamber without looking at the barometer; and then the exit forsooth must be accompanied with a belcher handkerchief around my throat if foggy, or great coat if cloudy, and my entrance with change of shoes and often of linen.

It is not my fault that I am a bachelor as the sequel to this and other histories of my housekeepers can prove. Such unwearied solicitude for my health, I mistook for ulterior design on my celibacy, and nothing loth, I favored and fell into the deception. "Dear me," said she one morning with her little pouting, plump, red, cherry lips; "How ill you look Mr. Pennywhistle, have you passed a bad night? You do look so careworn and so anguished struck like, that I am quite concerned about you; do call on my friend Doctor Dolittle and ask him to prescribe for that frightful cough you had last night." It was in vain I assured her I never felt better in my life, and

to my knowledge never coughed once during the whole night, but slept as sound as an owl.

"Do look at yourself in the glass," said she, "and be convinced." I looked, I saw nothing but a round, fat, dumpy face, glowing with health, with cheeks as red as porter steaks. Why Mrs. Dimples, said I, (that's a playful name I gave her instead of Mrs. Temples) the reflection appears glowing with health.

"Apoplectic," said she, "Mr. Pennywhistle, apoplectic; that red and white, coming and going like sunshine and storm is treacherous, very treacherous. Do be advised by a friend, Mr. Pennywhistle." Charming little sorceress, I could have thrown myself at her feet and popped the question, if I could have stood any chance of getting up again without help, I am so very short and fat. 'Twas strange, although the dear creature saw the canker in my blossom of health. I told her that in the words of Springfield, or Summerfield, or Bloomfield, or whatever the poet's name of field may be.

"I felt myself so sound and plump,
That hang me, if I could'nt jump."

Yet I was resolved to see her friend Doctor Dolittle, more especially as his name implied that he would'nt do much to unsettle me by his prescriptions. So going out for that purpose I encountered another friend of the little woman's.

"Good heavens! Mr. Pennywhistle, what is the matter with you this morning? Has anything happened? Mrs. Temples is well I hope."

Why do you ask friend, said I.

"Why my dear sir, you do look so desperately ill!"

Well, thought I, good looks must be treacherous; yet I assure the reader I never felt better in all my life. I saw the man of pills; he saw my tongue; felt my pulse; made me cough; and convinced me that change of air was indispensable. So I took the nearest linen in my wardrobe, and

the next stage to the country, and off I went. As I was being lumbered along a thought struck me I had not made my will, I might die and my worldly traps be scattered to the four points of a stranger's compass, and leave the dear little thing without a dime, unpitied and uncared for by a ruthless world. So I got myself wheeled back again. Thought I to myself, now I will give the dear little soul a funny surprise; I'll creep in at the back door, ensconce myself in the china closet, and enjoy a peep unseen through the key-hole. I wondered how she would be consoling herself in my absence, and I longed to make the experiment of a sudden surprise.

Two or three times previously I imagined she had been shedding tears in secret. Who knows but that I might be the unconscious cause of them.

As I neared the house towards evening I was amazed to find the whole front of the parlor, having a goodly display of fine windows, all lighted up. What can be going on thought I, so I crept in unperceived into the cloak room of the hall, leaving the door just ajar so that I might hear and see all the proceedings. Will the reader believe it, the minx had availed herself of my absence to give a grand party to those very friends who had so daringly given the lie to my good health in the morning. In this my pleasant retreat, I had the supreme felicity of hearing the little wretch allude to me in no very respectful terms, as "dumpy," "old codger," "squat," "old fogey," "snuffy old twaddle;" (I had forsworn snuff the last fortnight) which were duly responded to in suitable complimentary language, as "conceited old prig," "amorous old fool," "musty old antiquary," "bow-legged Adonis;" The pleasure I experienced was enhanced by the liberal use of the best wines of my cellar, and the choicest bits of my larder.

Two or three times was I obliged to check the ardor of my resolution to sally out to break the head of that

scamp, Doctor Dolittle, who it seemed had been the author of the vile humbug practised on me, but I forbore, being determined to see the farce played out in spite of my teeth, which were often grinding at her vile ingratitude.

All was passing mightily pleasant, when a certain lawyer called for the song which she the said widow, had composed upon myself, and which he assured them was a very gem. This gem as near as my outstretched ears could catch was as follows :

"Old puppy Pennywhistle,
Old foggy Pennywhistle
Is so fat and greasy,
With a cough too so wheezy,
With red hair so fiery,
All straight stiff and wiry,
With eyes like a ferret,
Forehead of no merit;
Nose like an ace of Clubs,
The veriest case of snubs.
Mouth like a codfish,
Or any other odd fish,
Two broad frying pans
Call'd by the lying, hands."

To which that Doctor added :

"And to finish the figure,
No courage at the trigger."

What does the candid reader think of this heap of insults? It was much as ever I could do, to keep my wrath bottled up. However, I comforted myself by the remark that listeners from time immemorial were never designed to hear any good of themselves. But the slander of "fiery red hair"—now will the reader believe it, there is not a particle of that odious color about it, on the contrary, it is of that delicious light auburn that the divine Raphael loved to paint; as for my nose, I never presumed upon its Grecian or Roman *charis*, for I know that there is no grace about it, from an unfortunate circumstance in my boyhood; being entrusted to a mere girl, (I hate girl nurses) who left me after I had fallen flat on my face on one part of the ice-slide on which she was with a long line of street boys recreating.

The consequence was, as the reader may imagine, that the bridge of my nose was not only broken, but the

fleshy part so completely frozen as never to have recovered since, its full vitality. This broken nasal bridge, has always been a "bridge of sighs" to me. As for my hands, they are such a size as distinguish the gentleman; but why waste more words on such vile slander. Now for the denouement; I listened again and heard the wretched little syren in the most gentle lisp ask whether her dear lawyer—who it seems always managed her affairs—whether he thought the action would lie? Action! asked I to myself, "in the name of all the Gods at once," what action? That worthy affirmed it might, with a slight erasure of two words, "horse, and cart," substituting instead of them, the two euphoniai "heart and hand"—Was ever such a vile conspiracy—Upon my first engaging her as housekeeper, I had written to her that she was to give herself no trouble about the removal of her furniture, as her apartments were sufficiently furnished; if she wished otherwise, my horse and cart were at her service.

These innocent words he proposed thus to turn, provided I did not pop the important question; which most indubitably I should have done had it not been for this discovery; but now, that proceeding was quite out of the question; her poetical powers and the dissimulation and humbug, she and her friends had so ruthlessly played upon me rendered *such a consummation devoutly to be shunned*.

Yet despite of her mortifying description of my personal qualities, I am such an old fool, and have such a melting nature, especially when a pretty woman is in the case, that I do believe I should have forgiven her and married her, if she had shown the slightest compunction of remorse at parting. I looked in vain for the slightest symptom of it in her delicious eyes; but instead of it, I only perceived a roguish twinkle lurking there, ready to make sport at the first opportunity offered her.

FINALE TO BACHELOR PENNYWHISTLE.

NETTIE.

In my childhood or youth, I many times used to wish that I could paint a picture. I used to wish that I could, form the white marble, chisel out a human figure that would almost breathe and speak to me; or that in the loom of the wizard fancy, I could weave a story or a poem that should melt other hearts as mine had oftentimes been melted, by the influence of the strange imagery that came upon the canvass of my brain, that marvelous realm which no physical instrument can penetrate, and whose mysterious writing the spiritual eye alone reads, I often yearned to *embody* my soul in *something* that might speak *silently* to all who should come into its presence; that should make them *feel* what I felt, without *saying* anything; that should *command* the soul and draw along and bear her upward, *silently*, I loved silence for it is the power of the Soul. But I could seldom catch the subtle visions, and a dark cloud rose on my life just then, which has never left it; and now they do not come to me any more as they used to do many years ago, oh! how many! It seems centuries since I was a child and saw these things, I wish now, to make a picture of childhood, to call back a translated form, that may speak to you in few words, but which will call up a thousand memories and speak to you always.

You knew Nettie well. We all knew Nettie; just as in the North Atlantic States everybody knows the violet or the primrose, and seeks them from their very modesty. She has gone away now, and when we close our eyes and look for her, with the inner vision and sometimes catch glimpses of her in the "Magic Glass" we see her, almost as she was before only less earthly; Nettie is to us now a celestial figure—and it seems as if she had always been such—some partition seems to have been taken away, so that her two existencies have glided into one, and now her little earthly life seems

glorified by a radiance streaming over it from another world. We have almost instantly forgotten all its earthly elements and it stands in our memories now a sanctified life; and as if it had never been anything else—passionless—sinless.

Nettie was a sun-beam in the home where she dwelt, bearing light and happiness into every recess where her presence might enter. The life-plans of others might all be defeated—hope be crushed—disappointment and sadness set on the brow and care and anguish complain from the life—but Nettie was a child and the hand-writing of sorrow was not yet upon her brow and the overburdened spirit was often beguiled from despair by the serene illumination of her eye. Whatever cloud of sorrow stood over that home, the radiance of her spirit gilded it and played upon its dark bosom until the gloom was forgotten in the supernal beauty of her light. When the storm-wind was abroad, and the black tempest hung low and shut out the warm sun-light from the earth, when the tropical rains flooded all the streets and a sense of loneliness and desolation brooded on all things, the sun-light of *her* face streamed across every hall and into all places. The storm might reign without, what matter! light was within, the light of a child's love, which is eternal.

In the bright mornings, when the great sun poured into the windows his wealth of light, she stood there among the flowers,—the brightness of the morning—the brightest of all flowers—brighter than light itself. She stood among them as if she was of them, and belonged there, and the blue beams from her eyes seemed incarnated in their white petals. She stood among the lilies,—genius of the flowers—the angel of purity,—as if the source of their embodied loneliness, come to bring them their sustenance—light, and dew, and rain-drops, and a pure atmosphere. She stood there, their minister, dispensing rich ambrosia.

When the red evening faded behind the limitless ocean, and the solemn night hung its thick mantle before the sun, and in its grandeur, brought a hush upon human life, a light still stood in the western windows of that home. She was the Orient of its mornings, and the Hesper of its nights—a silver star above the midnight of all human sadness.

Nettie was a perpetual song in that home. Whatever tumult came from the friction of life around her, whatever discord from the heart of care, *her* young life and heart were only musical,—and she charmed the jarring life around her into tune. Her voice, uttering the simple impulses of her nature was music—singing all day, the cadences of an earthly joy or the hymns of a higher life—it was melody. Her slight frail form, bounding in happiness along, scarcely touching the earth, moved rhythmically. Her very step was music along the hall and on the stair.—The murmurs of affection, that were extacies, the tones of love imperishable, the whispers of sadness, that was pity itself, the “good night,”—the glad welcome,—the “good bye” all came in music. Her life was a life of music, and ’tis murmuring yet about us. Do you not hear it? hush! If you will be quite silent some times and listen, I am sure you will be thrilled by it, for though she has gone, the tremulous tones of that life and the sweet vibrations of their departure still echo here.

And this light and song has been called away from that home, from the “heart of hearts” where she was enthroned, and from us. But we will look upward and be silent for “He doeth all things well.” We will try and bear the bereavement.

We believe she has gone HOME. She went trustingly. She was not thrilled with fear when the messenger—called Death—came for her. Her eyes only grew large and bright with wonder at the visions she saw. He came like a gentle angel with an inverted torch, and taking her hand,

he led her up the long pathway into the celestial paradise. She felt she was going to receive the beatitudes of the Master, and no complaining, no murmur, no utterance of fear, came from her lips. Only a crystal tear stood up on the casket of her soul as she left it. The little form, “beautiful even in death”—temple of her gentle spirit,—has been quietly laid away. They placed it among the flowers, saying

“A child that we have loved has gone to heaven
And by this gate of flowers she passed away.”

On the calm bosom of “Lone Mountain” it has been placed—to rest forever. It is a silent spot, and when you go there sometimes to try to get nearer to her, you will hear little, save the solemn beat of the Pacific Sea. The timid song-sparrow may whistle above her pillow sometimes, and the humming bird in crimson and emerald may whirl among the yellow poppies upon her couch,—that’s all. But the boom of the great ocean goes up there forever. It is her dirge.

You will see Nettie with your eyes, no more. She has “gone before.” A slight figure will glide by you in the street sometimes, and you will turn to look again, but the illusion will vanish, instantly. A blue eye and a smile in the crowd will catch your gaze and hold it a minute, but the shifting scene will dispel the vision. A sweet voice will come upon your ear and you will start quickly, but *she* will not be there.

Before your mortal eyes she’ll come no more. But sometimes in the silence of sleep, in the “starry midnight,” she will steal quietly before the eyes of your soul, and you will see her then, standing—a child-spirit among the immortal children. She will not speak to you. She cannot tell you of the unutterable splendor there. But you will know it is Nettie tho’ so holy. The same calm face and serene beauty and spiritual eyes will tell you it is Nettie. If she *should* whisper to you, you could never forget it. If she should beckon to you, you would go to her presently.

And when your sleep is broken you will wonder that you are *not* with her.

So celestial—so sanctified—so immortal, Nettie stands in our memory.

THE VOICE OF A SPIRIT.

A MINER'S REVERIE.

I am but a dream, time is as eternity, seasons and years hold me not, I gaze into the wrinkled locks of frosty winter, ride upon the storm's dread front, look upon the sunshine afar off, lying like a sleeping infant cradled in a tropical vale.

My days and years are as the stately Missouri, gathering pebbles from the glens of the Rocky Mountains, the Ohio's wide flood, ranging empires, uniting and blending in the father of waters, the mighty Mississippi, rolling into the ocean in the widened gulf-stream, striking against the coasts of Labrador, freighted with lofty icebergs, casting them upon the coasts of the Old World, moving down the slopes of Africa, rushing across the Atlantic, up and on through the isles of the Caribbean Sea, circling on, forever and forever.

Zoroaster and Mahommed are familiar companions; I smile with Heraclitus, and weep with Democritus, upon the follies and crimes of men. Space is obliterated, I wander with the comets amidst the stars that roll in their orbits along the bounds of the universe, and mark their regular and endless revolutions.

Then as I grow weary of these, I come back again to our earth, sit myself down upon some lofty mountain brow and listen, for pastime, to the noise and murmur of an assembled world, all sounds borne upon the air, no matter how harsh the means that produce them, or how hoarse they grate upon mortal ears, come up unto me, mellowed by distance, worn of their asperities, undulating as the music of a soft lute from some garden bower.

Then I fly to some overhanging cliff

that looks out upon the rolling main, revelling amidst the waters and dark rolling billows mingle with the spirit of the storm; and when the waves subside, and the hush of nature is all around me, I count the dead swells of the sea, and am charmed with their triplicity. The universe to me is the full chord of one vast diapason, all space is vocal with the music of nature, perfect in all its parts, boundlessly beautiful, and endless in symphony.

But alas, flesh and blood chain me to the earth, my spirit's wanderings are vain and profitless, they bring not food for the body, nor supplies for its varied wants; the sunrise of each day wakes me to life's stern duties. I toil for daily bread, am pelted by the snows and storms of winter that fall and howl around my home amid the Sierras. O, that the God of nature had implanted in me, none but aspirations to supply earthly wants, methinks I had been far happier.

I see around me, even in the rocks amidst which I toil, the dead relics of fleeting centuries, antediluvian life bristles here in its rocky tombs, fossilized and preserved for me to wonder upon, study and meditate; can I refuse to ponder upon these footprints as they rise in succession from group to group? The primeval series, Molusks and Zoophytes, snails and periwinkles.

Then cephalalares, glyptolipes, pterichthys, lischens, mosses, ferns and fungi. Then lizards, crocodiles and alligators. Then marine mammalia, seals, grampuses and whales. Then elephants, rhinoceros, hippopotamuses, ostriches, condors, helmet headed cassowaries, and at last to complete the series of gradations from the lowest to the highest, crowning the whole, is man. But when I look within myself as one for the whole, what do I find? A being full of varied instincts, endowed with reason and intelligence, capable of mighty deeds; but chiefly fritting away life's precious moments in endeavors to accomplish unattainable things; full of lofty aspirations, full of low and

grovelling pursuits, performing deeds in body and mind that would shame the face of day, and were they known unto men would place many,—O how infinitely too many!—upon the black rolls of infamy. Yet in me there is a ruling instinct high over all, it is an innate desire for immortality. I look, guided by this same instinctive desire, with the eye, of observation, and reason, through all time, and see, as above described, development of forms are rising one above another, each more perfect than the former; this gives me aspirations and desires that I too may rise.

But when I look again, I behold that life is built upon death,—that the very atoms composing our bodies are the same that for century upon century, have gone to make up all vegetable and animal life. I am perhaps at this moment, composed of dead serpents, monkeys, dogs, mastodons, elephants, etc., that perished in antediluvian years.

The very thought in itself is loathsome; but then, at times I loathe mankind, and fancy that I can behold in the faces of those around me, the type of every animal that ever perished; the hyæna in one, a prowling demon; the serpent in another, coiling his subtle folds; the lion in another, brave, bold and dauntless. I know that it is uncharitable, but these thoughts are in me. I am made up of many conflicting thoughts. At other moments, benevolence holds my purse-strings, and I feel charity unto all men; but looking carefully throughout the universe, do I see the evidence there to satisfy me of the fulfilment of that desire that is in us all, the paramount wish for happiness and immortality?

I see in the broad field of nature, marked upon every blade of grass, every leaf that trembles in the soft air of spring, evidence that there is a God; there must be a Creator, an intelligence above our own.

There is in us a greater or less desire to know more than we can see in

nature's field, about this Supreme Being.

I have passed over the tomes of the past; made myself familiar with the views of the great men of former ages, their schemes of salvation and views of immortality; what they have said of the soul and its mysterious connections with the body, and I have searched profane history in vain for the plan of salvation that satisfies the full wants of the soul. Man could not originate the plan, it was left for God himself, and fulfilled in the person of Jesus of Nazareth. No man ever lived that equalled him in beauty and symmetry of person, in godlike attributes, and actions.

Man cannot propose such a plan of salvation. The Saviour's death was the most sublime scene ever recorded in history. "Socrates died like a philosopher; but Jesus Christ, like a God."

My situation is that of many; the mountains are full of men, toiling for subsistence; they are found in every cañon, and on the hill-tops. Many have given up in despair, and turned drunkards, gamblers, loafers, villains and scapegraces. Others have gone down to untimely graves, beneath the weight of corroding cares; but I will not succumb, nor give up. I will maintain my own self-respect and endeavor to deserve the respect of others. I as firmly believe that industry, perseverance and energy will finally succeed, as that there is a future life, of which this is but the beginning; these qualities are always equal to talents, and often superior; thousands of examples all over our country, lead me onward. "Excelsior," should be our motto under all circumstances.

No matter how lowly your situation or how dejected your thoughts, there is hope of success while there is life. The whole field of nature was created by God himself, and given you for a heritage. The earth, the air, the sun that illumines the heavens, the stars that gem the universe, all, all minister

to your pleasure and happiness. And Jesus the Son of God, died for you upon Calvary, that eternal life and happiness may be yours. That better land beyond the grave you can inherit.

STANZAS ON A ROSE.

PRESENTED TO THE WRITER BY A LADY.

Thou lovely crimson Rose,
Whose golden heart,
'Midst its bright petals glows,
To me thou art,
More than the queen of flowers,
For in thy face,
The smiles of happier hours,
Which now I trace,
Shine on my heart with a sweet pensive
spell,
Like fragrance from the heavenly Aspho-
del.

Plucked from thy parent stem,
The first-born there,
Where like a radiant gem,
Enthroned so fair;
Amid these hills so wild,
O did'st thou pine,
Like some forsaken child,
Or soul of mine,
To find a kindred golden-hearted friend,
With whom thy lonely heart might ever
blend.

'Twas woman's gentle hand,
That sent to me,
A stranger in the land,
Alone like thee,
Thy fair and lovely form,
To me a shrine,
Of friendship pure and warm,
Or more divine,
The sympathies of woman's kindly heart,
Which to my own the sweetest joys im-
part.

Thy brilliant leaves may fade,
But there shall cling,
The fragrance which has made
My heart to sing,
Of friendship's joys so pure,
And memories dear,
Which ever shall endure
While thou art near,
With all thy cherished sweetness to re-
mind,
Of woman's heart so gentle pure, and
kind.

W. H. D.

Near Placerville, Cal., May, 1857.

OUR INTERPRETER.

BY DOINGS.

Ho, ho! ho, ho! for the mountains, the snow-capped mountains! where rough old Boreas holds his winter revels, where the summer sun shines sweetly through thick foliage of evergreens; the birth-place of sparkling springs and laughing rivulets; where the eagle finds his home, and where Nature sitting in all her majesty and loveliness, holds perpetual jubilee!—Come with me if you will, to Independence bar, on Nelson Creek. It was here that we halted in the fall of '50, when on our way to Marysville; we had been many, many miles further into the mountains, and had been successful, for we had found what we had sought after. Hitherto in all our journeyings we had walked, but now Doc's shoes had given out, and his feet were very sore, in fact the night previous we were obliged to help him into camp. Old Bill had been to the mouth of the Creek and there learned that a pack-train would leave that place for Grass Valley after dinner, and upon his return proposed that we should ride; this appeared to meet the views of all; we thought it a fine idea, and wondered how a ride would seem after so long a walk. But Bill said the mules belonged to a Spaniard, and we must find some one to interpret for us; after searching for some little time an interpreter was found; he was a Frenchman, a very little Frenchman, not over five feet in height, and with so much hair on the place where his face ought to be, that it was somewhat doubtful if he had any face; but there was a pair of eyes there, black, sharp, piercing eyes; and he had a voice too, a perfect French voice; so sweet, so musical, in short, he was French all over. As he approached our party, he indulged in a succession of low bows; French bows; and after embracing each, proceeded in very broken English to inform us, that by profession he was a Doctor; that he spoke the Spanish language as

fluently as he did English; that he had been unfortunate, and wishes to leave the mountains, and will officiate as our interpreter. Quite frequently during these preliminary remarks, he has folded his hands, placed them upon his stomach, and with his head thrown back, and eyes rolling upwards, ejaculated "Ah! ma Belle France! ma Belle France! why for I did leave I thee." He was about to give us the minute detail of his many afflictions, when Phin suddenly brought him to business, by telling him in language not at all French to "Dry!"—a few French apologies for intruding his private affairs upon us and he was ready to attend us. The owner of the train was one through whose veins the blood of old Spain was flowing; he was tall and straight, with a pleasing countenance; from the corrugations of his face, and the white so plentifully mingled with his once black hair, I judged that he had seen the sun of more than fifty summers; his entire appearance was prepossessing, and his manners bespoke the gentleman. I became at once interested in him, and regretted we could not converse, that I might learn something of his history, for that he had not always been a mule driver I felt assured. For the sum of five dollars each, including the Frenchman, the "Capitan" agreed to pack us to Grass Valley. About 1 o'clock the party mounted and commenced to ascend the hill—hill we called it, but from base to apex 'twas full five miles, and in many places almost perpendicular. The train consisted of thirty mules, and besides the owner, the Frenchman, and ourselves, five "Vaqueros." The mules were without bridles, and caparisoned with pack-saddles or aparejos upon which we rode. To describe those saddles, I am at a loss; in shape they were not unlike a juvenile mattress, firmly secured over the mule's back; the stuffing, however, did not in the least resemble that of a feather, hair, palm, or even straw mattress, but if leather shavings ever were

used for such a purpose, then 'twas leather shavings we rode upon. We found them more comfortable than we anticipated, for they were so thick, that when going up hill we could assume a position very much like sitting upon a barrel with our knees bent over the head, and a firm grip with our hands to the chime; and thus we rode up the steepest acclivities; when descending we reversed our positions and faced the tail of the mule. This was a new degree in equestrianism, and we enjoyed it much. Imagine, if you can, this party, covered with rags and patches, slip-shod, slouched hats, long hair and beards, faces *rather* dark and dirty, sitting upon *those* saddles, and ascending or descending some steep acclivity; each with a new clay pipe protruding from his mouth, the stem of which is at least eighteen inches in length. The pipes were purchased at the creek, and such satisfaction did they give that they were hardly out of our mouths. Many were the joyous peals of laughter that echoed and re-echoed among those woods and hills, for we presented such a ludicrous appearance to each other, that even Doc who was quite unwell, could not refrain from joining in our mirth. It was near night when we reached the summit of the hill (?) and here we found a cool, refreshing spring, and a fine flat covered with rich grass, and here we determined to camp. After selecting a spot to spread our blankets, and having eaten our suppers, we gathered about the camp-fires of the Mexicans, smoked our pipes, and witnessed the manufactory of Tortillios-teres as follows: each one took a piece of dough about the size of a small egg, this they commence to press between the palms of their hands, and then to throw from one to the other, until it was as thin as a wafer and large enough to cover a dinner-plate; it was then thrown upon hot coals, and in a few seconds cooked. The vaqueros continued to make and cook tortillios, until a small sized pile had accumulated, I should say about three feet six inches

in height (!) they then "went in," and we smoked our pipes and gazed with astonishment as the monument disappeared.

We carried our gold between the folds of our handkerchiefs—those of us who were fortunate enough to have one, those less fortunate, in strips of flour-bag,—secured around us, just above the waistband of our pants, and beneath our shirts—the little Frenchman discovered the location of it, and familiarly touched old Bluff's treasure, making at the same time some very happy remarks—neither the action or remarks were favorably received by Bluff, who putting his huge fist very near the little fellow's face, advised him to "take care! or I'll knock the top of your head off."

The adjacent hills, the trees and everything was clothed with night—the camp-fire had dwindled down until but here and there a spark flickered, and then, went out—myriads of stars were twinkling up above, and the last whiff from our pipes was winding and circling the air, 'ere we proposed to turn in. The Frenchman who had been sitting with the vaqueros, aside from us, now approached and invited us to sleep with him—he had selected such a lovely spot, beneath the extending branches of a huge old pine—the grass was so heavy there, and it would be so much more secure, as well as pleasant to sleep together—to all his entreaties we were deaf, and turned in between our own blankets, and upon the ground we had ourselves selected—it was not 'til now, that a suspicion flashed across our minds, that we might be in bad company, and after comparing notes, we brought to mind several suspicious circumstances in connection with our French friend—but as we were well armed, and feeling strong in numbers, we apprehended but little danger and—went to sleep. Just as the gray of dawn came peeping o'er the hills—just at that time when the darkness wavers, 'ere it disappears—just as day came struggling

into life, we were awake and just as 'old sol' came creeping from his mountain bed, we were leaving camp. About noon we arrived in Grass Valley, and finding good grass and water about one mile from the settlement, the owner of the train concluded to camp there, and we, telling him that we wanted to settle with him in town, went on and established ourselves at the most fashionable hotel—which consisted of eight upright posts, covered with brown muslin, and furnished with a bar and table—the bar, comprised a board over a barrel, two tin cups and a black bottle—the table, a board over two barrels, and when 'set' presented an *array* of tin plates, and rusty knives. The Kitchen was behind the house—out of doors. The culinary utensils included a fry-pan, camp-kettle, coffee-pot, and—that was all. But we were comfortable, and "laid back" happy and contented, if only from the fun that we had at length found some one to *cook* for us. We had been at our hotel less than an hour when our interpreter made his appearance, and stated that if agreeable to us, he would receive our fares for the Spaniard—not dreaming of any deception, we paid him. A short time after, the old Spaniard came in, and through an interpreter, who he had found in the valley, informed us that his business was to collect our passage money. He was rather surprised to learn that the Frenchman had received it, and said that he was not authorized to do so, but he presumed it was all right. One hour later he returned in a state of great excitement, he could not find the Frenchman, and some one during his absence from camp, had been there and stolen all of his money—about \$1200. It must have been the Frenchman—we readily and at once assisted to hunt for him, we aroused the camp—parties went out in every direction,—but our search was of no avail, he had gone. This was a severe blow to the Spaniard, and although years ago, I can well remember how he looked, and can see him now,

as I saw him then,—standing there with clasped hands, his head uncovered, and those gray locks fluttering wildly on the evening breeze—every feature seemed impressed with anguish, and louder than words, told how heavily the blow had fallen. I afterwards learned that this was but one of a series of misfortunes which had befallen him, and they of late had come so fast and thick, that the poor old man was well nigh ruined. We felt sincerely sorry for him, but that of course did not help him any, his pride would not allow him to receive money from us—and so we parted. Some eighteen months after I met with him in San Francisco, and learned from him, that fortune having at length smiled, he was ‘en route’ for his home in Mexico. Of the Frenchman I have nothing positive to relate, but as I was perambulating the streets of San Francisco about four years ago, I observed a party of men at work; as I drew nearer to them, I noticed that attached to their ankles, were some curious iron ornaments,—and among the party, one who bore a very marked resemblance to our *French interpreter*.

AN INDEPENDENCE LYRIC.

FOR JULY FOURTH, 1857.

I.

Let the cannon's loud thunder on every ear
pour,

While our flags are unfurled to the breeze,
Midst the blessings of peace, we rejoice in the
roar,

That dealt death on the land and the seas.
Yes, death to the tyrants who came as fierce
foes,

To fetter our fathers with chains,
When Liberty's sun o'er our nation arose,
To guide and cheer onward the spirits of
those,

Whose glory forever remains.

II.

Rejoice in the day when our nation was born,
Then our fathers resolved to be free;

Most fair was its advent, a radiant morn,

But fairer its noon-tide shall be;

Its fame is now spreading far over the earth,

All nations its glories shall see,

Till every land shall be proud of its worth,

And sigh for the grandeur, and beauty, and
birth,

Of those who are equal and free.

III.

Let our heart-songs of freedom ring out to the
world,

For our nation is happy and free;—

While our banners in glory are waving unfurled,

As signals of triumphs to be.

Most dear to our hearts shall be Washington's
fame,

That stands like a mountain of light,

His grandeur, and goodness, and greatness
proclaim,

How great was the cause that enlisted his
name,

In freedom's most perilous fight.

IV.

We'll shout the loud pæans! rejoice! then
rejoice!

As brothers we stand in our might,

Forever proclaiming with eloquent voice,

We are free to do only the right.

This nerved the strong arms mid the battle's
fierce shock,

This gave courage to hearts that were brave,
Midst famine and perils they stood like the
rock,

Unmoved when the finger of fate seemed to
mock,

For they knew the Almighty would save.

V.

Let the cannon's loud thunder on every ear
pour,

While our flags are unfurled to the breeze,
Midst the blessings of peace we rejoice in the
roar,

That dealt death on the land and the seas;
Yes, death to the tyrants who came as fierce
foes,

To fetter our fathers with chains,
When Liberty's sun o'er our nation arose,
To guide and cheer onward the spirits of
those,

Whose pure fame all hallowed remains.

Coon Hollow, Cal., June, 1857.

W. H. D.

HOW CAME IT THERE?

Several feet below the surface, in the gravel, and among the roots of a noble pine tree, over four feet in diameter, and growing on Weaverville creek, Trinity County, near the town of Weaverville, a gentleman named Fouts, in the winter of 1850, while mining, found a small, neatly worked necklace, made of lignum-vitæ wood, threaded on fine gold wire; and attached thereto was a beautifully chased and highly finished cross of gold.

Now, will some one account for its existence—there,—or answer—How came it there?

THE MORAL HEART OF CALIFORNIA.

It may appear to many like a misnomer, to speak of the Moral heart of California; but it is not; there is no misnaming about it; for though in the great heart-throbbings of our people, the "almighty dollar," and the efforts for its procurement, seem to be the mainspring of our action, a principle impelling as with an electric speed and power, the minds of the masses, regardless of the wear upon the moral heart, still there is a recuperative principle, a power in goodness and morality, that in spite of every neglect, will sooner or later triumph over vice, error, immorality, and their consequences.

With the first dawn of our existence as a State of the Confederacy, we were isolated and distant from all the more hallowed and refined influences of an enlightened civilization. The great body of our people possessed in an eminent degree, the reckless daring, and spirit, of adventurers; and it was, as it always is—to say the least of it—coupled with a recklessness of the moral heart; a carelessness in keeping sentinel over passions and desires the most difficult of control when untrammelled and freed from the conventional usages of a more elevated and refined society.

As a consequence, violence was done to the moral heart, and however well it may have seemed to answer the ends and purposes of an unscrupulous ambition in fostering individual aggrandisement, the result has been a disease of the moral heart; and so deep and hideously apparent is the plague-spot, that the broad mantle of charity even, can no longer hide it; for the world knows it. And yet the world looks

upon California, as truthfully she is, a golden Goddess, beautifully jeweled, and enshrined in outward magnificence; but with all her beauty marred and impaired, by the blemish upon her moral heart.

It is thus we find her; rich and prosperous in everything that constitutes a superficial splendour, even to the throwing off of two millions of golden jewels semi-monthly; and yet, possessing a leprous moral heart.

It is not our purpose to charge upon any class or party of men, political or religious, as being peculiarly the cause of our present morally depressed condition. It is enough, and bad enough, that the fact exists; but our object is, or would be were it possible, to bring Californians to think and believe in the necessity of a more elevated standard of morality. Nothing but a proper appreciation of this necessity is wanting to render California in many respects, the terrestrial paradise of the human race.

To accomplish this the moral heart must first beat with a calm and regular pulsation. This can only be secured by the proper flow of pure and uncontaminated blood, performing the life-functions of our government. To secure this, such men only should be entrusted with the power, as possess a high moral principle, and an interest in the honor and prosperity of the country.

Already is the Press of a portion of the State at least, eloquent in its appeals to the patriotism (?) of the people. A portion are devoted to the support of one man as an exponent of principles or of party; and another portion, to men of an opposite political

faith, or opposing party; and both, without the slightest allusion to the moral character of either.

The fact is, it has become dangerous for political parties to make inquiry as to the moral antecedents of partisans, as candidates for office; and when such inquiry is made, and the odium of easy morality is incontrovertibly established, it seems too often but the prestige or sure stepping-stone to political success and preferment.

Now this could not be, if the great moral heart of the masses beat with pure and strong pulsations—such as alone can make a people individually contented and happy, and the commonwealth prosperous. To place us, or bring us as a people, upon an equality in every respect, with the most favored upon God's earth, it is only necessary that the will of the people goes out in the choice of the rulers and directors of the State's interests, in the direction only, in which men of sterling moral principle can be found.

Every other experiment has been resorted to, and signally failed. Now let us for once at least, at the approaching political campaign, try the *experiment* of acting from a higher and holier impulse than party expediency, or the preferment of zealous partisans because they are such, regardless of their high moral worth, and intellectual ability.

The untrammelled exercise of a high moral principle in our political action, and inculcating the doctrine that such an attainment is indispensable in those with whom we are to entrust our interests, can alone erase the one foul stain that now mars the otherwise brilliant history of our State's progress. Ev-

ery true-hearted patriot must feel that the time for a nobler political existence for California has fully come, and we ask earnestly—that every true Californian should lend a strong hand and heart to usher in the glorious advent, by voting *only* for honest, moral, and capable men.

MY CABIN HOME.

BY G. F. NOURSE.

Adieu ! Adieu ! my cabin home,
Each knotty log, adieu !
I'll ne'er forget thee, though I roam
Mountains and valleys through.
Together here companions, we
Have braved rude winter's blasts ;
And oft from storms you've sheltered me—
But we must part at last.

Each log to me a brother seems,
Thy dear old roof, a mother,
Thy gladsome hearth, a sister dear,
And thou, a kind old Father.
With each and all I've oft communed,
My lonesome hours to ease ;
And sitting here, my lute oft tuned,
In concord with the breeze.

And thou, my faithful guardian dear,
Thy lonely watch hath stood ;
Protecting me from every fear,
In this wild, tangled wood—
With sad and heavy heart I linger,
Thy door-way round about,
While each dear thing familiar
With silence's speaking out.

Adieu ! adieu ! I must not stop,
I'll summon all my will,
For tears are gathering drop by drop,
And falling on thy sill—
I'll double lock and bar thy door !
No wanton foot astray,
Shall tread or desecrate thy floor,
While I am far away.

I'll not forget the hours of bliss
Passed 'neath thy friendly roof,
And if thou hadst but lips to kiss
I'd give thee burning proof—
And here I'll pledge a miner's word,
Pledged by his hope for rain,
That when old Winter's blasts are heard
I'll live with thee again.

Our Social Chair.

We have often thought and felt that an oversight occurred at the commencement of this Magazine; that we did not set apart some jovial corner for sunny and social intercourse with our fun-loving readers; where in a chatty and familiar way all sorts of good-humored things could be said or quoted in a good-humored way, for the amusement and improvement of us all.

"Laugh and grow fat,"

is a very old, but very expressive aphorism, and we find but few, very few, who have not a preference for that exercise to most others.

For ourselves we were going to say, that we love fun, (if "love" can be applied without profanity to other than the opposite sexes of mankind, and to Deity, which we think it cannot. We once heard a lady exclaim

"Oh! I do love pickled herrings" (!)

"No, my dear," gently suggested her spouse, "you *love* your husband."

"Dearest, I stand corrected," was the prompt and affectionate rejoinder) but if the reader please, we will say instead, that we *like* fun, and all the good jokes and useful suggestions we can secure at all suitable times and seasons, and we hope that our readers will just make themselves at home, and say just what they please that may be provocative of mirth, to this "Our Social Chair," as it is here for that purpose.

As all things must have a commencement, we propose to set the ball rolling by saying that before this Social Chair lie Magazines, Newspapers and so forth, from all parts of the world, *and*—California! The uppermost, and one of the most welcome of these is "The Old Mountaineer," from Plumas County. Having just arrived, and being dated May 7th, we are led to the conclusion that it must have had a hard time of it somewhere. At first we supposed it possible that old Winter had way-laid the Expressman, and covered him up with his hoary beard in some deep cañon, and the papers with him, but we immediately repudiated that idea as very fallacious and improbable, knowing that the genial warmth and good-humor of "The Old Mountaineer" would have thawed its

way out through the snowy locks, or even the very heart of that stern and uncompromising old Annual. We therefore concluded that some one of Uncle Samuel's *fast* mail institutions had imprisoned it in some unprospected corner of a (facetiously named) "Mail Bag," and which we especially regret as that paper contains the tidings of the editor's having committed matrimony (!) At such a time of all others, we suggest that the gentle reader "Hear him for his cause." With us he has the floor—no, we mean the "Social Chair."

"MARRIED, in Quincy, Plumas County, on the evening of May 1st, by His Honor, Judge GOODWIN, Mr. JOHN K. LOVEJOY, Editor of the "Old Mountaineer," and Miss H. A. MCGOWEN.

Bring out the big guns made of brass,
What forges July's thunder,
Bring out the flag of Benington,
For we've entered into the state of connubial
felicity—and "gone under."

Hurrah for our side! Aint we a happy fellow—got a wife of our own—sha'n't trouble our neighbors—don't ask 'em any boot—will neither borrow nor lend no-how—W-hoops! and crinoline! Git up and shake yourselves—weep and howl! you buttonless, old bachelors, for your sins hang heavily on you; why you are of no earthly use, or as the sweet Psalmist fitly expresses it 'outen' the Psalms—[a long way out, eh?] (we've forgot the chapter and verse—wish we could forget about a few new dresses 'fore long, as easy,—hey!)

"A bachelor's a hob-nail,
And rusts for want of use, sir."

We've got the advantage of you every way—got somebody to box our ears—comb our blessed gray hairs, what were goin' down in sorrow—mend our ways, and unmentionables—lighten our cares and bread—provided she can get flour—powerful scarce just now,—and instead of coming home at midnight and go sneaking into a room, the floor all covered over with stumps of cigars, old chews of tobacco, old dirty clothes, and getting into an old ragged bunk,—a flint rock compared with it would be cotton—we—that is us—"early to bed and late to rise"—you all know the adage—we come home—room nicely carpeted—slippers ready—well, we are not going to tell you half we know, for fear you might envy us, and that 'aint Christian-like.

We had several reasons for pursuing the course we have—wanted a "local item" for our next "issue"—the "sheets" must be filled up—"impressions" must be made, or our "typographical" brethren would raise a muss,

and besides this, we had to get up an excitement, and prove to our friends that we were capable of seizing those advantages, "created for the use and benefit of man," which we hope may prove "satisfactory," to all of them.

Well, we wish ourselves "much joy,"! and all those little happinesses that are usually connected with deeds of this character, and in connection with this matter, we would delicately hint to our subscribers, that we want them to "pungle," "see us," "pay up" as we have another mouth to feed, with prospective probabilities, in the future. "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view," but we concluded to haul in old enchantment, and stop his lending, and use him ourself. We further concluded that we had been derelict and "shiftless" long enough—that one could not be a good citizen unless he was acting for his country's welfare. In conclusion, "we hope these few lines may find you enjoying the same God's blessing." So mote it be."

Just give us your ☞, Lovejoy, if there is a man who wishes you more joy than we do, why—send us his daguerreotype, that's all!

There is so much truthfulness in the following sentiment from the same "Old Mountaineer" that we know our readers will endorse it as the pure gold of their own experience in this money-hunting, hair-whitening, haste-making-to-be-rich, land of feverish excitement, and we give it without apology.

"The world glides on apace, and we forego all the pastimes and pleasures of life, for the Will-o-wisp of fortune, which after leading us through thorny brakes, and over sharp rocks, and by devious paths, leaves us at last mired in a slough of cares, embracing bitter deception."

The following clippings from the spirited, racy, and ably-edited "Graham's Magazine"—now one of the very best of our eastern exchanges—will perhaps cause some to regret that our California female population is so small in proportion to the male—being only about one in five—as it presents so many serious draw-backs to such a pleasant pastime.

"When we remember the immense influence which kisses have had in history," writes one of our best friends—"I do not wonder, dear sir, that you should have given a chapter to the subject, in one of your late Graham's. For—

"Was it not love that made Mark Anthony
Yield up his kingdoms for one fervid kiss
From Egypt's ripest Queen?"

On this hint we went to work and gathered a few more of these ruby gems—these wine-drops—these electric thrills of poetry, for our

readers—in fact for our fair readers, to tell the truth—presuming them to have the just appreciation of the beautiful. Take the annexed.

A PLEA FOR KISSING.

The fountain mingles with the river,
The river with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix forever,
With a sweet commotion.
Nothing on the earth is single,
All things by a law divine
In another being mingle,
Why not I with mine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No leaf or flower would be forgiven,
If it disdained to kiss its brother.
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea,
But, what are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

If you want to kiss a pretty girl, why kiss her—if you can. If a pretty girl wants to kiss you, why let her—like a man. But—

NEVER KISS AND TELL.

I kissed a maid the other night;
But who she was I may not tell;
Her eyes were as the diamonds bright,
And soft as those of Isabel—
But I never kiss and tell.

Her breast a bank of virgin snow,
Whereon no thought of sin should dwell,
Her voice was very sweet and low,
And like the voice of Isabel—
But I never kiss and tell.

Her lips are cherries sweet and red,
And she was shy as a gazelle;
She kissed me back—and then she fled,
Just like our charming Isabel—
But I never kiss and tell.

THE ROUGH AND TUMBLE KISS.—The neatest of all neat things, the story of the Widow Lambkin, of whom Dr. Meadows took so much toll when they crossed the bridge on a sleigh ride, reminds me, says a down east friend, of one of our Maine young fellows, who thus describes his battle and final victory, in a fair fight for a kiss of his sweetheart:

"Ah! now, Sarah dear, give me a kiss—
"I won't! so there now."

"Then I shall have to take it whether or no."

"Take it if you dare!"

So at it he went, rough and tumble. An awful destruction of starch now commenced.

"The bow of my cravat was squat up in less than no time. At the next bout, smash went the shirt collar, and at the same time some of the head fastenings gave way, and down came Sally's hair, like a flood in a mill dam broke loose, carrying away half a dozen combs. One plunge of Sally's elbow, and my blooming bosom ruffles wilted to the consistency and form of an after-dinner napkin. But she had no time to boast. Soon her neck tackling began to sever, parted at the throat, away went a string of white beads, scampering and running races every way you could think of about the floor. She fought fair I must admit; and when she could fight no longer, for want of breath, she yielded handsomely; her arms fell down by her side—

those long, round, rosy arms—her hair hung back over the chair, her eyes were half shut, as if she were not able to hold them open a minute longer, and there lay a little plump mouth all in the air! My goodness! did you ever see a hawk pounce on a robin, or a bee on a clover top? Even so I settled; and when she came too and threw up those arms, and seized me around the neck, and declared she'd choke me if ever I did so again, and had a great mind to do it now, I just ran the risk over again, and the more she choked me the better I liked it; and now she puts her arms around my neck, and puts her own lips in the way of mine every day, and calls me her John, and don't make any fuss about it at all. That was a very sensible girl, and she makes a good wife, too, as I am not ashamed to say anywhere."

Some prudish specimens of age-advanced humanity may be somewhat taken aback at the first sight of the above chaste and beautiful pieces, and yet if they are honest and candid, will confess that after all, kissing is very pleasant and very natural, and that they have been as fond of it—if they are not now—as the youngest of our readers.

One fact is clear to us, that were there more innocent youthful amusements; and more pleasant, joyous, social and unrestrained open-hearted—but not indiscriminate—intercourse between the sexes in California, there would be a less tendency to premature and unsuitable unions; and young persons would be less liable to think themselves "men" and "women" when they were but mere boys and girls. We invite the thoughtful, carefully to think the matter over, and let us hear from them.

Some lonely old bachelor, who signs himself "a subscriber," sends us the following, which we give, with this advice: Don't shut your eyes when you *might* see.—

SOME ONE TO LOVE.

Afar from the city, its turmoil and strife,
Sadly and wearily wears out my life,
Nature's fair scenes have no charms for my mind,
Peace and content must I seek, but not find.
One thing is wanting my dull life to cheer—
A sweet voice whose tones would be music to hear,
A fair face, loving eyes, and mild as the dove;
It is—some one to love!—some one to love.

Some one to love!—how my heart swells with joy!
O! it were happiness, free from alloy,
To know of a fair one who'd share my lone cot,
Who would cling to me closely, though humble my lot!
Could she, forsaking all, concert and play
Far from the pleasures of city life stray,
Could she but do this for me, then she would prove
To me—some one to love! some one to love!

Years may roll on, like a sad starless night,
Still will I hope for the dawning of light;

Still will I hope that the long wished for way
May yet shine to gladden my dark lonely ray.
In dreams I oft see her, oft hear her sweet voice,
But waken to sadness, no more to rejoice;
Did I know where to seek her—far, far would I rove
To find some one to love! some one to love!

SOMEWHAT SINGULAR.—That ministers of the gospel *will* preach long sermons, when nineteen twentieths of their congregation prefer, and profit more by short ones.

A few weeks ago we were spending a Sabbath in Marysville, and wishing to hear a celebrated divine, we inquired of some stranger whom we met, if he would be kind enough to inform us where to find the —— church?

"Do you see that building yonder?" said he, "Yes."

"That is the Court House—that's not it! but when you come to the cross street on this side of that, you look on one side, and you'll see a building resembling a *grave-yard on the hurricane deck*!—that's it."

Well, we thought that is no doubt an honest confession of his impressions of that building—and perhaps of the religious services within it—and which although doubtless very unjust are nevertheless *his* unvarnished impressions. Then we thought further that as the green fields and the bright flowers, and the blue sky, and the joy-giving sunshine, and the chirily singing birds all in union, were intended to make cheerful God's great temple, why should those built by man be made less so. Is it not a mistake—a serious mistake of the truly devout worshipper that first impressions (which are generally the most lasting) should be unfavorable to the outsider and the passer-by?

We have many times too, wished to inquire that if the human face is an index to the feelings and traits of the soul, and good religious people confess themselves to be completely happy—how is it that so many of them wear such long faces? We simply ask for information.

We hope that the boys in the mountains, and our good contributor "*Joe*," will oblige the fair writer of the following epistle, and our readers generally, by laying its contents to heart.

LETTERS TO MINERS—NO. 1.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 7, 1857.

Dear Brothers:—There's a sigh in my heart to-night because I have been reading

friend Joe's last "*Realization of my conceptions.*" I am very sorry that he has given up writing for the Magazine, as it was always a source of pleasure for me to peruse his articles therein, and I am sure there are many others who appreciated them as much as I. I had begun to feel as though Joe, Ben and Charley were my old friends, but how changed, how broken! If tears of heart-felt sorrow did course down my cheek whilst reading of poor Ben's death, and Charley's departure for the States, it was no shame; no more than any sympathizing sister would have done. May Charley be happy in his reunion with the loved ones, and may poor Ben rest in peace; may his sleep be sweet. I would that I could go every day and wreath bright evergreens and sweet perfumed flowers o'er his grave. 'Twas hard to give him up, but—

He is gone, he is gone! His life-banner's furled,
And the loved one rests in a sweet peaceful world.

Friend Joe, could you and Charley not have placed a tombstone at the head of good, generous-hearted Ben, who first proposed the erection of one to the memory of Edward Story? He was so anxious that oblivion should not entirely shroud his memory.

I hope that you will commence a new series of articles for the "*Magazine*," as they will not only afford a pleasure to the readers but give a glorious one to yourself.

It is Sunday, brothers, and as I sit writing

to you, the church-bells are chiming musically, and fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters and strangers are wending their way to the temple of God. I wonder what you are doing on this lovely Sabbath? I asked friend Billie at my elbow (who has been tormenting me almost to death by tickling my ears with a broom-straw,) and he suggests "washing shirts" and "eating slap-jacks," but I don't believe it. It's too glorious a day for washing—and as for slap-jacks, or jack-slaps, or whatever you call them (I'm not from Boston and therefore am not well acquainted with the name) why I know you don't value them as a great luxury, because you have too many of them.

But as I said before—wonder what you are doing? I know. Reading; enjoying a quiet reverie, or taking a walk I fancy—and you would like to know what the loved ones at home are engaged in—you wish that you were there, or that you could just take one look into the house this evening. So do I wish that I could peep in at your window or door, and see what you are about. Ah yes! some of you are wading back through the old path of memory, and others are plunging into the "uncertain future"—and I, oh dear me, Mother's calling me, and it's either to give me a scolding or something nice. So I must say, Good bye, for the present.

Affectionately yours, SISTER MAY.

Literary Notices.

BRITTON & REY'S *Map of the State of California*; compiled from the U. S. Land and Coast surveys, the several Military, Scientific, and Railroad Explorations, the State and County Boundary Surveys, made under the order of the Surveyor General of California, and from private Surveys—By GEORGE H. GODDARD, C. E.—Completed with additions and corrections up to the day of publication from the U. S. Land Office, and other reliable sources.

It is with great pleasure that we notice the completion and publication of this new and excellent Map of California; and we congratulate the industrious compiler and the enterprising publishers that after so much labor, patience, care, and expense, they are enabled to place before the public so beautiful and perfect a work.

No man who is unfamiliar with the labo-

rious and complicated details of such an enterprise, can properly appreciate or fully comprehend the difficulties attendant upon the task, especially in a new and mountainous State like our own; comprising, as it does, over ninety-nine millions of acres of land.

Mr. Goddard, to our knowledge, has been several years engaged in this useful and difficult undertaking, assiduously seeking information from every reliable source, besides personally roughing it himself among the mountains for purposes of observation and information; and we doubt not the public will prove their appreciation of the united labors of compiler and publishers by the encouragement they now extend to this valuable enterprise; and every office, school-room, hotel, and private dwelling, throughout the State, have this useful and excellent map upon its walls, as it in every way deserves.

San Francisco Pictorial Magazine—Naglee & Schwartz, publishers, 58 Montgomery st., San Francisco.

This is the title of a new semi-monthly magazine, the first No. of which has been handed to us, which is courteously and modestly asking a favorable reception from the public.

It is a work of sixteen quarto pages, well written, beautifully printed on good paper, with three spirited lithographic views of Nicaragua. Its merits can hardly fail to be appreciated by all who desire to see such a work successful. We sincerely wish that its publishers may secure a large measure of prosperity.

Editor's Table.

OUR SECOND VOLUME.

In presenting our readers with the first number of the second volume of the *California Magazine*, it may not be considered inopportune now to recur to the general outline given in our introductory one year ago, of what it was our wish this work should be to California. We then said :

"It is our hope, as it will be our aim, to make our monthly visits to your fireside as welcome as the cheerful countenance and social converse of some dear old friend, who just drops in, in a friendly way, to spend the evening.

We wish to picture California, and California life; to portray its beautiful scenery and curiosities; to speak of its mineral and agricultural products; to tell of its wonderful resources and commercial advantages; and to give utterance to the inner life and experience of its people, in their aspirations, hopes, disappointments and successes—the lights and shadows of daily life.

Whatever is noble, manly, useful, intellectual, amusing and refining, we shall welcome to our columns.

It will ever be our pride and pleasure to be on the side of virtue, morality, religion and progress.

We shall admit nothing that is partizan in politics or sectarian in religion; but, claiming the right to please ourselves, we shall accord to the reader the same privilege.

Whatever we believe to be for the permanent prosperity of California, we shall fearlessly advocate, in any way that suits us.

We have no expectation of pleasing every one; nor, that perfection will be written upon every page of its contents, for the simple reason that we are human; but we shall do our best, continually.

We have commenced its publication with the hope of filling a void—humbly it may be—in the wants of California, and the intelli-

gent reader will see at a glance that the costly manner in which it is gotten up, and the price at which it is sold, the publishers rely upon a wide circulation for their pecuniary reward."

The favorable manner in which this work has been received by the public—with all its imperfections, while it proves that we have not been disappointed, gives us the assurance that by the cordial co-operation of readers and contributors, and devoting ourselves constantly to the steady improvement of its contents, we shall be able to produce in the coming year, a much more beautiful and interesting magazine than heretofore; and one in every way more worthy of the intelligence and greatness of the State it is our proud privilege to call HOME,—even our own California.

To our contributors we would say, give the utmost care to the writing of your articles, so that you may feel that they are in every way worthy of the mental strength of the great State you represent, and of the family of which you may justly be proud to be an individual member.

There is one fact we wish to mention, and we do it with great pleasure;—several of the ablest, and oldest, and best of California's writers, have thought proper to commend the earnest California spirit we have manifested, and have kindly and voluntarily promised to come forward to assist us by their pen and influence, to produce a higher standard of literature on the Pacific coast. We know our old contributors, while they gladly welcome, will also thank them for the offer. Therefore, should God spare our united pens, we hope to do much more in the future for the strong, intellectual, moral, and social progress of our inimitable California.

To our readers.—We would address one request,—that as we wish to increase the number of engravings, and before many months the number of pages, of this magazine, *without increasing the price*, we shall thank them to speak as favorable a word for it as possible among their friends, as in proportion as our circulation is extended, we are determined to improve and enlarge its contents; that while endeavoring to make it the visible vibration of the great heart-pulse of our people, it may be an index of the State's attainment towards a high standard of literature.

CALIFORNIA LIFE.—There are those in every sphere of society, who are careful observers of men, manners, and the more striking peculiarities that abound in animate and inanimate nature everywhere. It is from such observers, that we expect truthful and interesting delineations of character, objects, and events; and we invite all cordially to aid us by sending us their views in well written prose, of any and every thing of striking interest that shall tend to illustrate California life, alike among her valleys and her mountains.

While another class, from their migratory habits and equal powers of observation, are better able to favor us with facts and reliable statistics, touching California.

POETRY.—With all proper deference to the opinions of those who are constantly flooding our table with their productions styled *poetry*, in their conceptions; but certainly not in ours; we must again ask the indulgence of friends, whilst we candidly tell them, they cannot write poetry; or if they can, that they have failed to favor us with it. We even regret that we have given place to some that has appeared in our first volume, and shall endeavor to be more circumspect in our future selections.

It will be our pleasure always to receive well written articles in prose, upon interesting subjects; and we know there are many, very many, who can thus greatly oblige us; doing honor to themselves as prose writers, which they never can do as poets.

PROSE.—We wish to say a few words to our contributors of prose articles. California in her every feature, is strongly marked.

Geographically and physically, she abounds in scenery the most sublime and magnificent. In her people, for every species of enterprise, she shows an energy and force of character, unequalled by the world. Then why may we not expect her literature to bear, alike, the impress of strength, with a power of conception, originality and beauty, in keeping with the influences that surround us?

We know there is a kind of inspiration imparted to the mind, by the presence of external, visible objects; and we see its influence even upon the hard-handed, but susceptible heart, of the rough-clad miner in his mountain home. We have received from such sources, some of our best prose articles; and sincerely do we desire a continuance of like favors, from the same quarter.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.—To California as a State of the Confederacy, this, our great National Anniversary in its seventh annual round, is near at hand; and again will her mountains and her valleys echo with the rejoicings of Freemen, to be borne hence, Atlantic-ward and world-wide.

Yes, ere this our monthly greeting, will have reached the home of many a patriot heart, that heart as by an inherent impulse, will be vibrating with strong emotions, in token of a remembrance of the scenes participated in by the founders of our Republic.

"For Freedom's battle oft begun,
Bequeath'd from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

And it is right, and becoming to every American, be he native born or otherwise, thus to give vent to the outgoings of his patriotism, on the return of this, our only day for a nation's jubilee; for—

"In the long vista of the years to roll,

Let me not see my country's honor fade;
Oh! let me see our land retain its soul!

Her pride in Freedom, and not Freedom's shade."

PROGRESS.—In relation to the progress of California in everything that constitutes a nation's greatness, there is no room for the skeptic even, to edge in an opinion to the contrary.

Her agriculture, "the soul, the basis of empire," is progressing with rapid strides, her valleys and hillsides, are everywhere teeming

with happy and increasing population ; and this is progress.

New lands are sought and improved ; orchards are being planted everywhere ; and this is progress. Manufactories are rising up on every hand ; our mines are being more rapidly developed and extensively worked, than ever before ; and this is progress.

Churches and school houses are fast dotting every city and village of the State, whilst wives are rapidly making glad the homes of our people, and cherub children are making musical every hill and valley ; and this too, is progress. And though there may be two distinctive features or phases of progression, as affecting the condition of a country, tending to its rise and downfall, it is clear to every un-

prejudiced, honest mind, that California's progress is towards improvement.

It is true, we have many here, too many, of a class of idlers, unprincipled men, who are but poor representatives of progress ; but they would be the same anywhere. They came to California purposely and avowedly, to rob her of her golden treasures, and then go hence, leaving her shorn of her wealth. In this perhaps they have been in a measure disappointed ; and because they have not been able to become rich as suddenly as they desired, by depleting the fairest land with the finest clime under heaven, they must now needs hurl their anathemas, loud and deep, against the fair fame, the progress and true condition of California.

Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have read so much poetry ? of late, that our very wits are at last frozen into rhyme, and in this strain we cannot help addressing our contributors.

Welcome, friends ! come sit ye round our table altogether,

We'll talk about the price of things, the fashion, and the weather.

But ere we plunge in politics, or earp at constitutions,

Our absent friends must first be thank'd for their kind contributions.

Stripes we regret too long is, for this our present page,

And *Bertha* too ding dong is, for past or present age.

Old Young Boy shall appear, he merits our best thanks,

Such articles as his are, deserve the foremost ranks.

One Tear is much too wat'ry, we've been crying ! all the day ;

Come give us something jollier, cheer up old friend we say—

In these dull times a cheery friend, his bare hand, or in leather,

We shake, and greet just as we would, the sun in foggy weather.

*****, we thank with all our heart ;

Such kind, good friends as they have been, are much too dear to part.

Tough Yarn is like tough steak, too tough to be digested ;

And *Timothy* we now request no more to be "requested."

To other friends, who know, their muse we do not wish to throttle,

Our ink is out, so must defer till open we next bottle !

If the above jingle does not disgust those who send us "machine poetry !" their case is hopeless.

A Dialogue.—Received, and will be examined soon ; if it contains interest and point, will receive further attention.

The Actress.—With many other articles, necessarily deferred for the present.

Pliny.—The ancient "Almanack" came : right, and in our social chair next month we shall note its quaint contents.

C.—Has not yet been received.

Jessica, Sonora.—We suppose you sing "Wait for the Wagon ?" to you then, confidentially, we would suggest that you "Wait well with patience, and don't shut your eyes." Do you not think that such would be the better course for you, in the end ? Aye, believe us.

Smudges.—Yours on table-turning, after having made the engraving therefor, is unavoidably deferred till next month.

D.—Yours is received, and—as always—is very good.

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

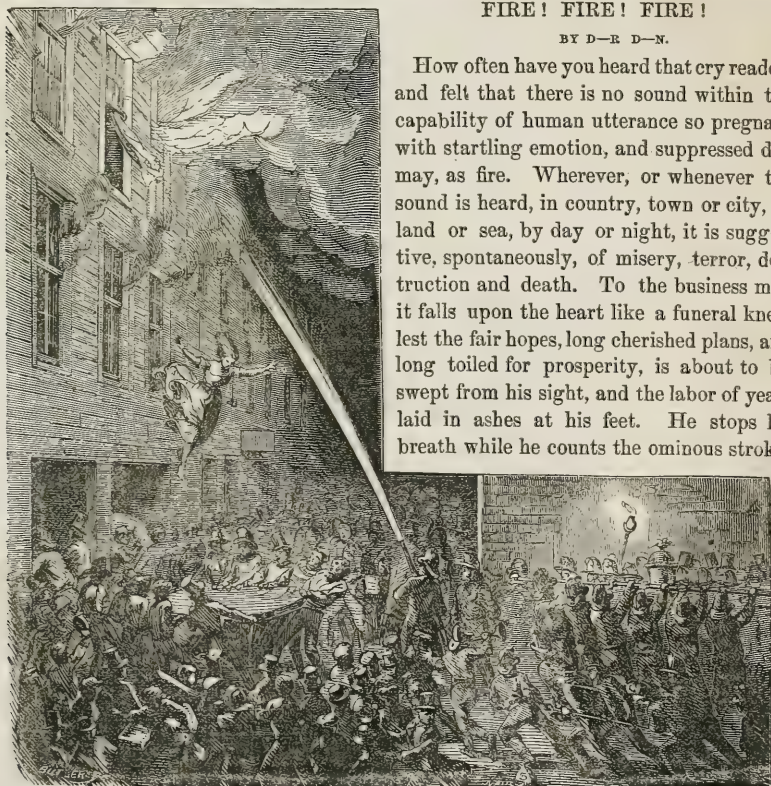
AUGUST, 1857.

NO. II.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

BY D—R D—N.

How often have you heard that cry reader, and felt that there is no sound within the capability of human utterance so pregnant with startling emotion, and suppressed dismay, as fire. Wherever, or whenever the sound is heard, in country, town or city, on land or sea, by day or night, it is suggestive, spontaneously, of misery, terror, destruction and death. To the business man it falls upon the heart like a funeral knell, lest the fair hopes, long cherished plans, and long toiled for prosperity, is about to be swept from his sight, and the labor of years laid in ashes at his feet. He stops his breath while he counts the ominous strokes



of the City fire bell; or the loud cries of the populace, proclaim the locality of the fire; and either blesses God that he has once more escaped the ravages of the relentless enemy, as he offers up a silent hope or prayer that it may not be a particular friend who resides in the locality of the fire, and of whom he immediately thinks; or, he hurries on to the scene of action to remove the more valuable of his treasures, or those of his friend, and render aid at such a time, even to an enemy.

Now all is excitement—the red glare around and upon the sky, and the black volumes of curling smoke rolling past, invite all haste; streams of men, engines, hose-carriages, hooks and ladders, are hurrying on, on, alike heedless of consequences to those who thoughtlessly impede their progress. The loud orders of the foreman through his trumpet; the solemn and alarming tolling of the bells; the impatience of the living tide of men eagerly pressing forward to the conflict, unite to give a fearful impetus to almost superhuman effort. Soon—aye, how very soon!—but a few moments apparently, and the gallant firemen—the guardians of the public property,—with their means of salvation, and without a selfish thought, are at hand to compel submission to the common enemy.

See them in their Roman-like helmets, and with their Roman—no, American—courage, hurrying up ladders; leaping on roofs; rushing through doorways; climbing through windows; creeping on floors to prevent suffocation; crawling on the very top of the trembling and consuming building; that, in the front of the battle, they may successfully combat and annihilate the fell destroyer. What though he may fall over into immediate death; or drop through into the fiery abyss which is raging below, to immediate destruction; nothing daunted, on, on he presses; nor will he quit his post until the victory is won!

Should a cry for help, from some almost inaccessible height be heard,—from frantic mother or helpless children,—how quickly

a ladder is ascended, and through the fiery element, deliverance carried to the perishing. How well does he deserve the welcoming plaudits of his anxious brethren, and the cheering acclamations of the eager crowd; who, as witnesses, stand to see and admire the cool and intrepid daring of the delivering hero? No wonder that in grateful heart throbbings of the rescued ones, a prayer for blessings is offered up on the generous head, and for the self-sacrificing hand of the deliverer; while all say "God bless you,"—and they mean it too.

The fire is subdued. Now comes the stern realities of the loss. A life saved from destruction, lives to be grateful,—that is much, very much; but, alas! from comparative opulence, the sufferers are reduced to actual destitution. All the luxuries of life which they were just beginning to enjoy as the reward of unremitting toil, are now lying in the dust, like the frail card-palace—the toys of our childhood.

Oh, what news to send to the fond, and perhaps absent partner of his life, to the little and loving ones at home! Of what comforts has it not robbed them? of what innocent pleasures has it not bereft them?

Encouraged by friends he has to begin life anew; though perhaps now an old man, he has to put on the vigor of a young one, to supply even an ordinary subsistence to the cherished ones of his once happy household. This is not a picture merely, but the recital of a reality—aye, many a heart-touching story of California experience could be written of fire in the commercial cities of our State, and in nearly all of the large mining towns; of men, who are rich to-day and helplessly poor to-morrow.

A PRAIRIE ON FIRE.—Amidst the roar of the contending elements, is heard, at a distance, the screams of fugitive animals; now a faint trampling, then in the far-stretched out horizon an incongruous herd of the hairy denizens of the wild forest and plain. Nearer and nearer they approach; plainer and plainer are heard their mad-



A PRARIE ON FIRE.

dened tramlings ; onward they rush, helter-skelter ; terror in each eye, fury in each tread. Behind and around them, following them up, appears a wall of fire, crackling, sparkling, roaring, like the blast of a heated furnace ! Onward, still onward, they rush, trampling many a young fleet one beneath their feet, to feed the flame as prey to the spoiler. Side by side, the tiger races with the deer, the lion with the buffalo, the jackal with the hare, the panther with the roebuck. Clouds of heated dust and blackened smoke, mark the progress of their race, and the reckless tyrant behind them. Suddenly they are brought up to a halt by the art of the old, experienced and intrepid traveler. He, foreseeing the angry aspect of the burning heavens, with cool, calculating judgment, marks the path of the destroyer. Snatching a light from his wallet, he watches the direction of the blast, ignites a ridge of weeds before him, and clears sufficient space before it to stay its progress. With marked astonishment, he views the wonderful effects of fright upon the fugitives around him. The lion has lost his courage, yet terror-stricken roars ; the tiger no longer thirsts for blood, but sneaks with tail behind him, a very craven. The wild deer turns not

aside from the traveler, but almost offers his throat to the knife ; some remain stationary, lashing their tails, as if undecided what to do ; others turn and rush madly on the heated embers and perish in their path.

A SHIP ON FIRE.—One of the most heart-rending scenes we ever witnessed, was that of a ship on fire at sea. Having just taken our usual position on the quarter deck, looking at the shoals of porpoises which were at play about our vessel, we heard the soul-thrilling cry of fire—fire ! shouted in wild affright from all parts of the ship. Where ? where ? was eagerly enquired. The steerage ! the steerage !

Without scarcely waiting for the answer, we sprung forward and cut down the buckets from beneath the boats, when a voice called, M. ———, M. ———. We hastened to the spot from whence the voice proceeded, and there we found the captain looking pale, though collected, and firm as though nothing were happening, giving his orders to every man what to do.

"M. ———, please bring every woman and child on board, to the quarter deck immediately."

Immediately we proceeded to execute his orders, but the scene presented made

one almost powerless, either to run or speak. Children dumb with fright were, clasping their mother's knees, as the most certain place of refuge. Some mothers frantic with fear, were crying and wringing their hands; others holding up their little ones, pressed them to their bosoms, exclaiming "what shall we do?" Agonizing despair seemed writtten upon almost every countenance. Many of the men ran about, like children, now this way, now that, crying, "we shall all be burnt! we shall all be burnt." Others suggested that they jump overboard to save themselves. "Where is your Manhood?" exclaimed a sailor, with a loud voice; and it was astonishing the effect this candid question produced. Men rose from their knees, (for some of the worst men on board had actually been the first to pray); women wiped their eyes; as through their tears they looked and asked if there were any danger; but now some of the men returning from below, cried: "it is out," "it is out."

Now if the reader ever noticed the first bright gleam of sunshine falling upon a tree or flower, after a storm, when the diamond rain lay nestling in the hollow of a leaf, and the sparkling change then produced; he may in a measure, realize the effect this glad intelligence made upon all on board, as they cried, laughed and looked joyfully through their tears at the messenger. Eager joy lighted afresh the eyes still wet with tears. Despair's deep wrinkles gave place to Hope's round dimples.

One fact we noticed too;—now, that those whose manly hearts knew no fear in the hour of danger, but who unmoved, rushed fearlessly below to combat the destroying element, when the danger was over, and the foe was conquered, had a tear standing in the eye, as with their voice almost choked with feeling they remarked: "Thank God we're safe."

The danger over, we had time to inquire the cause and extent of the fire. It ap-

peared that in obedience of orders, a bucket of tar and a red hot iron had been taken below by the sailors to fumigate the steerage, and purify the unwholesome air; besides compelling those to go on deck who had not been up there since leaving port, at the risk of severe sickness. By some mishap the tar bucket when on fire, had been tipped over, and the fiery; resinous substance had run among the trunks and berths, and set them on fire.

How truly fearful must be a fire at sea, when all hopes of safety or flight are cut off, and death from fire or drowning is inevitable. How beautifully expressive are the graphic lines of Charles Mackay, the present able editor of the *Illustrated London News*, entitled:

THE SHIP ON FIRE.

The storm o'er the ocean flew furious and fast,
And the waves rose in foam at the voice of the blast,
And heavily labored the gale-beaten ship,
Like a stout hearted swimmer, the spray at his lip;
And dark was the sky o'er the mariner's path,
Except when the lightning illumined it in wrath.

A young mother knelt in the cabin below,
And pressing her babe to her bosom of snow,
She prayed to her God 'mid the hurricane wild:
Oh! Father have mercy, look down on my child.
It passed.—The fierce whirlwind careered on its way,
And the ship, like an arrow, divided the spray;
Her sails glimmered white in the beams of the moon,
And the wind up aloft seemed to whistle a tune.

There was joy in the ship as she furrowed the foam,
For fond hearts within her were dreaming of home;
The young mother pressed her fond babe to her breast,
And sang a sweet song as she rocked it to rest,
And the husband sat cheerily down by her side,
And look'd with delight on the face of his bride.

Oh happy, said he, when our roaming is o'er,
We'll dwell in our cottage that stands by the shore;
Already in fancy its roof I descrie,
And the smoke of its hearth curling up to the sky,
Its garden so green and its vine-cover'd wall,
The kind friends awaiting to welcome us all,
And the children that sport by the old oaken tree;
Ah gently the ship glided over the sea.

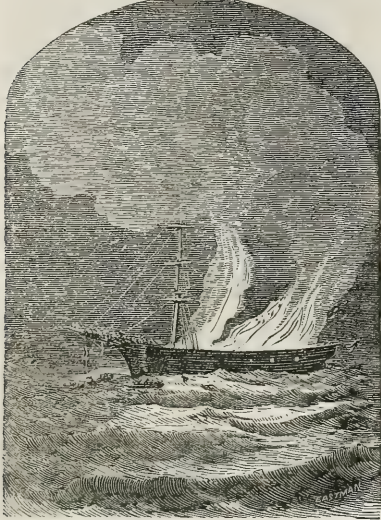
Hark! what was that—Hark! hark to the shout!
Fire?—then a tramp—and a rout,—
And an uproar of voices arose in the air,
And the mother knelt down—and the half spoken
prayer.
That she offered to God in her agony wild,
Was Father have mercy, look down on my child:
She flew to her husband, she clung to his side,
Oh there was her refuge, whate'er might betide.

Fire! Fire! it was raging above and below,
Their eyes filled with tears and their hearts filled with
woe,
And the cheeks of the sailors grew pale at the sight;
And their eyes glistened wild in the glare of the light;
'T was vain o'er the ravage the waters to drip,
The pitiless flame was the lord of the ship,
And the smoke in thick wreaths, mounted higher, and
higher;—

Oh God it is fearful to perish by fire;
Alone with destruction, alone on the sea,
Great Father of mercy, our hope is in Thee.

Sad at heart and resign'd, yet undaunted and brave,
They lowered the boat, a mere speck on the wave
First entered the mother enfolding her child,
It knew she caressed it, looked upward and smiled;

Cold, cold was the night as they drifted away,
And mistily dawned o'er the pathway the day,
And they pray'd for the light, and at noontide about,
The sun o'er the waters shone joyously out,
Ho! a sail! Ho! a sail! cried the man on the lee,
Ho! a sail! and they turned their glad eyes o'er the sea,
They see us, they see us, the signal is wav'd,
They bear down upon us,—thank God we are saved.



SHIP ON FIRE AT SEA.

To Ctesibus, the renowned, are we indebted for the information of the first fire engine that ever made its appearance. This celebrated mechanic flourished in the reigns of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and Ptolemy Energetes, B. C. 250. He was the first man who discovered the elastic force of air; and the first who adapted this knowledge to any practical purpose. He is said to have invented a hydraulic organ water clock, and condensed air fountain; the latter, no doubt, suggested the invention of a fire engine. The Ptolemies, who were the founders of the Greek Kings in Egypt, were derived from Soter, the ablest of all the generals of Alexander the Great; and were all, more or less, great patrons of the mechanical arts. The Chinese later than this, among their musty records, manifest indications of a similar invention; but it may be asked, what modern invention is there which they do not claim, according to some travellers? The Greeks themselves it

would seem had not much demand for the display of this manly institution; their magnificent stone edifices standing in no danger of the Fire-King; but it was otherwise in Rome, for all the Emperors had their fire brigades; and Nero must have begun his tyranny by nullifying their power, or otherwise they would have disappointed him in his demoniac enjoyment of the conflagration of Rome. The pupil of Ctesibus, before mentioned, was one Heron. The common pneumatic experiment called Hero's fountain, throwing a continued jet of water, by means of condensed air, is attributed to him. He has left many works on mathematical sciences and mechanical arts; among which, may easily be traced the first principles of the steam engine; as well as the double forcing pump in fire engines.

Suetonius, who flourished in the reign of the emperor Trajan, has left on record a good account of the Roman trained firemen; but their cumbersome machines would excite now the ridicule of the merest tyro in hydraulic art, not to mention any matter involving mechanical construction.

The first fire engine which has been thoroughly described, was made by one Theodore Hautsch, of Nuremberg, in 1657. It was worked by four or six men, and was applied more to irrigations than to conflagrations. In 1699, a Mons. Duperrier brought out his invention, and received his patent, expressly for the purpose of extinguishing fires in the buildings of Paris; but none of these inventions had an air chamber, nor had they the flexible hose of the modern inventions, but a series of copper tubes of different curves, and lengths, to adapt themselves to the location. It is easy to conceive how much time was lost, and how much labor was spent, before they could be put in order to become at all effective. In 1672 Jan Vanderheide produced his flexible pipes, as we now have them in action; and to complete the present machine, forty-eight years after, one Leupold, introduced the air chamber with

many other important mechanical improvements and enlargements. From this period they became universal all over England and France, and in most other European capitals. In 1830 Mr. Braithwaite brought out his celebrated steam fire engine, and afterwards his floating fire engine which can be adapted to propelling vessels or working ship's pumps. Before the year 1825 each Fire Insurance Company in London had its separate establishment; but from this period they began to associate for the advantage of public property, under one sole superintendence. The whole of the city of London was then divided into districts, in each of which was established one, two, or three engines, according to its size. The firemen are formed into one body, called The Fire Brigade; over which Mr. Braidwood presides. The men have an uniform, select from any other company; and are drafted off every night into watches, to be ready upon the instant they are required. So expert are the men forming this brigade, in harnessing, and equipping their horses, that only one minute is allowed for this purpose, and this is often accomplished, incredible as it may appear, even in less than this time. This splendid establishment is paid by the various Fire Insurance Companies; each contributing its quota towards the general expences.

These engines are by no means so imposing in appearance as those of the United States. They are usually painted red, and have the appearance of our more ordinary Furniture Vans. A fire rarely, if ever, extends to two houses, there; this is owing to the provision that the legislature has made of requiring party or perfect side walls to every individual house. These walls are always of incombustible materials, such as stone, brick, or iron. The use of cast iron in buildings has increased so much of late, that many engineers and builders have projected plans of buildings to be composed entirely of that material. Cast iron pillars, supports, and breast-summings are so frequent now, that there

is scarcely a modern building to be found in London without them. Besides these, fire proof floors are often adopted, both in public and large private edifices. A Mr. Farrow has lately patented an invention consisting of joists of wrought iron, with a flange on each side stretching from joist to joist inserting a series of flat stones, whose upper surfaces lie flush with the upper edges of the joists. These may be covered with plank or painted so as to imitate it. A Mr. Frost has also invented a method of constructing roofs and floors of hollow square earthenware tubes, cemented together, so as to form one solid flat indestructible surface. The great use of timber in building, has given rise to many suggestions of rendering it indestructible by fire. Payne adopts a method by placing timber in a solution of muriate of ammonia, or muriate of soda with borax or alum, and has partly succeeded. Besides these there are many other solutions, which are well known to chemists, and which are only rendered impracticable by the great expense attending them. Owing to these and other methods of prevention, fires are of much less frequency in London or Paris than in any other cities: another cause and a no less important one of their infrequency, is the extraordinary vigilance of the police; who in both metropolises are permitted to enter any house whatever, which they may find open at night; or to break open any door of any private dwelling, when they may suspect fire. In France the Fire Engine *Pompe à Incendie* is no object of pride or exultation, but one of severe utility and practical form, like those of London; there is an utter absence of all fancy paintings, silver appointments, multi-colored ribbons, &c. They are less attractive even than those of London, and exhibit when called out not the least excitement; even the *petits gamins* (street boys) find no fun in the largest house bonfire. Their engines are under the control of especial and responsible police officers. There is one in every *arrondissement* usually kept in some part of the *Mairie*



A FOREST ON FIRE.

or City Hotel. The *Corps des Pompiers* (Body of Pumpers) is organized, first, by order of the City Council, and every fireman receives his regular pay from the city funds. The Fire Engine officers of each company, are elected by the corporation, and hold their office for a term of years. The men are chosen from mechanics, accustomed to ascend buildings, and are ever daring, intrepid, noble fellows, and the words self-danger or fear, are not to be found in their vocabulary. The same may be said with as much emphasis of those of London.

They move with military discipline, and greater pains is taken with their training than with others; they have to acquire several of "*les artes de la gymnastique*" admirably adapted to holding on expertly in critical and dangerous situations. The advantage of the indispensable condition of strict discipline, upon any important public occasion, is nowhere seen to better effect than in France. The men themselves appreciate it, and would be useless without it. In London the sound of alarm is the human voice,—Fire! Fire!! Fire!!! echoed by all neighbors; and the rattling in furious

speed of the heavy engines to the place of action. On such occasions, for any hurt or damage they may do to any passenger or conveyance, they are not amenable; all give way for them, and stop, or draw aside to let them whirl themselves by. In France, the tocsin is sounded from the nearest church steeple, at the expense of the party suffering by the fire. This is followed by the tolling of all the bells from other steeples within hearing of the latter. Then the drummers go through the streets furiously beating *la generale* and in less time than can be mentioned, the respective fire companies are ejecting streams as from a deluge upon the theatre of the conflagration. Soon after this, rush the soldiers of the nearest garrison, filled with the same ardor, enthusiasm, and *devouement* as at the assault of a Malakoff or a Redan. Then close at their heels come the *seminaristes*—students in theology—with their long black *soutans* or gowns; burning with zeal to take their part in the enviable strife. In London, the enthusiasm is confined to those pressed voluntarily into the service at the moment, and who receive adequate pay for their services if needy, or honorable men

tion if otherwise. Those of other European cities are formed upon the same plan as that of Paris or London, and exhibit the same amount of promptitude and excitement. But it is reserved for the United States and the Canadas to exhibit to the world a system unrivalled in every respect ; whether as relates to the splendor and magnificence of its machinery, or the efficiency of its appointments and organization.

There are few objects that more excite the admiration of a foreigner than the first appearance of our establishment in action. The energy and promptitude of the men and the beautiful order of the engines are beyond all adequate praise. No sooner is the alarm sounded, than the solemn tones of The City Hall Bell are "borne forth on the dull cold air of night" and the clappers of every engine house take up the "wondrous frightful tale." Then out pour the noble band in neat costume of red shirt or white shirt, coat or no coat, from church, hall, concert, theatre, or bed room, to their respective Engine Palaces. The "Open Sesame" proclaimed, the ponderous gates fly open, the elegant creation moves, apparently with unseen hands, and flies down the street with the impetus of an arrow shot from the bow ; is on the scene of action in a few moments, and pouring forth the counteracting element, in incessant contest. Now the flames rage higher and higher, lighting up the universal heaven with demoniacal lure. Now the antagonistic element, heavier and heavier, pours upon them its aqueous wrath, as from a mighty conqueror, bent upon a conquest. Column after column of fire, meet column after column of water, until the flaming forks hide their humbled heads in the dust, and vanish altogether in burning, blackening smoke. Meanwhile sleeping babies are snatched from a horrible death, or maniac mothers clutched from self destruction, by the cool but nicely calculating daring of the noble and intrepid fireman. With one foot planted upon—he hardly knows what,

and the other—he hardly cares how,—he sees before him the accomplishment of a paramount duty, a life to be saved—and should his own valuable life be the forfeit, he knows that he leaves behind him a fame which is engraven on the affectionate hearts of his brethren.

In the last Exhibition Universelle of Paris in 1855 there was an opportunity given to test the various excellencies of fire engines from every part of the civilized world. Among the foremost that especially demanded attention was one from a manufacturer in Canada. Its size was less than half, of the smallest of U. S. or European make. This little unpretending machine threw up a column of as capacious a bulk as the largest, and much higher than any others, and maintained its power until the last drop was exhausted from its reservoir. Upon what principle this desideratum was achieved, we are yet to learn ; but it is to be feared that its machinery is too delicate to bear the wear and tear of the constant demand of whole years.

That in use amongst us is too well known to need description, but in case any of our readers may not be well posted in the matter we subjoin a description of the common one.

This consists of an oblong cistern, in the lower part of this cistern is a metallic pipe into which the water flows from a feed pipe connected with the other end and with the cistern. When the water gains access to the interior pipe it is elevated and forced into an upright air vessel by two pumps, worked by manual power, at connecting handles or levers out-side. From this air vessel the water is forced into a pipe connected with the leather hose, and from this on to the burning building. The use of this air vessel is obvious ; for without it, the jet would gush forth at intervals like that of the common syringe, but by the help of this air vessel the stream is made a continuous one by the elastic pressure of the air.

The application of steam power to ab-



BRANNAN ENGINE AND COMPANY.

breviate the labor of working fire engines is one of the most successful and happiest of results. Wherever expedition and power are required, there steam is most adaptable. The celebrated trial of the steam fire engines of Cincinnati on the occasion at the opening at the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad described in Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper will be read with interest by our readers.

We were fortunate while in Cincinnati in witnessing the "turning out" of one of these "steamers," as they are familiarly called by the citizens. We happened to be on the same block on which an engine was situated; the moment we heard the tap of the alarm bell, and before we could run the distance of half a square, the engine completely in trim was in the street and on its way to the conflagration. Determined to witness the working of these to us novel contrivances, we continued on, and discovered that the building, the Waverley House, on fire, was of wood, very large, containing eighty rooms, being for the moment unoccupied, yet full of furniture; it was set on fire in eight different places, by putting shavings under the beds in different floors of the house. We had hardly time

to quickly walk the five or six blocks necessary to reach the scene, before we discovered the steamers "shutting off," the building, in spite of its light materials, so far as fire was concerned, being but little injured, for a stream of water was almost instantly pouring over each floor, even before the beds under which the fires had been made were consumed.

The most marked feature in this imposing procession was the turn out of the fire department, which consisted of seven "steamers," fourteen hose carts and one hook and ladder company, the whole escorted by a fine body of military. After parading the streets up to an appointed hour, at the tap of a bell the "steamers" started off at full speed, getting up steam at the same instant precisely as if going to a fire.

Proceeding at a rapid pace to the large open square in front of the market on Sixth street, three of the "steamers" took their places at the different cisterns around the square, while the other four took their positions near the cisterns in the adjoining streets. The hose from the different engines was then brought into the middle of the square where the trial took place.

At a given signal, the water suddenly started into the air from seven different pipes, and turned upward, the united glory

proving one of the most beautiful sights that could possibly be imagined. The glistening drops sparkled like so many diamonds flung into the air, and the vast crowd assembled gave expression to their admiration by stentorian vivas. The amusing admiration expressed by many country people at the spectacle was quite refreshing; and their remarks upon the beauty and utility of the fire department, though uttered in homely language, was expressive and complimentary.

These seven fire engines houses of Cincinnati are not little "cubbys," such as we have in New York, but substantial edifices, occupying two lots, and fifty feet wide. They are built so that throughout the day they are literally open to the passers-by thronging the streets, and any one who chooses can walk in and inspect the different things connected with these useful buildings. The large "steamer" stands on one side with its pipe directly under a funnel, so that the smoke from the slumbering fires of the furnace escape out of the roof; beneath the engine is a brick well to catch any cinders which might fall and litter the floor, or endanger the safety of the building. Alongside stand two carts, each carrying two thousand feet of hose; they are so large that our New York hose carts look like toys by the contrast, and instead of being dragged by fifty men and boys one horse efficiently does the labor. There is also to be seen what appears to be a small hand-cart, which contains the fuel taken to the fire to supply steam. This cart is attached to the hose when it goes to the fire. In the fourth district house is to be seen the only hook and ladder carriage in Cincinnati! It is drawn by two horses, and accompanied by the captain and a small number of men.

At the back of the house, and of the same floor, is a large stable, running the entire width of the building, containing six of the finest draught horses in the country. Attached to the fourth district "steamer," are four grays, perfect matches; the largest weighs one thousand five hundred pounds, the smallest one thirteen hundred and fifty. Each horse has its name, and answers to it with great intelligence. These horses stand all day with their trappings on, ready to work at a moment's notice. At night the harness, which, by the way, is in one piece, is taken off. As the men attached to the engine all sleep in the house, each horse has a person especially appointed to bring him out; consequently, at night, the instant the

alarm is given, each horse is in an incredibly short space of time harnessed and in his place. In many instances the men have been in bed asleep, the horses laying in their stalls, and in two minutes from the time the alarm was given, men, horses, and engine and hose were on their way to the fire.

The officers of a steamer consist of a foreman, assistant-foreman, pipeman, fireman and driver. On the alarm being given, the fireman rushes to the furnace and with a torch lights the fire under all the surface of the grate; the engineer takes his place in front of the engine, his duty being to turn on and off the steam, as the foreman may direct; the driver springs into the saddle on the near horse and guides the near leader with a rein; the off horses he controls by voice and whip. In proceeding to a fire, the two hose carts lead and clear the way, and the steamer follows at a short distance, so that in case of another coming through a cross street the driver can signal the steamer to pull up, if nothing is in the way the steamer rattles over the pavements like flying artillery.

On arriving at a fire the driver takes his horses into a neighboring street, or any convenient place, and never leaves his charge. The two suction pipes are instantly lifted from their hooks, and placed in a cistern, (the streets being amply provided with them) and then all that is necessary to do is to attach the hose, and everything is ready. All this is done with precision and quietness; and instead of seeing a crowd of men and boys, in each others' way, as in New York and other Atlantic cities, you see an engine of a dozen times the power of our best hand engine controlled by a few persons, not a word being spoken, the remainder of the company meantime being engaged in ordinary duties about the burning building.

The contrivances to raise steam almost on the instant are very happy. The boiler is flat, rendering a large surface of grate necessary. The wood is distributed thinly over the grate, and, as we have already stated, is fired in every part by a torch. In the boiler there is no more water than can with great promptness be converted into vapor; this done, a little engine, designated "the doctor," supplies fresh water enough to make another respiration of steam, and then another, and so on as long as the motive power is needed. Two safety valves are attached to each boiler, one only of which is under the control of the engin-



JUMP HER BOYS! JUMP HER LIVELY!!

eer, so that if he gets enthusiastic and shuts down the valve, he cannot by his ill-timed zeal, as was the case on a former melancholy occasion, cause an explosion.

The force of the water is so great that it requires two men to hold the end of the hose and move with it, while the third with the nozzle directs the stream. The nozzles are for utility and not for beauty, being only eighteen inches long, and therefore easily inserted into any opening that offers, that leads to the heart of the devouring element.

After a fire, the engines return at walking pace to their different station-houses. We were much amused at the way the driver backed the cumbersome machine into the house with the four horses, which was done by whip and command alone. Inside the house is a tube or funnel fixed to the roof; the engine must be backed so that the funnel comes under this tube to allow the smoke to escape. This was done while the horses were attached. The driver then took his horses from the traces—the firemen cleaned out the furnace and relaid the fuel for the next occasion it would be needed. This is done by first putting a tier of shavings on the grate which covers the whole surface of the boiler; then a tier of splinters or laths on top of the shavings;

then the ordinary blocks of wood in general use. As soon as the fire is lighted and the steam well up, the fire is continued with coal. The engineer and the rest of the firemen then polish the engine, and in a short time it is in the same state as when it went from the house. The average of the fires which take place, according to the Chief's statement, is not more than one per week, and sometimes as long as three weeks elapsed without having to turn out. Such is the sense of security which citizens feel in Cincinnati, that we were informed by several persons that if a fire should happen in the house next their own they would not think of moving a single article of furniture.

The force of water thrown by these machines is so powerful, that if people interfere with the firemen by crowding too near, they turn the hose on them, the water of which pushes them down, and they scamper off as best they can, taking the thing as a good joke, and afterwards keeps as far as is necessary away. Instead of a great number of men, boys, and loafers, being congregated about a fire, as is the case in our Eastern cities, all that one can see are the large engines taking up their stations—sometimes four or five hundred feet from the fire—only two persons near them, viz.,

the engineer and fireman. These powerful machines then commence doing their work quietly and more efficiently than hundreds of men could do it.

This steam fire department was organized by Miles Greenwood, and it was through his influence that the old department was reorganized.

When going to a fire, the horses seemed as anxious and as excited as the men, and the instant the bell was sounded they knew the moment for going on duty had arrived.

The steam is generally got up in seven minutes from the time the furnaces are fired, and we believe that it has never happened that it was not ready when the engine arrived at the scene of action.

The inventor of the fire engines suggests that the insurance companies should make it a part of the agreement with insurers, more especially in regard to warehouses, to have a large iron pipe, six inches in diameter, fixed perpendicularly in the side of the wall of every building, midway between the front and rear, with a hose hole on every story. By this arrangement, in times of fire, the steamer's hose could be attached to this perpendicular pipe, and thus facilitate the firemen, who would be relieved of the necessity of carrying a large quantity of hose into the upper parts of buildings.

In Cincinnati, for the most dangerous wooden tenements not more than one-half per cent. is now asked for insurance.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

Addressed to the Gallant Firemen of California by their admirer D—r D—n.

Fire! Fire! Fire!
Tyrant, ruthless, dire.

Pitying neither sex, nor age,
Nor rich, nor poor, nor swain, nor sage.—
The lowly cot, the palace proud,
Alike, to earth, by thee, are bowed.
Man's proudest confidence and trust,
By thee, are made to lick the dust.—
What misery is in thy coil!
Swallowing up whole years of toil.—

Fire! Fire! Fire!

Higher, Higher, Higher;—
What Demon bids thee to rage on,
Pour thy hot flame till all is gone,
Thy black smoke vomit, spit thy spite,
Thy terrors strike, in dead of night,
When babes, like angels, sleep in peace,
And labor's toils a moment cease.
When sickness pale, can snatch again
A little rest from wasting pain?—

Fire! Fire! Fire!

Hie her, Hie her, Hie her.—
Ye Gallant Firemen! Boast and pride
Of ev'ry city far and wide,
Bring your bright pet of Science fair,—
Hurl her defiance in the air!—
Nor heed ye not the Tyrant's roar;
Hither the precious liquid pour,
On—on—pour on—Ye Noble Crew,
To Duty, ever, ever true.

Fire! Fire! Fire!

Nigher, Nigher, Nigher
Draw up your little conqueror,
Ne'er yet, in duty, defaulter,
But, in each hour of peril, nigh,
Like the brave sailor's cherub high,*—
A ready help in time of need,
With all a winged angel's speed;—
Drown, drown, the Monster Demon Foe,
Where'er he dares his smoke to show.

Fire! Fire! Fire!

Liar, Liar, Liar.—
Thy threat of leaving naught behind
Of all the city, is confin'd
To one small miserable spot;—
As ought to be each tyrant's lot.—
Ah! ha! Thou Lord of Devilry!—
Our gallant crew have conquer'd thee.—
No more thy red hot snakes are curling,
Midst falling walls, and timbers hurling.

Fire! Fire! Fire!

Retire, Retire, Retire.—
Nor dare to raise thy Tyrant head
Where our brave Firemen choose to lead.
Know well thy duty is to cheer,
The dull cold nights of winter drear;
To warm the heart, to cook our food,
To melt the ore from matrix rude,
To speed the traveller on his road,
To lessen labor of its load.

Fire! Fire! Fire!

Lyre! Lyre! Lyre!—
Now, O Fame! tune each thy string,
For ev'ry rapturous bard to sing
In praise, a never dying strain
For martyrs the Fire King has slain.—
Weave, Memory, crowns for every head
Our living Heroes, and our dead.—
Go Fame! proclaim on ev'ry strand
These are the nobles of our land!

*For d'ye see, there's a sweet little cherub aloft,
Sits smiling and watching for the life of Poor Jack
Dibdin's Song.

'THERE is a man in this city who is so polite that he begs his own pardon every time he tumbles down' and thanks himself as politely every time he gets up again.

Alphonse Karr, the French author, has this singular yet truthful motto upon his signet ring: "I fear only those I love."



SHASTA.

This is a town of considerable importance, not only on account of the extensive diggings around it, but also from its being situated, as at one time considered, at the end of 'wagon navigation' near the head of the Sacramento Valley; the high and rugged mountain chains and spurs having shut out the mining localities north of Shasta from the benefit of transportation by teams; consequently as that populous district derived their principal supplies by this route it became necessary to pack them on mules, and in the summer of 1854 there were no less than two thousand mules employed in the packing trade of this place; and, "as each mule would average not less than two hundred pounds of freight, and as the most remote point to which goods are taken will not occupy more than two weeks—and in many instances three or four days less, it is a very moderate calculation to average the trips of the entire two thousand mules at two weeks each, which will give a result of one hundred tons per week as the aggregate amount of freight packed from Shasta; which, at the low figure of five cents per pound would give the sum of twenty thousand dollars per trip to the packers."

This packing trade therefore makes Shasta a very lively and important point. Should the new wagon road up the Sacramento be fully opened, it will doubtless somewhat affect its business prospects.

This town originated from Major Reading having discovered gold, in the spring of 1849, and successfully employed a number of Indians and others to work for him: at which time it was known as 'Reading's Springs'—and Reading's Dry Diggings.

In 1850 a public meeting was convened, and its first name was changed to Shasta;—supposed to be from the Russian word "*tchatsa*" signifying *chaste* or *chaste mountains*. Since that time the town has moved down the side of the hill a little, to its present locality, and where it has grown to the large and flourishing place it now is. Like many other large mining towns it has been destroyed by fire; first on June 14th, 1853—next on Nov. 28th of the same year; when fire-proof buildings were commenced, the first of which was erected by Bull, Baker & Co. The principal portion of this town now is fire-proof, and by its substantial appearance proves the perseverance and enterprise of its business men.



SAW MILL RAILROAD ON THE NORTH FORK OF THE COSUMNES RIVER.

The illustration above, representing a Saw Mill Railroad, constructed on the side of a steep mountain, on the north fork of the Cosumnes river, near Sly Park, shews what is and can be done to accomplish a given purpose, when it is required. In the

summer of 1852 this railroad and a saw mill were erected in this wildly romantic spot, under the superintendence of Dr. Bradley of the corporation of Bradley, Berdan & Co., for the purpose of sawing the lumber required in the construction of their large canal, from this stream to the mining towns of Ringgold, Webersville, Diamond Springs, Missouri Flat, El Dorado City, (then called Mud Springs,) Logtown, and several other mining localities in the southern portion of El Dorado county, to supply those districts with water for mining.

This railroad is built upon an inclined plane, at the (often quoted) angle of forty-five degrees, for the purpose of lowering saw-logs to the mill. The car descends with its load, and being attached by a rope thro' a pulley at the top to the empty car, the weight descending causes the empty car to ascend; and by which contrivance the necessity of any other kind of machinery for that purpose is obviated.

We happened to be one of a very agreeable little party to visit this singular place, and could the reader have seen us—ladies and gentlemen, cold chickens and sandwiches, boiled ham and water melons, blankets and daguerrean instruments—all snugly stowed away in that coach, and then have heard the jokes and fun going on, if he had not been envious of our enjoyment, we know he would like to have been of the party,—that is, if he liked pleasant company.

Now it so happened that we all endorsed the opinion that frolic was better than pills; and pure mountain air than powders; and open-hearted, jovial, and unrestrained laughter, better than medicine of any kind; however, it seemed to be well understood, that care was to be left behind. It is pleasant to forget care for at least one day, is it not reader? Perhaps, though—we say perhaps—you may belong to those long-faced, slab-sided, door-post-built, cold-and-immovable countenanced kind of folks, who don't believe in fun, and certainly not in picnic parties. Well then, we pity you; no we don't either, for you don't deserve it—you

don't. You may be like a friend of ours who is always thinking that things in general—just now—look remarkably blue; and things in particular, particularly black—not a bright, but a *dull* black. If he has just come out of a good speculation, (for he is generally successful,) he hangs his face in elongated mourning, lest he should go in on the next. When he is well—which is very seldom—he looks daily forward, with agonizing anxiety to the day when he may become sick—and the moment he begins to feel unwell, he has day visions of Death, with his scythe and hour glass at his side; and although he dislikes the thought of him exceedingly, he will keep him in imagination by his bed—no doubt wishing (just for the looks of the thing, and to oblige him,) that he would put those weapons of his in the cupboard, or leave them at the foot of the stairs!

Now, if you claim any sympathy or relationship with this eminent friend, we are glad that you were not of the party, simply because we don't like sour faces. They don't look right, well enough no doubt in the curd and cheese business, but not good for pic-nics.

On, on, we go, as merry as crickets; now passing through long forests of trees; now ascending or descending a gently rolling hill; then taking alternates doses of dust and soda water—jokes and cakes—until we arrived at the top of a hill overlooking a cañon. Here, on looking down, we saw something resembling two long lengths of broad ribbon with bars across, lying on the side of the hill. When the question was asked, "What is that?" it was answered with "that is a railway, and we take all our logs down that rail to the mill—that dark spot down yonder; and we have all to take a ride on it to the mill."

"I never *can* ride down there!" cries a lady.

"O, yes," urges a gentleman.

"Why that railway is nearly upright?" queries a second lady.

"Oh, dear!" sighs a third.

"Never mind," soothingly suggests a second gentleman.

"I never can!" objects another lady.

"If the rope should break!" suggests a fifth.

"Why, really there is no danger," cries gentleman number three, "for altogether we are not as heavy as a green pine log, and *that* never broke it."

After some hesitation and delay, one gent seats himself in the car, (fitted up with seats for the occasion,) and with sundry questions and entreaties, and sighs and oh dears, the whole party join him, and at last we are all safely seated; while beneath the seats are the water-melons and blankets, cold fowl and daguerrean instruments, cakes and shawls, pies and over-coats. Now off we go!

"Oh, do stop! stop! oh do!" cries a lady.

"I will get out!" exclaims another.

But one and all affirm *that* to be next to impossible.

"It is too steep ever to reach the river on foot."

"Let me try," beseeches a lady.

"Then—if you *will*," answers a gent, "I will assist you."

And she *did* try, and the gent *did* assist her to the bottom; but oh! ye tall pines and spreading oaks, what a time they had of it!

Slowly again we started, and with many heart flutterings and tremblings, fears and exclamations, on, on, we go, until the anticipated danger over, we all stand in safety at the bottom of the railway; and then we calmly looked our enemy in the face and took courage.

"Bless me!"

"Catch me on that again!"

"Who'd have thought it?"

"How steep it looks!"

"Oh dear me!"

"Well, I never!"

"No you don't—if I know myself!" with sundry other remarks of surprise and consolation, were interrupted by our guide and host, Dr. B., who informed us that the perpendicular height of the hill from where we stood to the top, was seven hundred feet, and the length of the railway on the steep side of the hill, was only one thousand feet in length.

"You saw the building on the top, where the logs lie?" he continued.

"Yes."

"That is called by the workmen the 'hypo,' and the mill down here where we stand, they call the 'depot.' Just look around."

We did look around, but what a wild, craggy place for a mill, that itself was built upon rocks; the fire-place, hearth and chimney in the kitchen were all natural formations of the rock. A flume which has been constructed, is built, or rather hung upon rocks; a prop here, a packing there, and a brace yonder; here, a tree cut off, formed a post; there, a rock formed a stay; while the water rushed and leaped on, on, down the steep rocky bed of the river, as though it cared for nothing and no one.

Friend B. we give you credit for your undaunted perseverance. This work, with many others, shews what can be accomplished by patient, unswerving determination and skill. If at any time a miner should, for a moment, be disposed to think lightly of water companies, we wish him to visit the upper end of most of our canals, there to witness the expense, labor and energy expended on them. At this mill was sawed all the lumber needed in the construction of the flume; besides supplying many thousands of feet of lumber, for sluice making and other purposes, in the settlements below.

It is a magnificent sight to see the stately pine and venerable oak, growing upon and among vast piles of rocks; in some instances a large overhanging tree growing in the seam, or between two rocks, as though it were a lever placed there by nature to overturn portions of the mountain above, adding wildness, boldness, beauty and sublimity to the beautiful landscape.

After enjoying the good things provided by our worthy host, and all the pleasant and exhilarating recreations of fun and frolic, we wended our way along a plank on the top of a serpent-like flume, until it intersected the road below, (as none cared to ascend that railway again,) where our coach had been sent to meet us, and soon we were "all aboard," and on our way homeward, indulging in the reminiscences and enjoyments the trip had afforded us. Should any of our readers ever go upon a jaunt of this kind, they have our best wishes that an equal amount of pleasant and sunny gladness may keep them company on the way, and then we know that they will say, "Yes, we enjoyed it," when the journey is ended.

"WELL, let us go, as it is about time all honest folks were in bed."

Ah! yes—then I had better be off—but you needn't hurry on that account!

"I see better without wine and spectacles than when I use both," said Sidney Smith.

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

Do you not remember friend of mine,
The school-house brown and rusty,
How gently the summer rain came down
On the roof tree old and dusty;
It was there we early learned to love
And you with me true-hearted,
Remember the nooks where we used to rove
And the ties forever parted!

The flowers we bound in each other's hair,
The whispered words of greeting,
The childish carols that cleft the air,
The kiss at parting and meeting;
To day bright fancies hand in hand
Thro' Memory's niches roving,
Are calling the forms of our parted band,
The early lov'd and loving!

Never more may the little feet
That of erst so lightly pattered,
Come like the fall of music sweet,
For the old school-house is shattered;
'Tis only in faithful hearts like ours
That a dream of it is cherished,
A single blossom in Memory's bowers
That the years have left unperished!

ANNA M. B.

SNUDGGERS' INVESTIGATIONS INTO TABLE-TURNING.

COMPILED FROM THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS
OF ASHBERY SNOBS.

All ages have had their great men,—
Cæsar and Cicero were great men in their days. In later times Washington and Bonaparte. We have also great men at the present day, among whom none can be found more eminent than Caleb Snudggers. His wreath of fame is not that won by sword and blood, but that fairer one with which Science adorns the brows of her favorites. He has pursued his investigations with a mind constituted of the happiest mixture of the theoretical and experimental, and his startling discoveries will carry his name down to posterity as a great benefactor of mankind.

In giving these papers to the world, I think I may modestly say, that I have as due a sense of the responsibility of my office as it is possible for any one to have;—and knowing with what avidity every thing connected with Caleb Snudggers' scientific

investigations will be sought, I have spared no labor to trace the slightest action of that illustrious individual.

I can safely say, that after my diligent researches, the first indication that his gigantic powers were working upon the subject, which was subsequently so clearly demonstrated in that renowned undertaking, "Snudggers' Investigations into Table-turning," was shown in his (after having been mysteriously thoughtful for several days, so much so that persons who were acquainted with that great man's peculiarities, remarked that, Snudggers was on some scent,) inviting a select company to his cabin. After the company was assembled, Snudggers took Blodget by the button-hole, and, after leading him beyond the hearing of the rest, addressed him as follows:

"I feel it my duty to my fellow-man to investigate, and lay before the world, stripped of its mystery, this phenomenon of table-turning, which keeps the world in commotion. I think, and I hope with becoming modesty, that I need but see the action to find the cause, in consideration of which I have determined to form a circle and would be happy of your assistance."

The same words, I find by much labor, he repeated in the same manner to every member of the circle. They all shook their heads and cast knowing glances at each other, while Snudggers arranged a table and seats, as silently as if his mighty intellect was sleeping; but when the arrangement was completed, then burst forth the hidden power, which the awful stillness had betokened. Seizing a folded newspaper, which contained some account of the mystery, and holding it in one hand like a baton, he leaned gracefully forward resting the other hand on the table, thus began:

"I have, gentlemen," pausing and looking around on the assembled group to make his words more impressive—"requested your attendance here to-night, to assist me in the furtherance of some scientific investigations. Every mail," continued he, slowly extending the paper baton, "comes freighted with rumors of the manifestation of a mystery too deep for man to solve; that is for the common analytical minds which have had to do with it." The shadow of a depreciating smile played over his manly features as he continued, "But, gentlemen, genius jumps at conclusions; and I hope I may say without any appearance of self praise, that my powers are of

that order. If there be any here who doubt it, I would refer them to my researches in Feline Electricity which startled the world by their originality. Who, I ask, but a genius would have ever conceived the idea of taking a cat into a dark closet and rubbing her hair against the grain, until it led to these important discoveries? Is there any one here who does not know what they were?—I hope not, sincerely I hope not. But if there is, I tell him in commiseration of his ignorance that they were of the most startling kind,—that the cat became so highly charged, that with a tremendous yell, the charge reacted upon myself, with what force my bleeding hands and face attested. A mind which had the power to grasp and successfully combat the difficulties surrounding the truths of Feline electricity, can, I think, without any doubt as to the result, undertake the solution of this less abstruse mystery. I would fain have pursued my investigations alone, but I find from the unsatisfactory reports that it is impossible, and I have chosen you, gentlemen, as those I would most like to have benefitted by the celebrity of my researches," he paused and looked condescendingly upon them. "In order," he continued, "that they may partake of the method and regularity, which characterizes my undertakings, I propose to give them a name, and think they may be appropriately called, "Snudggers' Investigations into Table-turning." As he paused a general murmur of assent was heard, he bowed slightly in acknowledgement, and continued: "as the slightest thing will be of importance, I deem it expedient to appoint a secretary, and would

select Mr. Ashbry Snobs, as a person capable by his high attainments, to fill that important office, (Snobs bowed) and now, gentlemen, we are prepared to commence."

They were seated with some regard to temperaments, which, I judge the worthy secretary did not quite comprehend, and so made a large blot in his book. The impression which the scene made on the lamented Snobs, as he has noted it down, is highly interesting. It is a sight calculated to impress one deeply with the solemnity and method, with which all investigations must be carried on in order to be successful. At the head of the table sits the illustrious Caleb Snudggers, of whose physical appearance it can be truly said (as it has often been figuratively remarked in compliment to his piercing intellect) that "he has a head as long as a horse's"—there *he* sits with transcendent intellect beaming from every lineament of his dignified features. On his right sits Blodget, the manly Blodget of whom his admiring friend Sulks so often says, "If there is any one man made more in the image of his Maker than another, that man is Blodget." On the left of Snudggers sits Sulks, the admiring friend of Blodget, who thinks as he thinks, says as he says, and does as he does, without asking why or wherefore. Their relation to each other has been expressed in ways, all synonymous of their seeing with the same vision. Next to Sulks sits the incredulous Weeks, who has never been known to proceed thus far in anything before, without exclaiming, "I'll not take that in, I'm no sardine," the allusion to this particular species of fish, being a conventional phrase, about equiv-

alent to *dupe*. Those great scales, the world's opinion, have weighed Weeks and found him wanting, and he has been branded as 'too ultra to admit facts.' Opposite Weeks sits O. Sluppy, the abstracted man, whose one idea is the freedom of Ireland, and who is eternally muttering in his abstraction,

"For freedom's fight, when first begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

Last, though not least, comes Jones, who is slightly tinctured with the poetic, and who never undertakes



THE CIRCLE IS FORMED.

any thing but that he brings his muse to aid him. Such is the illustrious company now in the earnest pursuit of science.

The impressive silence remained unbroken for a long time; finally sundry movements, on the part of Jones began to attract attention. If Jones had been a child he might have been said to have been wriggling in his seat; but not being a child his motions partook as much of the sinuosity of the movements of the serpent as the "human form divine" would admit. Snuggers' eye lighted,—it was evidently the first manifestation of the strange phenomenon; all eyes were fixed upon Jones, who under the conflicting circumstances became perfectly miserable,—for the truth was, a flea was amusing itself at the expense of that poetical individual. "Oh" thought Jones (as he afterwards remarked to Snobs) "how consoling it would be to nail the monster, or at least give one long scratch to the afflicted part;—but the chain—the investigations of the great Snuggers must be broken to accomplish that, and as it was, my misery was protracted like the closing line of a Spenserian stanza;—either alternative was dreadful to contemplate."

But Jones like most other mortals, was made of clay, although, perhaps of a higher order; and that clay possessed among others a peculiar capacity called feeling, which rendered him very susceptible to flea bites;—and, not being as stoical as some savages, or as philosophical on the subject of bearing pain as some ancient philosophers, he writhed in the anguish of that tortured susceptibility. But there is a point of desperation, in which men regard no consequences, and Jones arrived at that point; jerking his hand from the table, with such force that he nearly upset it, he lit upon the unsuspecting torturer, with a dexterity truly commendable, and tore his head from his gloated body. Snuggers had been surprised at the first moments, but when he saw the sequel, he became so indignantly astonished as to appear almost insensible. Blodget sent a withering glance at poor Jones; Sulks ditto, of course; O. Sluppy was completely abstracted, and the semblance of a smile played on the features of the incredulous Weeks. The circle was renewed without a word being spoken,—but shortly after, Snuggers, having recovered from his astonishment, proceeded to enlighten the circle, with his intended course of proceedings in nearly the following words. "In pursuing scientific investigations, it is necessary to assume some

facts as truths, as a basis on which to build a theory. Whether these assumed facts be truths or not is immaterial, since the conclusions arrived at will be true without regard to them. I find in the contradictory reports, that this phenomenon is mostly ascribed to the agency of spirits; and I shall assume the same, and shall confirm or disprove that assumption as the circumstances justify me in so doing." The circle appeared deeply impressed with the lucid explanation of the intentions of their illustrious leader. After some little time Snuggers solemnly said:

"If there are any spirits present they will please tip the table." Nothing broke the intense silence which ensued. Blodget asked the same with the same result. The request went round in the same way with the same result except that, Weeks asked the table to tip without any reference to the agency of spirits, and Sulks, who adjured the table to tip toward Blodget in vain. The silence which followed was long, again the request went round, and various, snappings and crackings was the result, "a decided manifestation" said Snuggers,— "a decided manifestation" echoed all the others except Weeks, and the meeting adjourned.

A week had passed and again the chosen few were assembled around their distinguished leader; every thing was arranged and they were about to commence the sitting, when Jones arose and said: "If you will indulge me for one moment I will read a slight tribute, in the form of an invocation to spirits, inscribed to our noble guide." "With the greatest pleasure," said Snuggers. "You will perceive," resumed Jones, "that it is in the form of an acrostical sonnet; while pondering upon the form of verse in which to clothe my invocation, I was struck with the remarkable coincidence of your name containing the requisite number of letters for the acrostical sonnet, and I did not hesitate to take the advantage of it."—Jones then read the following:

SONNET.

INVOCATION TO THE SPIRITS.

Come, spirits, from your heavenly dwelling place
Above this grov'ling earth—the realm which stars
Light with their loveliness;—this dull clay bars
Enquiring mortals from the abyss of space!
Bright spirits aid our efforts! we would fly,
Swifter than dazling beam which ever fell,
Nor sun, nor star, to where your legions dwell
Up in the regions of the boundless sky:
Dust though we be, and as dust doomed to die—
Go whence we came—yet still a voice saith,

"Grieve not; the soul shall soar away on high,
 Enclosed no more by clay or fear of death."
 Reveal, blest spirits, to this mortal eye
 Signs which we pant for in our faltering faith!

"Jones" said Snudggers, as Jones finished reading, "accept my sincere gratitude, and believe me this is the happiest moment of my life. If there is anything that can smooth the rough road of science, it is to feel that our labors are appreciated by men of high intellectual parts. It has too often been the case that men who have trodden the path of science before me, have labored through poverty to death, their noblest efforts unappreciated, and their only reward the proud consciousness of the inestimable value of their discoveries to man.

"After this beautiful tribute to my poor talents, by one so justly celebrated for the unrivaled soaring of his thought, I shall gird myself more cheerfully to meet the difficulties of my pursuit."

After this touching speech, which was delivered with that effect which only Snudggers could give, the circle was formed differing to the previous sitting, and their chief proceeded to enlighten his followers in nearly these words: "Since our former sitting I have devoted much time to the study of our present pursuit. I find that the rigid silence we kept at the other sitting, is not necessarily to be preserved,—a sober tone of conversation in no way affects the manifestation.

I also find it advised by some, that if any one becomes impressed involuntarily with an idea, he should write it down, as it may be the premonitory symptoms of an impressive medium;—I have accordingly placed writing materials upon the table, and I hope if any one feels a strange thought, he will not hesitate to write it down.

As to the causes of these manifestations, I have not yet arrived at any conclusion,—there are so many advanced; but I have fixed upon one far more plausible than the rest, which I have found corroborated in a very unlooked for direction. This theory supposes the existence of a subtle fluid called the odious force, [It is probable that the distinguished Snudggers meant *odid* force, and had either mistaken the term, or substituted, odious, as "a more proper word."—Ed.] which pervades all nature;—similar in its characteristics, though much more subtle, to electricity;—indeed some think it a refined form of that element. It is held that this fluid is perceptible to our unaided senses, in the form of a faint halo around a person or body in

the dark. Now my theory is, that this fluid, by its unknown qualities, forms an element peculiarly adapted to the existence of spirits, and is a medium by which they descend from their high homes to hover about our earth. We can easily conceive something in the peculiar arrangement of a circle similar to this, is favorable to the abundant production of this spiritual element, and forms a chain by which man may commune with immortals. The unlooked for corroboration, which I mentioned, I found in the person of a heathen—I must say a pagan. In the course of my diligent researches I had inquired of a Chinaman if the phenomenon existed in his country, and to my surprise (for I had thought it perfectly new) found that it did. He informed me that by placing a piece of light-wood (which everybody knows to be a particular kind of decayed wood; the peculiar qualities of which are not only highly compatible with the pre-conceived idea of the odious force, but rather confirm that supposition) upon the head, in a few moments you will see the evil spirit—you are not, of course, to take the word in its literal meaning, but as one by which, in their imperfect knowledge of our language, they express their idea of spirits." Now "continued Snudggers in his clear and convincing argument," with this corroborative fact, the existence of an odious force becomes highly plausible, and we have only to pursue our investigations with diligence to arrive at this great truth."

The convincing power of this argument was resistless; even Weeks looked less skeptical than usual, and the gravity of conviction settled upon the features of the whole circle as they relapsed into silence. The silence had lasted some time when Blodget gravely took the pencil, wrote a few words and resumed his former position without uttering a word. Snudggers seized the paper as hastily as his dignity would permit, and read:—

"Truth lies near us: but men, like cattle, will still pursue a beaten and ever-deviating path, rather than tread a new and nearer one,—the millenium is near."

"Truly," said Snudggers, "an inspired thought."

"The simile," said Jones, "so beautifully simple." Blodget did not seem to heed these encomiums, and the circle again relapsed into silence. Suddenly Sulkis seized the pencil and wrote, and sat back with all the gravity of Blodget, while the illustrious Snudggers read; "Man might commune

with angels, but like swine, will grovel in filth rather than seek fairer fields—he soon shall see his error.”

“The simile,” said Jones, “so beautifully sim—.”

“Mr. Sulks” broke in the enraged Snudggers, “I am astonished to see this. I intended these investigations should not be more famous for their depth, than their originality:—and here I detect, hidden in the nicest disguise, a base attempt at imitation, unworthy any member of this circle,—I hope I shall see no more such!” Sulks’ look of grave importance changed to one supposed to be exceedingly familiar to shepherds; Jones color heightened at the misapplication of his favorite eulogy; Weeks seemed inwardly pleased; O. Sluppy abstracted as ever, and Blodget imperturbable.

Again the silence had lasted long, when Snudggers gravely said, “If there are any spirits present they will please tip the table.” Every member of the circle held his breath as they saw the table slowly tip towards Blodget and O. Sluppy, and as slowly regain its former position. “There they are,” was the sententious remark of the celebrated Snudggers. “What a peculiar sensation” cried Jones, eager to wipe out the shame of his late blunder, “I felt as if I soared aloft on airy wings.”

“Will the spirits communicate with us to night?” asked Snudggers, “if so please tip the table,”—the table rose. “Ask them if there is any hope for Ireland,” said O. Sluppy, coming out of his abstract fit. “I wish you to hold your tongue,” replied Snudggers, withering him with a glance, “I have a course of my own which I shall pursue.”

As editor of these papers, I now arrive at a point where it becomes incumbent on me to cast some inferences, and draw some conclusion from the terminating incidents. I might tell you how some things nurse in themselves the seed of their own destruction:—I might tell you of other men, equally illustrious with the great Snudggers, whom “ingratitude more strong than traitor’s arm, quite vanquished.” But I will not. I will give the concluding scene in nearly the words of the late Mr. Snobs,

who, judging from his writing at this point, was highly excited.

“O for a tongue to curse the slave
Whose treason, like a deadly blight
Comes o’er the councils of the brave
And blasts them in their hour of might!”

Weeks, the skeptical, who heretofore had sat perfectly silent, at this point jumped up exclaiming, “I’ll not take *that* in,—I’m no sardine;—nobody needn’t tell me that old Blodget’s paws didn’t tip that table.” “Weeks,” indignantly said Snudggers, “you’re a fool.” “I’m not fool enough,” cried Weeks highly excited “to be humbugged by two such conceited and contemptible old noodles as you and Blodget.” Stung by this slanderous insult on his fair character, the dignified Snudggers for once forgot his dignity,—and rising in trembling rage, he shook his fist in unpleasant proximity with Weeks’ nose, and reiterated the world’s opinion—“You are too d—d ultra to admit facts.” Those words were like a spark in Weeks’ magazine of wrath, he exploded, and a fragment, supposed to be his fist, came in such a forcible contact with Snudggers’ nose, that it sent that great personage reeling to the floor.



A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION OF THE ODIOS FORCE.

“So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel,
While the same plumage that had warned his nest
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.”

Weeks tore furiously round, profanely exclaiming, “let me maul him,—I’ll give him spiritual rappings to his heart’s content!” and he would doubtless have been as good as his word, but he was forcibly restrained from his charitable intentions, by Sulks and Jones. The great Snudggers

rose to his feet, a beautiful exemplification of the sentiment, that :—

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again."

The hasty indiscretion of the moment was gone, and his mighty intellect was now clearly in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. Smiling though the blood and tears which covered his face, he exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I consider this exhibition of the odious force, perfectly satisfactory. However unworthy," he continued glancing at the chafing Weeks "the instruments which Providence places in our hands, the truths arrived at through their instrumentality, are none the less beautiful. Through the agency of that base person, (pointing a scornful finger at Weeks) I saw the spiritual element revealed in the form of a thousand brilliant stars,—and I now arrive at the conclusion, that the odious force, though much more powerful, is of a similar character with Feline electricity."

THE SEAT BY THE COTTAGE DOOR.

Oh! sweet was the spot, by the side of the cot,
Where we sat in the bright summer hours;
Where the bees hummed all day, on the white blossomed spray,
In love with the beautiful flowers.
Where the sweet humming bird, scarce the rose-petals stirred,
As it darted the tall sweet brier o'er,
That clambered and spread round the casement o'er head,
Near the seat by the old cottage door.

How often at noon, when the vertical sun,
Was blazing aloft in the sky,
Have I watched its beams straying, when the breezes were playing,
With the woodbine leaves trellised on high.
Now quivering, now dancing, retreating, advancing,
Now skimming the old oaken floor—
Like fairies they seemed, as they flickered and gleamed,
On the seat by the old cottage door.

And often at eve, when each flower and each leaf
Was hushed in its silent repose,
Have I seen the moon rise, in the clear azure skies,
O'er the hill where the sycamore grows.
When the stars one by one, came twinkling on,
Till they spangled the blue heavens o'er—
Oh! how sweetly they gleamed, as serenely they beamed,
On the seat by the old cottage door.

There often we met, when the bright sun was set,
At the close of the long summer's day—
That dear household band, as we sat hand in hand,
And chatted the evening away.
There father and mother, and sister and brother,
Glanced smiles of affection once more—
Oh! the sweet days of old, how swiftly they rolled,
At the seat by the old cottage door.

San Francisco, July 10th, 1857.

J. T. S.

A PRETTY PIECE OF BUSINESS.—An amusing incident occurred the other day in a fashionable private boarding house on — street, Sacramento, in the following manner :—A young married couple, occupying one of the front parlors on the ground floor, were startled by a gentle rap at the door, and simultaneously a faint noise, much resembling the cry of a young infant; and, on opening the door, found a beautiful child, about a month old, lying on the door-rug. The youthful bride, with excited and wondering surprise, strained her eyes to their utmost extent, as she started back exclaiming: "good heavens! where'd *that* come from?" "Sure enough!" said her friend Mrs. ——— emerging from a door-way opposite, "why, somebody has left it there *for you*, no doubt!" "Well, *I won't have it!* I want no children, *except my own!*" and stepping over it she ran to the door to see which way the supposed presumptuous donor had ran; meanwhile the husband of the lady, in a state of excitement and consternation, rushed out to the garden gate, looking now one way and now the other, to endeavour to discover and bring back the unfeeling trespasser upon the hospitality and peace of strangers, declaring that it was "a pretty piece of business," and he'd "let e'm know that they had put it in the wrong box—this time." A simultaneous burst of laughter from a dozen voices, revealed to the unsuspecting couple that they had been "sold," as the baby had been borrowed for the occasion.

"I wonder what is the matter with my watch," said a friend of ours in the presence of a little blue eyed girl of about five years of age—"it stops and goes at intervals to suit itself—surely it must want cleaning." Oh! no, papa, it cannot want cleaning," replied the little maid, "for yesterday I washed it well myself, and hung it on the clothes-line to dry, just the same way as Bridget does the clothes, papa, on washing day!" "Ah you little puss you," said her father, laughing, "watches, my love, are not

cleaned in the same way as clothes are.' "No! papa?" "No my child." Here the whole process of cleaning watches had to be fully explained to the intelligent little one before she could be fully satisfied of the difference between the two. How suggestive to parents that they be patient, and well informed, gentle and instructive, that in due season the seed thus sown may produce a harvest of blessedness upon their own heads, as well as upon those of their children.

RAFFLED OFF.

Heigh ho! it's very strange that when a fellow is going along at a quiet easy sort of a jog, that people can't let him alone—but no, they must keep chucking him under the ribs, and singing out, old Bach! old Bach! old Bach! I'm tired of it, and if they don't quit, I'll whip somebody. There's an old woman over the way, who, every morning when I take the watering pot, and with my big straw hat, wrapper and slippers on, go into the garden, she must come to her door and laugh; if she don't mind, I'll buy a large dog, and then—but I know what ails her, she has a daughter—but *she* needn't come over for any more books, and sit, and talk, and bother, and tell me that this ought to be fixed so, and this so—I am going to have things just as I like, and do just as I please. But let me tell you how I was served the other night. An old friend of mine turned Benedict, and I received a card intimating that my presence would be agreeable at a certain time. I was simple enough to go, and there I found quite a party of both sexes, including eight marriageable young ladies.

During the evening several of the company commenced to twit me upon my tenacity to Bachelordom, and were quite severe. One cruel, heartless individual, proposed to raffle me off—just think of it!—*raffle* me off. The proposition took like wild-fire—a hat was instantly procured, and eight slips of paper prepared, seven blank, and one with my name inscribed thereon, indicating the prize. The company seemed to enjoy the fun (?) hugely, particularly the eight young ladies, who entered the scheme with an avidity only equalled by one Jack Warner, upon a certain occasion after a plum. The drawing commenced—No. 1, blank; No. 2, ditto; No. 3, same; No. 4—ha! the prize! Matilda Buckheart

was the fortunate young woman. How she was congratulated and envied, and how happy she looked. What an air of exultant pride she wore; and how they heaped their congratulations upon me, poor, miserable sinner that I was—sold! sacrificed to a freak of fortune, which made me the property of Miss Matilda Buckheart.

Miss Matilda and myself met that evening for the first time, and in conversation with her just before the raffle, I learned that if she had many faults, she had at least one virtue, and that, the tact of speaking openly and freely—nothing superficial about her—her expressions were uttered boldly, with no attempt to conceal simple facts. In form she was short and stout, with a large round face, as expressive as a baked apple—mouth very large, eyes very small. I was introduced to, and at once entered into conversation with her.

"How long have you been a resident of the valley, Miss B.?"

"A what! sir?"

"A resident—how long have you lived in the valley?"

"Oh! about five months."

"Have you been a resident of the State long?"

"Sir?"

"When did you come across?"

"Last season—we arriv here in the fall."

"Do you feel contented enough here to make California your home?"

"Sir?"

"Do you like California?"

"Wal, I reckon I do—why, when I was in Missouri, I was right slim, just look now how fat I am!"

And here she thrust a hand upon each hip, threw her shoulders back, opened her eyes to their full extent, and looked straight at me. How she startled me. I could but confess that she was looking remarkably well, but begged her to excuse me for a moment as I wished to speak with a friend in the adjoining room. I rushed out of the house and sat upon a log in the back yard until I recovered, when I ventured in again. And this was the young woman who had won me. Happy fellow! I need not tell you that I remonstrated against such a proceeding, and entered a solemn protest. A judge was appointed, who declared that everything had been done in strict accordance with law, and that beyond a doubt I was the property of Miss Buckheart—but upon one condition could be released, and that was, to be blind-folded and tied in a chair, when each of the eight young ladies

should kiss me, and if I could tell the name of any one of them by the kiss, my freedom should be restored. I consented, because I felt assured I could tell Matilda Buckheart—and was right the first time—I knew her by her *breath*.

Yours tenderly,

FELIXANDER DOINGS.

THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY J. D. BORTHWICK.

We little thought when Mr. B. was a blue-shirted fellow miner and neighbor of ours, on Weaver Creek, in 1851; that (although a countryman of Robert Burns') "a chiel's amang ye taken notes, and faith he'll prent 'em," or we might have conducted ourselves with more decorum as chairman (on a pork-barrel) of the miner's meeting described in these pages. But how often is a man deceived by appearances—especially in California?—and how often too has the self-sufficient and impertinent clerk, who put on more airs than his employer, been reproved by the manly intelligence and hugh purse of the roughly clad miner? No wonder that "stove-pipes" then were at a discount, when they were chiefly associated with the empty and supercilious heads of "young bloods" or "gamblers;"—and "purple and fine linen" with those who preyed upon the very vitals of a miner's earnings.

Mr. Borthwick, however, has entered into the spirit of his labors, and presented to us a faithful and graphic picture of the early days of mining experiences in California; which, while it takes us back among the times and scenes of the past to amuse and instruct, also affords us an excellent opportunity for contrast with the present.

Six years of change in a new and constantly changing State—especially in such an one as this—are productive of great changes, indeed;—and we say six years' because Mr. B. has written with "first impressions" upon nearly every page of his interesting work; and, although its life-like and characteristic contents are a truth,

ful record of 1851, *change* in the habits, morality, and manners of our people make them untruthful for 1857.

The reader will no doubt bear this in mind as he enjoys with us the able and candid experiences of a journey to, and a three years residence in, the land of gold; we therefore with great pleasure introduce Mr. Borthwick to speak for himself.

CHAPTER I.

CALIFORNIA FEVER IN THE STATES—THE START—NEW YORK TO PANAMA—SHIPBOARD—CHAGRES—CROSSING THE ISTH—MUS—THE RIVER—CANOES—GORGONA.

About the beginning of the year 1851, the rage for emigration to California from the United States was at its height. All sorts and conditions of men, old, young, and middle-aged, allured by the hope of acquiring sudden wealth, and fascinated with the adventure and excitement of a life in California, were relinquishing their existing pursuits and associations to commence a totally new existence in the land of gold.

The rush of eager gold-hunters was so great, that the Panama Steamship Company's office in New York used to be perfectly mobbed for a day and a night previous to the day appointed for selling tickets for their steamers. Sailing vessels were despatched for Chagres almost daily, carrying crowds of passengers, while numbers went by the different routes through Mexico, and others chose the easier, but more tedious passage round Cape Horn.

The emigration from the Western States was naturally very large, the inhabitants being a class of men whose lives are spent in clearing the wild forests of the West, and gradually driving the Indian from his hunting-ground.

Of these western-frontier men it is often said, that they are never satisfied if there is any white man between them and sundown. They are continually moving westward; for as the wild Indian is forced to retire before them, so they, in their turn, shrinking from the signs of civilization which their own labors cause to appear around them, have to plunge deeper into the forest, in search of that wild, border-life which has such charms for all who have ever experienced it.

To men of this sort, the accounts of such a country as California, thousands of miles to the westward of them, were peculiarly

attractive; and so great was the emigration, that many parts of the Western States were nearly depopulated. The route followed by these people was that overland, across the plains, which was the most congenial to their tastes, and the most convenient for them, as, besides being already so far to the westward, they were also provided with the necessary wagons and oxen for the journey. For the sake of mutual protection against the Indians, they traveled in trains of a dozen or more wagons, carrying the women and children and provisions, accompanied by a proportionate number of men, some on horses or mules, and others on foot.

In May 1851, I happened to be residing in New York, and was seized with the California fever. My preparations were very soon made, and a day or two afterwards I found myself on board a small barque about to sail for Chagres with a load of California emigrants. Our vessel was little more than two hundred tons, and was entirely devoted to the accommodation of passengers. The ballast was covered with a temporary deck, and the whole interior of the ship formed a saloon, round which were built three tiers of berths; a very rough extempore table and benches completed the furniture. There was no invidious distinction of cabin and steerage passengers—in fact, excepting the captain's room, there was nothing which could be called a cabin in the ship. But all were in good spirits, and so much engrossed with thoughts of California, that there was little disposition to grumble at the rough-and-ready style of our accommodation. For my own part, I knew I should have to rough it in California, and felt that I might just as well begin at once as wait till I got there.

We numbered about sixty passengers, and a nice assortment we were. The majority, of course, were Americans, and were from all parts of the Union; the rest were English, French, and German. We had representatives of nearly every trade, besides farmers, engineers, lawyers, doctors, merchants, and nondescript "young men."

The first day out we had fine weather, with just sea enough to afford the uninitiated an opportunity of discovering the difference between the lee and the weather side of the ship. The second day we had a fresh breeze, which towards night blew a gale, and for a couple of days we were compelled to lay to.

The greater part of the passengers, being from the interior of the country, had never seen the ocean before, and a gale of wind

was a thing they did not understand at all. Those who were not too sick to be able to form an opinion on the subject, were frightened out of their senses, and imagined that all manner of dreadful things were going to happen to the ship. The first night of the gale, I was awake by an old fool shouting frantically to the company in general, to get up and save the ship, because he heard the water rushing into her, and we should sink in a few minutes. He was very emphatically cursed for his trouble by those whose slumbers he had disturbed, and told to hold his tongue, and let those sleep who could, if he were unable to do so himself.

It was certainly, however, not very easy to sleep that night. The ship was very crank, and but few of the party had taken the precaution to make fast their luggage; the consequence was, that boxes and chests of all sizes, besides casks of provisions, and other ship's stores, which had got adrift, were cruising about promiscuously, threatening to smash up the flimsy framework on which our berths were built, and endangering the limbs of any one who should venture to turn out.

In the morning we found that the cook's galley had fetched away, and the stove was rendered useless; the steward and waiters—landlubbers who were only working their passage to Chagres—were as sick as the sickest, and so the prospect for breakfast was by no means encouraging. However, there were not more than half-a-dozen of us who could eat anything, or could even stand on deck; so we roughed it out on cold beef, hard bread, and brandy-and-water.

The sea was not very high, and the ship lay to comfortably and dry; but in the evening, some of the poor wretches below had worked themselves up to desperation, being sure, every time the ship laid over, that she was never coming up again. At last, one man, who could stand it no longer, jumped out of his berth, and, going down on his knees, commenced clapping his hands, and uttering the most dismal howls and groans, interspersed with disjointed fragments of prayers. He called on all hands to join him; but it was not a form of worship to which many seemed to be accustomed, for only two men responded to his call. He very kindly consigned all the rest of the company to a place which I trust none of us may reach, and prayed that for the sake of the three righteous men—himself and the other two—the ship might be saved. They continued for about

an hour, clapping their hands as if applauding, and crying and groaning most piteously—so bereft of sense, by fear, that they seemed not to know the meaning of their incoherent exclamations. The captain, however, at last succeeded in persuading them that there was no danger, and they gradually cooled down, to the great relief of the rest of the passengers.

The next day we had better weather, but the sick-list was as large as ever, and we had to mess again on whatever raw materials we could lay our hands on—red-herrings, onions, ham, and biscuit.

We deposed the steward as a useless vagabond, and appointed three passengers to fill his place, after which we fared a little better—in fact, as well as the provisions at our command would allow. No one grumbled, excepting a few of the lowest class of men in the party, who had very likely never been used to such good living ashore.

When we got into the trade-winds we had delightful weather, very hot, but with a strong breeze at night, rendering it sufficiently cool to sleep in comfort. The all-engrossing subject of conversation, and of meditation, was of course California, and the heaps of gold we were all to find there. As we had secured our passage only as far as Chagres, our progress from that point to San Francisco was a matter of constant discussion. We all knew that every steamer to leave Panama for months to come, was already full, and that hundreds of men were waiting there to take advantage of any opportunity that might occur of reaching San Francisco; but among our passengers there were very few who were traveling in company; they were mostly all isolated individuals, each "on his own hook," and every one was perfectly confident that he at least would have no trouble in getting along, whatever might be the fate of the rest of the crowd.

We added to the delicacies of our bill of fare occasionally by killing dolphins. They are very good eating, and afford capital sport. They come in small shoals of a dozen or so, and amuse themselves by playing about before the bows of the vessel, when, getting down into the martingale under the bowsprit, one takes the opportunity to let drive at them with the "grains," a small five-pronged harpoon.

The dolphin, by the way, is most outrageously and systematically libeled. Instead of being the horrid, big-headed, crooked-backed monster which it is gener-

ally represented, it is the most elegant and highly-finished fish that swims.

For three or four days before reaching Chagres, all hands were busy packing up, and firing off and reloading pistols; for a revolver and a bowie-knife were considered the first items in a California outfit. We soon assumed a warlike appearance, and though many of the party had probably never handled a pistol in their lives before, they tried to wear their weapons in a negligé style, as if they never had been used to go without them.

There were now also great consultations as to what sort of hats, coats, and boots, should be worn in crossing the Isthmus. Wondrous accounts constantly appeared in the New York papers of the dangers and difficulties of these few miles of land-and-river travel, and most of the passengers, before leaving New York, had been humbugged into buying all manner of absurd and useless articles, many of them made of india-rubber, which they had been assured, and consequently believed, were absolutely necessary. But how to carry them all, or even how to use them, was the main difficulty, and would indeed have puzzled much cleverer men.

Some were equipped with pots, pans, kettles, drinking-cups, knives and forks, spoons, pocket-filters (for they had been told that the water on the Isthmus was very dirty), india-rubber contrivances, which an ingenious man, with a powerful imagination and strong lungs, could blow up and convert into a bed, a boat, or a tent—bottles of "cholera preventive," boxes of pills for curing every disease to which human nature is liable; and some men, in addition to all this, determined to be prepared to combat danger in every shape, bade defiance to the waters of the Chagres river by buckling on india-rubber life-preservers.

Others of the party, who were older travelers, and who held all such accoutrements in utter contempt, had merely a small valise with a few necessary articles of clothing, an oil-skin coat, and, very probably, a pistol stowed away on some part of their person, which would be pretty sure to go off when occasion required, but not before.

At last, after twenty days' passage from New York, we made Chagres, and got up to the anchorage towards evening. The scenery was very beautiful. We lay about three-quarters of a mile from shore, in a small bay enclosed by high bluffs, com-

pletely covered with dense foliage of every shade of green.

We had but little time, however, to enjoy the scenery that evening, as we had scarcely anchored when the rain began to come down in true tropical style; every drop was a bucketful. The thunder and lightning were terrific, and in good keeping with the rain, which is one of the things for which Chagres is celebrated. Its character as a sickly, wretched place was so well known that none of us went ashore that night; we all preferred sleeping aboard ship.

It was very amusing to watch the change which had been coming over some of the men on board. They seemed to shrink within themselves, and to wish to avoid being included in any of the small parties which were being formed to make the passage up the river. They were those who had provided themselves with innumerable contrivances for the protection of their precious persons against sun, wind, and rain; also with extraordinary assortments of very untempting-looking provisions, and who were completely equipped with pistols, knives, and other warlike implements. They were like so many Robinson Crusoes, ready to be put ashore on a desert island; and they seemed to imagine themselves to be in just such a predicament, fearful, at the same time, that companionship with any one not provided with the same amount of rubbish as themselves, might involve their losing the exclusive benefit of what they supposed so absolutely necessary. I actually heard one of them refuse another man a chew of tobacco, saying he guessed he had no more than what he could use himself.

The men of this sort, of whom I am happy to say there were not many, offered a striking contrast to the rest in another respect. On arriving at Chagres, they became quite dejected and sulky, and seemed to be oppressed with anxiety, while the others were in a wild state of delight at having finished a tedious passage, and in anticipation of the novelty and excitement of crossing the Isthmus.

In the morning several shore-boats, all pulled by Americans, came off to take us ashore. The landing here is rather dangerous. There is generally a very heavy swell, causing vessels to roll so much that getting into a small boat alongside is a matter of considerable difficulty; and at the mouth of the river is a bar, on which

are immense rollers, requiring good management to get over them in safety.

We went ashore in torrents of rain, and when landed with our baggage on the muddy bank of the Chagres river, all as wet as if we had swam ashore, we were immediately beset by crowds of boatmen, Americans, natives, and Jamaica niggers, all endeavoring to make a bargain with us for the passage up the river to Cruces.

The town of Chagres is built on each side of the river, and consists of a few miserable cane-and-mud huts, with one or two equally wretched-looking wooden houses, which were hotels kept by Americans. On the top of the bluff, on the south side of the river, are the ruins of an old Spanish castle, which look very picturesque, almost concealed by the luxurious growth of trees and creepers around them.

The natives seemed to be a miserable set of people, and the few Americans in the town were most sickly, washed-out-looking objects, with the appearance of having steeped for a length of time in water.

After breakfasting on ham and beans at one of the hotels, we selected a boat to convey us up the river; and as the owner had no crew engaged, we got him to take two sailors who had run away from our vessel, and were bound for California like the rest of us.

There was a great variety of boats employed on the river—whale-boats, ships' boats, skiffs, and canoes of all sizes, some of them capable of carrying fifteen or twenty people. It was still raining heavily when we started, but shortly afterwards the weather cleared up, and we felt in better humor to enjoy the magnificent scenery. The river was from seventy-five to a hundred yards wide, and the banks were completely hidden by the dense mass of vegetation overhanging the water. There was a vast variety of beautiful foliage, and many of the trees were draped in creepers, covered with large flowers of most brilliant colours. One of our party, who was a Scotch gardener, was in ecstasies at such a splendid natural flower-show, and gave us long Latin names for all the different specimens. The rest of my fellow-passengers were a big fat man from Buffalo, two young Southerners from South Carolina, three New-Yorkers, and a Swede. The boat was rather heavily laden, but for some hours we got along very well, as there was but little current. Towards the afternoon, however, our two sailors, who had been pulling all the time, began to flag, and at

last said they could go no further without a rest. We were still many miles from the place where we were to pass the night, and as the banks of the river presented such a formidable barricade of jungle as to prevent a landing, we had the prospect of passing the night in the boat, unless we made the most of our time; so the gardener and I volunteered to take a spell at the oars. But as we ascended the river the current became much stronger, and darkness overtook us some distance from our intended stopping-place.

It became so very dark that we could not see six feet ahead of us, and were constantly bumping against other boats coming up the river. There were also many boats coming down with the current at such a rate, that if one had happened to run into us, we should have had but a poor chance, and we were obliged to keep shouting all the time to let our whereabouts be known.

We were several times nearly capsized on snags, and as we really could not see whether we were making any way or not, we came to the determination of making fast to a tree till the moon should rise. It was now raining again as heavily as ever, and having fully expected to make the station that evening, we had taken no provisions with us. We were all very wet, very hungry, and more or less inclined to be in a bad humor. Consequently, the question of stopping or going ahead was not determined without a great deal of wrangling and discussion. However, our two sailors declared they would not pull another stroke—the gardener and myself were in favor of stopping—and as none of the rest of our number were at all inclined to exert themselves, the question was thus settled for them, although they continued to discuss it for their own satisfaction for some time afterwards.

It was about eight o'clock, when, catching hold of a bough of a tree twelve or fifteen feet from the shore, we made fast. We could not attempt to land, as the shore was so guarded by bushes and sunken branches as to render the nearer approach of the boat impossible.

So here we were, thirteen of us, with a proportionate pile of baggage, cramped up in a small boat, in which we had spent the day, and were now doomed to pass the night, our miseries aggravated by torrents of rain, nothing to eat, and, worse than that, nothing to drink, but, worse than all, without even a dry match wherewith to light a pipe. If ever it is excusable to

chew tobacco, it surely is on such an occasion as this. I had worked a good deal at the oar, and from the frequent alternations we had experienced of scorching heat and drenching rain, I felt as if I could enjoy a nap, notwithstanding the disagreeableness of our position; but, fearing the consequences of sleeping under such circumstances in that climate, I kept myself awake the best way I could.

We managed to get through the night somehow, and about three o'clock in the morning, as the moon began to give sufficient light to let us see where we were, we got under weigh again, and after a couple of hours' hard pulling, we arrived at the place we had expected to reach the evening before.

It was a very beautiful little spot—a small natural clearing on the top of a high bank, on which were one or two native huts, and a canvass establishment which had been set up by a Yankee, and was called a "Hotel." We went to this hotel, and found some twenty or thirty fellow-travelers, who had there enjoyed a night's rest, and were now just settling down to breakfast at a long, rough table, which occupied the greater part of the house. The kitchen consisted of a cooking-stove in one corner, and opposite to it was the bar, which was supplied with a few bottles of bad brandy, while a number of canvass shelves, ranged all round, constituted the dormitory.

We made up for the loss of our supper by eating a hearty breakfast of hams, beans and eggs, and started again in company with our more fortunate fellow-travelers. The weather was once more bright and clear, and confined as we were between the densely wooded and steaming banks of the river, we found the heat most oppressive.

We saw numbers of parrots of brilliant plumage, and a great many monkeys and alligators, at which there was a constant discharge of pistols and rifles, our passage being further enlivened by an occasional race with some of the other boats.

The river still continued to become more rapid, and our progress was consequently very slow. The two sailors were quite unable to work all day at the oars; the owner of the boat was a useless encumbrance; he could not even steer: so the gardener and myself were obliged occasionally to exert ourselves. The fact is, the boat was overloaded; two men were not a sufficient crew; and if we had not worked ourselves, we should never have got to

Cruces. I wanted the other passengers to do their share of work for the common good, but some protested they did not know how to pull, others pleaded bad health, and the rest very coolly said, that having paid their money to be taken to Cruces, they expected to be taken there, and would not pull a stroke; they did not care how long they might be on the river.

It was evident that we had made a bad bargain, and if these other fellows would not lend a hand, it was only the more necessary that some one else should. It was rather provoking to see them sitting doggedly under their umbrellas, but we could not well pitch them overboard, or put them ashore, and I comforted myself with the idea that their turn would certainly come, notwithstanding their obstinacy.

After a tedious day, during which we had, as before, deluges of rain, with intervals of scorching sunshine, we arrived about six o'clock at a native settlement, where we were to spend the night.

It was a small clearing, with merely two or three huts, inhabited by eight or ten miserable-looking natives, mostly women. Their lazy, listless way of doing things did not suit the humor we were in at all. The invariable reply to all demands for something to eat and drink was *poco tiempo* (by-and-by), said in that sort of tone one would use to a troublesome child. They knew very well we were at their mercy—we could not go anywhere else for our supper—and they took it easy accordingly. We succeeded at last in getting supper in installments—now a mouthful of ham, now an egg or a few beans, and then a cup of coffee, just as they could make up their minds to the violent exertion of getting these articles ready for us.

About half-a-dozen other boat-loads of passengers were also stopping here, some fifty or sixty of us altogether, and three small shanties were the only shelter to be had. The native population crowded into one of them, and, in consideration of sundry dollars, allowed us the exclusive enjoyment of the other two. They were mere sheds about fifteen feet square, open all round; but as the rain was again pouring down, we thought of the night before, and were thankful for small mercies.

I secured a location with three or four others in the upper story of one of these places—a sort of loft made of bamboos about eight feet from the ground, to which we climbed by means of a pole with notches cut in it.

The next day we found the river more rapid than ever. Oars were now useless—we had to pole the boat up the stream; and at last the patience of the rest of the party was exhausted, and they reluctantly took their turn at the work. We hardly made twelve miles, and halted in the evening at a place called Dos Hermanos, where were two native houses.

Here we found already about fifty fellow-travelers, and several parties arrived after us. On the native landlord we were all dependent for supper; but we, at least, were a little too late, as there was nothing to be had but boiled rice and coffee—not even beans. There were a few live chickens about, which we would soon have disposed of, but cooking was out of the question. It was raining furiously, and there were sixty or seventy of us, all huddled into two small places of fifteen feet square, together with a number of natives and Jamaica negroes, the crews of some of the boats. Several of the passengers were in different stages of drunkenness, generally developing itself in a desire to fight, and more particularly to pitch into the natives and niggers. There seemed a prospect of a general set-to between black and white, which would have been a bloody one, as all the passengers had either a revolver or a bowie-knife—most of them had both—and the natives were provided with their *machetes*—half knife, half cutlass—which they always carry, and know how to use. Many of the Americans, however, were of the better class, and used their influence to quiet the unruly of their countrymen. One man made a most touching appeal to their honor not to “kick up a muss,” as there was a lady “of their own color” in the next room, who was in a state of great agitation. The two rooms opened into each other, and were so full of men that one could hardly turn round, and the lady of our own color was of course a myth. However, the more violent of the crowd quieted down a little, and affairs looked more pacific.

We passed a most miserable night. We lay down as best we could, and were packed like sardines in a box. All wanted to sleep; but if one man moved, he woke half-a-dozen others, who again in waking roused all the rest; so sleep was, like our supper, only to be enjoyed in imagination, and all we could do was to wait intently for daylight. As soon as we could see, we all left the wretched place, none of us much improved in temper, or in general condi-

tion. It was still raining, and we had the pleasure of knowing that we should not get any breakfast for two or three hours.

We had another severe day on the river—hot sun, heavy rain, and hard work; and in the afternoon we arrived at Gorgona, a small village, where a great many passengers leave the river and take the road to Panama.

Cruces is about seven miles farther up the river, and from there the road to Panama is said to be much better, especially in wet weather, when the Gorgona road is almost impassable.

The village of Gorgona consisted of a number of native shanties, built in the usual style, of thin canes, between any two of which you might put your finger, and fastened together, in basket fashion, with the long woody tendrils with which the woods abound. The roof is of palm leaves, slanting up to a great height, so as to shed the heavy rains. Some of these houses have only three sides, others have only two, while some have none at all, being open all round; and in all of them might be seen one or more natives swinging in a hammock, calmly and patiently waiting for time to roll on, or, it may be, deriving intense enjoyment from the mere consciousness of existence.

There was a large canvass house, on which was painted "Gorgona Hotel." It was kept by an American, the most unwholesome-looking individual I had yet seen; he was the very personification of fever. We had here a very luxurious dinner, having plantains and eggs in addition to the usual fare of ham and beans. The upper story of the hotel was a large loft, so low in the roof that one could not stand straight up in it. In this there were sixty or seventy beds, so close together that there was just room to pass between them; and as those at one end became tenanted, the passages leading to them were filled up with more beds, in such a manner that, when all were put up, not an inch of the floor could be seen.

After our fatigues on the river, and the miserable way in which we had passed the night before, such sleeping accommodation as this appeared very inviting; and immediately after dinner I appropriated one of the beds, and slept even on till daylight. We met here several men who were returning from Panama, on their way home again. They had been waiting there for some months for a steamer, by which they had tickets for San Francisco, and which

was coming round the Horn. She was long overdue, however, and having lost patience, they were going home, in the vain hope of getting damages out of the owner of the steamer. If they had been very anxious to go to California, they might have sold their tickets, and taken the opportunity of a sailing-vessel from Panama; but from the way in which they spoke of their grievances, it was evident that they were home-sick, and glad of any excuse to turn tail and go back again.

We had frequently, on our way up the river, seen different parties of our fellow-passengers. At Gorgona we mustered strong; and we found that, notwithstanding the disadvantage we had been under of having an overloaded boat, we had made as good time as any of them.

A great many here took the road to Panama, but we determined to go on by the river to Cruces, for the sake of the better road from that place. All our difficulties hitherto were nothing to what we encountered in these last few miles. It was one continued rapid all the way, and in many places some of us were obliged to get out and tow the boat while the rest used the poles.

We were all heartily disgusted with the river, and were satisfied, when we arrived at Cruces, that we had got over the worst of the Isthmus; for however bad the road might be, it could not be harder traveling than we had already experienced.

Cruces was just such a village as Gorgona, with a similar canvass hotel, kept by equally cadaverous-looking Americans.

In establishing their hotels at different points on the Chagres river, the Americans encountered great opposition from the natives, who wished to reap all the benefit of the travel themselves; but they were too many centuries behind the age to have any chance in fair competition; and so they resorted to personal threats and violence, till the persuasive eloquence of Col's revolvers, and the overwhelming numbers of American travelers, convinced them that they were wrong, and that they had better submit to their fate.

One branch of business which the natives had all to themselves was mule-driving, and carrying baggage over the road from Cruces to Panama, and at this they had no competition to fear from any one. The luggage was either packed on mules, or carried on men's backs, being lashed into a sort of wicker-work contrivance, somewhat similar to those used by French porters,

and so adjusted with straps that the weight bore directly down on the shoulders. It was astonishing to see what loads these men could carry over such a road; and it really seemed inconsistent with their indolent character, that they should perform, so actively, such prodigious feats of labor. Two hundred and fifty pounds weight was an average load for a man to walk off with, doing the twenty-five miles to Panama in a day and a half, and some men carried as much as three hundred pounds. They were well made, and muscular though not large men, and were apparently more of the Negro than the Indian.

The journey to Panama was generally performed on mules, but frequently on foot; and as the rest of the party intended to walk, I determined also to forego the luxury of a mule; so, having engaged men to carry our baggage, we set out about two o'clock in the afternoon.

The weather was fine, and for a short distance out of Cruces the road was easy enough, and we were beginning to think we should have a pleasant journey; but we were very soon undeceived, for it commenced to rain in the usual style, and the road became most dreadful. It was a continual climb over the rocky beds of precipitous gullies, the gully itself perhaps ten or twelve feet deep, and the dense wood on each side meeting overhead, so that no fresh air relieved one in toiling along. We could generally see rocks sticking up out of the water, on which to put our feet, but we were occasionally, for a considerable distance, up to the knees in water and mud.

The steep banks on each side of us were so close together, that in many places two packed mules could not pass each other; sometimes, indeed, even a single mule got jammed by the trunk projecting on either side of him. It was a most fatiguing walk. When it did not rain, the heat was suffocating; and when it rained, it poured.

There was a place called the "Half-way-House," to which we looked forward anxiously as the end of our day's journey; and as it was kept by an American, we expected to find it a comparatively comfortable place. But our disappointment was great, when, about dark, we arrived at this half-way house, and found it to be a miserable little tent, not much more than twelve feet square.

On entering we found some eight or ten travelers in the same plight as ourselves, tired, hungry, wet through, and with aching limbs. The only furniture in the tent con-

sisted of a rough table three feet long, and three cots. The ground was all wet and sloppy, and the rain kept dropping through the canvass overhead. There were only two plates, and two knives and forks in the establishment, so we had to pitch into the salt pork and beans two at a time, while the rest of the crowd stood round and looked at us; for the cots were the only seats in the place, and they were so rickety that not more than two men could sit on them at a time.

More travelers continued to arrive; and as the prospect of a night in such a place was so exceedingly dismal, I persuaded our party to return about half a mile to a native hut which we had passed on the road, to take our chance of what accommodation we could get there. We soon arranged with the woman, who seemed to be the only inhabitant of the house, to allow us to sleep in it; and as we were all thoroughly soaked, every sort of water-proof coat having proved equally useless after the few days' severe trial we had given them, we looked out anxiously for any of the natives coming along with our trunks.

In the meantime I borrowed a towel from the old woman of the shanty; and as it was now fair, I went into the bush, and got one of our two sailors, who had stuck by us, to rub me down as hard as he could. This entirely removed all pain and stiffness; and though I had to put on my wet clothes again, I felt completely refreshed.

Not long afterwards a native made his appearance, carrying the trunk of one of the party, who very generously supplied us all from it with dry clothes, when we betook ourselves to our couches. They were not luxurious, being a number of dried hides laid on the floor, as hard as so many sheets of iron, and full of bumps and hollows; but they were dry, which was all we cared about, for we thought of the poor devils sleeping in the mud in the half-way house.

The next morning, as we proceeded on our journey, the road gradually improved as the country became more open. We were much refreshed by a light breeze off the sea, which we found a very agreeable change from the damp and suffocating heat of the forest; and about mid-day, after a pleasant forenoon's walk, we strolled into the city of Panama. [Continued.]

OVER six hundred millions of dollars have been shipped from the port of San Francisco, within eight years!

BEAUTY.

BY W. H. D.

At the natal dawn of creation's morn,
 I 'rose in the pride of my charms,
 And an infant world in its orbit hurled,
 Received the embrace of my arms :
 To the God of Day I gave the pure ray,
 Oft seen on the face of the storm,
 Where the rain-drops diffuse, their primal
 hues,
 In the rainbow's expanded form.

The silvery light of the Queen of Night,
 Is reflected from my bright eye,
 As I watched with care a being so fair
 On her lonely course through the sky :
 Through unbounded space, with a matchless
 grace,
 I night's starry banner unfurled ;
 To the end of time, its glories sublime,
 Shall surround an admiring world.

On the mountain high enthroned near the sky,
 In an atmosphere pure and rare,
 Where the sun-shine glows on eternal snows,
 Dwells my spirit forever there :
 In the gorgeous dyes of the sun-set skies,
 Is portrayed my exquisite skill ;
 For the placid lake, a copy I make,
 To glow in its bosom so still.

My smile may be seen in each landscape
 serene,
 With which Nature enrobes the earth,
 And each sparkling gem in the diadem,
 Is by me endowed with its worth :
 In fields I preside where the flowers abide
 And their delicate forms I designed ;
 With the verdure's green, to gladden the
 scene,
 In their splendid array combined.

From founts on the hill where the crystal rill,
 Gushes forth to refresh the plain ;
 My steps may be traced to the watery waste,
 Whence their springs are supplied again :
 Beneath ocean's waves in unfathomed caves,
 I painted and polished each shell,
 And in coral groves where the dolphin roves,
 I in loveliness long shall dwell.

Love's holy desire I ever inspire,
 In the depths of each mortal heart,
 When 'tis truly felt then the soul will melt,
 With the raptures I there impart :
 An essence refined I pervade the mind,
 Of those gifted beings of earth ;
 Whose genius and art alone can impart
 Perfection to what I give birth.

In Eden so fair when that happy pair,
 Midst its loveliest scenes first trod,
 My most sacred shrine was their nature's
 divine,
 In the glorious image of God :

When at life's sad close mortal forms repose,
 In death's stern and icy embrace,
 In sorrow I grieve, as I'm forced to leave,
 What I once delighted to grace.

Let virtue control the immortal soul,
 And my holiest triumph I claim,
 Though worlds pass away this shall not decay,
 Through eternity ever the same :
 All praise I resign to a God Divine,
 And to Him let gratitude flow ;
 His mind is the source whence I take my
 course,
 Through the universe ever to glow.

THE RAIN DROP.

"What if the little rain should say,
 So small a drop as I,
 Can ne'er refresh the thirsty plains ;
 I'll tarry in the sky ?"

How many there are who excuse themselves from doing little deeds of charity and kindness, because they cannot do great ones : not content to add *one* small drop to the many millions which go to make up the large and life-giving shower ; they withhold the mite of their means from the suffering child of humanity : when, to whom, one generous crumb of bread, or word of kindness, would be as reviving as a drop of rain upon the withering and perishing flower. What a pity that the one great duty and purpose of life, comprehended in the golden rule given by Him "who spoke as never man spake", that "as ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them" should be, alas ! so often forgotten ?

Man's truest happiness consists in little acts of diffusive benevolence : Let us then learn lessons from the smallest rain-drops, which are called forth from the vapory cloud by the electric touch of the lightning ; and—as tears of pity—drop from thence without stopping to consider for a moment whither they may fall—on the delicate petals of a cherished flower, or upon some noxious or poisonous plant ; whether on the highly cultivated fields, or the broad briny bosom of the ocean ; so let the electric spark of sympathy touch our hearts, and call forth daily acts of love and kindness to the needy of mankind ; that by

little deeds of charity we may assist to make up the great sum of human happiness, even as the rain drops makes the shower and that without being "too particular."

It is often from the dark gloomy forest, and the desolate rock, that purling streams issue forth; and, when joined by others swell into large rivers, which meander on their way, beautifying and fertilizing the whole country through which they flow. But those streams are made up of single drops. Learn then by single acts to accomplish a great and noble purpose—that of blessing every one within the reach of the small and revivifying rain-drops of your individual sympathy, and God and man shall bless you. LUNA.

THE REDEEMED HANDKERCHIEF.

CHAPTER SECOND.

"DEAR PARENTS:—For the first time in my life, I have left home without your blessing, and the painful necessity has caused me unspeakable sorrow. May that young creature, who has driven me from my home, fill my place in your hearts; may she be happy with the name of McClure, and with the riches she has bought at the price of the happiness of Adaline and myself. At present I am spending some time at Jackson, and expect to remain here for some time. Write me soon, and tell Uncle to remember me to Adaline; and mention to me in your letter, if she is superficially grieved at the loss of all her fond hopes. Tell her that I remain the same, though separated from her. Much love to you all. CHARLES."

They had scarcely finished reading this letter, when Kate opened the parlor door, with an open letter in her hand; pale as death she moved to the side of her mother, and, handing the letter to her said—"Oh, I am innocent!" and falling back in a chair she sobbed aloud as if her heart would break.

"Give me the letter wife," said the Col., and taking it, he read it to his wife and brother.

"MRS. KATE MCCLURE. Madam:—As my lawful wife, I am under the painful necessity of addressing you. I have deposited three thousand dollars in the Charleston Bank; please draw enough to appear as

becomes the honor of the house you have adopted, at the expense of my happiness. I do not know when I shall be home. Adieu.

CHARLES."

"Do not grieve so my dear Kate," said her mother, throwing her arms around Kate's neck, and kissing her burning forehead.

"Oh mother," sobbed Kate, "I have ruined his happiness, I have driven him from his home. Oh that I had never redeemed that handkerchief; I little dreamed of the price."

"Were you acquainted with Allen, Kate?" asked uncle William.

"Oh no, I never saw him before that unfortunate evening. Oh my dear friends, allow me to go to California to my friends there, and let your son get a divorce and marry Adaline. I am willing to go, I know my mother will receive her unfortunate Kate."

"Dry your tears Kate, and hope for the best, and if Charles is willing you shall go, you may do so; but you must do nothing without consulting him. It is your duty as his wife," said the Col. "Will you promise me Kate, that you will treat Charles with the same gentle respect that you would under more favorable circumstances?"

"I will do anything that is my duty, dear father, only tell me when I am wrong. Oh, that I could redeem the unintentional wrong," said Kate, with much feeling.

"It is now time my dear for you to dress, for you know we expect company; try and look as cheerful as possible that there may be no room for gossip," said Uncle William; "and," he added "you must do the honors of the party as Charles' wife."

"Must I, mother?"

"Yes, dear, for I am quite incompetent this evening."

The company soon began to gather in the superb drawing room of the old mansion. Milford and his bride were among the first that Kate received. With Uncle William at her side, to introduce her to any of the company that she was not acquainted with, she did ample honor to her station. Milford was much struck with the beauty, delicacy and easy affability of Kate.

"Can this be the girl that has driven Charles away from home? He is fonder of running from beauty than I am," thought Milford, as he gazed on her sweet, melancholy face; "how beautifully she is dressed. What splendid taste."

Milford was aroused from these thoughts by a young gentleman putting his hand on his arm and exclaiming—"what a beautiful young creature! I wish that I had helped her redeem the handkerchief."

"She certainly is a splendid woman, Bently," said Milford, "and I think there are few that are better bred, and as she has a good voice, let us ask her to play and sing us some of her sweet airs;" and moving towards the piano, they solicited a song from Kate. All were charmed with her sweet voice.

"Why," said Bently, "Jenny Lind is thrown in the shade by this charming little paragon. She is the most lovely creature I ever saw."

"You are profuse in your admiration of a married woman, Bently," replied Milford, for it was no common interest that he felt. It was evident Bently was smitten by the unfortunate Kate.

"Profuse, did you say, Milford? It is more than that. In one short hour she has created a sensation in my heart that it never felt before. I only hope my feelings are reciprocated—she should not long remain a neglected wife. I know all about this marriage; Adaline Gray told me all the particulars, and that Charles had told her."

"You surprise me Bently; was Adaline so mean as to divulge what Charles had told her in confidence?" asked Milford.

"Yes," replied Bently, "and I shall thank her for the intelligence, as it gives me hope of possessing that lovely being myself."

"For God's sake hold, Bently! Your conversation distresses me exceedingly," replied Milford with evident concern; "I think your feelings towards Kate exceedingly unfortunate, and I fear may lead to something serious; if you have the feelings of a man, Bently, do not add anything more to the bitter cup Kate has already drank so deeply of."

Their conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Milford—"It is getting late dear, we had better go home."

"Well I am ready, get your things."

Mrs. Milford being ready to leave, kissed Kate affectionately and invited her to call often, as their husbands were particular friends. Soon the drawing room was empty, and Kate retired to rest, fatigued and weary. She arose after a refreshing sleep; the dawn of day was brightening in the east; hastily dressing, she descended the stairs, opened the garden gate, and was

enjoying the sweet morning air, when looking up, she saw Bently riding close to the fence. Handing her a letter, he told her he would call in the afternoon for an answer, and turning, rode hastily away. Kate looked at the letter; there was no post mark on it; "What does it mean?" and breaking the seal while she seated herself on a bench in the arbor, she read the following:

"MY DEAR KATE:—Excuse me for addressing you thus familiarly; but I cannot endure the thought of your name as McClure. Dear one, you have inspired me with emotions that I was a stranger to before I saw you last night. May I hope that you regard me with feelings similar to my own for you? My heart, my fortune, is all your own, dear one. I know all about your marriage with McClure; it is not binding; apply to the Legislature for a divorce; I am a member of that body and you shall be free, to bless and make me the happiest of men; beloved Kate, it is in your power to crush or bless me, will you be mine? Ardentely yours,

M. O. BENTLY."

Kate was indignant at his presumption; she felt insulted, and returning to her room she penned the following:

"MR. BENTLY. Sir:—I am hurt at the liberty you have taken in addressing me; your knowledge of my marriage does not affect my obligation to my husband; whatever may be our position toward each other, it can not matter to those, who, like you, have only a partial acquaintance with us. As for reciprocating your feelings, as expressed in your note, I find nothing of the kind in my bosom, and I hope this note will be a sufficient rebuff to prevent any further correspondence of this nature; and as I shall send this note to you immediately, you will oblige me if you will defer calling this afternoon. KATE McCLURE."

Bently had just finished his dinner when the note was handed to him. After reading it, Bently, more in love than ever, determined to call on Adaline and learn all she knew about Kate; determined to prosecute his suit at all hazards. With this determination, he sought the house of Mr. Gray. He was soon shown up to Adaline's room.

"How do you do, Mr. Bently? I declare I was dying to see you. Did you have a pleasant time at the Col's?"

"Yes, magnificent."

"Were there many there?"

"Yes."

"How did you like the looks of the young Mrs. McClure?"

"I am dead in love with her, she is the most lovely woman I ever saw, and I have come here on purpose to learn more about her."

"Well, I should think you knew enough now. She never can gain the love of Charles, he dislikes her so much; depend upon it Bently, you can have my co-operation in anything."

"I will marry her then, she is the height of my ambition. If she would only get a divorce, you and Charles could then marry and be happy."

"I never can be happy until that girl is disgraced," said Adaline, "and I am determined to use all my influence to injure her."

"I will see you again Adaline, I see you understand me."

Taking leave, he sauntered to the hotel. Adaline's vanity was tried sorely, for she had been thinking of Bently since she was disappointed in Charles. But Bently, instead of being charmed with her, had fallen in love with the unfortunate Kate; so that now she was as much provoked at Bently as at Kate; he could not have offered her a greater insult than to have talked about Kate's beauty and her superiority.

"Understand him!" said Adaline, "yes better than he understands himself; fool that he is; but he thinks that I will help him to get her away from Charles; yes, I will help him, into trouble; the first thing he knows, he will be in love with me, and then I will be avenged; they will both see my triumph over them; yes, I can see my way clear now." And with these encouraging thoughts of herself, Adaline determined to act, as well as think. And now we leave her laying her plans, while we take a look at Kate.

After writing the note to Bently, Kate determined to give him no further opportunity of again seeing her unless it was in company, where it would be unavoidable. While these thoughts ran through her mind, she was suddenly aroused by a tap at her door, she opened it, and there stood Dinah—"Miss Kate, Massa William wants you."

"Where is he?"

"In his room, sick, his horse ran away with him and he is hurt; the Dr. says that he will die before night!"

"God forbid!", said Kate weeping, "I'll go immediately," as she sped to the door of his room. She found it true. There was her father and mother weeping, and

her uncle lying on the bed, pale, and breathing very short; looking around, he asked—"Is Kate here?"

"Yes, uncle," replied Kate weeping, and stooping down over his head, she kissed his pale forehead.

"What can I do for you dear uncle?"

"One thing dear Kate; I will soon be dead, and you will lose one friend; but my dear, poor child, give me one promise before I die."

"What is it dear uncle, only say what it is, and I grant it."

"Then promise that you will never leave Charles, however ill he may treat you; the honor of our house I leave with you, and," added he, "in yonder drawer in my desk, you will find my will, and a letter to Charles," and falling back on his pillow, he expired.

Deep indeed was the gloom that hung over the McClure Mansion. Kate was now doubly afflicted; his cheerful voice she should no more hear. The afflicted family soon bore his remains to their long resting place, and Kate returned home to weep.

"Oh this is selfish, I will weep no more, but go and comfort father and mother;" and going to them, she found them absorbed in deep grief.

"Dear parents," said Kate, "why do you grieve thus for uncle? we know that he is happy, and his pure spirit will hover near us." Overcome with sorrow, Kate put her arms around her father's neck, and then slipping down upon her knees, she poured forth her pure desires in the ear of God who alone could help. She prayed for Charles, for her sorrowful parents, and that God would guide her in his own ways. They all felt comforted.

"Write to Charles my child," said her father, "tell him that his faithful uncle is no more."

"I will go and write to him immediately." "Oh," thought Kate, "if I were a favored wife, it would not be so difficult for me to address him; I must be cold and brief, lest I disgust him; Oh that he loved me!" and seating herself by her writing-desk she penned the following lines:

"DEAR CHARLES:—I am very sorry ever to transmit unpleasant news. Your dear uncle has just been consigned to his grave, and we are left to mourn the loss of one who was dearly loved. Your father and mother are deeply afflicted, and father desired me to say to you, that he thought you would not refuse to return home for a

short time. Father and mother are both indisposed; mother is indeed quite ill. Father will write you as soon as he is able. Yours in haste. KATE."

After penning this brief letter to Charles, Kate returned to her mother's sick room.

"I have written to Charles, dear mother," said Kate, while a blush stole over her pale cheek.

"Have you dear? I hope he will soon come home, for I fear that I shall never get any better in this world."

"Oh, say not so my dear mother; God forbid that you should be taken away from us in this trying hour."

"Come near my daughter and hear me, I feel assured that God has heard my prayer in your behalf: you will yet be happy as the wife of my son; I feel strong in this hope, I feel that you almost love Charles; tell me my dear, what are your feelings towards him? conceal nothing my love."

"Dear mother, if I know my own heart, there is no one that I love more than your unfortunate son; and I am willing to sacrifice everything for his happiness."

"Remember these promises my dear, and now promise me, that you will not leave Charles, nor allow him a divorce, and I die happy. Come dear, seal your promise to your dying mother with a kiss; weep not; there, that will do. God grant you a blessing; God will bless the good; remember this my child and take courage. Charles was going to marry Adaline Gray, I prayed that it might be averted in some way, and my prayer was answered in the redeeming of your handkerchief, and now shall I doubt? No, I am full of hope, when I think of my daughter as a praying woman, my heart is filled with wonderful love to Him who heareth prayer; pray for Charles, my daughter, when his mother's tongue is still in death, your prayers will come up as sweet incense before the throne of grace; be kind to the poor, oppress not the slave. You have riches that have come to you in the providence of God; be faithful to the important trust; these are your mother's last words. The Lord help you to remember, and meet me in heaven; do not weep thus my child, but rejoice that I am ready to enter a happier sphere."

"Yes, mother, we will meet in that happy place if I am faithful; I will be faithful, God being my helper. You have exerted yourself too much, take a little rest now dear mother," said Kate, putting the soft pillow under her head, and kissing her pale lips, while the tears continued to fall

thick and heavy on her mother's bosom. By the tender attention of Kate, she was soon soothed to sleep. Stooping over her mother's face once more, she was surprised at her short breathing, and feeling her pulse, she became frightened, and immediately summoned Dinah, and told her to call her father. The Colonel hastened to the bed of his wife. She looked up with a smile, and said—"I am going home dear husband; we will soon meet again," and taking his hand and that of Kate, she pressed them to her heart. A cold sweat stood in drops on her pale forehead, she breathed a short prayer for Charles, then closed her eyes for ever on all worldly objects.

A few days, and another funeral was at the old mansion; everything seemed solemn in the house where two of its most lovable inmates had so recently departed. Time wore on. Three weeks after the funeral of the loved wife and mother, and they had heard nothing of Charles.

"What can be the reason of Charles' not coming home?" said the Col. to his afflicted daughter, "I fear he is sick. I have been thinking of going to try to induce him to come home. I think that a trip will do me good, will you accompany me dear Kate?"

"My dear father nothing would give me greater pleasure, but you know Charles would not be glad to see me. Go, my dear father, and I will pray for you and my dear unhappy Charles."

"And God will answer your prayers my daughter," and embracing her, he soon made preparation and started on his journey to Mississippi.

A few weeks of fearful anxiety and Kate had heard nothing of her father or of Charles. She had made many friends, and many were the calls to offer her the consolation she so much needed. She did not return any calls, as she felt it better to be alone with her God, and much of her time was spent in prayer for her dear father and husband; remembering her promises to her dying mother. She was aroused from this one afternoon by Dinah. "A gentleman in the parlor Missus, wishes to see you."

"Tell him I will wait upon him in a few minutes. A letter from father or a message; how glad I shall be; why how it excites me, even to think of Charles; Oh! I hope I shall hear good news," and descending to the parlor she was surprised to see Mr. Bently. He arose and offered his hand to her, which she coldly refused, and seating herself, from weakness, was about to ask him his business, when he

stood up before her and told her that Charles had sued for a divorce in Mississippi which was the reason of his not writing to her; he had been told so by Adaline, who had corresponded with him and received letters weekly from him. "You suffer yourself to be imposed upon by this unfeeling wretch. My dear Kate, for whom I would sacrifice every thing that I possess, will you still refuse me, my heart's idol? Oh! If you have the least feeling for me"—

"Say no more, I will forgive you for what has passed, but say no more; know now, too, that I despise your advances,—I consider them dishonorable: had you the feelings of a man, you would not offer me the insults you have offered me in my deep grief," and turning she was leaving the room, when Bently, forcing himself between her and the door, and falling on his knees, pleaded his love with deep despair depicted on his countenance. She started for another door and made her escape.

A few hours after this interview, she received a note signed by Mrs. Milford, saying that she would send a carriage for her in the evening, as she was alone and would very much prize an evening spent in her company.

Without a thought that the note could be other than genuine, Kate dressed and awaited the carriage. She soon heard the rolling of wheels, and leaving the keys with Dinah, she took her seat in the carriage. A few moments and it stopped, and Kate did not notice her whereabouts, as it was dark and her mind was pre-occupied. She was shown up to a splendid room and a lady met her, saying: "I was left by Mrs. Milford to receive you, as she is unexpectedly called away; but will soon return. Let me take your bonnet and shawl, my dear madam."

And Adaline removed her bonnet. "My stratagem has worked well," thought she; "Bently will soon be here, and then I will entice her up stairs to look at some music, and slip out, and then he can accomplish her ruin. How nicely everything turns out, she will be a nice wife for Charles after this night."

While these things were passing in the heart of Adaline, Kate turned and looking her full in the face said, "If it will not be too much trouble I will go home now and come some other time, as it is getting late."

"Well, my dear Mrs. McClure," replied Adaline, "will you not come up stairs and look at some music that Mrs. Milford wished you to see, as she would like your

opinion, for she thinks your taste superior to any one of her acquaintances, and by-the-by they are new compositions."

Leading the way she ran up two flights of stairs and entered a room where there was a pile of music lying on a table.

"There are two, and now I remember one is in Julia's room, I will go and fetch it while you look at these."

So saying Adaline left her and went into another room where Bently was waiting for her signal.

"Well, Bently, I have succeeded on my part, now for yours; accomplish your purposes, but I hope force will not be needed."

Bently soon found his way to the room where Kate was, and stealing in unobserved he closed the door and in locking it Kate looked around and was horrified at seeing Bently. The truth flashed upon her that she had been betrayed. Bently stood before her looking at her; she sank back on a chair and life seemed flickering. He drew near her, bathed her temples in cold water and she breathed again. Bently's heart smote him, he could not bear her earnest look of despair.

"Oh! Bently why have you deceived me, and brought me here?"

"Because I cannot live without you, my love; do you recant the cruel words you said this afternoon?"

"No, never; they were uttered in truth."

"Do you still refuse me? Know this then, Kate, I will either have you, or your ruin, this very evening. If you will get a divorce I will marry you, if you refuse"—and he attempted to take her in his arms. Weak from suffering she swooned, he looked upon her, her bosom heaved, her sobs were low and distressing. Stooping over her he put his lips to hers and pressed her to his bosom.

"Innocent girl I love you too much; you have conquered me. I cannot injure you. No, idol of my soul, I will try to merit your good esteem. Yes, to know that she even esteems me will be a reward, for I am unworthy. Kate, my love, look upon me, open your eyes once more, and forgive me. Kate, you need not fear now; I cannot injure one that I love so tenderly. Say that you forgive me, and I will defend your innocence with my life. Say that you will regard me as a friend; pity me, Kate, and forgive me, and I will see you safe back to your unhappy home."

"Oh, take me home, and I forgive you all, only take me home," sobbed Kate, so weak that she was only able to articulate.

"Oh! say that you will forgive me, that

you will love me as a brother, and you shall never regret your condescension."

"I forgive you, Bently, and if it is possible I will try to love you as a brother, if you merit my regard, by treating me with becoming respect."

"Give me a pledge, Kate, that you will not betray my duplicity, and I will see you safely home."

"You have my hand, and if that will not do, here is the *fatal handkerchief*, that I redeemed—the price of my poor Charles' happiness."

"It will do better than any other you could give me, and I shall keep it near my heart, and when I am tempted to do wrong, it shall redeem me from doing anything that your pure mind would not sanction in a brother. Take my arm now, Kate, and let us leave this unholy place where Adaline Gray has contemplated the ruin of more than one being."

"Adaline Gray did you say?"

"Yes, Adaline Gray, for it was her who planned it all, and I was to be an actor in the drama."

"Can it be possible? is she the idol of Charles' heart—a woman that would stoop so low. I do not wish to see her."

[*Concluded next month.*]

BE KIND TO ALL.—Kindness costs little, but is worth much to the sorrowful and the desponding. Kind words to the disheartened and forsaken are like cool and refreshing water in a far and thirsty land—they cheer and strengthen the one who receives them—and are a source of happiness to him who offers them.

THE GOLD-MINER.

BY W. H. D.

How happy is the miner's lot,
If he but thinks it so;
In many a sweet sequestered spot,
His life in peace may flow.

When birds are singing on the hills,
And skies are bright above,
A joy intense his bosom thrills,
If nature's scenes he loves.

With shovel, pick and barrow too,
He labors all the day;
Then evening's quiet hours renew,
Fond thoughts of those away.

With hands engaged in honest toil,
And mind still soaring free,
He digs bright treasures from the soil,
And grasps eternity.

Should disappointments close around,
Yet let him not repine;
The richest ore is often found,
Deep in the darkest mine.

If Fortune frowns upon his life,
Hope still should cheer him on,
To struggle ever in the strife,
Till her bright smiles are won.

The labor hard, the patient thought,
Are not endured in vain;
The soul more energy has caught,
More vigor fills the frame.

O, happy is the miner's lot,
For he can make it so.
And many a quiet lovely spot,
His peaceful joys must know.

Coon Hollow, Cal., July, 1857.

Our Social Chair.

We are gratified to know that "Our Social Chair" meets with the approval of our readers. "We thought it would"—as some good people often say, with (if we may be allowed to manufacture a word) *after-prophetic* self-complacency—inasmuch as everybody (a rather numerous family, no doubt) seems to enjoy a quiet drawing upwards of the corners of the mouth, and a merry wrinkling of the

eye-lids, and twinkling of the eyes—when they can.

Diet is often, and very justly considered to be the best kind of medicine for the body (and often for the mind), and yet people find it to be something like advice, very hard to take, and much harder to practice. Now laughter, although excellent for both body and mind, cannot be said to have that objection, inas-

much as most folks feel it to be very easy and pleasant to take. Were we to be considered eligible to the honorable post of family physician to the reader, and laughter was the kind of physic we considered to be best adapted to his case and constitution, we can assure him that, how very unlike and unprofessional it might seem, we should not object to doing that which is not often practiced among medical men, viz., to take the same kind of medicine ourselves which we prescribe for our patients.

We feel confident that our friend D——, of the *Shasta Courier* laughed "quietly but deep," while he penned the following,—

THUNDER SHOWER AND STEEL HOOPS.—On several afternoons of the past fortnight we have had indications of thunder showers. We would therefore caution our lady friends relative to the danger which those wearing steel hoops at such times necessarily incur. *Steel attracts lightning*. Thus, you see, it is the easiest thing in the world for a young woman, encircled in hoops of that metal during a thunder storm, to be knocked into particular fits. During the thunder shower last week we observed a young woman, with whom we are on rather intimate terms, unburthen herself of this peculiar metallic enlargement, with a speed to be marveled at. We then determined that our lady readers should have the benefit of our knowledge of the phenomena and laws of the electric fluid.

To which may be appended the "query" of a gentleman in Savannah.

While walking down the street,
A belle I chanced to meet,
With a hoop;
Her dress was flounced around,
And it dragged upon the ground,
As a scoop.

There wasn't room for me;
What then had I to do,
But to leap
From the sidewalk to the road,
Where there ran a fearful flood
That was deep.

Thinks I, now here's "a sell;"
Why do they hoop a belle
Like a cask?
I'd really like to know
Why ladies do to do so—
So I ask.

The following simple but feeling lines, from a friend in Marysville, tell their own tale.

SALLIE M——.

In years long past I knew a girl,
The path of youth adorning,
With laughing eye and bounding step,—
As radiant as the morning;
For Nature's brightest gem
Was lovely Sallie M——.

Our spirits were united then,
We loved each other truly;
The love of older hearts was ours—
You will not blame us surely:
I love her now as then,
My lovely Sallie M——.

In all our dreams we wandered far
Beyond our age or station—
Myself in fancy oft became
A lord of the creation—
My only diadem
Was lovely Sallie M——.

At length there came a chieftain rude,
With icy fingers freezing;
He snatched the jewel from my side,
Her form to earth bequeathing:
Then wept I to reclaim
My lovely Sallie M——.

This chieftain clothed her in the robes
Which to the blessed are given,
While hosts of angels welcomed her
To all the joys of heaven:
An angel there with them
Now dwells my Sallie M——.

When'er this chieftain calls for me,
I hope that he may find me
All ready, waiting without fear,
To leave the earth behind me:
Death's current dark to stem,
To lovely Sallie M——.

T. E. F.

As illustrative of some of the "trials" of the editorial fraternity we subjoin the following, and the accompanying note, verbatim—with the exception of the name. If we receive any more such, we will publish the name of the would-be literary thief.

NO SURRENDER.

Ever constant, ever true,
Let the word be, no surrender;
Boldly dare and greatly do!
This shall bring us bravely through.
No surrender, No surrender;
And though Fortune's smiles be few,
Hope is always springing new,
Still inspiring me and you
With a magic—No surrender!

Nail the colors to the mast,
Shouting gladly, No surrender!
Troubles near are all but past—
Serve them as you did the last,
No surrender, No surrender!
Though the skies be overcast
And upon the sleety blast
Disappointments gather fast,
Beat them off with No surrender!

Constant and courageous still,
Mind, the word is No surrender

Battle, tho' it be uphill,

Stagger not at seeming ill,
No surrender, No surrender!

Hope,—and thus your hope fulfill,—
There's a way where there's a will,
And the way all cares to kill
Is to give them—No surrender!

If you think it gut you maey Publish the
abuf in your California Magazine.

Yours,

C. D.

Yea—verily. Now we should like to give you “jessie” and “no surrender” until at least, you had learned sufficient honesty (as well as English) to make you a better man. There is but little hope, we fear, however, for so *small* and mean a *pigmy*. If, however, you have never read the fable of “The Ass in the Lion's skin,” we adjure you “to give not sleep to thine eyes, nor slumber to thine eye-lids,” before you buy a copy and commit it well to memory, that, “peradventure thou mayest” at least learn common sense.

We have gathered several of the choicest morceaus of the California Press, which we rather reluctantly lay aside for the present to give place to the Valedictory of our esteemed friend Lovejoy, whose quaint sayings we are to read no more, it appears, for a time, and which we very much regret. We hope, however, that he will be tempted to perpetrate an occasional article for the California Magazine—just to keep him out of mischief, and our readers in good humor.

VALEDICTORY.

WE, J. K. LOVEJOY, editor and proprietor of the *Old Mountaineer*, beg leave to make our lowest congee, to our numerous patrons, and state that we have sold out our entire interest in said office, to E. F. McELWAIN, and by these presents do resign our chair editorial and beg of our old friends, in behalf and for the new proprietor, a continuance of their kindness.

We are sorry,—yea, even to the expense of hiring two boys to shed tears for us,—to part with our old patrons, who have stood by us through storm and sunshine, through evil as well as good report, scolding us when we deserved it, and defending us when unjustly attacked by the enemies of our soul. There is a chain of kindly feeling created between the editor and his patrons, that, when ruptured, makes him feel as though he had twenty hundred and a sack of salt piled on him; as though he had broken off ties that he “hadn't orter,” and in parting with the *Old Mountaineer* chair editorial, a deep feeling pervades our entire corporeal system, like unto that of

Rachel weeping for her children. That we have been at times harsh in reproving wrong, we acknowledge, but the sore required the knife; that we have endeavored at times to be silly, in our remarks, there is no mistake, but this was occasioned by the natural necessities and wants of those who read our paper, without paying for it; that we have told a good many lies in our time, is also probable, but this was owing to the fact that subscribers would complain of our not putting sufficiency of labor on the paper,—as it's easy to tell the truth—and then truth is so scarce, that we couldn't fill up, and make the thing go off lively, and to their satisfaction, without an occasional stretch of the blanket of our imagination.—That we have puffed a good many fellows that deserved a good kicking, and caused them to think themselves “some pumpkins,” there is no doubt, but then that was done on the business principle of “you tickle me and I'll tickle you.” That we have made enemies by showing up their dirty tricks, there is no doubt, but then we'll forgive 'em, as we're too good natured to hold malice. That we have toiled a long time, and got nothing as yet for it, we know confounded well, through a lack of the *jingle* in our pockets, and that we are determined to have that which is justly due us, is a strong proof, that we are a sensible sort of a fellow, and the fact will be rendered apparent to those indebted to us, as soon as we can slosh around among 'em. That we have published a good many communications that should have been stuck in the stove, we can't deny, but then we knew that it never would possibly do, to crush genius in embryo,—to be sure it was so far in embryo, that it would require one hundred and fifty years to develop it, but perseverance is a great virtue, and ought to be encouraged by the Press. That we have reproved the people for their sins, and the rulers for their iniquities, any one can learn by sitting down and reading the back files of the *Old Mountaineer*, for the last eighteen months, advertisements and all; that the tone of society has very much improved under our teaching, is also apparent, in the fact, that not hardly a criminal has been punished in the time, and that we have no courts, nor won't have, until next summer, unless it be one-horse courts, and those we thought we'd “let rip,” so that the Justices and Constables, could pay their liquor bills, and for the blanks they bought of us.

And although we eschew politics and personalities, we cannot refrain from giving “the last will and testament,” knowing that our readers will forgive us this once “if we never do so no more.”

To our editorial brethren we have a word to say. We are grateful for the many kind notices we have received in times past, and beg leave to make over to them our editorial prop-

erty, viz: To MANTZ of the *Inquirer*, we bequeath the general interests of the "Great North;" to LEW. LULL, of the *Herald*, we will and bequeath, as he "frowed de fust brick" of Republicanism, office in Fremont's Administration; to Col. RUST, of the *Express*, we will a peck of onions, to strengthen him in his editorial labors; to CROSETTE, of the *Butte Record*, we will and bequeath the "Dark Lantern of Ki Eye and Hindooism," and a clean shirt, that he may place them beside his editorial courtesy, in his cabinet of curiosities; to CHARLEY LINCOLN, of the *North Californian*, we will and bequeath a water-melon, for the use of the Oroville fire department, in case of fire; to NED CAMPBELL, of the *Sierra Citizen*, we will and bequeath one of our gray hairs, so that he may respect old age and learn better than to call us "old man," when we're as good as new; to J—— W—— of the *State Journal*, we will and bequeath a wooden guide board, to be nailed on the side of his head, that he may be able to follow in the wake of K—— D—— B——, and do his bidding,—and to all, we bequeath a kindly feeling, for their prosperity and happiness, so that they will be able to say, when we meet in this terrestrial sphere,—LOVEJOY, won't you take an oyster supper, and wash it down with a few bottles of champagne, and thus remove all causes of unfriendliness, that may have arisen during our editorial career, so that we all may be happy when we grow old.

To the new editor of the *Mountaineer*, we will and bequeath our Colt's Revolver, two Bowie Knives, a slung-shot, five canisters of Dupont's best powder, and thirty pounds of pistol balls, and we hope that if he can't convince people by argument, he will do it with the above named logical deductions.

As every body is anxious to know their neighbor's business, and the question is repeatedly asked of us, "what do you propose 'tew dew,'" we will state for the public information, that we either will go to the Atlantic States, or keep tavern here, buying county scrip on a credit, selling a first rate and cheap stock (for cash,) of groceries and dry goods, turn out the present post master and take his place, build a saw mill, go out on the Plains and steal stock from the alkalied immigrants or keep a race horse; we have an idea of visiting the State Prison and remaining until we learn from the criminal gentleman confined there, the art of California Legislation, so that we may be qualified to come before a caucus Convention and be placed in nomination for some office; if we don't go into any of the above occupations, we possibly may do something else.

With the kindest feelings for all, we remain truly yours,

JOHN K. LOVEJOY.

We are reminded by the closing paragraphs of the above valedictory, of being present on

the banks of the Mississippi, when the following conversation took place between the master and an old negro.

"David, has this man been hard at work the whole of this afternoon?" "Dunno massa," replied the old negro respectfully, "I tink it take um smart man jis to mind him own business—ya, yah!" "That's a fact, David," said his master, kindly, as he laughed and commenced walking away.

We have many times pondered over David's words, and have sometimes wondered if they applied to California politicians—among others.

We welcome the following gentle-hearted and affectionate letter from a miner, because we recognize the generous feeling of sympathy, and bond of brotherhood that is desired should exist between children of one great family; for as the earth is large enough for all, why should we not all dwell together as brethren, in peace and love; ever seeking to make each other happier and better for our union and communion—not between brother and sister only, but between man and man as between brethren.

RESPONSES FROM THE MINES.

NO. I.

IN THE MINES, July 3, 1857.

DEAR SISTER MAY:—Thanks! many thanks for your kind letter of June 7th., sweet sister May; gratefully we receive the expressions of sympathy and interest from your kind heart, overflowing with goodness and love.

My heart warmed towards you on reading the two first words of your letter, "Dear Brothers," for it assured me that at least one sincere heart felt an interest in the Miner, and knew his hard hands, weather-beaten face and rough exterior, were no true indications of the soul within; refreshing it is to know that a few choice spirits, living amid the refinements of city life, can throw aside its ceremonial forms and conventionalities and let their high aspirations and best affections flow forth in the natural and sincere language of friendly interest or sisterly love.

I hope with you, that brother "Joe," will favor us with more of his "conceptions," for those which have been published, afforded me exquisite pleasure; he sketches his characters with the pen of a true artist, and the tender pathos, and refined sensibilities with which he invests them, while it deeply interests us, must also tend to elevate and purify the heart and improve the mind.

You say, "it is Sunday, brothers, and as I sit writing to you, the church-bells are chiming musically, and fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters and *strangers*, are wending their way to the temple of God;" "fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters;" what sacred memories, what hallowed associations, these lovely and holy names awaken, and how happy we would all be if we recognized no other names on earth; are we not children of one Heavenly Father, and why should not our sympathies and affections extend to all that he enfolds in His boundless and eternal love. O let us do what we can to bring about the re-union of the members of this now widely separated and often estranged family, and then no *stranger* will be seen wending his lonely way to the temple of our Father and our God.

You wished you could peep in our cabin door or window and see what we were about. Ah! so do I wish you could peep into mine this evening; pleasant indeed would be the bright glances of your tender and sympathising eyes, and they would surely brighten up the old cabin with their radiant light, but you would only see a lonely individual, sitting by a single candle writing this response, and anxiously wishing that it might afford you as much pleasure as your letter has given him, and with this wish I will bid you adieu.

Sincerely and affectionately yours,
BROTHER FRANK.

A SERENADE.

I.

Tell me, darling, if you love me,
Tell me, if *your* heart is mine,
Oh! my Star, my Pearl, my Jewel,
Tell me, for *my* heart is thine.

II.

See, the moonbeams in the air, love,
Each gleam glows with lambent light,
So, my thoughts, when of my own one,
Each illuminates my night.

III.

Hark, the whisper of the wind, love,
Softly echoing back my sighs,
May it kiss thy lips and wake thee,
May it gently ope thine eyes.

IV.

For I'm waiting all alone, love,
And this world of beauty flies,
And the darkness soon will cover
Up the splendor of the skies.

V.

Then, Oh! look upon me darling,
That thy love may give me light,
For the silvery moon is leaving
Me alone, amid the night.

ANDREAS.

FIREMAN'S ADDRESS.

Written by Judge Conrad of Philadelphia, and spoken by Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne on the occasion of the Benefit of the St. Francis Hook and Ladder Company No. 1. San Francisco.

The City slumbers—o'er its silent walls,
Night's dusky mantle, soft and silent falls;
Sleep o'er the world, slow waves its wand of lead,
And ready torpor, wraps each sinking head—
Still'd is the stir of Labor, and of Life—
Hush'd is the hum, and tranquilized the strife,
Man is at rest, with all his hopes and fears—
The Young forget their sports—the Old their cares—
The grave or careless—those who joy or weep,
All rest contented on the Arm of Sleep.—
Sweet is the rest of Beauty now,
And Slumber smiles upon her tranquil brow;
Bright are her dreams—yes bright as Heaven's own blue—

Pure as its joys, and gentle as its dew.
They lead her forth, along the moon-lit tide,
Her heart's own partner, wandering by her side;
'Tis summer's eve—the soft gales scarcely rouse
The low-voiced ripple, and the rustling boughs;
While faint and far, some melting minstrel's tone
Breathes to her heart, a music like its own.—
When, hark! oh horror! What a crash was there?
What shriek was that—which rends the midnight air!
'Tis *Fire!* 'tis *Fire!* she wakes to dream no more.
The hot blast rushes through the blazing door,
The room is dimmed with smoke, and hark that cry!
Help! help! will no one come? I die! I die!
She seeks the casement, shuddering at its height,
She turns again,—the fierce flames mock her flight.
Along the crashing stairs they wildly play,
And war exulting, as they seize their prey.
Help! help! will no one come? she can no more—
But breathless—fainting—sinks upon the floor.
Will no one save thee? Yes there yet is one remains,
To save, when Hope itself is gone—when all have fled—

When all but he would fly—
The *Fireman* comes to *rescue* or to *die!*
He mounts the stair! It wavers 'neath his tread—
He seeks the room,—flames flashing round his head—
He burst the door—he lifts her prostrate frame,
And turns again to brave the raging flame,
The fire-blasts smite him, with their stifling breath,
The falling timbers, menace him with death,
The sinking floor his hurried steps betray,
While ruin crashes round his desperate way.
Hot smoke obscures—ten thousand cinders rise,
Yet still, he staggers forward, with his prize;
He leaps from burning stair, to stair—on! courage!
on!

One effort more and all is won.
The stair is passed,—the blazing hall is brav'd,
Still on! yet on! once more—thank Heaven she's saved!

The hardy Seaman parts, the storm to brave,
For beckoning Fortune, lures from wave to wave;
The Soldier battles 'neath the smoky cloud,
For glory's bow is painted on the shroud.—
The *Firemen* also, dare each shape of death—
Yet not for fortune's gold, or glory's wreath—
No selfish throb, within their breast is known,
No hope of praise or profit cheers them on.
They ask no fame—no praise, and only seek
To shield the suffering, and protect the weak—
For this, the howling midnight storm they woo—
For this, the raging flames, rush fearless through,
Mount the frail rafter—tread the shaky hall,
And toil unshrinking, 'neath the tottering wall—
Nobler than those, who with fraternal blood,
Dye the dread field, and tinge the shuddering flood.
O'er their firm ranks, no crimson banners wave,
They dare—their suffer, not to slay, but *save*.
At such a sight Hope smiles more heavenly bright,
Pale, pensive Pity, trembles with delight,
And soft-eyed Mercy, stooping from above—
Drops a bright tear—a tear of joy and love.

Editor's Table.

OUTSIDE IMPRESSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.—

Among the superficial readers, and more superficial thinkers of the Eastern States, it may not be unexpected that a somewhat unfavorable impression should exist concerning California, inasmuch as records of shooting and stabbing affrays; of low, political log-rolling and ballot-box stuffings; of official incapacity and dishonesty; of political and private corruption; and a hundred other practices—consequent upon the indiscriminate and over-expectant character of the tide of emigration which set towards the golden shores of California, in her earlier days; and the predisposition of so many persons to make, not only an easy living, but a large and rapid fortune, at any expense and sacrifice of character or self-respect, though never so much at variance with high-minded morality and honorable principle—have been reported and exposed by the press of California. These reports have found their way semi-monthly to the Atlantic reader; and, judging from the tone of the epistles of caution and entreaty written in return, we might suppose that such reports were the only articles read; while those relating to our social, educational, commercial, agricultural and mechanical progress, have been either cursorily perused, or skipped altogether. Now such an unfair and one-sided manner of reading, has worked a double disadvantage to our Eastern friends—and indirectly to ourselves—first, by giving them an erroneous impression of our true condition—and next, by causing an unnecessary measure of anxiety for our safety and progressive prosperity; besides influencing the good and timid, against coming to cast their lot among us; when it would be to their own and the State's advantage for them to do so. We moreover must object to the moral and social condition of 1851 and 1852, being received as the moral and social condition of the people of California in 1857. The absence of the civilizing presence of woman here, at that time, is in a great measure corrected, at the present, (although even now, in proportion, there is but one woman to five men) and a corresponding correction in morals and social comfort, has been the result. What then, would be the effect among us, of a generous influx

of the loving and true-hearted of the gentler sex? We answer without hesitation, that California would be, almost, a paradise of contentment; and, as the idea of *making haste* to be rich would then be abandoned, men would be content with a reasonable reward for their labor, and would be well satisfied to make for themselves a comfortable home, in the richest country, with the healthiest climate, in the world.

TELEGRAPHIC AND POSTAL.—One of the most important and feasible propositions we have yet seen for placing California in speedy and safe overland communication with the Atlantic States, is that of H. O'Reilly, the Telegraph Pioneer. He proposes to establish telegraphic and light postal communication, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in the following manner: A line of telegraph is to be constructed, at his own cost, which shall be under the military protection of the Government; who shall construct a number of stockades or other suitable fortifications and posts, from twenty to thirty miles apart; at each of which a number of dragoons are to be stationed, whose duty it shall be to carry a light mail—daily or otherwise—at great speed, from one post to the other; and protect the telegraph and wagon road.

This proposition merits the serious consideration of the people as well as the Government, inasmuch as it not only opens up, protects, and facilitates speedy communication between the two sides of the continent, and gives an encouraging impetus to emigration; but each post becomes the germ of a new settlement, around which, in suitable locations, will spring up a population that shall be the connecting links between the East and the West; and introductory to profitable railway transportation upon the whole line of the Pacific Railroad. Besides, when the telegraph is constructed, posts established, and settlements formed, it will be comparatively but a pleasure trip, to journey from one side of the continent to the other; and the now painful idea of distance between friends, become almost annihilated.

MORE WATER WANTED.—It is a fact that although there are upwards of four thousand

five hundred miles of canals in this State for supplying the mining districts with water; at a cost of over fourteen millions of dollars; at the present moment the precious element is becoming so scarce in many of those districts as to necessitate men to leave their mountain homes, in search of places where they can find sufficient water to enable them to work. Now we ask any business man if this is good policy, when there is a chain of lakes lying near the very summits, and along the whole line of the Nevadas, which contain water sufficient to supply every mining camp within the State with water for the entire summer's use, if it were judiciously introduced for that purpose?

THE FIRST CALIFORNIA INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.—*Progress* is the watchword of Californians. Everybody knows that on the seventh day of September next, the first Industrial Fair ever held in this State, will be opened, under the direction of the Mechanics' Institute of the city of San Francisco: and will continue open for at least ten days. The Committee of Arrangements have sent circulars of invitation to all parts of the State soliciting for exhibition, the products of every department of industry; works of art of every variety; choice specimens of ingenuity and skill; rare and valuable productions, natural or artificial; the delicate and beautiful handicraft of woman; useful labor-saving machines; implements of mining and husbandry; new models of machinery; the products of the quarry and the mine, the hot-house, the orchard, the vineyard, the garden and the field,—in short, whatever nature and art can contribute, curiosity discover, or ingenuity devise.

Steam-power will be provided, that Machinery of all kinds may be seen in actual operation; and every facility possible, will be given to exhibit all working machinery to the best advantage.

Now we believe that there is not a man or woman, from the Signal to the Siskiyou mountains, and from the Golden Gate to Utah, (not excluding our interesting, though less powerful neighbor—Oregon,) who is not interested in such an exhibition. Our glorious young State will be the good or ill, the great or small, the powerful or weak, the envied or the despised; dear reader, which you or I, as individuals, may make her.

It is a disgrace to us that several millions of dollars should be sent out each month, for articles which can be produced here, as low as they can be imported. We supply the world with a metallic currency, for such articles; and after all we are maligned, suspected, and reproached for our folly,—and it serves us right.

THE STATE AGRICULTURAL FAIR.—This excellent Cattle Show, and Industrial Exhibition, will be holden this year at Stockton during the last two days of September and the first two of October, and will exhibit the various and wonderful products of the soil, and specimens of artistic taste and skill in every department of Home Industry.—Our adopted home, our individual progress, the welfare of our children, and the State's advantages tell us that the time has fully come to usher in a new era to our unparalleled California. What, reader, can you produce?

ABOUT GOING TO CHURCH.—We do not presume to be more religiously inclined, nor any better, than our neighbors; and yet we must confess that the exercises in a church on a Sunday are very grateful to our feelings. There is something so calm and soothing in its appearance and general effect, as we enter; such a neatness and tidiness in the dress of the worshippers—especially the ladies; and such a care-forgetting expressiveness of countenance to all (even the mourning and the bereaved look submissive and comforted) that we instinctively shudder at the idea of "what a god-forsaken earth this would be if there were no churches, no sabbath, and no-go-to-meeting-people." Then the music that we hear there; with all its tear-starting memories of other days and other times; when, with those we love 'we took sweet council,' or 'walked to the house of God in company,' or side by side we sing the songs of praise, together; how *that* music renews the remembrance? And as with slow steps we thoughtfully wend our way from the doors of the sanctuary, we think of those who are far away; to wonder if they are sorrowful, or happy; if they are thinking of the absent ones; if they love us yet; if they miss us when they see us not in our accustomed place, on sabbath-day. All of these thoughts seem to remind us that the hour at church was well spent, and that "it was good to be there" even though we heard not a word of the sermon.

Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

P.—Yours will be good for next month.

J. L. H.—Your name and address.

G. H. R., Secret Digging.—We shall ever welcome such contributions from your pen.

Lines to V. B.—Will be found a place in turn if we receive the name and address of the writer—not otherwise. For *we will not* insert any anonymous communication. No respectable and well meaning person can for a moment object, when they must know that their name is kept sacredly private with us. Anonymous writers, we regret to say, are too often dishonorably inclined—by wishing to *shine* in another's thoughts. Besides, changes are often necessary, and good pieces are often thrown aside, because we cannot write to the author to suggest the changes we desire.

Wanderer.—Your very interesting account came safely, and would have been found a place this month, but it was a little too late. Could you send us a few spirited sketches with your next? Many thanks old friend, for your kind wishes—they are jewels we gratefully accept and treasure in our heart of hearts.

C. D., Springfield.—See social chair. Those beautiful lines we saw many years ago;—and now you want to pass them off as original: *you* who cannot even write the simplest words in the English language correctly;—for instance *gut* for good—*meay* for may—*abuf* for above. If we could give utterance to what we feel you would hear some hot and hard words buzzing about your ears—you would.

H. S.—We wish that you would send us as good an article on the snakes of California; as, believe us, it would be very acceptable.

Sarah L. T.—If you do not wish your articles to be buried in the Dead Letter office at Washington, be sure to write our address (and your communications) a little plainer.

Recollections—are received. Whether articles come to us from the hard-handed miner, or the soft-handed gentleman (so that the ad-

jective applied to the hand does not include the head) is a matter of perfect indifference to us. We have no airs to put on to either: we feel that whatever the occupations may be "a man's a man for a that," and it is *the man* with whom we like to do, all that we ask therefore is, that the articles sent be *good* and—Californian.

Exeter, Upper Placerville.—We have no less than seven *grave* subjects on hand and as we are not in the Undertaking business, and certainly have no desire to run on any ticket for Coroner, we will ask the favor of hearing from your able pen on some subject of *living* interest believing that our good-humoured readers would prefer such, and ourselves, ditto!

A., Downieville.—Shall we run your poetry into prose?

M.—If you *are* offended we cannot help it. If we have given you *cause* for offence we are truly sorry—but we cannot, and we will not, publish such a slovenly article as that of yours—whether we offend or please you. If your displeasure should cause us the loss of your subscription we cannot help it. We were able to earn a living—and an honest one at that—before we knew you; and we are in hopes that a living-making "lead" will not "run out" just yet; if your subscription and "your influence" should. Let her "slide."

T. R.—You little thought when you wrote your lines that our vest would be rent from the top to the bottom, with reading them. You would make an excellent "digger" to some California "Hamlet." Send some more like them, and we'll foot the tailor's "bill of repairs," for the vest, if it should again rend in the same way, from involuntary laughter.

Uncal, Camptonville.—Our engraver says that he intends bribing his dog to bite you above the top of your boot, when you visit this city! If you want half a dozen of Langton's best pack mules "loaded down" with "original poetry" such as we have, just send them along.

ADVENTURES OF A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

Mr. Joshua Flimpkins, from Western Missouri, came to California overland. Is miner, O. K., &c., &c.,—starts on a trip to San Francisco; has never seen a city; is determined to see one.

Takes the stage, or the stage him, and arrives in Sacramento, where he stays over one day; and puts up at a first class hotel.



BELIEVES SOMETHING HIT HIM.

During the night our hero is awakened by an alarm of fire; hastily dressing, he makes for the street; but on his way through a dark and strange passage, is suddenly brought up standing; thinks somebody hit him; commences "sloshing around;" seizes his assailant—which proves



HE CONQUERS AND CAPTURES HIS ASSAILANT.

to be a door—and rushes into the street with it; all he asks is plenty of room and fair play.

Not being in the vicinity of the fire, he is arrested for burglary and larceny, and locked up in the Station House for the remainder of the night; as a city institution he don't like it; is discharged next day after a full explanation and payment of damages.

Thus far, is not favorably impressed with city life, and resolves, in case of another fire, the city may all burn up before he will do anything to save it; and that ever after this, he will act with full composure and presence of mind, in every emergency.

Inquires the route and distance to Sacramento river, as he wishes to go to San Francisco on a steamboat.

The levee is pointed out to him; he makes his way there, and for the first time sees a steamboat; is amazed at its size and build; calls for the Captain; won't talk to any body else; is introduced, but finding him a man without regimentals or uniform, won't recognize him as the Captain; but desires the gentleman introduced, to inquire of the Captain—if he knows him—whether he really thinks the boiler will burst this trip; for if so, he for one will lay over a day.

On being assured there is no danger, he goes on board.

Boat gets underway, while he is below looking at the machinery; is asked what he thinks of it; says he thinks it works well, considering how hot a place it has to do it in; wonders when the boat will start; comes on deck and looks ashore; don't understand what possesses the river banks to be running up stream as such a rate.

Thinks if the boat, when under way, will run as fast down stream even, as the river banks are now running up, that she is decidedly a fast arrangement, and would do no mean getting around even on land, if there was only any way to get her out.

Boat approaches the Hog's-back; Mr. Flimpkins has heard of the hog's back in the river; but don't believe a word of it; boat rubs and comes to a dead stop.

Is now convinced upon reflection and observation that the boat, and not the river banks, has been moving; attributes his mistake in the matter heretofore, to a hallucination of the brain, caused by an incident of last night's fire; he still thinks something hit him.

Discovers two men at the wheel; goes to them, just as the boat gets underway again; becomes interested in the movement

given to the wheel ; studies upon it, and its use ; thinks he has it ; introduces himself with, "*screwed her off, did you?*" The Pilot nods assent, and asks him to take a seat ; is pleased at the courtesy shown him ; opens conversation by asking the Pilot what he really supposes the hog's back to be.

Is told, that it is doubtless a shoal ; but that no one has really ever seen it, since the days of *muddy water*.

Mr. Flimpkins reflects upon the subject, and asks if boats rub it, going *up* as well as *down* the river ; is told that they do ; thinks further upon the subject ; has now an opinion of his own, and will express it, with the gentlemen's permission ; they assent. The hog's back, he thinks, is, as one of the gentlemen has just remarked, "*doubtless a shoal,*" an amphibious *species* of the invisible *order* of animals ; has read of such ; and the reason why he allows boats to rub him both ways, is, because his bristles stand straight up.

Pilot observes that his elucidation of the subject, is as clear as river water. Mr. Flimpkins is inclined to be indignant, and makes his exit.

Arrives at San Francisco ten o'clock, P. M., all safe. Is asked if he will have a cab ? never saw a cab ; don't exactly understand what is meant ; thinks it may be an abridgment of cabbage ; hits it just right, he thinks, by answering, "*no ! I had supper on the boat.*"

Bargains with a hackman, to carry him to "*any part of the city for a dollar*" ; gets in ; rides twenty yards, hack stops, and he is astonished by the appearance, at the hack window, of a highwayman, who demands his money ; he will take a half a dollar, at least ; Mr. Flimpkins desires the driver to explain ; can't do it, any further than to say he is attacked by a wharfinger, a species of city institution.

Resolves not to stand it ; lays off his coat and steps out, prepared for anything, or anybody ; hackman cracks his whip and leaves our hero "*sorter sloshing round*," but sees so many he don't know who to hit first. Coat, hack, and dollar gone, determines to proceed to the city on foot and alone ; so turns and takes a less frequented thoroughfare, in hopes of avoiding everything like a city institution ; but on going ten rods meets with one ; falls through a man-trap, but luckily a fortunate spike and a projecting fragment of plank, at the expense of a portion of his pantaloons, saves him ; and yet, Mr. Flimpkins is not entirely pleased with his situation.

Is rescued by a boatman near at hand, who by his readiness seems to have antici-



IS TAKEN IN BY A CITY INSTITUTION.

pated the accident as about to happen to some one—all but the suspension.

The boatman charges five dollars for services ; Mr. Flimpkins thinks it "*rather steep*," but on being told that it was much less than the City Coroner would have charged, if *he* had got hold of him, concludes to pay and charge it to the account of city institutions.

By the merest chance he escapes all other dangers and accidents ; arrives and puts up at, "*LODGINGS TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.*" Thinks he will make up by economy in his really necessary expenses, what he seems destined to lose by his acquaintance with, and knowledge gained, of city institutions.

Near midnight Mr. Flimpkins is again aroused by the cry of fire ! but feels perfectly composed ; knows he is ; will let the city burn this time ; will take things easy, though he is certain the story above him is in flames, and water from what he considers a dubious fountain, is already trickling upon him, for he never had seen a fire engine throwing water up hill, and into windows, or the picture of one, but believes he might have seen one in Sacramento, if he hadn't been arrested for burglary.

Upon further reflection however, and finding his window smashed in, he thinks it may be his solemn duty to get up and save what he can. With great presence of mind, he rushes into an adjoining parlor, seizes a two hundred dollar mantle clock, and throws it out of the window, to save it, and is kicked out of the room by a fireman.



BY GREAT PRESENCE OF MIND HE
SAVES A TIME-PIECE.

pitcher, rushes down stairs and escapes at the door, as the flames and cinders are just reaching his head.



FORGETS HIS CLOTHES AND
PURSE BUT SAVES SOME-
THING.

a hundred dollars more—under the back part of his twenty-five-cent-a-night-bed, as a precautionary measure against night thieves and other city institutions.

But as "misfortunes never come ringle," so Mr. Flimpkins finds it, for by the merest accident, of course, a jet of water from a hose-pipe, completely deluges him, reduces his hair from the perpendicular to the opposite direction, cools his ardor, re-establishes his presence of mind, and while reflecting upon his adventures thus far, wonders if all country gentlemen visiting the cities, are

Concludes to turn his attention to things nearer his own bed-side; goes to work with an increasing presence of mind; throws out of the window the mirror chairs, wash-stand, and a small chest of drawers, to their destruction, as well as great annoyance to the firemen in the street; seizes a wash-bowl and

A shout from the firemen as he makes his appearance, dressed in a shirt and one sock, clearly shows that in their minds, the wonderful presence of mind possessed by Mr. Flimpkins, under difficulties, is fully established; having saved the bowl and pitcher of his land-lord, but left an entire new suit—except his coat, which he had lost with his dollar hack ride—and a purse of dust and coin, of almost

subject to the same alarming vicissitudes; wonders he has never read of it in the papers; could write a volume upon the subject himself, and thinks he will whenever his circumstances will admit of it.

At present has another matter to attend to of greater importance; is almost without clothing, and nothing to get new ones with; is fearful he has but few friends outside the mines; almost wishes himself back there again; would go at once, if he had the means, and was in proper condition; is at a loss to know which way to turn for a helping hand.

Almost in despair, Mr. Flimpkins surveys the prospect; but, as he has often remarked, he "never prospected yet in California, without finding the color," so even now, although in the city, the rule holds good, for the color shows, and is the means of temporarily supplying him with a garment, that to all outward appearance can be spared, without being much missed.

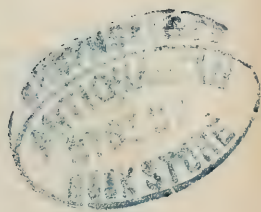
Mr. Flimpkins, as a matter of expediency in the present emergency, accepts the crino-



IS DISCOURAGED BY THE PROSPECT, BUT THE COLOR
APPEARING, HIS SPIRITS REVIVE.

line as part of a city institution. Again resolves that hereafter he will leave the entire cares and duties of a fireman, to the fire department.

Mr. Flimpkins is still in the city, in excellent health; resolves to stay it out and make a note of what he sees; in doing which, he will again appear to the readers of the California Magazine in an entire new dress.

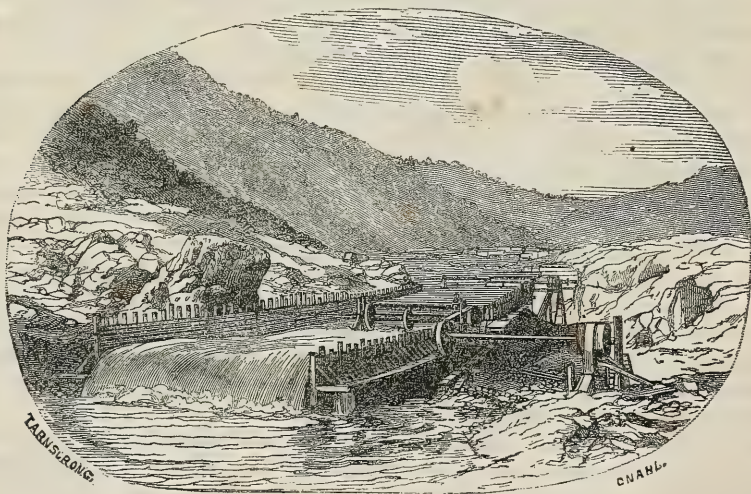


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No. 3.



RIVER MINING.

[From a Photograph, by E. B. & D. H. Hendee.]

RIVER MINING.

At this season of the year, when every energy of the enterprising river miner is concentrated upon the great undertaking of his arduous work, it may not be amiss to describe the manner in which the planings of his mind, perhaps for months, or even years, are carried out.

When it becomes desirable to chain the mountain torrent, which is heedlessly rushing past, and turning it out of its natural channel, that the glittering gold, lying in the river's bed, may be transferred from thence to the buckskin purse of the miner; he talks the matter over with some confidential and trustworthy and herd-working companions, when they mutually agree

that "there is gold there — sure," if they can only get it.

The ways and means are accordingly devised; sometimes by making up a company of eight, or ten, or twenty, or any other desirable number; and as the cost will be about so much, each member of the company has to contribute his share of the amount agreed upon, as the work progresses. Should it cost less or more—generally it is the latter—the proportion is diminished, or increased by assessments according to the number of shares. At other times, a number of men who live together on the same bar, and who, being well acquainted with each other, and tolerably well informed of what the other possesses, will raise whatever timber or tools may be required, from among themselves, and "get along as well as they can, for the balance"—which often is but very indifferently—and go to work with a will to accomplish their object.

To do this, sometimes, a race has to be dug; at others, a flume has to be built, requiring to be of sufficient capacity to take in the whole amount of water running in the river. This being done, a dam has to be constructed across the river, that shall be water-tight, or nearly so. To build this dam, very often requires that men work in the water, which is generally very cold, for, as it comes from the melting snows, it cannot be expected to be very warm; at least, before the river is very low, and men seldom wait for that—they therefore enter the river; and by rolling up large boulders into a line for building a wall, they turn the water from the one side towards the flume on the other, and when one wall is thus rudely but substantially constructed, another is built behind it; when all the light floating sand is cleaned out, that it may not be in the way of making the space water-tight between the walls; a clayey soil is then filled in and well tramped, until the dam is tight; and the water is running through the race or flume. Sometimes a tree or

log is felled across the stream, (if one can be found long enough to reach, and in the right place,) when slabs or split timbers are put in, in an inclined position, and either nailed or pinned to the log, when the whole space in front is filled up with clayey soil and fine boughs of trees until it is made water-tight.

The river now being turned into the race, wheels are erected across it; and pumps are attached by which the water still remaining in the river's bed is pumped out. Now river mining is commenced in real earnest; men begin to remove boulders, wheel out rocks, fix toms, or sluices, and take out the precious metal—if there is any. (The writer has seen as high as five thousand two hundred and twenty-seven dollars, taken out from behind a boulder, in a single pan of dirt.)

Should the fall rains be late before commencing, every opportunity is given to work out the river claims to advantage—or at least to test them sufficiently either to work or abandon them. If on the contrary—as frequently occurs—the rains should come early, the whole of the summer's labor and expense are swept away before a dollar can be taken out. Many men are thus left penniless, after the toil and hope of a long and scorching summer. Taking the losses with the gain, it is very questionable if more gold has not actually been invested in river mining, than has ever been taken out.

Some more comprehensive plan of operations than the present is much needed, before the streams can be thoroughly worked to profit and advantage. We propose a plan, to be accepted or modified, according to circumstances, which would, in our opinion, accomplish the object in question.

Water is the great want of all kinds of surface mining. To supply this want let the whole of the water in a river during the summer season, be conveyed in one or more flumes on one or both sides of the river, as may be most desirable, to mining



MEN ENGAGED IN WORKING OUT THE RIVER'S BED AFTER TURNING THE STREAM INTO THE FLUME.

ground; and let the dams be so constructed that the highest stage of water during the winter or spring season cannot in the least damage, much less destroy them, as at the present time.

There will be no less than eight hundred thousand dollars expended in flumes and dams on Feather river, above and within ten miles of Oroville, this present season.

Now had even twice that amount of money been invested in constructing one or more substantial flumes, above high water mark, it would have been an investment of profit, as well as permanency, from the amount of water sold for mining purposes, besides accomplishing the work of turning the river, not only for the present but for many summers to come.

Supposing that a dam be constructed to each mile of river turned (as at present);

each dam will cost, upon an average, about eight thousand dollars; in the ten miles mentioned of course there would be ten in number, making eighty thousand dollars; now should that sum be used to construct one permanent dam that should last not only for one, but for many seasons,—besides the advantages it would offer to other claim owners by not backing the water upon them, as now—it would be a piece of economy that must commend itself to the thoughtful consideration of all persons interested in river mining. Should all the companies on a single stream unite for this purpose, even though the claims in the river should fail, they would have an important and profitable interest in a flume; which, while it drained the river, would also supply the dry mining districts with water. We ask you to think the matter over and let us hear from you.



THE SUTTER CREEK FOUNDRY.

[From an Ambrotype by Woods & Michaels.]

The above works are situated in the town of Sutter, Amador county, and, with similar ones at Grass Valley, Nevada county, are the only works in the mining districts where all kinds of machinery, in brass and iron, are cast for quartz mining, and without the delay and expense of sending to the larger cities, as formerly.



PINE LOG CROSSING ON THE SOUTH FORK OF THE STANISLAUS RIVER.

PINE LOG CROSSING.

The above beautiful and romantic little mining camp is situated on the South Fork of the Stanislaus river, about four miles north-east of Columbia, Tuolumne county. Deep down in the rocky chasm of a mountain stream, and shut out apparently from the great heart-pulse of population, it has fostered a hardy, and somewhat improvident class of men, and who have an uncomfortable style of living. Attracted thither by the wealth slumbering undisturbed in the stream, they began to pitch their tents and build their cabin homes; and as their prospectings gave hope of a golden reward, they built dams, turned the river, and pumped the bed of it dry; scarcely commencing when a fall of rain and snow began to swell the stream, and one by one to remove the results of so much labor and faith and patience.

Men who had staked their all upon the success or failure of this uncertain under-

taking, lost it. To succeed would make men rich for life—to fail, “why, oh! we shan’t fail,” they felt and believed,—was to begin life anew and pay perhaps a heavy bill due the store-keeper—often unfairly called “working out a dead horse.”

Time after time has this experiment been tried with and without success, not only here, but in numberless other places. Men whose home—no, their “stopping place”—is in such out-of-the-way localities have, too, to forego many of the comforts of life. Every pound of provision has to be packed upon their own back or upon that of some favorite donkey or mule. As you descend towards the encampment, the steep mountain sides almost make your head swim, lest, by some mishap of your animal or yourself, you may “fall overboard,” down the rugged and almost perpendicular rocks at your side. Men who thus live, and work, and strive, earn every dollar they may make, even though it should comprise a very large fortune.

THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

On the opposite page we give to our readers a view of the building in which the first exposition of the products of California industry will be made. It is a somewhat capacious structure, in the form of a Greek cross, covering an area of about eighteen thousand square feet. The dome in the centre, with the towers, cornices, and other appropriate ornaments, gives it an air of singularity and importance which is highly creditable to the authors of the design.

No pains have been spared by the officers of the Mechanics' Institute, under whose auspices and management it has thus far progressed, to bring together the various productions of California industry for exhibition.

Already manufactures have been extensively produced in this State which formerly we used to import, such as furniture, oil, buggies, all kinds of soaps, glue, candles, stoves, salt, pickles, preserves, vermacilli, brushes, cordage, leather, pianofortes, billiard tables, jewelry, regalias, embroidery and crochet work, wagons, all kinds of coopers' work, such as tubs, barrels, buckets, &c., bookbinding, sugar refining, children's toys, hats and caps, mathematical, surgical and chemical instruments, matches, in quantities sufficient to supply the State, willow ware, imitation marble, asphaltum, saddlery of all kinds, pumps and blocks for ships, all kinds of the finest flavored wines, brandy, &c., steam engines, wire work, and paper—with a host of others which might be enumerated, and all of which are manufactured in large quantities, of as good if not better quality, *and cheaper than they can be imported.*

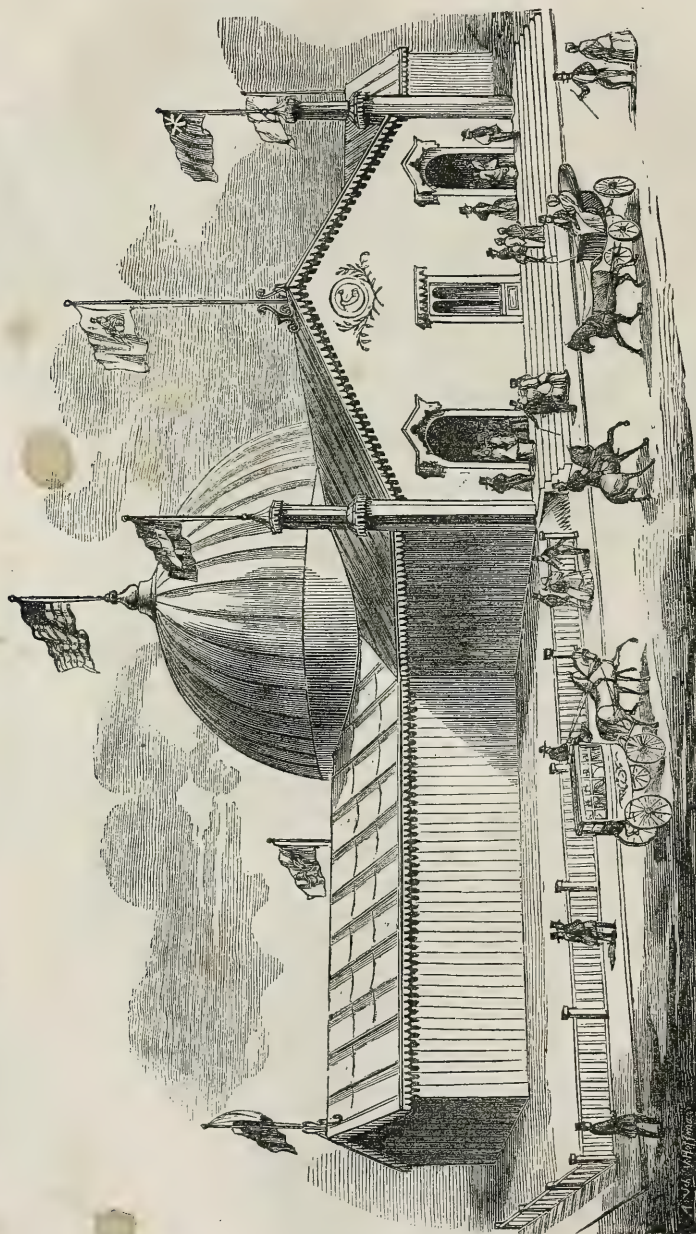
Then there are various important California inventions, such as grain reapers—far excelling in utility any similar inventions in the east,—an improved electrical clock, a machine for making mouldings which planes four sides at once,—an inven-

tion for measuring the depth of the sea, the steam wagon, apparatus for accelerating fermentations, improved methods of assaying metals, a machine for drilling rock by mospheric air, improved models of steam engines and machinery, agricultural implements, newly invented quartz crushers, a dentist's chair of singular mechanism, ingenious fire-arms, &c., &c.

The fine arts will be represented in their various and interesting details. California curiosities; and an endless variety of the products of the soil; and, though last not least, various specimens of the skill, taste and handiwork of woman.

Judging from the interest so generally manifested in this enterprise, a new era is about to dawn upon our glorious young State which, while it teaches the great virtue of self-reliance, will give a new and powerful incentive to the direction and developement of mechanical genius, and which, while it will invite men to return to their former and more congenial occupations, will become a new source of wealth to the State, by fostering and encouraging the manufacture of those articles we now import, and for which many millions of dollars are annually sent away that should be retained among us. It is now generally conceded, too, that even at present prices a judicious combination of labor and capital would in most cases enable us to compete successfully with Eastern manufactures.

It is our earnest hope that the influence incited by this and similar institutions will extend far beyond the passing moment of excitement, by turning our thoughts to the developement of those resources which a generous Providence has so bountifully bestowed upon our highly favored land, and prove that although they are intended for our individual and personal benefit, we thoroughly appreciate the favor; and as a result, are desirous of improving these advantages for the present and future benefit of the masses, and of the State of our adoption.



PAVILION OF THE FIRST CALIFORNIA INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, SAN FRANCISCO, OPENED SEPTEMBER 7TH, 1857.



NATIVE CALIFORNIANS THROWING THE LASSO.



SUSPENSION FLUME ACROSS BRANDY GULCH.

SUSPENSION FLUME ACROSS BRANDY GULCH.

BY S ———.

The engraving which we give above, from an ambrotype taken expressly for this work, represents a wire Suspension Flume, situated in the vicinity of Young's Hill, Yuba county.

The flume is intended to convey the waters of Clear Creek from the summit of one hill to that of another, across a deep ravine, called, from some mysterious cause, "Brandy Gulch." The survey was made less than twelve months ago, by D. Scott, Esq., who, by the way, has gained much reputation in this branch of science. But, independent of the great design, the mode of construction is remarkably ingenious; the flume, which is fifteen hundred feet in length, is elevated to a height of 206 feet in the air. A tower built from the bed of the ravine supports the centre, while at intervals of about a hundred feet stand tall

trees, the tops of which being cut away, contribute materially to the permanency of the structure. A cluster of small wires are secured at these points, from which is suspended the box, or flume.

Thus, by means of scarcely any perceivable agency, an artificial channel is formed, through which from four to five hundred inches of water is allowed to pass daily. It is, without doubt, a highly creditable piece of work, and reflects much credit upon its enterprising proprietors; but like the majority of newly tested projects, the originators pay dearly for their experiment, while others, of infinitely less skill and courage, reap the profits of the work. There are few experiments, of after consequence, which succeed well at first, and no important acquisition of knowledge has ever been gained but at a great sacrifice on the part of the discoverer.

Works like this, presenting themselves in every portion of the mining region of California, are the most striking evidences of the capacity for adaptation; and of

which we are already sufficiently inclined to boast.

Wordsworth has somewhere said that "water is the spirit of the universe." If not so, water may at least be said to be the spirit of all our enterprise. The entire slope of the Sierra Nevadas, from the summit seaward, is pierced and traversed by artificial veins, which bring prosperity and life to every hill and plain. Water is the life-blood of the mines. When its current is diminished, or even delayed, every thing languishes — with its return, all things revive. Indeed, water has been so generally diffused, and so constantly employed, that it has been well said, "it is used for every thing but *drinking!*"

We all know that when the Roman matron was asked for her jewels, she pointed to her children; when we are asked for ours, we may reply, less classically, but with equal truth: "Behold our ditches!"

Never, since the Roman legionry shadowed the earth with their eagles, in search of spoil — not even when Spain ravished the wealth of a world, or England devastated the Indies for its treasures — never has such a gorgeous treasury been opened to the astonished world.

But theirs was the genius of war; ours the conquests of peace. The music of our march is the revelry of the gushing stream, and the only chains we forge are those that bind the captive water.

At a glance we see both the necessities and the advantages of application. The sheet of vapor which hangs in dreamy silence above the brow of the "Sierra," descends and gathers its misty mantle about the frail flower, which nods to the passing brook. As the morning sun melts the dewy tears, they fall into the stream and are borne along by the reckless current. On, on it glides, now struggling over rocks or craggy steeps, now dancing in the sunlight or kissing the weeping foliage which seeks to span the stream; and now exulting in its liberty; when, lo! the bearded miner issues from his rude hut, and with imple-

ments in hand, forthwith proceeds to chain the trembling drops. And still it struggles, but too soon the fetters are secure, and though it shrinks, yet it is urged on to its debasing destiny. All day it labors, and again night approaches, but as the tiny globulet surveys itself, how sadly changed! Its face discolored! the lustre of its eye is vanished! in disgust it turns away to rest, not on the fair face of the pale flower, which cast it on the pitiless world, but to lose its identity among swarthy companions, in a neighboring pool.

Of Young's Hill, the terminus of the enterprise before described, but little may be said. It is a small village, of small importance, located some two miles north of Camptonville, and quite remote from the stage-route, as, indeed, from any point of consequence.

Mining is carried to a considerable extent in this vicinity, an accurate and comprehensive account of which branch of business will be reserved for those possessed of a more thoroughly practical knowledge or descriptive capacity.

To Messrs. Spencer & Adkinson much credit is due for promptness, energy and enterprise. The flume, or "sluice," constructed by them, which carries the "refuse dirt" from the whole hill, is not only of inestimable value to the miners, and thereby to every other interest, but also promises to be a lucrative investment to its projectors.

The landscape views in this vicinity are, as in all portions of the State, both picturesque and grand. Truly "never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful in natural scenery."

There is a law—now almost forgotten—of no small importance to the human family; inasmuch as it makes everybody and his neighbor very happy. It is this—"As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." Now, gentle reader, what say you about giving it a trial.



LAKE BIGLER.

LAKE BIGLER.

This beautiful lake is situated in a valley of the Sierra Nevada, at the eastern base of the central ridge, a few miles north of the main road of travel to Carson Valley. It lies at an elevation of some 5800 feet above the level of the sea, and about 1500 feet above Carson Valley, from which it is divided by a mountain ridge three to four miles across.

The southern shores of this lake were explored during the State wagon-road survey of 1855, and its extreme southern latitude determined at $38^{\circ} 57'$. The 120th meridian of west longitude divides the lake pretty equally, giving its western shore to California and its eastern to Utah. Its northern extremity is only known by report, which is still so contradictory that the length of the lake cannot be set down with anything like accuracy. It can hardly exceed, however, twenty miles in length by about six in breadth; notwithstanding, it has been called forty, and even sixty miles long.

The surrounding mountains rise from one to three, and, perhaps, in some cases, four thousand feet above the surface of the lake. They are principally composed of friable white granite, water-worn to that degree that although they are rough, and often covered with rocks and boulders, yet they show no cliffs or precipices. Their bases, of granite sand, rise in majestic curves from the plain of the valley to their steeper flanks. Many of the smaller hills are but high heaps of boulders, the stony skeletons decaying *in situ*, half buried in their granite *debris*.

The shores of the lake, at least of its southern coast, are entirely formed of granite sand; not a pebble is there to mar its perfect smoothness.

A dense pine forest extends from the waters' edge to the summits of the surrounding mountains, except in some points where a peak of more than ordinary elevation rears its bald head above the waving forest. An extensive satampy flat lies on its southern shore, through which the upper Truckee slowly meanders, gathering up,

in its tortuous course, all the streams which flow from the south or south-east. The deep blue of the waters indicates a considerable depth to the lake. The water is perfectly fresh. The lake well stocked with salmon trout. It is resorted to at certain seasons by the neighboring Indians for fishing.

Although lying so near the main road of travel, little has been known of this lake until quite a recent period. There is no doubt but that it is the lake of which the Indians informed Col. Fremont when encamped at Pyramid Lake, at the mouth of the Salmon Trout, or Truckee river, and which he thus relates, under date of January 15, 1844: "They made on the ground a drawing of the river, which they represented as issuing from another lake in the mountains, three or four days distant, in a direction a little west of south; beyond which they drew a mountain, and farther still two rivers, on one of which they told us that people like ourselves traveled." How clear does this description read to us, now that we know the localities!

Afterwards, when crossing the mountains near Carson Pass, Col. Fremont caught sight of this lake, but deceived by the great altitude of the mountains to its east, and the apparent gap in the western ridge at the Johnson Pass, he laid it down as being on the California side of the mountains, at the head of the south fork of the American river. In the map attached to Col. Fremont's report, it is there called *Mountain Lake*, but in the general map of the explorations by Charles Preuss it is named *Lake Bompland*. In Wilkes' map and others, published about the period of the gold discovery, it bears the former name. When Col. Johnson laid out his road across the mountains, the lake was passed unnoticed except under the general term of Lake Valley. General Wynn's Indian expedition, or the emigrant relief train, first named it Lake Bigler, after our late Governor. Under this name it was first depicted in its transmountain position

in Eddy's State map, and thus the name has become established.

There is no lake in California, which for beauty and variety of scenery, is to be compared to Bigler Lake; but it is not its beauty of situation alone that will attract us there. A geological interest is fastening upon it, for there we see what so many other of the great valleys of the Sierra once were. The little stream of the Upper Truckee, though but of yesterday, has yet carried down its sandy deposits through ages sufficient to form the five miles of valley flats, from the foot of the Johnson Pass to the present margin of the lake, and still the work progresses. The shallows at the mouth of the river are stretching across towards the first point on the eastern slope of the lake, and at the same time the water level of the lake is evidently subsiding.

The point of view from where our illustration is taken is the summit of the granite knob to the south of the lake, one of the triangulation points of our survey. The point at which the Upper Truckee discharges into the lake is indicated by the smoke of our camp fires. The first depression in the mountains to our right is the Daggett Pass to Carson Valley; beyond the next group of mountains lies the old pass of the Johnson wagon road to Eagle Valley. Nearly opposite, under a rocky point on the east shore of the lake, is the celebrated Indian cave, with its legendary romance. On the north rises the lofty mountain of Wassan peak. From the western side, the Truckee river finds its outlet, but the exact position seems to be still a myth. The high peaks to the north-west, in the distance, are near the Truckee Pass.

But our poor attempt of the pencil can give but a faint idea of the beauty of the spot; we can only hope to recall to those, whose eye has already beheld the scene, what must ever be, one of memory's most pleasing pictures; while in those who have not yet seen it we hope to induce a

desire to visit one of California's noblest
Lakes.

G. H. G.

SACRAMENTO, August, 1857.

SALMON LAKE.

A gentleman writing from Halley's Ranch sends us the following interesting description of another of those beautiful mountain sheets of water:—

"As I have never seen any account published of Salmon Lake, I have concluded to give you a sketch of the locality and beauty of the silvery waters and surrounding scenery of this beautiful spot.

"This lake is situated about forty miles north-east of the city of Nevada, between the heads of the south and middle forks of the Yuba river, but nearest to the south fork. Its waters fall into a stream flowing into Cañon Creek, about ten miles from the mouth of the latter stream.

"This lake is about one mile in length, by half a mile in breadth. In many places it is from sixty to seventy feet in depth, at its lowest ebb; which is in October; when about one hundred and fifty inches of water escape.

"On the north side of this lake rise precipitous and overhanging cliffs, to the height of three hundred feet, in which there are many holes, or caves, entirely inaccessible, except to wild fowl—of which there are many—that make their nests and raise their young in them, and in the cracks of the rock. Upon the top of this stands a dense forest of spruce-fir trees. There is a cove in this picturesque woodland from which snow can be obtained at any time in the year. Cinnamon and grizzly bears are numerous here.

"On the east and west ends of the lake there are beautiful valleys well irrigated with springs, and covered with grass in abundance; and upon which many thousands of wild ducks and geese feed every season.

"At the south side of the lake, through a slough about three hundred yards from it, is found its outlet; and where it makes into a deep cañon.

"This whole piece of nature's mighty and beautiful work can easily be transformed from a picturesque lake to a *valuable* RESERVOIR—without marring its loveliness—by cutting a tunnel three hundred yards in length, at a cost not exceeding ten thousand dollars, and from which a ditch could be constructed that would give an abundance of water to the dry mining camps below.

L. A. G."

We wonder that these large and natural reservoirs, which are capable of giving water to every mining district of the State, in very great abundance, should remain untouched, when miners and mining, traders and trading, and every description of business is almost at a stand, comparatively, for the want of water. We are led to exclaim, with regret and surprise, in the language of one of old, "How long, ye simple ones, will ye love your simplicity!—and fools [!] hate knowledge?"

A DESULTORY POEM.

BY W. H. D.

"California, of all places in the world, needs a bold and independent expression of opinion!"

CANTO I.

Could I disclose the mysteries of my life,
From earliest childhood to the present time,
Its joys and sorrows, hopes, fears and dark strife,
Its heights of bliss, its agonies sublime
In their intensity;—all feelings rife,
From deeds of goodness or escapes from crime,
It surely would, if told in proper diction,
Prove that the truth is stranger than all fiction.

II.

But memory fails me, and 'tis wrong to tear
The veil from that, which should not all be known;
All hearts have secrets which they would not share
With their best friend; thoughts which are never
To the cold world, and therefore I forbear, [shown
To rend my heart, and have its fragments thrown,
Like pearls to swine, for there are found but few,
That can appreciate the good or true.

III.

And if I write, 'tis but to make the hour,
With its dark clouds, more quickly pass away;
I know that I have not the god-like power
To seize the lightnings of the soul, and play
Their vivid flashes o'er the page; a dower,
Seldom bequeathed to mortals in our day;
A few fond hearts may glory in my strain,
And for their sake, I sing my sad refrain.

IV.

But what shall be the burden of my song?
A solemn homily, or thrilling tale?
To lash the vices of the worldly throng,
Or satirize the follies that prevail?
Or in eternal hopes and aims prolong
My visions far beyond this earthly vale,
Of hate, ambition, hope, joy, sorrow, love,
And all we know below, or dream above?

V.

On these and other subjects I may dwell,
But with no method shall I here arrange
These desultory thoughts—perhaps 'tis well;
I then can take up objects new or strange,
Or momentary passions, which to quell,
Might my poor Muse's fancies oft estrange,
From her first love, the moment's inspiration,
Which at the best may be a vain oblation.

VI.

Dear reader, understand me, I have not
 Begun my poem yet; this introduction
 May lead to a beginning, but I've got
 A fight to take in which there's much obstruction,
 And I perchance may find it is my lot
 To have a genius, from which small reduction
 Would make it vanish like the viewless air,
 Or be like "Barnum," the humbug, no-where.

VII.

Have patience with me, and I'll soon commence
 To give you what at least may be called rhyme,
 Or work my passions to a pitch intense,
 And soar to heights that may be styled sublime.
 My Muse shall not alight upon the fence,
 Like politicians who bide out their time,
 And never move a muscle either way,
 Till they find out which side gives largest pay.

VIII.

Above all other traits, I like decision
 In character, which must proceed from thought,
 That lays its laws down with a strict precision;
 The man with iron will, quite soon is taught,
 To cut his way with such a keen incision,
 Through all the toils with which his life is fraught,
 That difficulties vanish from before him,
 And all admire, while some will quite adore him.

IX.

I still am writing on in rigmarole;
 An easy style, in which plain thoughts may flow,
 Kind reader, do not think I have no soul,
 Because my Pegasus remains below
 The heavens above, where myriad worlds now roll
 Through space whose awful mysteries none can
 know,
 Unless they're gifted with clairvoyant vision,
 And then, they tell you all with due precision.

X.

At last my Pegasus begins to soar
 Into the dread infinities above,
 Where suns and stars in glorious anthems pour
 The eternal music and eternal love
 Of Boundless Wisdom, which may yet restore
 Our souls to bliss — I will not farther shove
 My metaphor into that future state,
 Where no man knoweth what may be his fate.

XI.

Except disciples of that sect new-fangled,
 Ye left the spiritual, whose visions bright.
 Have all the half-demented fools entangled
 Into their mystic doctrines, whose best light
 Beams from closed eyes, and all sound reasoning
 Who ever saw a more degrading sight, [strangled.
 As well might turtles, under mud and slime,
 See Heaven's bright glories, or find truths sublime.

XII.

And then to hear their wondrous revelations,
 Of Heaven, made up of circles by the score;
 Where souls attain to certain elevations,
 And rise in bliss some several feet or more.
 What brilliant genius planned these new creations?
 To save a world that never knew before,
 The only true and certain way to save,
 Was to show up the world beyond the grave.

XIII.

I oft have heard their witless nonsense rattle
 Upon the table, all direct from heaven;
 Who ever heard a more demented prattle
 Than gifted sages to this sect have given?
 Through circles who have no more brains than cat-
 That with a goad before the plow are driven, [tle,
 To think the souls of all the good and great
 Knew more on earth than in their heavenly state.

XIV.

No wonder that its neophytes go crazy;
 None but the bad at heart, or weak in head,
 Would seek to penetrate through visions hazy,
 The eternal secrets of the sacred dead;
 Go search the scriptures, if you're not too lazy,
 And find the truth of what I here have said;
 Draw from that fountain of eternal truth,
 Waters that quench the thirst in age or youth.

XV.

This sect has surely some most cunning leaders,
 Who always know the worth of fools with money,
 And some who seem to be the special pleaders
 For free-love doctrines; and with words of honey,
 They praise the lust of those unlawful breeders,
 And make the lives all very fair and sunny,
 Of men and women who in good society
 Should only have an *ill-fame* notoriety.

XVI.

I should not waste my words upon this theme;
 A subject that with tongs I ought to handle,
 So foul and filthy, that, like pitch, I seem
 To be defiled from such a public scandal.
 What I assert, I know is not a dream, —
 For I have seen it both by sun and candle;
 "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true;"
 My pen has pierced the beastly monster through.

XVII.

And now my Pegasus I must dismount,
 If I would keep his laurels all unfaded,
 Upon his speed and bottom I can count,
 But now the steed and rider both are jaded;
 How far he's climbed up the Parnassian mount,
 Others must say; — I hope he's not degraded
 His noble reputation and fair fame,
 Under a rider with an unknown name.

XVIII.

I hope to mount him at some future day,
 Against outsiders, or a match 'gainst time,
 The terms, in sporting parlance, "play or pay;"
 I'll urge him, then, into a speed sublime,
 I hope the public will be there to *play*,
 And bet against him, for it is no crime.
 Like other poets, I am short of cash,
 And hope to win it by the spur and lash.

XIX.

I've rode out nineteen stanzas at this heat,
 And occupied myself just half a day
 Upon the course, and it would be a treat,
 Now to refresh myself with some delay;
 My mind needs rest in a retired retreat,
 And I have nothing more just now to say,
 Except I hope to meet you soon again,
 Riding my Pegasus with a sharp pen.

(Continued.)

L O S T .

BY MARY MORRIS KIRKE.

"Mary Kirke, we're lost!" A strange whispering echo from the hill side answered back, "Lost! lost!" and from the clear little stream which glided along at our feet seemed to come a murmuring "Lost! lost!"

We looked at each other—Bell and I—for several moments after this announcement without speaking. The unwelcome conviction had been, for the last hour, forcing itself upon our minds, yet neither could gather courage to speak the startling truth, but gaily chatting, endeavoring to conceal the anxiety each felt, we still kept on, and on, vainly searching for the path from which we had strayed, until the sun had almost gone down behind the hills, and the great pine trees began to throw dark shadows on the ground—aye, into our hearts too. Yet we spoke no word of fear until Bell, suddenly reining in her horse, hastily, and with pale lips, exclaimed, "Mary Kirke, we're lost!"

Yes, we were lost among the wild hills of California! The fact could no longer be denied, unpleasant as it was.

Bell Grant and I had been for the last three weeks at the ranch of our friend G. R., which was situated in one of the wildest, most picturesque parts of ———, but we had become tired of the monotony of that pleasant, but lonely home; tired of looking at the calm, amiable face of Mrs. R.; tired of listening to the voice of Mr. R., merry as it was, and we determined to have a change in the dull routine of every day affairs.

Early that morning, notwithstanding the remonstrances of our friends, we mounted our horses and set off alone—not, as old stories say, "to seek our fortunes"—but solely in search of adventure. We would not listen to the earnest request of our host to take little *Nee-to*, an Indian boy, for a guide—no, indeed! not we. We would

have a day of it alone in the free woods. Bell, who had not spent five years of her life in the wilds of Iowa in vain, declared she was just the best guide in the world, and would take all possible care of my more inexperienced self. So arming ourselves each with a formidable revolver, and a satchel containing a lunch, we gaily waved adieu to the anxious inmates of the ranch, and rode gallantly away on our reckless, adventure-seeking expedition.

The morning was delightfully passed. We shouted, sang, leaped our horses over rocks and crags, explored deep ravines, stopped for a moment to gather some rare wild flowers, and then sped on again. Oh! it was glorious, dashing away, away over hill and vale, as light and free as air; it was *life*, in its highest enjoyment.

After we had partaken of our noonday meal in a beautiful little valley, drank from the cool mountain stream, and indulged in not a few bright day-dreams in that secluded retreat, we began to think of retracing our steps homeward. Accordingly we remounted our horses, and took, as we supposed, the same path by which we had descended into the valley. We rode on carelessly for some time, until, failing to perceive any objects which had served as land-marks in our way hither, a sort of vague uneasiness sprang up within our minds, which increased the farther we proceeded, but which we endeavored carefully to conceal, until, suddenly emerging from the thick growth of pines, we found ourselves upon the banks of a narrow stream, with a steep hill rising abruptly on the opposite side. Behind us lay the rapidly darkening forest, into which we peered doubtfully, fearing to trust ourselves within its shadowy depths; before us rose the rugged hill-side; on either hand were piled huge rocks, and on all sides we seemed shut completely in, without the possibility of egress. Bell was a stout-hearted girl, but braver hearts than hers might have been appalled at the situation in which we found ourselves; alone, in one of the wild-

est spots imaginable, with night rapidly approaching; how far from home, or any human habitation we knew not, but not a trace of civilization could we discover. Regrets for our rashness in venturing out alone were of no avail. Long we stood there, eagerly straining our eyes and ears to catch, if possible, some sight or sound to guide us, but in vain. The silence was oppressive, painful, and we longed for something to break the deep stillness. It came, startling, strange, unearthly! It was a woman's voice, that thrilled our hearts and rang out clear and distinct upon the evening air, in one wild burst of song.

"Oh! where shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul—
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole."

We listened with hushed breath, and wondering minds, until the music died away on the air. The voice was one of exquisite sweetness; the words were spoken with such intense earnestness, they seemed to come quivering, trembling, from a weary, aching heart, longing for rest; rest, such as earth can never give. But what could it mean, that voice, in such a strange, wild place, and it seemed so near too—at our very side. We listened again, but all was still. "Let us go," said Bell, "and solve the mystery." Accordingly, without another word, we proceeded in the direction of the sound. After following the little stream a short distance, it suddenly took a course to the right, and there, almost hidden by overhanging trees and shrubbery, was a little cabin, which one might easily have passed unnoticed, it nestled there so like a bird's nest among the thickly clustering vines and shrubs. The window and door were open; we dismounted and silently entered the cabin. Deep silence reigned within, and, but for a languid unclosing of the eyes of the occupant of the room as we entered, we might have supposed her dead. She was very pale and emaciated, but traces of great beauty yet lingered upon the wan face; and every

feature was delicately formed and beautiful.

She was sitting in a large arm-chair, — the only article of luxury in the room, — and as we approached, she seemed hardly conscious of our presence, merely unclosing her eye for a moment, then sank back languidly upon the cushions. At this moment a sweet childish voice sobbed out, "Mamma, mamma;" and we beheld for the first time, a little figure crouched on the floor, half buried in the dress of the invalid. That voice seemed to rouse the mother; and passing her hand caressingly over the head of the child, she burst into tears. Then her lips moved in prayer, and she exclaimed, turning to us: "Oh! I knew God would not forsake me, or leave my darling alone. I know not who you are, but you are women, and have women's hearts. Surely God has sent you to me in this, my last hour, that I may give into your keeping my poor little Nannie. Say, will you accept the trust? Will you take the lone orphan — the child of one you know not — to your bosom? Oh! I know you will! I know you will! I see it in those kind, pitying looks; I see it in those tears! God will reward you; and if a mother's prayer can avail on high, you shall be blessed indeed!"

We each took one of the pale hands of the sufferer, and promised before Heaven that the stranger's child should be as our own. Oh! the glorious light that came over that mother's face as she heard those words spoken! Earth, and all earthly cares now seemed forever left behind: peaceful, calm, happy, while the voice faintly murmured, "Ready, waiting:

'Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
Let me languish into life.'"

Her hand fell feebly upon her breast, her breath came slowly, softly through the parted lips; upon that broad, white forehead the dews of death were gathering, but the eye burned with an unearthly brilliancy, and a bright halo of glory encircled that head. From the Heaven above, which

that spirit was even now entering, came a brightness and rested upon the face of that dying mother. Dying? ah, no! that was not *death*; that triumphant chorus which burst from those pale lips, startling us with its joyous earnestness, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was higher than death as it echoed again, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Angels waiting near seemed to wave their bright wings, and with one accord join in the song, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." *She* heard it; *her* eye beheld the radiant band, and from the pearly gates of that heaven, to us, who were beholding the scene, so far away, but to her so near, she saw the face of that Savior who said that death to her was no more.

One more burst of the jubilant song, "Thanks be unto him who giveth us the victory," and then came a smile so full of Heaven, so happy, that we knew she had caught it from the very presence of God. The weary one had found rest! Softly, softly passed that spirit; silently and tearlessly we stood around that lifeless clay. Grief we had none; we were listening for the welcoming song which greeted the freed spirit as it entered its eternal home; but in vain we listened; she alone who had passed the cold river, heard it — she who had been so safely borne over its dark waters — and we remembered that *we* were yet wanderers upon the shores of time: *then* we wept.

Long we stood gazing upon the face of the dead. So absorbed had we been in the strange events of the last hour, that we had forgotten by what chance we had been witnesses of that scene. When we again aroused ourselves, the twilight had quite faded away, and the full moon was pouring a glorious flood of light through the open door, and vine-wreathed window. We spoke of our singular situation, of the mystery which was thrown around the death we had witnessed. Who was she, who had so gladly laid down the burden of life? Why was she alone in that wild place? That she had been tenderly reared, we knew

— those small, delicate hands had never been accustomed to labor — and the great delicacy and refinement of form and feature, bespoke gentle birth; yet why was she here? Truly our day had found a strange conclusion.

Little Nannie had fallen asleep on the floor, with her apron drawn tightly over her head. She was sleeping the sweet sleep of innocent childhood, all unconscious that when she awoke there would be no gentle mother's hand to rest upon her head, no mother's voice to speak loving words to her.

We leant over the young sleeper, smoothed out the tangled ringlets, kissed the pure childish forehead, and again renewed our vows to cherish the orphaned stranger thus unexpectedly thrown upon our care. We felt that we had taken upon ourselves a great responsibility, and knew that from this moment we must act in reference to the strange vow we had recently taken.

We thought of the anxiety of our friends at the rancho, but concluded that the wiser and safer plan was to remain where we were for the night, rather than venture out again. Accordingly we began to make arrangements to that effect, but were startled by hearing heavy footsteps approaching the cabin, and before we could secure the door, it was hastily thrown open, and an old man stood upon the threshold. He wore a rough hunting dress, in his hand he carried a fowling-piece, and over his shoulder were thrown several wild birds and other game. For a moment he stood regarding us with blank amazement; then his eye wandered round the room, and fell upon the stiff, straight figure on the bed. With a deep groan he rushed to the bedside, lifted the covering from the face of the dead, and sank, in an agony of weeping, to the floor. "Gone! gone! and I, her only friend, not here to receive her last breath! Oh! why did I leave you even for an hour? Yet, little did I think, this morning, that you were so near home.

Yes, *home*; for if there is a Heaven above this troublesome world, thou art there. Heart-broken on earth, thou art now at rest in Heaven! Thy *Savior* did not deceive thee; *His* promises did not betray! Poor child! poor child!"

"But," he added, springing to his feet, "is there no hand of justice to avenge thy death? Is there no God of vengeance, as well as of love and pity? Will not the wrongs of the innocent be speedily redressed?"

"Say," said the old man, turning quickly to us, "did she not curse him with her dying breath? Did she not curse him who deserted her and that precious innocent, sleeping yonder? — but no, she would not do that. Oh! she was an angel; from an infant, when I carried her in my arms — ah! it was not long ago — I knew she was not one of earth. Yes, she was an angel, even when that devil won her to himself. Curses on — but no, not here by *her* side; she died without pronouncing the curse — I will not speak it here. Her *husband*! oh! the mating of light with darkness! one of God's own angels with the veriest black-hearted fiend that ever cursed the earth with his presence. Nannie, my poor little Nannie, left worse than orphaned, worse than fatherless!"

By degrees the old man became calmer, and we told him of her peaceful departure, and of our adoption of the lone child. "God never forsakes his own," devoutly exclaimed he; "'twas He who led you here. I know," continued he, "into whose hands my darling's child has fallen. I know you will be faithful to that solemn trust. Thank God! the birdling has some one beside old Bruce to provide for her; his hands are feeble, and soon the grave will close over them, but I can die willingly, now my Nannie is cared for."

We were astonished beyond measure at finding ourselves recognized by the stranger, and eagerly sought to know where he had ever met us before.

"Just over at the R—— ranch," he re-

plied, "I have often seen you, though doubtless you never noticed the old man who brought game to Mr. R —."

"Just over at Mr. R — 's ranch?" asked Bell and I, both in one breath.

"Yes," he replied, "it is not more than five or six miles from here, over the mountains, but by taking the road around, you became bewildered; indeed, it is almost a miracle how you ever reached here — but no, it is not wonderful, God led you here."

We soon arranged that the old man should take one of our horses and proceed by the shortest route to R — 's ranch to relieve the anxiety of our friends, as also to procure assistance to pay the last duties to the dead.

In less than two hours we had the satisfaction of grasping the hand of our good friend R —, who had been out searching for us nearly all the afternoon, but had returned to the ranch after sunset for assistance to renew the search; and when old Bruce — the only name he had ever given — arrived, the party was about setting off. Great was the surprise of Mr. R — to learn our singular adventure. He had often seen old Bruce, and knew where his cabin stood, but supposed he lived entirely alone, and could scarcely believe that the lady and child had been there some months. The old man would reveal nothing of the past history of his charge; her name, even, or in what relation he stood to her he would not tell, but preserved a profound silence, merely answering a few necessary questions. During that whole night he sat by the bedside, his hands folded, his head drooping upon his breast, with such an expression of hopeless grief resting on his furrowed face as I had never seen before.

On the following day the stranger was laid in her lonely forest grave. The beautiful smile still rested upon her pale lips, and the whole face seemed more like the face of an angel than that of a creature of clay, so soon to return to its native dust. Old Bruce stood by, silent and stern in his

grief, while little Nannie clung to his neck, looking wonderingly into the grave, and cried to take her mamma back again. Death, to that young sinless heart, was a great mystery, as yet unsolved.

Tearfully we left that burial place, but as we walked away, a soft whispering in the air seemed breathing of "rest, rest;" the flowers, too, bowed their bright heads over the newly made grave, and smiled that no rude breath, no harsh sound, could enter that cold retreat, to waken the sleeper — she was at rest.

We spoke of taking Nannie home with us, but her aged protector said, "Not yet; I cannot give her up now; in a few days I will come to you, and then — and then — Nannie is yours." He would not listen to our entreaties to accompany us to the ranch, so we reluctantly bade him adieu, and returned to make preparations for receiving the little orphan. In a few weeks Bell and I were to return to our home in the city, and Nannie was to become an equal charge to each. How many strange surmises we had concerning her! Whose child were we thus taking to our hearts? Vain surmises; vain imaginings! The mystery was a mystery still. But were we ever to remain in doubt?

Little Nannie never came to us.

On the third day after the burial of her mother, she died; and with pale hands meekly folded above her sinless heart, the soft brown curls resting lovingly on her pale cheek, with wild flowers strewn around the little form, we saw her laid beside her mother in the shade of those solemn old forest trees. She too was at rest, even before knowing life's weariness; she rested even before the fierce battle of life began, and it was better thus.

Old Bruce looked the very picture of desolate grief. His form was bowed lower, his face was paler and more deeply furrowed, and his voice trembled as he kept muttering to himself, "yes, the last! the last!" We could gain no reply to any question but these sad words, "the last!

the last!" His mind seemed wandering; grief had well nigh destroyed his reason.

Vainly did Mr. R — endeavor to persuade the lone old man to make his house his home; he only shook his head sadly, and murmured that ceaseless "last! last!"

Once more Bell and I stood within the cabin. Every thing was the same as when we last visited it, but the aged occupant was gone, whither none could tell. Weeks and months have passed away since that week's singular events, and the mystery surrounding the characters who acted such important parts in those scenes, remains unsolved. Vainly has conjecture pictured, or fancy sought to throw some light upon the subject; but doubtless it will ever remain enshrouded in darkness, like hundreds of similar pages in the history of this beautiful country, this land of romance and mystery.

Once since, I have stood at those two lonely graves. The tall trees still wave their branches above them; the soft sunlight still glimmers through the shade, and plays upon the turf; the air is pure and fragrant as when those two sleepers first lay down to their rest; yet there comes no answer to my earnest wish to pierce through the dark mist which surrounded that sad mother; to know whose was the hand to break the tender chords of that gentle heart; to know why the blight had fallen so early on that young and guileless spirit. But I can only drop a tear over the stranger's lonely grave, and sigh

— "to view the things in Heaven's own image made
Fading thus early 'neath the blight of sorrow's earthly shade:

To see the brightness and the bloom of the human
brow o'ercast;
And know that such things must be, till love and
death are past."

HOME.

Home! — the centre of delight, —
Be thou beacon to my sight!
Through the voyage of this life,
Through its joys, and through its strife, —
"Had I dove's wings to reach thy nest,
How soon I'd fly and be at rest." v. c.

THE REDEEMED HANDKERCHIEF.

BY CLOE.

CHAPTER III.

They soon descended to the parlor, where they found the door open, and Kate's shawl and bonnet on the sofa; throwing them on, she took Bently's arm, and they walked on for some time, until, meeting a cabman, Bently engaged him to take them to the mansion. On arriving there, he bid Kate good night, and returned to the city.

Every thing was still at the mansion; all were at rest but the faithful Dinah, who waited for the return of her young mistress with the keys of her apartments.

"Good Lord, missus! what has happened? You are pale as a ghost, you are!"

"Nothing, Dinah, only I am fatigued, and am a little unwell."

"There was sich a queer-looking fellow here, inquiring after you, said he wanted to see you, that I thought maybe that you had heard bad news from master."

"No, Dinah, I have not seen any one. Did he tell you his business?"

"No, missus, he said he would come in the morning."

"Well, let me go to bed, Dinah, for I need rest sadly." Seated in her own room, Kate thought of the dangers she had just passed; oh, how deserted she felt, alone in that once happy mansion! Overcome with gloomy thoughts, accusing herself of all the misery of its inmates, half distracted with the prospects of the future, she pressed her hand upon her throbbing temples, and remembering her dying mother's injunctions, she took courage and sought comfort of Him who alone could comfort in such a trying hour; her prayer was heard and her peace was restored.

The clock had struck nine when Kate awoke; she felt weak, but calm. She arose and dressed, and descended to breakfast. While trying to eat a few morsels of toast, the bell rang and Dinah hastened to see who was there.

"Has your young mistress returned?" said Jack.

"Yes," answered Dinah.

"Tell her that I wish to speak to her."

"Missus, that queer-looking chap has come that was here last night."

"Show him in the parlor, I will see him soon;" and finishing her breakfast, Kate went immediately to ascertain the object

of his call, hoping to hear news of Charles or her father. Jack touched his hat and bowed in his sailor style.

"You wished to see me, sir," said Kate.

"Yes, madam, I do indeed; and I hope, sweet lady—for I never saw a sweeter, not even a ship in full rig, sailing on a smooth sea, never looked handsomer—"

"Is this all you have to say, sir?" said Kate, indignantly.

"Do not be angry at Jack, for I am a friend to the Colonel, and would do you a favor if I knew how to tell you and shun the breakers. You see, Jack is not in the habit of speaking to such beautiful—"

"Enough, sir, if you have anything to communicate to me, do it, and retire."

"Well, don't think that Jack is an enemy. You see, the Colonel did me a great kindness for telling him good news about his son; he gave me a nice little sum of money—"

"Can't you tell me what you want without all this?" asked Kate.

"Yes, lady, in a minute I will get at what I am driving hard for; you see, the Colonel made me a better man by his prayer and money, and now I've come to do you a kindness to pay him. Now you have it, my lady."

"Well, what is the kindness?"

"Well, you see, Miss Adaline is your enemy. She was going to marry Master Charles, and she has made public all he told her about his marriage with you, and that Bently is in love with you and that you were not displeased. I saw you riding with him last night, and I know what gossip will make of it, and Mr. Charles will call him to account when he gets home. You see, I was in hopes you would escape her malice, and I was coming to caution you last night when I returned. I was sorry to see you riding with Bently, and Dinah told me you had gone to spend an evening at Mrs. Milford's."

"Would to God you had come before I went! But I have done no intentional wrong; I thought I was going to Mrs. Milford's, but I was deceived and taken to Miss Adaline's, for what purpose I am not altogether satisfied."

"Before three days she will send vile reports abroad, but if you are innocent, all will come out well."

"God grant it may," sobbed Kate, completely overwhelmed with grief.

"Do not weep so, my young lady," said Jack, while the tears flowed freely from his own eyes in sympathy with the beautiful childlike figure before him. "Can I serve

you, my young lady, in any way? let me know, and it will be done. If you wish me for any service, you will find me at the Sailors' Home, on Fifth street: so good morning."

Kate sat stupefied with distress. "When, oh! when shall I be extricated from this unmitigated sorrow? Great and merciful Father help me in this hour of trouble." Her trouble was too much for her health, and she was barely able to reach her chamber, which she never left till after two weeks of distressing illness.

Leaving Kate in the care of Dr. Toby, we will now take a look after Charles and his father.

After leaving home, the Colonel's mind was occupied with one idea, one object — his son. His health had suffered much from grief at the loss of his wife and brother, but much more at the thought of the obstacles in the way of the happiness of his children. On arriving at Memphis, Tennessee, he determined to proceed at all hazards in a private conveyance, and travel only as he could endure it. He had made several days' journey in Mississippi, and was within a few days' travel of Jackson, when, being tired and wishing to stop over night, he drove up to a miserable country tavern, that was more like a cowshed than a house of entertainment.

"Landlord," he inquired, "how far is it to the next house?"

"Ten miles, through them 'are woods."

"Ten miles! can you keep me to-night? I am tired and hungry, and it looks like rain."

"Well, guess we can. We will give you the best we can scrape up."

"Very well," said the Colonel, and leaving his carriage, he made his way into the house. He looked around in vain for a comfortable seat, but the only thing that presented itself was an old split-bottom chair, that had been occupied by Jim, a tall Mississippian, who had been entertaining the company with a bear and alligator story, which he had been engaged in last winter, in Texas. The room was full of listeners to his wonderful stories; all were more or less under the influence of liquor.

"Come and treat, old fellow," said Jim, "I've told yarns enough for a good horn, don't you think so, old boss?"

"Pardon me, sir, but I do not wish to be addressed in this familiar manner by a stranger, and I will not treat a man who insults me," said the Colonel, coloring with indignation.

"You don't know who you are fooling

with, old fellow," said Jim, bristling up; "if you give me any more of your slang, I'll treat you as I did that darned Yankee Allen, that I thrashed, and he is not yet out of bed, and it's more than three weeks ago that he dared to refuse to treat; so if you don't treat I'll smash that old mouth of yours."

"Make up your mind, sir, I have given you my decision already."

Jim made for the Colonel with clenched fist, and struck him a severe blow on the head. The Colonel drew his revolver, and in an instant, and before Jim had time to make a second blow, blew his head to atoms; then gave himself up to the authorities, giving bail for his appearance at Court, to be held in Jackson. The Colonel reached Jackson, and by inquiry found that Charles would be there the next day; he took rooms and awaited his return. Having received a bad eye from the blow that Jim gave him, he called for a doctor to relieve him of his distress, and told him of his adventure with Jim.

"He is the same bully that almost killed a fellow by the name of Allen, who is now at this hotel, and is so badly injured that it is doubtful whether he ever recovers."

"Where is Allen from?" asked the Colonel.

"I think he was from Michigan, and I think he lived in Charleston, South Carolina, for several years; but I believe he is by birth a down-easter."

"I would like to see him, doctor, for I think I know him."

"I am now going to dress his wounds, and if you wish you can accompany me."

"They immediately went to Allen's room; the doctor went in and told Allen that a Mr. McClure wished to see him. Allen gasped for breath, and in a faint voice said, "Well, I suppose I must see him."

The Colonel opened the door softly and recognized Edward Allen, but how changed! He held out his emaciated hand, which was finally taken by the Colonel. Allen was overcome with surprise at the friendly feelings of the aristocratic old Colonel.

"I do not deserve such kindness from you, Col. McClure."

"I know to what you allude, but you are weak now from excitement; say no more on that subject until you are better able to bear it, but be assured, sir, you will find a friend in the old Colonel while you are in need. I would only ask you if you have ever seen Charles since he has been here."

"No, I have never seen him since I left Michigan that fatal evening."

"He will be here to-morrow, and we will call again." And bidding Allen good evening, he retired to rest, and on the following day, Charles, hearing of his father, hastened to see him.

The Colonel embraced his son, and they gazed upon each other with saddened looks. Oh! how changed was his father in so short a time; the death of his mother and uncle all came home to Charles in one short moment. The realization never forced itself upon him with such overwhelming sorrow before. His aged father, how changed! he looked twenty years older than when he left. Words were denied them; they could only look on each other with feelings of love and sorrow.

"My son," at length sobbed the Colonel, "thank God my eyes behold you again; I have come in search of you. I could not endure the loneliness of the old mansion after my sad bereavement."

"Are you alone, father? Where is that unfortunate girl?"

"She remained at the mansion, as she thought her presence would afford you no pleasure."

"She was very considerate," added Charles, with some bitterness.

"Did you hear, Charles, what a scrape I have fallen into since I came out here?"

"Yes, father, but there is no danger but that you will be acquitted."

"I have no fears of that, my son, but I regret the necessity of taking his miserable life; but, by-the-by, Charles, Edward Allen was so injured by this ruffian, that Dr. Potts says he cannot recover. He is now lying at this hotel."

"Is that so, father?"

"Yes, my son, for I saw him last evening."

"He deserves to die; his sickness only prevents me from taking his worthless life."

"Nay, my son, be not too bitter."

"He has caused me more distress than all the world besides; he is too contemptible even for hatred."

"Perhaps you will pity him, Charles, when you see him; I think he sincerely repents that one sin of his life."

They were interrupted in their conversation by the entrance of Dr. Potts. The Colonel introduced his son. The doctor stated that the object of his call on the Colonel was a request from Mr. Allen to see the Colonel and his son, as he thought he might expire before the next morning. They went immediately to Allen's room, and Charles lost his resentment in pity as he approached Allen, and took his hand.

"Can you forgive me, Charles? I have injured you in one way, but I have saved you in another. Adaline was not worthy of you; she was not a virtuous woman, and I knew it, but still I loved her and would have married her; but as soon as her shame was covered up she refused to marry me, and prevailed on her father to turn me from his office. I knew that Adaline was a mother, for my sister had and still has her child. But enough of this; there is one being that I would like to hear say she forgives me before I die; that innocent girl who redeemed the handkerchief with you, Charles."

"Was she aware of your schemes, Allen?" asked Charles, with evident concern.

"No, Charles, she knew nothing about it; it was I who did it all, to avenge my faithless Adaline; and you may thank God that the opportunity offered itself, as I would have poisoned you that evening, for I had the fatal dose in my pocket."

They all sat stupefied in astonishment at this disclosure.

"Do you forgive me, Charles?" asked Allen, falling back on his pillow, faint and exhausted.

"Yes, I forgive you, Allen, die in peace."

Allen drew his hand to his lips and faintly said, "Tell Kate to forgive me;" and falling back, he expired.

They looked sadly on the body of the unfortunate Allen.

"God grant him peace," said the Colonel, "for he has, I believe, brought a blessing to my house in saving Charles from an alliance with that woman who caused him to end his days an exile from home." And leaving the room and poor Allen, they retired to their own apartments to consult a lawyer regarding their impending suit. The Colonel felt very little anxiety relative to his acquittal, as he did it in self-defence, but he must await a trial, which would cause a detention of ten days.

"Charles, will you write to poor Kate, as I have written but once since I left, and she will be very uneasy about us; do not tell her the cause of our detention, as she has enough to bear already."

"I will write immediately." And taking up a pen, he wrote her the following lines:

MRS. KATE MCCLURE:

Madam—After a tedious journey, my father met me in Jackson. We are tolerably well, and we shall be detained here for two weeks. You may look for us home in about a month.

CHARLES MCCLURE.

After penning the above business lines,

he folded them in an envelope and addressed them to "MRS. KATE McCCLURE."

"A cold letter to a young wife," thought Charles. "I little thought that I should write thus to a wife of mine, but how can I write otherwise to her after what has passed between us? She knows that I love another, but I wish I had pursued a different course; I think it would have been better. As my father and mother and uncle William loved her, there must be something good in her; I fear I have done her great injustice." While these painful thoughts were passing in the mind of Charles, he scarcely realized that a change had taken place in his feelings towards his young wife, from resentment to sympathy, since he heard Allen's confession. That Kate was innocent of being an accomplice of Allen's, he felt was certain, and that he had wronged her. He remembered the cutting notes sent her, and tears filled his eyes. "I will be just to her," he soliloquized; "if I cannot love her I will treat her with respect—I will not add to the cup of gall she has already drank. I shall be very glad to return as soon as father's trial is over."

Time passed heavily to our heroes, but the day at length arrived, and before a crowded court-house the Colonel was honorably acquitted. Proof positive was given that it was done in self-defence; all seemed pleased at the verdict of the jury but Jim's two brothers, who seemed rather to dispute the justice of the Court; but no fears were entertained, and the next morning after the trial and acquittal, the Colonel and Charles started for home. They concluded to dispense with the previous conveyance, and to take the stage. The second day after leaving Jackson, two men came riding up to the stage and called to the driver to stop, and he, apprehending nothing, drew up his lines and the coach stopped, when they inquired for a bundle that they said had been left inside, the evening before. One of the passengers seeing the described parcel, opened the door, when one of the men fired a pistol at the Colonel, and immediately fled. The ball took effect in the Colonel's side, and falling over on his son's bosom, he expired without speaking. The passengers were all filled with consternation at the daring feat achieved by these desperadoes.

"Drive on fast, for God's sake!" said Charles, supporting his father in his arms, while a red stream was fast ebbing from his wound, and lying in pools in the bottom of the coach. The whip cracked over the

horses, and soon brought our distressed travelers to the village. The sad news caused considerable confusion and excitement.

Charles' feelings can be better imagined than described. The weather being very warm, he was compelled to have his beloved father buried in a strange village, in a strange church-yard.

After the solemn rites of the funeral service were concluded, Charles prosecuted his journey alone, downcast and broken-hearted, so oppressed with sorrow that his solemn countenance testified plainer than words could have spoken: "Ah! little did I think that I should return to my home to see my mother and my uncle no more; and have to bury my dear father in the swamps of Mississippi." In this melancholy state of mind he reached Charleston. The first object that met him was Adaline, seated in the parlor. She approached Charles, offering him her sympathy in tender terms, affecting the deepest feeling. Charles looked at her, wondering whether Allen's story was true or false. Could such a lovely looking and seemingly affectionate creature be so vile as she had been represented? He could not believe it. Adaline's quick apprehension disclosed to her the state of Charles' mind relative to her, and, pleased with her success, she determined to retain her hold on him, if possible.

"Dear Charles," she began, "I suppose you have heard that your forced wife has found a lover in the person of Mr. Bently. I am sorry to tell you this, with all your trouble and bereavement;" and she forced the tears to fall on her beautiful white hand.

"Adaline," said Charles, "I certainly appreciate your interest in me, but it grieves me exceedingly that my situation as a married man precludes my expressing what I feel; all I can say is, God bless and protect you from undeserved scandal;" and, pressing her hand, he withdrew, and proceeded with his baggage to the old mansion.

It was late in the afternoon when he arrived at his old and once happy home; how changed now! All was lost to him; but still he had a trial to endure; he must live in the presence of one whom he did not love, and who did not love him. His sensitive nature was completely overcome at the prospects of his unhappy destiny; he felt he had one choice; duty, stern duty, only lay before him. With these painful thoughts he seated himself in the lonely

mansion, unobserved by any of its inmates. The parlor door being open, Charles cast his eyes around the room; there stood the rich old arm chair which his dear departed mother once occupied: unable to control his feelings he threw himself into it, and covered his face with his hands, while the tears dropped from his eyes upon his bosom. He scarcely knew how long he had remained in this situation, when, hearing some one approach, he raised his eyes and saw his old nurse Dinah coming towards him.

"Is that you, massa Charles?" she asked in breathless agitation, "and where is old massa, the Colonel?"

"You will see him no more Dinah, he was assassinated in the stage; but, for God sake, do not ask me any more questions. I feel incapable of answering them."

Old Dinah burst into tears and sobbed aloud, "Poor old massa—it will kill poor Kate."

"Where is she, Dinah? Tell her that I have come, and tell her of father's death, for I am inadequate to the task."

"O, massa Charles, poor young missus has been very sick, and I am afraid to tell her, she is so weak."

"Well, defer it then, Dinah."

"Wont you go up and see her, massa Charles?"

"I suppose it is my duty. Tell her of my arrival, and that I will see her."

Calling all his courage to his aid, he ascended to see Kate; she was reclining on a sofa; her pale cheek, her dark brown curls in childish profusion hung over her high and polished forehead. She was sadly altered, but more beautiful than she ever appeared to him before; he could not help thinking her a beautiful being in spite of his resolution to acknowledge her only as Mrs. McClure; not as his wife, to rest her head on his bosom. No, she must be content with the name he approached her with. She arose timidly, bidding him welcome, with considerable embarrassment depicted on her sweet face. Charles noticed it, and he was at a loss to define its meaning; perhaps she was afraid that he had heard of her attachment to Bently; however, he coldly told her of his return, why he was detained in Jackson, and the cause of his father being murdered. This was too much for Kate. She fell insensible at his feet, with the words, "O, my good father, is he no more? Shall I see him no more?" Charles saw the sincerity of her grief. She lay some time before he and Dinah could bring her back to life;

but at length the deep sobs escaped her heaving bosom. She did not seem to notice anything for several days. Charles saw her every day, and was glad to see her improving; he expressed himself to that effect, and a deep blush covered the pale cheek of Kate.

"You are very kind, sir, to take any interest in me," said Kate, "me who have caused you such unmitigated sorrow."

Charles turned and left the room, to hide the tears that would force their unwelcome presence to his eyes.

The next time that Charles met Kate he looked melancholy, and she attributed it to his displeasure to her. She remained silent except when Charles addressed her.

[*Concluded next month.*]

THE HARP.

When erring mortals' first disgrace

Had lost the Eden to them given,
And they upon earth's rugged face

A sinning, shameful pair, were driven;—
And care seemed gathering like a night

Whose dreary gloom foretells no morrow,
A harp, struck by a being bright,

Sang in a strain which eased their sorrow.

"Poor mortals, though this sin of yours
Has showered down the wrath of Heaven,—

Though forth from Eden's shady bowers

To painful duties you are driven—

Let not the thought of care and strife

Invest your gentle breasts with terror.

There's many a pleasure in the life

So dearly purchased by your error.

"Though doomed unceasingly to toil,

Know labor hath a power to gladden;—

And hope should cheer you with her smile

When care your weary souls would sadden.

Then, mortals, use your powers aright;

Though mingled with a few distresses,

Your lots have hours of joy as bright

As Paradise itself possesses."

Mankind went forth to war in life

With lighter hearts and footsteps firmer;—

And when their souls grew dark with strife

The same harp lent its cheering murmur;

They toil'd hard on for years, and when

Their race had spread beyond the oceans,

The angel gave the harp to men

To soothe and soften their emotions.

J. T. G.

A polite gentleman of this city begs his own pardon every time he tumbles down; and thanks himself politely every time he gets up again!

The best capital that a young man can start with in life is industry, with good sense, courage, and the fear of God. They are better than cash, credit, or friends.

THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY J. D. BORTHWICK.

CHAPTER II.

PANAMA IN JULY, 1851—ITS ARCHITECTURE—
SHOPS—CHURCHES—DIRT—DISEASES AND
DIVERSIONS—EMBARK FOR SAN FRANCISCO—
FEVER—HARD FARE—ARRIVAL.

On our arrival we found the population busily employed in celebrating one of their innumerable *días de fiesta*. The streets presented a very gay appearance. The natives, all in their gala-dresses, were going the rounds of the numerous gaudily-ornamented altars which had been erected throughout the town; and mingled with the crowd were numbers of Americans in every variety of California emigrant costume. The scene was further enlivened by the music, or rather the noise, of fifes, drums, and fiddles, with singing and chanting inside the churches, together with squibs and crackers, the firing of cannon, and the continual ringing of bells.

The town is built on a small promontory, and is protected, on the two sides facing the sea, by batteries, and, on the land side, by a high wall and a moat. A large portion of the town, however, lies on the outside of this.

Most of the houses are built of wood, two stories high, painted with bright colors, and with a corridor and verandah on the upper story; but the best houses are of stone, or sun-dried bricks plastered over and painted.

The churches are all of the same style of architecture which prevails throughout Spanish America. They appeared to be in a very neglected state, bushes, and even trees, growing out of the crevices of the stones. The towers and pinnacles are ornamented with a profusion of pearl-oyster shells, which, shining brightly in the sun, produce a very curious effect.

On the altars is a great display of gold and silver ornaments and images; but the interiors, in other respects, are quite in keeping with the dilapidated, uncared-for appearance of the outside of the buildings.

The natives are white, black, and every intermediate shade of color, being a mixture of Spanish, Negro, and Indian blood. Many of the women are very handsome, and on Sundays and holidays they dress very showily, mostly in white dresses, with bright-colored ribbons, red or yellow slippers without stockings, flowers in their hair, and round their necks, gold chains,

frequently composed of coins of various sizes linked together. They have a fashion of making their hair useful as well as ornamental, and it is not unusual to see the ends of three or four half-smoked cigars sticking out from the folds of their hair at the back of the head; for though they smoke a great deal, they never seem to finish a cigar at one smoking. It is amusing to watch the old women going to church. They come up smoking vigorously, with a cigar in full blast, but, when they get near the door they reverse it, putting the lighted end into their mouth, and in this way they take half-a-dozen stiff pulls at it, which seems to have the effect of putting it out. They then stow away the stump in some of the recesses of their "back hair," to be smoked out on a future occasion.

The native population of Panama is about eight thousand, but at this time there was also a floating population of Americans, varying from two to three thousand, all on their way to California; some being detained for two or three months waiting for a steamer to come round the Horn, some waiting for sailing vessels, while others, more fortunate, found the steamer, for which they had tickets, ready for them on their arrival. Passengers returning from San Francisco did not remain any time in Panama, but went right on across the Isthmus to Chagres.

Most of the principal houses in the town had been converted into hotels, which were kept by Americans, and bore, upon large signs, the favorite hotel names of the United States. There was also numbers of large American stores or shops, of various descriptions, equally obtruding upon the attention of the public by the extent of their English signs, while, by a few lines of bad Spanish scrawled on a piece of paper at the side of the door, the poor natives were informed, as a matter of courtesy, that they also might enter in and buy, if they had the wherewithal to pay. Here and there, indeed, some native, with more enterprise than his neighbors, intimated to the public—that is to say, to the Americans—in a very modest sign, and in very bad English, that he had something or other to sell; but his energy was all theoretical, for on going into his store you would find him half asleep in his hammock, out of which he would not rouse himself if he could possibly avoid it. You were welcome to buy as much as you pleased; but he seemed to think it very hard that you could not do so without

giving him at the same time the trouble of selling.

Living in Panama was pretty hard. The hotels were all crammed full; the accommodation they afforded was somewhat in the same style as at Gorgona, and they were consequently not very inviting places. Those who did not live in hotels had sleeping-quarters in private houses, and resorted to the restaurants for their meals, which was a much more comfortable mode of life.

Ham, beans, chickens, eggs, and rice, were the principal articles of food. The beef was dreadfully tough, stringy, and tasteless, and was hardly ever eaten by the Americans, as it was generally found to be very unwholesome.

There was here at this time a great deal of sickness, and absolute misery, among the Americans. Diarrhoea and fever were the prevalent diseases. The deaths were very numerous, but were frequently either the result of the imprudence of the patient himself, or of the total indifference as to his fate on the part of his neighbors, and the consequent want of any care or attendance whatever. The heartless selfishness one saw and heard of was truly disgusting. The principle of "every man for himself" was most strictly followed out, and a sick man seemed to be looked upon as a thing to be avoided, as a hindrance to one's own individual progress.

There was an hospital attended by American physicians, and supported to a great extent by Californian generosity; but it was quite incapable of accommodating all the sick; and many a poor fellow, having exhausted his funds during his long detention here, found, when he fell sick, that in parting with his money he had lost the only friend he had, and was allowed to die, as little cared for as if he had been a dog. Many killed themselves by excessive drinking of the wretched liquor which was sold under the name of brandy, and others, by eating ravenously of fruit, green or ripe, at all hours of the day, or by living, for the sake of economy, on gingerbread and spruce-beer.

The sickness was no doubt much increased by the outrageously filthy state of the town. There seemed to be absolutely no arrangement for cleanliness whatever, and the heavy rains which fell, and washed down the streets, were all that saved the town from being swallowed up in the accumulation of its own corruption.

As may be supposed, such a large and motley population of foreigners, confined

in such a place as Panama, without any occupation, were not remarkably quiet or orderly. Gambling, drinking, and cock-fighting were the principal amusements; and drunken rows and fights, in which pistols and knives were freely used, were of frequent occurrence.

The 4th of July was celebrated by the Americans in great style. The proceedings were conducted as is customary on such occasions in the United States. A procession was formed, which, headed by a number of fiddles, drums, bugles, and other instruments, all playing "Yankee Doodle" in a very free and independent manner, marched to the place of celebration, a circular canvass structure, where a circus company had been giving performances. When all were assembled, the Declaration of Independence was read, and the orator of the day made a flaming speech on the subject of George III. and the Universal Yankee Nation. A gentleman then got up, and, speaking in Spanish, explained to the native portion of the assembly what all the row was about; after which the meeting dispersed, and the further celebration of the day was continued at the bars of the different hotels.

I met with an accident here which laid me up for several weeks. I suffered a good deal, and passed a most weary time. All the books I could get hold of did not last me more than a few days, and I had then no other pastime than to watch the humming-birds buzzing about the flowers which grew around my window.

As soon as I was able to walk, I took passage in a barque about to sail for San Francisco. She carried about forty passengers; and as she had ample cabin accommodations, we were so far comfortable enough. The company was, as might be expected, very miscellaneous. Some were respectable men, and others were precious vagabonds. When we had been out but a few days, a fever broke out on board, which was not, however, of a very serious character. I got a touch of it, and could have cured myself very easily, but there was a man on board who passed for a doctor, having shipped as such: he had been physicng the others, and I reluctantly consented to allow him to doctor me also. He began by giving me some horrible emetic, which, however, had no effect; so he continued to repeat it, dose after dose, each dose half a tumblerful, with still no effect, till, at last, he had given me so much of it, that he began to be alarmed for the consequences. I was a little alarmed

myself, and putting my finger down my throat, I very soon relieved myself of all his villanous compounds. I think I fainted after it. I know I felt as if I was going to faint, and shortly afterwards was sensible of a lapse of time which I could not account for; but on inquiring of some of my fellow-passengers, I could find no one who had so far interested himself on my account as to be able to give me any information on the subject.

I took my own case in hand after that, and very soon got rid of the fever, although the emetic treatment had so used me up that for a fortnight I was hardly able to stand. We afterwards discovered that this man was only now making his *début* as a physician. He had graduated, however, as a shoemaker, a farmer, and I don't know what else besides; latterly he had practised as a horse-dealer, and I have no doubt it was some horse-medicine which he administered to me so freely.

We had only two deaths on board, and in justice to the doctor, I must say he was not considered to have been the cause of either of them. One case was that of a young man, who, while the doctor was treating him for fever, was at the same time privately treating himself to large doses, taken frequently, of bad brandy, of which he had an ample stock stowed away under his bed. About a day and a half settled him. The other was a much more melancholy case. He was a young Swede—such a delicate, effeminate fellow that he seemed quite out of place among the rough and noisy characters who formed the rest of the party. A few days before we left Panama, a steamer had arrived from San Francisco with a great many cases of cholera on board. Numerous deaths had occurred in Panama, and considerable alarm prevailed there in consequence. The Swede was attacked with fever like the rest of us, but he had no force in him, either mental or bodily, to bear up against sickness under such circumstances; and the fear of cholera had taken such possession of him, that he insisted upon it that he had cholera, and that he would die of it that night. His lamentations were most piteous, but all attempts to reassure him were in vain. He very soon became delirious, and died raving before morning. None of us were doctors enough to know exactly what he died of, but the general belief was that he frightened himself to death. The church service was read over him by the supercargo, many of the passengers merely leaving their cards to be

present at the ceremony, and as soon as he was launched over the side, resuming their game where they had been interrupted; and this, moreover, was on Sunday morning. In future the captain prohibited all card-playing on Sundays, but throughout the voyage nearly one half of the passengers spent the whole day, and half the night, in playing the favorite game of "Poker," which is something like Brag, and at which they cheated each other in the most barefaced manner, so causing perpetual quarrels, which, however, never ended in a fight—for the reason, as it seemed to me, that as every one wore his bowie-knife, the prospect of getting his opponent's knife between his ribs deterred each man from drawing his own, or offering any violence whatever.

The poor Swede had no friends on board; nobody knew who he was, where he came from, or anything at all about him; and so his effects were, a few days after his death, sold at auction by order of the captain, one of the passengers, who had been an auctioneer in the States, officiating on the occasion.

Great rascalities were frequently practised at this time by those engaged in conveying passengers, in sailing vessels, from Panama to San Francisco. There were such numbers of men waiting anxiously in Panama to take the first opportunity, that offered, of reaching California, that there was no difficulty in filling any old tub of a ship with passengers; and, when once men arrived in San Francisco, they were generally too much occupied in making dollars, to give any trouble on account of the treatment they had received on the voyage.

Many vessels were consequently despatched with a load of passengers, most shamefully ill supplied with provisions, even what they had being of the most inferior quality; and it often happened that they had to touch in distress at the intermediate ports for the ordinary necessities of life.

We very soon found that our ship was no exception. For the first few days we fared pretty well, but, by degrees, one article after another became used up; and by the time we had been out a fortnight, we had absolutely nothing to eat and drink, but salt pork, musty flour, and bad coffee—no mustard, vinegar, sugar, pepper, or anything of the sort, to render such food at all palatable. It may be imagined how delightful it was, in recovering from fever, when one naturally has a craving

for something good to eat, to have no greater delicacy in the way of nourishment, than gruel made of musty flour, *au naturel*.

There was great indignation among the passengers. A lot of California emigrants are not a crowd to be trifled with, and the idea of pitching the supercargo overboard was quite seriously entertained; but, fortunately for himself, he was a very plausible man, and succeeded in talking them into the belief that he was not to blame.

We had been out about six weeks, when we sighted a ship, many miles off, going the same way as ourselves, and the captain determined to board her, and endeavor to get some of the articles of which we were so much in need. There was great excitement among the passengers; all wanted to accompany the captain in his boat, but, to avoid making invidious distinctions, he refused to take any one unless he would pull an oar. I was one of four who volunteered to do so, and we left the ship amid clamorous injunctions not to forget sugar, beef, molasses, vinegar, and so on—whatever each man most longed for. We had four or five Frenchmen on board, who earnestly entreated me to get them even one bottle of oil.

We had a long pull, as the stranger was in no hurry to heave-to for us; and on coming up to her, we found her to be a Scotch barque, bound also for San Francisco, without passengers, but very nearly as badly off as ourselves. She could not spare us anything at all, but the captain gave us an invitation to dinner, which we accepted with the greatest pleasure. It was Sunday, and so the dinner was of course the best they could get up. It only consisted of fresh pork (the remains of their last pig), and duff; but with mustard to the pork, and sugar to the duff, it seemed to us a most sumptuous banquet; and, not having the immediate prospect of such another for some time to come, we made the most of the present opportunity. In fact, we cleared the table. I don't know what the Scotch skipper thought of us, but if he really could have spared us anything, the ravenous way in which we demolished his dinner would surely have softened his heart.

On arriving again alongside our own ship, with the boat empty as when we left her, we were greeted by a row of very long faces looking down on us over the side; not a word was said, because they had watched us with the glass leaving the other vessel, and had seen that nothing was

handed into the boat; and when we described the splendid dinner we had just eaten, the faces lengthened so much, and assumed such a very wistful expression, that it seemed a wanton piece of cruelty to have mentioned the circumstance at all.

The time passed pleasantly enough; all were disposed to be cheerful, and amongst so many men there are always some who afford amusement for the rest. Many found constant occupation in trading off their coats, hats, boots, trunks, or anything they possessed. I think scarcely any one went ashore in San Francisco with a single article of clothing which he possessed in Panama; and there was hardly an article of any man's wardrobe, which, by the time our voyage was over, had not at one time been the property of every other man on board the ship.

We had one cantankerous old Englishman on board, who used to roll out, most volubly, good round English oaths, greatly to the amusement of some of the American passengers, for the English style of cursing and swearing is very different from that which prevails in the States. This old fellow was made a butt for all manner of practical jokes. He had a way of going to sleep during the day in all sorts of places; and when the dinner-bell rang, he would find himself tied hand and foot. They sewed up the sleeves of his coat, and then bet him long odds he could not put it on, and take it off again, within a minute. They made up cigars for him with some powder in the inside; and in fact the jokes played off upon him were endless, the great fun being, apparently, to hear him swear, which he did most heartily. He always fancied himself ill, and said that quinine was the only thing that would save him; but the quinine, like everything else on board, was all used up. However, one man put up some papers of flour and salt, and gave them to him as quinine, saying he had just found them in looking over his trunk. Constant inquiries were then made after the old man's health, when he declared the quinine was doing him a world of good, and that his appetite was much improved.

He was so much teased at last that he used to go about with a naked bowie-knife in his hand, with which he threatened to do awful things to whoever interfered with him. But even this did not secure him much peace, and he was such a dreadfully crabbed old rascal, that I thought the stirring-up he got was quite necessary to keep him sweet.

After a wretchedly long passage, during which we experienced nothing but calms, light winds, and heavy contrary gales, we entered the Golden Gates of San Francisco harbor with the first and only fair wind we were favored with, and came to anchor before the city about eight o'clock in the evening.

CHAPTER III.

SAN FRANCISCO—APPEARANCE OF THE HOUSES—
GROWTH OF THE CITY—THE PLAZA—SHIPS
IN THE STREETS—LIVING—BOOT-BLACKING
—RESTAURANTS—HOTELS.

The entrance to San Francisco harbor is between precipitous rocky headlands about a mile apart, and which have received the name of the Golden Gates. The harbor itself is a large sheet of water, twelve miles across at its widest point, and in length forty or fifty miles.

Before the discovery of gold in the country, it consisted merely of a few small houses occupied by native Californians, and one or two foreign merchants engaged in the export of hides and horns. The harbor was also a favorite watering-place for whalers and men-of-war, cruising in that part of the world.

At the time of our arrival in 1851, hardly a vestige remained of the original village. Some were mere tents, with perhaps a wooden front sufficiently strong to support the sign of the occupant; some were composed of sheets of zinc on a wooden framework; there were numbers of corrugated iron houses, the most unsightly things possible; also dingy-looking Chinese houses, and occasionally some substantial brick buildings; but the great majority were nondescript, shapeless, patch-work concerns, in the fabrication of which, sheet-iron, wood, zinc, and canvass, seemed to have been employed indiscriminately; while here and there, in the middle of a row of such houses, appeared the hulk of a ship, which had been hauled up, and now served as a warehouse, the cabins being fitted up as offices, or sometimes converted into a boarding-house.

The hills rose so abruptly from the shore that there was not room for the rapid extension of the city, and as sites were more valuable, as they were nearer the shipping, the first growth of the city was out into the bay. Already houses had been built out on piles for nearly half-a-mile beyond the original high-water mark; and it was thus that ships, having been hauled up and built in, came to occupy a position so completely out of their element. At the pres-

ent day the whole of the business part of the city of San Francisco stands on solid ground, where a few years ago large ships lay at anchor; and what was then high-water mark is now more than a mile inland.

The principal street of the town was about three-quarters of a mile long, and in it were most of the bankers' offices, the principal stores, some of the best restaurants, and numerous drinking and gambling saloons.

In the Plaza, a large open square, was the only remaining house of the San Francisco of other days—a small cottage built of sun-dried bricks. Two sides of the Plaza were composed of the most imposing-looking houses in the city, some of which were of brick several stories high; others, though of wood, were large buildings with handsome fronts, in imitation of stone, and nearly every one of them was a gambling-house.

Scattered over the hills overhanging the town, apparently at random, but all on specified lots, on streets which as yet were only defined by rude fences, were habitations of various descriptions, handsome wooden houses of three or four stories, neat little cottages, iron houses, and tents innumerable.

Rents were exorbitantly high, and servants were hardly to be had for money; housekeeping was consequently only undertaken by those who did not fear the expense, and who were so fortunate as to have their families with them. The population, however, consisted chiefly of single men, and the usual style of living was to have some sort of room to sleep in, and to board at a restaurant. But even a room to oneself was an expensive luxury, and it was more usual for men to sleep in their stores or offices. As for a bed no one was particular about that; a shake-down on a table, or on the floor, was as common as anything else, and sheets were a luxury but little thought of. Every man was his own servant, and his own porter besides. It was nothing unusual to see a respectable old gentleman, perhaps some old paterfamilias, who at home would have been horrified at the idea of doing such a thing, open his store in the morning himself, take a broom and sweep it out, and then proceed to blacken his boots.

The boot-blackening trade, however, was one which sprung up and flourished rapidly. It was monopolised by Frenchmen, and was principally conducted in the Plaza, on the long row of steps in front of the

gambling saloons. At first the accommodation afforded was not very great. One had to stand upon one foot and place the other on a little box, while a Frenchman, standing a few steps below, operated upon it. Presently arm-chairs were introduced, and, the boot-blacks working in partnership, time was economised by both boots being polished simultaneously. It was a curious sight to see thirty or forty men sitting in a row in the most public part of the city having their boots blacked, while as many more stood waiting for their turn. The next improvement was being accommodated with the morning papers while undergoing the operation; and finally, the boot-blackening fraternity, keeping pace with the progressive spirit of the age, opened saloons furnished with rows of easy-chairs on a raised platform, in which the patients sat and read the news, or admired themselves in the mirror on the opposite wall.

In 1851, however, things had not attained such a pitch of refinement as to render the appearance of a man's boots a matter of the slightest consequence.

As far as mere eating and drinking went, living was good enough. The market was well supplied with every description of game—venison, elk, antelope, grizzly bear, and an infinite variety of wild-fowl. The harbor abounded with fish, and the Sacramento river was full of splendid salmon, equal in flavor to those of the Scottish rivers, though in appearance not quite such a highly-finished fish, being rather clumsy about the tail.

Vegetables were not so plentiful. Potatoes and onions, as fine as any in the world, were the great stand-by. Other vegetables, though scarce, were produced in equal perfection, and upon a gigantic scale. A beetroot weighing a hundred pounds, and that looked like the trunk of a tree, was not thought a *very* remarkable specimen.

The wild geese and ducks were extremely numerous all round the shores of the bay, and many men, chiefly English and French, who would have scorned the idea of selling their game at home, here turned their sporting abilities to good account, and made their guns a source of handsome profit. A Frenchman with whom I was acquainted killed fifteen hundred dollars' worth of game in two weeks.

San Francisco exhibited an immense amount of vitality compressed into a small compass, and a degree of earnestness was observable in every action of a man's daily life. People lived more there in a week

than they would in a year in most other places.

In the course of a month, or a year, in San Francisco, there was more hard work done, more speculative schemes were conceived and executed, more money was made and lost, there was more buying and selling, more sudden changes of fortune, more eating and drinking, more smoking, swearing, gambling, and tobacco-chewing, more crime and profligacy, and, at the same time, more solid advancement made by the people, as a body, in wealth, prosperity, and the refinements of civilization, than could be shown in an equal space of time by any community of the same size on the face of the earth.

The every-day jog-trot of ordinary human existence was not a fast enough pace for Californians in their impetuous pursuit of wealth. The longest period of time ever thought of was a month. Money was loaned, and houses were rented, by the month; interest and rent being invariably payable monthly and in advance. All engagements were made by the month, during which period the changes and contingencies were so great that no one was willing to commit himself for a longer term. In the space of a month the whole city might be swept off by fire, and a totally new one might be flourishing in its place. So great was the constant fluctuation in the prices of goods, and so rash and speculative was the usual style of business, that no great idea of stability could be attached to anything, and the ever-varying aspect of the streets, as the houses were being constantly pulled down and rebuilt, was emblematic of the equally varying fortunes of the inhabitants.

In the midst of it all, the runners, or tooters, for the opposition river steamboats, would be cracking up the superiority of their respective boats at the top of their lungs, somewhat in this style: "One dollar to-night for Sacramento, by the splendid steamer Senator, the fastest boat that ever turned a wheel from long wharf—with feather pillows and curled-hair mattresses, mahogany doors and silver hinges. She has got eight young lady passengers to-night, that speak all the dead languages, and not a colored man from stem to stern of her." Here an opposition runner would let out on him, and the two would slang each other in the choicest California Billingsgate for the amusement of the admiring crowd.

Presently one would hear "Hullo! there's a muss!" (*Anglicé*, a row), and

men would be seen rushing to the spot from all quarters. Auction-rooms, gambling-rooms, stores, and drinking-shops would be emptied, and a mob collect in the street in a moment. The "muss" would probably be only a *difficulty* between two gentlemen, who had referred it to the arbitration of knives or pistols; but if no one was killed, the mob would disperse, to resume their various occupations, just as quickly as they had collected.

Some of the principal streets were planked, as was also, of course, that part of the city which was built on piles; but where there was no planking, the mud was ankle-deep, and in many places there were mud-holes, rendering the street almost impassable.

California was often said to be famous for three things—rats, fleas, and empty bottles.

The whole place swarmed with rats of an enormous size; one could hardly walk at night without treading on them. They destroyed an immense deal of property, and a good ratting terrier was worth his weight in gold dust. I knew instances, however, of first rate terriers in Sacramento City (which for rats beat San Francisco hollow) becoming at last so utterly disgusted with killing rats, that they ceased to consider it any sport at all, and allowed the rats to run under their noses without deigning to look at them.

As for the other industrious little animals, they were a terrible nuisance. I suppose they were indigenous to the sandy soil. It was quite a common thing to see a gentleman suddenly pull up the sleeve of his coat, or the leg of his trousers, and smile in triumph when he caught his little tormentor.

The few ladies who were already in San Francisco, very naturally avoided appearing in public; but numbers of female toilettes, of the most extravagantly rich and gorgeous materials, swept the muddy streets, and added not a little to the incongruous variety of the scene.

There was in the crowd a large proportion of well-shaven men, in stove-pipe hats and broadcloth; but, however nearly a man might approach in appearance to the conventional idea of a gentleman, it is not to be supposed, on that account, that he either was or got the credit of being, a bit better than his neighbors. The man standing next him, in the guise of a laboring man, was perhaps his superior in wealth, character and education. Appearances, at least as far as dress was concerned, went for nothing at all. A man was judged by

the amount of money in his purse, and frequently the man to be most courted for his dollars was the most to be despised for his looks.

At this time the gamblers were, as a general thing, the best dressed men in San Francisco. Many of them were very gentlemanly in appearance, but there was a peculiar air about them which denoted their profession.

[To be Continued.]

THE BLEEDING HEART.

AN INCIDENT OF THE GREAT FIRE OF MAY, 1851.

Night came upon the city. In the halls
Was feasting; in the broad and lighted streets,
The crowds of busy men went rushing on,
All heedless of the fearful doom that hung
O'er the devoted city.

Hark! a sound,
Filling all hearts with terror—drowning 'e'en
The voice of revelry, so that her votaries
Looked up aghast with fear—sending its tone
Through curtained chambers, where the rich repose,
With gold and purple hung, and heard throughout
The dim and dreary hovels of the poor—
"Awake! awake! the city is on fire!"

Then came a rush like chariots through the streets,
And fearful clangor, and the sounding cry
Of strong men in their might, mingled with wail
Of feeble women, and the infant's cry,
Clasping its little hands, trembling with fear,
To its young mother's breast.

And then a roar
Like that of many waters, heard at first
Afar, then near and nearer felt! Then came
A mighty rushing sound, and then a crash
Like heaviest thunder, with an earthquake shock,
Startling the earth beneath, as though the end
Of all things was at hand.

It fell! it fell!
The Golden City with its palaces;
Turret and tower, and gorgeous glittering dome,
Sunk in a sea of fire!

"Bring forth the dead!" and straight they brought
them forth;
Changed, limbless forms, all scorched and scathed
with fire!

Oh! God! their weeping mothers scarce could tell,
Which was her darling there!—They brought them
forth,

And on the broad Plaza laid them in the repose
Of fearful death!

One came—she was a lady of high mien,
And noble beauty, one of Spain's fair daughters,
But pale and trembling as the aspen leaf,
And gazing with wild eyes among the sad
And fearful ranks of death. For one there was
Who left her on that eve to join the throng
Of mirth and feasting, in the festal halls—
She had not seen him since.

Hark! a wail,
Piercing all hearts, and freezing 'e'en the blood
Of valiant men with terror—a loud shriek
Of bursting anguish—then a fearful cry—
"Alfonso! Oh! 'tis he! 'tis he! Alfonso!"

There they lay,
On the cold earth together, side by side,—
Tell me, which is the living? which the dead?

Talk not of fire! There is one fire that burns
Deeper and hotter than the furnace flame,
Lit by Assyria's Monarch, into which,
With God's bright Angel, the three brothers walked—
Blazing and glowing like a second hell—
It is—the anguish of a Bleeding Heart!

G. T. S.

GINGERLY & CO.

BY DOINGS.

For weeks had I been sick—weeks that seemed to hang and hover over me, reluctant to go by. And as each succeeding week found me still worse, and promised nothing better, I lost all faith in physic, because tired of paying my physician eight dollars per day for advice, and one dollar each for pills—tired of hearing kind-hearted and sympathizing friends each morning inquire, “How do you feel to-day?”—tired of seeing them whisper together, shake their heads, and cast furtive glances at me, with countenances which indicated plainly what they would say if they only dared—“Poor fellow, you’ll soon be off”—and even tired of one good, whole-souled old friend, who would come day after day, and every day, as he came in, laugh loud and long, exclaiming—“Why! how much better you look to-day”—seeming much surprised at such an unexpected change—then sitting down, commence to tell some good story or joke, and, before he had got half through, turn back to me, and drawing from the capacious pocket of his monkey-jacket an immense bandana, wipe the tears out of his eyes, and then, with a broken voice, resume the story. I tell you, I was tired of this—perfectly disgusted—it made me angry! and I determined to disappoint them all, and *not* die—at least just then.

I thought a change of air, climate, and scenery, together with a strong will, would restore me to health again, and, after a great deal of coaxing, my friends concluded to *humor* me, and one bright morning in the month of March, '50, I was carried on board the steamboat *Linda*, then running between Sacramento and Marysville. From the officers of the boat I received every attention possible, and shall ever remember their many acts of kindness with a grateful heart.

I was right in my conjectures, for

ere I had sojourned at Marysville three weeks, I could take my regular meals, and walk several miles a day. My home at this place was with two old friends, who but a short time previous erected a canvas store-house, and, getting in a stock of goods, now only wanted one thing to enable them to do a “tip-top” business, and that one thing was customers.

It was my intention, upon regaining my health, to have returned to Sacramento, but was prevented by a circumstance which will form the burden of this sketch. Adjoining the store of my friends was a hotel which rejoiced in the humble but pleasing cognomen of “The Miners’ Rest,” and, as the sign said, “By *Harris and Walker*,” but, as every one else said, “Old Harris” and “Col. Walker.” The “*chef de cuisine*” of the establishment—our heroine—was a specimen of the French race, “fair, fat, and (every day of) *forty*,” and who was rendered unhappy by being obliged to wear the somewhat spicy appellation of Gingerly; she having married a man bearing that euphonious surname, and from whom, after a short season, she separated.

Capt. Gingerly was an old mountaineer, and had met the woman (Mrs. Benton) in San Francisco soon after her arrival at that place, and representing himself as an associate of Capt. Sutter, and the proprietor of an extensive tract of land somewhere, he won the affections (?) of the widow—for widow she was, and came to this country for the express purpose of making a “good thing” out of somebody. To be sure, Capt. Gingerly was not what would be called a *handsome* man—his age did not exceed fifty—his body, which was about six feet long, was slightly bent—shoulders round and stooping—face long, wrinkled, and ornamented with several “whisky illustrations”—his teeth had, probably in some encounter with a bear, been knocked down his throat; at any rate they were missing, with the exception

of two, one in each upper jaw, and which protruded over his nether lip, after the fashion of a boar's tusks. He was an inveterate chewer of tobacco, and such an attachment had he for the weed, that he could not bear to spit the juice away, but allowed it to trickle from the corners of his mouth; his eyes were small and deeply set beneath a low, projecting forehead; his hair was long, thin, and straight. Of his costume it is not necessary to speak, as in those days *dress* did not make the man. But if he were not *handsome*, he possessed—so 'twas said—other attractions, compared with which personal appearance was not to be considered. The dear woman, hearing of the enormous length of his purse, and of his renown as a mountaineer, proceeded to throw out bait for the gallant Captain—and the Captain, hearing that the widow was quite wealthy, having brought with her from New York a large amount of the “needful,” besides a store of provisions, took the bait.

It is perhaps needless to say that the Captain was nothing more than his appearance would indicate, a miserable old mountain loafer, who had passed years in roaming about the mountains, with bears and Indians for his associates, the earth for his bed, boots—when he had any—for his pillow, and the canopy of heaven his coverlid. They were married, the rites over, the knot tied, the oaths recorded, and the honeymoon was in its zenith, when the dreadful discovery was made that both were *sold*.

Alas! Alas! for marriage vows—
She (poor soul) now *curst* her spouse,
Whilst he (the wicked fellow) pulled her hair,
And horrid imprecations filled the air.

It was not possible for them to live together after the unfortunate *denouement*, and they consequently agreed to separate. The Captain once more found his home among the mountains, and Mrs. G. repaired to Marysville and accepted the situation where we find her.

Some time had now elapsed since the separation, and the old lady had, as a

general thing, maintained a rigid silence in regard to the affair, but when she did speak of her noble spouse, it was in terms doing as little credit to herself as to him. But the Captain in his mountain rambles often thought of that happy honey-moon—happy ere the brewing storm burst—and often regretted his part, not in the deception, but the separation, and finally concluded that it was her duty to follow him, and that she should do so, whether she liked it or not. Many were the messengers he sent, but to all did she turn a deaf ear, and would not be persuaded—various times had he himself ventured into town, but could never obtain a hearing. One day, however, feeling very strong within himself, he came to town determined upon something desperate.

Just after dark he occupied a position in the rear of the house, having determined to make the attack from that quarter. He was not obliged to wait long for a favorable opportunity—soon all was quiet, not a soul to be seen. Stealthily he creeps along, with cat-like pace; cautiously, yet rapidly, he nears the open door—a moment more and he has crossed the threshold, and stands firmly upon the kitchen floor. The good old lady stands there too, busily engaged washing her cups and saucers, and, as she washes a cup and turns it down to dry, hums a few bars of “Jordan,” and with her apron wipes the steam and perspiration from her brow.

As she appears so well contented, and in such a happy frame of mind, and while the old gentleman hesitates, to decide upon the proper manner to announce his arrival, we will take a peep in at the front door. Here sit the guests, some upon wooden forms—substitutes for chairs—some upon the bar, and others upon the table. Mine hosts are here too,—nearly every one is enjoying the luxury of a pipe; scarcely a word is spoken, but all in silent revery gaze upon the smoky wreaths as they form tiny rings, expand, and wind about, and burst—

burst! did I say?—well, I might, for the *awfulest* noise burst upon our ears just then that you ever did hear; it to me sounded more like a heavy clap of thunder, with a tin-pan and crockery ware accompaniment, than any thing I now think of. In an instant every one was on his feet, but for a moment undecided which way to run; then, as by common consent, rushed for the kitchen. Shades of departed crockery merchants, what a sight was here! Pots, kettles, crockery ware, knives and forks, the wash-tub, together with dish water and old Gingerly, formed a heterogeneous mass in one corner, while opposite stood our heroine, one foot slightly in advance of the other, and in each extended hand a saucer—her eyes shone with a bright wild glare, and almost thundered victory!—her upper lip and nose turned as if to indicate the scorn and contempt she felt for the miserable wretch lying subdued and crying in the corner. That unfortunate individual presented a most pitiable appearance. We rescued him from his perilous situation, and questioned him as to his being there; he told us that he wanted to see the “old woman” very much, and upon a subject of great importance; that he would forgive her this onslaught if, in return, she would allow him a few moments conversation in private.

He began pleading so earnestly that Mr. Harris interceded for him, and was successful in obtaining an interview, limited to five minutes. Five minutes passed—ten—twenty—one hour—two hours, and I went home to bed. Very early the following morning Col. Walker glided noiselessly into our store, and, striking an attitude, made use of gesticulations and symbols, generally used when silence or secrecy is necessary, and by which we at once understood that “something was up.” After ascertaining that it was not possible for any one to overhear, he, in sort of a half whisper, delivered himself of the following: “Old Gingerly has struck it big! he’s found a place where a man

can make his hundred a day with a pan as easy as nothing—he’s given the old lady several large specimens, and she’s going with him and wants me to go along, but the old man obstinately refuses. If you’ll go with me the old woman says that she’ll find out and give us such directions that we can follow and keep close behind them.” Here he stopped to breathe; and—we consented.

Reserving a goodly stock of provisions and stores to take with us, my friends disposed of the balance to a neighbor at “less than cost,” and by noon of the next day we were ready, and waiting for the wagon—it came, was speedily loaded; and we left Marysville twenty-four hours behind the old Captain, with such information as we supposed would enable us in due time to overtake and claim an interest in his El Dorado.

And this, my friend, (I presume you must be, or you would never have read thus far,) is an excellent stopping place. If you have found aught in the foregoing to interest you, and if you would learn more of Gingerly & Co., have patience, and on or near the first of October next again invest the small sum of twenty-five cents for the benefit of Hutchings & Co’s Magazine, and you shall be rewarded for your endurance.

EXTRACTS FROM A MINER’S JOURNAL.

TO MAY.

GENTLE SISTER:—If any effort of my poor pen can afford a single pleasure to one like thee, or gratify one wish so kindly spoken as thine, most willingly do I resume it.

Albeit the interest which you so tenderly express, may have been only in the association of friends, which exists now, only as if it had never existed, save

“in those visions to the heart displaying Forms which it sighs but to have only dreamed.”

Albeit this new attempt may fail to please,—yet, still, I would beg to be kindly remembered, if for nothing but the zeal with which I shall strive to merit your approbation.

Ever yours, gentle friend, JOE.

No. 1.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

What a beautiful scene I gaze on, as I sit on the threshold of my cabin, in the shade of the old oak. Every sound is hushed in the noonday stillness, except the gentle rustling of leaves that are stirred by the faint breeze, and the harsh notes of some noisy jays in the neighboring thicket. Occasionally the quail from the distant hill-side calls to its mate, and the shrill scream of the hawk is heard as he soars into the upper air. Before the cabin the scene lies dazzlingly bright, and far away the distant hills glimmer in the heated sunlight. What deep tranquility pervades the whole! And why am I a mourner as I sit in the doorway in the shadow of the old oak? Why does not my heart, moved by that latent sympathy which exists between man and surrounding objects, beat responsive to the peaceful and dreamy happiness that rests upon the noonday landscape? Alas! why are there ever shades upon nature's beautiful face? And why, when the sun shines brightest, are they deepest?

Perhaps it is well that we are not always glad. Our occasional sadness may make us more regardful of the happiness of others, and keep alive the acuteness of our own susceptibility of pleasure, which too constant joyousness might blunt. At any rate I will not attempt to shake off this sadness to-day, of all others, for it is an anniversary which my heart should keep in sorrow.

Nations and societies have their anniversaries, which they hold in cherished respect. Even now our own glorious national one has just passed, and the patriotic hearts that throbbed with

so much excitement have hardly yet subsided to their quiet beat. And shall not our hearts have their own anniversaries of joy or grief? Shall we foster no ivy-vine of memory, to twine round the ruins of the bright dreams and airy superstructures of youth?—Yes,—and we will hold the day of their fall sacred to nourish it with tears.

Willie Walters and I—both animated with the careless, happy, hopeful spirit of fifteen—had returned from school to spend the summer months at our homes. We were equally wild in our visions of future fame and happiness, and equally ignorant of life's real nature. Our parents were near neighbors in the little village, and we were constant companions, and, in the excitement of youthful joy, we were going to write a tale during the summer months, whose truthful delineations of life should win for us an enviable reputation. We had already chosen for the name of our great work *Sunshine and Shadow*, as expressive of the vicissitudes of life, and were discussing the plot, and the characters that were to figure in it.

"It shall be a home tale, true to life," said Willie; "every character in the end shall be happy; and the only shadow shall be a delayed hope, or momentary disappointment. And no one shall die, because it's not necessary. Writers do wrong to have their good characters die,—it's not natural, and they only do so in books because the authors use their power arbitrarily. And then," he continued, his eloquence warming as he proceeded, "we have got two such dear beings to inspire us with a beautiful ideal of happy, loving, angelic characters. Sister Amy shall be yours and Hattie Wade mine; and *they* will feel so proud to see themselves mirrored by such flattering reflectors as our affections will prove,—O, it will be a glorious work!" And he danced around the room in an ecstasy of delight.

I know not what I responded, but my hopes were as wild and sanguine as

his own. And when I thought of the inspiration that the love of Amy Walters would lend, I felt sure that my delineation of her character would be comparable to nothing but the loveliest and best of angels; and the pride that swelled my breast when I thought that perhaps the merits of our work would make me in the least more worthy of her affection, or light one gleam of admiration in her peerless eyes, was such as only swells the bosom of boyhood.

Our tale opened with the scene of a gay group of children going forth in the spring time to range the fields in search of flowers. We left them, with their glad shouts and merry laughter ringing in the air—chasing butterflies and gathering wild flowers—to moralize thus:—

“Sport on, happy group, sport on! Gather the bright flowers that grow so plentifully around you—created, it would seem, for your tiny hands!—Chase the gaudy insects that so easily elude your grasp, and leave the pursuit with only a laugh at your baffled chase! Sport on while yet you may! for, all too soon, stern care will surround you, thick as these flowers, and your gay laugh change to sighs of disappointment.

“Sport on, happy group—small type of creation, sport on! The world goes forth to gather flowers;—all look forward over life’s opening fields and see a boundless expanse of bloom; and press eagerly forward, clothed with high hopes, to pluck the inviting blossoms, and grasp the dazzling insects; but when they are gained, the blossoms are changed to sorrows and the insects to illusions. The world goes forth to gather flowers, but how many, many, pluck the thorns of care.”

“Excellent,” cried Willie, as he read it over, “but it’s hardly true to life, I think, for you know there is nothing but happiness; we must, however, have this to give effect; yet we must get nothing sadder, for if we do the shadow of our tale will exceed the sunshine; and I’m sure if we should live twenty

lives, experience would allow us nothing more sorrowful than this.”

Inconsiderate, boyish words! But I thought them not so then, for my heart responded to their sentiment; and, happy in the commencement of our tale, we laid it aside until the morrow. Alas! it was never resumed. It fell like many another bright structure of my youth; and the work that was to have made our names immortal, is only extant on the pages of memory.

That day Willie and I walked arm in arm to the little lake beyond the village, and saw—as not unusually we did—Amy and Hattie in the pleasure boat, floating on the bright surface of the pond. The day was still and sultry, and the idle sail scarcely moved the little boat. The girls saw us as we stood on the bank, watching them drift slowly across the pond, and their laugh rang sweet and clear over the water as they cried in girlish coquetry, that they had found an effectual way of keeping at a respectful distance two such importunate visitors as we were. The merry sound had scarcely died when we saw the smooth surface beyond them, suddenly agitated by one of those quick gusts, or little whirlwinds, that are so frequent during the sultry summer months. Before we could warn them it had touched the boat,—borne it hastily through the water for a second of time,—overturned, and driven it beyond the reach of the girls, who sank, with two smothered shrieks, under the water. It had all been done so suddenly, that Willie and I stood for a moment as if chained to the ground; but the next instant we were swimming furiously to their rescue. The distance was considerable, but our desperate exertions passed it rapidly. Thrice we saw the girls appear, clasped in each others’ embrace, the last time but a short distance from us; but we reached the spot too late. The struggle was over, and we could only indistinctly see two white forms in the depth of the agitated waters—dearer to us

than the richest pearls that ever lay in their watery bed.

I have but a dim recollection of what occurred after we found our efforts to save them fruitless. Willie gained the boat, and I returned to the shore and ran to the village for assistance. I remember indistinctly of seeing folks hurrying wildly to the boat, carrying long hooks; and, as they raised the fair forms from the bottom, of seeing the water gently stir the long disheveled tresses as if repentant of its cruel deed—

"Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,"

that it had borne so fatally the beautiful trusts that had been given to its keeping.

All efforts of restoration to life were ineffectual, and the fair forms were robed in the spotless livery of death.

One general cloud of grief overspread the village at the sorrowful fate of its two fairest children; but there were two of the mourners who stood motionless apart, in the intensity of that grief which neither speaks nor weeps—two, who, that very day, in the fulness of their joyousness, had thought that life contained no dark shades, now bowed to a grief so overwhelming, that it could scarcely define itself in thought—much less find utterance in tears or speech.

We had loved them not, perhaps, with the steady discerning affection of mature years, but with the intense romantic passion of youth—

"Our love it was stranger by far than love
Of many far older than we;
Of many far wiser than we."—

They were the beings to whom our hearts clung with all the ardent affection of our years; the princes at whose feet we were to lay the trophies of all our visionary knightly deeds;—the objects to which, in the fear of future, all the aims of life centered. — We had thought of them in this light until now, when all was so suddenly crushed: it was as if the sun had been taken from us at midday, and left not a shadow but a rayless midnight gloom.

I might stop here, but I am tracing

shadows to-day, and I've one more page to add to the dark portion of 'Sunshine and Shadows.'

Whatever stars rule the destiny of Willie and I, their horoscope fated our lots to run parallel, even to being together in the mines of California,—where poor Willie exists a mournful shadow on a bright scene.

We miners, as a class, are generally a merry set of fellows, who enjoy life as it goes—as far as circumstances will admit. Yet with all this general merriment and carelessness, there are many sad faces among us, upon which care and anxiety have written their presence in deep characters; and it is said that the insane asylum at Stockton contains, proportionally, more inmates than that of any other State of the Union. It is no wonder. The extremes of fortune—poverty and boundless wealth,—wealth and abject poverty, and their corresponding emotions—are liable to succeed each other so quickly in our State, that the minds of her votaries, unless possessed of great elasticity, are unable to bend to these sudden changes, and break,—leaving these mournful monuments of the strength of our passions. Such, now, exists poor Willie; mild and harmless he wanders about among his friends, telling the wild phantasies and incoherent dreams of his disordered brain.

I saw him to-day, and he told me about the phantom-miner, a strange fancy by which he accounts for the disappearance of an old camp-mate who went home when Willie first became deranged.

"'Twas in the hungry winter of '53," he commenced; "the weather was severe,—times were awfully hard, and water had begun to fail;—and many a stout heart that had borne up against almost overwhelming adversity, began to grow discouraged. One stormy Saturday night a large company was assembled at old Brook's trading tent, enjoying themselves to the fullest extent on whiskey,—for that was the only thing that was cheap or plenty that winter. Jack Reed was the liveliest one among them.

If men's spirits could be constructed into a barometer, I could have told any one who had said that that human barometer had fallen, that Jack Reed was in high spirits, for when every body else was 'down in the mouth' he was always liveliest; some thought he did it to vex them, but he didn't,—he felt at heart as dull as any, but nobly exerted himself to appear cheerful to entertain others.

And this night when they all spoke so despondingly of the hard times and failing diggings, Jack, as usual, tried to cheer them; he admitted that at present it was 'mighty tight papers,' but times would brighten, he said, and as for the diggings—why! they had never found the best yet,—prospecting was all that was wanted to show them richer deposits than had ever yet been struck.

But Jack's reasoning had no more effect on them, than preaching had on the Scribes and Pharisees—they were of little faith,—and jeered him and told him he was "gassing," and that he knew it.

Unable to contend against their unbelief, and probably his own secret opinions also, Jack lost his good nature, and swore if words would not convince them, he was ready to prove what he said by deeds; and catching up a pick, pan and shovel, he took such an oath as made the most inveterate swearers of the company tremble, that he would not taste a mouthful of food or enter a house until he had shown them a richer claim than was known on that Creek; and with these words he went out into the furious storm, slamming the door behind him."

Here Willie paused and looked wildly around, until we asked him what became of Jack.

"He never found the claim," he replies; "diggings have been growing worse ever since, and he has become a phantom. I waited long at my cabin for him to return, but he didn't come; I began to suspect the truth, and watched sharp and constantly night and day.

At last one night I heard a dull sound as of some one washing dirt with a pan. The sound was muffled and cautious, but my ear was quick and caught it. I moved stealthily to the spot whence it came, and then I first learned that it was a phantom, for he was aware of my presence, and fled with the speed of light; but I caught a glimpse of him as he flitted over the distant hills, and I saw that it was Jack Reed, changed to a shadow.

Since that I hear him nightly, and place food for him—but it is always untouched.

And often in the winter season, when the dreary rain falls incessantly for weeks, I nightly hear the sound of weary footsteps without my cabin; but when I hasten to the door they flee from me, and are lost in the distance in the pattering of the falling rain. But I know well they are the footsteps of one, who in vain must wish for shelter from the merciless storm—in vain wish to live again among men, and yet can never hope for the rest and peace of the grave."

When I listen to Willie as he tells this, and see his wasted form, and his quick wild gestures, and restive glances that betoken his shattered mind, I think of the happy boy, who thought that life's experience would not justify the writing of one sad sentence, and of the many sad changes I have known, and daily learned, I can almost ask, in the impassioned words of the poet,—

"O, God! how long shall the daylight last?
When shall the sun and shadow be past?"

Such is life—sunshine and shadow—but which the most? As often, in childish glee, I have sat for hours watching the clouds' shadows and sunshine chase each other over the meadows, and cried, as either held transient sway, "There's the most shadow—there's the most sunshine,"—so, although to-morrow I may say there is more sunshine, yet to-day, of all other days, while this sadness rests on me, I will say "life has more shadow."

A STRANGER BY THE WAY-SIDE.

Not long since, in taking a trip to one of the upper towns of Yuba County, my attention was attracted by a grave in a lonely place by the way-side. I stopped my horse, and for some moments regarded the spot in silent meditation.

Here lay a mortal, once full of life, whose heart beat to emotions of hope and joy, as well as of hatred, of grief, of despair;—one endeared, perhaps, to all the tender relations of life—who in infancy had fondly sported upon his mother's knee;—in boyhood following his father's footsteps to the field, or riding behind him to the country town—had disturbed the silent meditations of his indulgent parent, by his innocent prattle and inquiring loquacity;—in youth had softly sung the love-song—had furtively cast the love-look—had tremblingly spoke the love-vow to some fair and willing maiden among his father's neighbors; and in manhood, having united his fortune to hers by the nearest and dearest of ties—the tie most akin to the union of the soul with its God—he has perhaps already fondled upon his lap a bright and lovely child, as himself was fondled years before.

I stood there by that lone grave by the way-side, and I saw—yes, in my mind's eye, clearly saw him leave his home, months gone by, for the far-off west, in search of riches. Alas! what are riches, that they should cause us to sever so many of the finest cords of the human soul—that they should impel us to forego so many of the true joys of life!

The day came;—the day of parting. I saw his aged father come across the field: his thin silver locks were tossed about by the wind as, leaning upon his staff, he comes—tottering as he comes, to bid his son farewell, and to give him his blessing.

I saw that son—that son who now lies here by the way-side—early in the morning of the day set for his depart-

ure, go alone to his mother's grave. I saw him kneel there: I heard his words of prayer. They were few and simple: "Oh God! let my mother's counsels and my mother's spirit, accompanied always by Thy grace, go with me in my wanderings. Be with my wife and child in my absence, and be their friend. And if a sinner may ask so much of Thee without offense, bring me to see them again in peace." This was all. He rose from his knees, and taking a common pebble from the head of that grave, placed it in his pocket and said: "This, dear mother, to remember thy counsel." And then he wept—there by his mother's grave. * * * *

I saw him again at his home. The hour of departure had come. His scanty baggage had already been conveyed to the nearest rail-road station. Willing to postpone the most painful parting to the last, he first turns to the faithful servant, and tells her to be good and kind to her mistress, while he is gone, and then he bids her farewell. His father next:—"God bless you, my son," is all that is said. That son can only press his father's hand. He can not speak. Words are for the empty, not the full. Next he turns to his wife, who stands waiting with her child in her arms; but there is something too tender and too sacred about the separation of husband and wife, even for a short time, to be witnessed by bystanders, so she accompanied him part of the way to the rail-road station. They went with their arms lovingly linked together, ever and anon gazing into the depths of each other's souls. Oh, it was a sad sight to see them part. For riches—for riches *alone* he is about to leave that dear sweet woman, who has surrounded his manhood with a world of love and virtuous affection—leave her to struggle in life alone, unguided by his counsel, unaided by his strength—leave his wife, "the last best gift of heaven to man," without whom his riches would prove worthless, and the world would be a desert.

But they parted. No words were

heard; naught but sobs—sobs which came all the way from the depths of human feeling, and overflowed the soul as did the waters of the world when the fountains of the “great deep” were broken up. They parted. One last kiss, one last embrace for his wife and child, and he was *gone*! Mournfully, tearfully, she returns to the house. Poor woman! those tears are but the precursor of those thou wilt shed when thou knowest he lies in this grave by the way-side!

Many weary days wilt thou impatiently wait to hear from him! Many weary nights wilt thou lie awake praying for his speedy return. At such times, forgetting any of his bad, thou wilt treasure up in thy virtuous heart all his good qualities; all his kind acts, his loving looks, his soft and tender words. Treasure them, dear woman; treasure them well—for by thee they shall be seen and heard no more forever! When thou hearest from him, thou shalt hear that he is dead! Thou shalt hear of his last short sickness; how in his delirium he called upon thee and thy innocent babe, in tones of tender endearment—not remembering that ye were far away. Thou shalt hear how that his bed was made by strangers—kind ones, we hope—in a strange land: how that strangers nursed him while sick, and closed his eyes when he died, while yet the name of “Mary” was warm on his lips: how that strangers buried him here—*here*, where I now stand—in the *lonely grave by the way-side*. Oh God! of infinite goodness and power! temper this bleak wind to the shorn lamb. Bear her up above the troubles of earth with the blessed hope of rest beyond the grave!

And thou, stranger, rest on in thy lonely grave, until the last trump summon thee to a re-union with those whom thy soul loved on earth; and to whom, perhaps at this moment, thou art the ever near, and the guardian-angel.

A FEW WORDS TO OLD BACHELOR FELIXANDER DOINGS.

Oh! was n't it capital fun! Oho! wish I'd been there. Just served you right, sir; served you too well, Mr. Felix-and-er Doings.

Raffled off! ha, ha, ha! he, he, he! Glad of it. Well, I fancy that I'd feel ashamed too, if I were you, and I wouldn't try to seek sympathy from the readers of the “Magazine,” either, because you'll never get it — don't deserve it.

I'd persist till the last moment in saying that it was all fair enough, because these toothache, rheumatic, good-for-nothing old bachelors are de—cided hum—bugs, *anyhow*, and should be treated accordingly. The fact is, they can't be persecuted badly enough.

If I'd been there, you wouldn't have escaped so easily. I don't mean to say that I would have made you marry *me*, — heaven save the mark! No indeed. But I'd have made you marry Miss Matilda Buckheart! and if you hadn't, I'd have scorched the hair off of one side of your head, compelled you to waltz with a chair, and had you drummed out of town. Yes indeed-y!

I'd like to have caught my cherry lips kissing your brown, tobacco-juiced mouth! The idea of *any* of the ladies kissing you!

But I'd have taught you a lesson about writing such things about the ladies, and having them promulgated, I assure you! Now, now stop! hold your tongue! there's no excuse whatever. No matter if she wasn't very refined or prepossessing: she was good enough for an “old bach.”

I don't wonder that the old lady across the way laughs at you, because I'll bet that that wrapper is a year old and full of holes—don't fit nicely—needs to be taken up in the shoulders, gathered, felled on the wrong side, and hemstitched on the right side.

I'm glad that they all call you Old Bach,

Old Bach! Ugh! how detestable the sound!

As for rejecting that fair daughter, (the first and last chance you ever have had or will have, perhaps,) may you ever be compelled to wear toeless stockings, buttonless pantaloons, torn coats, rumpled dickeys, and unhemmed pocket handkerchiefs; and may you ever receive that complimentary and desirable (?) title, "OLD Bach"! — And that you may never know the happiness of the fireside — that you may ever

be tormented with the (hem!) rheumatism! that you may never get a dear, pretty, loving wife, who would watch for your coming, and be saddened when you left home, and who would call you her "darling husband," and prepare your chair and slippers, and sit by your sick bed, and soothe your temples with her little snowy hand, (wasn't Miss Buckheart's such an one?) and at any time anticipated your every wish — is the sincere wish (!) of an *indignant female!!!* EUGENIE.

San Francisco, Aug. 6, 1857.

Our Social Chair.

A gentleman residing at Springfield, Tullahoma county, has sent us a copy of a quaint old almanac, with the accompanying letter, which, although somewhat personal, explains itself:—

J. M. HUTCHINGS, Esq.—*Dear Sir*:—I take pleasure in forwarding you a literary production, the perusal of which I trust will afford you some amusement and interest, from its antiquity and the singular coincidence, which will associate itself in your mind, in connection with your present pursuits in California. I call it a literary production from the fact that it contains much valuable information for the latitude of New York City, and many well written articles for the amusement of the denizens of that metropolis *fifty-one years ago!* In short, Mr. Editor, it is what would be called, in common parlance, an almanac, but which reads as follows:—"Hutchins Improved: being an Almanack and Ephemeris of the motions of the Sun and Moon; the true places and aspects of the Planets; the rising and setting of the Sun; and the rising, setting, and southing of the Moon, for the year of our Lord 1806: being the second after Bissextile or Leap-Year, and 30th Year of *American Independence*, 'till 4th July. Containing, also, the Lunations, Conjunctions, Eclipses, Judgment of the Weather, Rising and Setting of the Planets, Length of Days and Nights, Courts, Roads, &c. Together with useful Tables, entertaining Remarks, &c. &c. By John Nathan Hutchins. Philom. New York: Printed and sold by Ming and Young, (Successors to Hugh Gaine,) No. 102 Water Street: Where may be had the New-York Pocket Almanac." Hoping that it may interest, I take permission to inclose it.

Respectfully,

PLINY.

P. S.—Will you be kind enough to inform me, in the next number of your Magazine, if the author of the above was your father, grand-father, or cousin-german. P.

Pliny, we thank you for thinking of us; but among other questions in your P. S., why did you omit to ask if we were not the veritable "Almanack" man, himself? Why not? It is *only* fifty-one years ago! We have a near and dear relative, still living, we hope and pray, who is in her eighty-third year;—therefore, as it was not an impossibility, do you not think that you reflected somewhat upon our patriarchal proclivities, by its omission? But we forgive you! as we reply:—

It is barely possible that our father, grand-father, or some one of our many cousins may have crossed the threshold of 102 Water street, and then and there have seen the enterprising publisher of "Hutchins' Improved," but that any further relationship should exist, we think somewhat improbable, for the simple reason that he was rich — comparatively — and rich people seldom acknowledge having any poor relations. Moreover, as poor people, who claim any relationship to rich people, are generally looked upon as very simple as well as very stupid; and as we are doubtless simple enough and stupid enough without being considered in the comparative degree—more simple or more stupid — we are willing to wait until the Pacific Railroad is finished, when, if people

flock to California by the thousand, they will probably buy Hutchings' California Magazine by the — single number — if not by the hundred; and as it is hoped by that time that agents and others will be willing to do a cash business, and pay for what they get, without waiting for our "Please remit, and oblige, etc., etc.," we shall then have hopes of being able, by ten or fifteen years additional hard labor, to save enough to live at ease, or die without the regret (if we ever have any) that previously we were too poor to acknowledge any relationship to the publisher of "Hutchins' Improved Almanack, etc."

The following interesting pieces from it will show that "John Nathan Hutchins, Philom," in the year 1806, had an appreciating eye for the ridiculous, as well as for the quaint and pathetic, and which we give to the readers of our Social Chair in 1857 :—

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.

AT the world's end, the Essex side of Gravesend: to be sold at auction, by W. Neversell, on Monday the 32d inst. The sale to begin at ten o'clock in the afternoon.

Lot 1. A copper cart-saddle, a leather handsaw, 2 woolen frying pans, and a glass wheelbarrow.

Lot 2. 3 pair of pea-straw breeches, a china quarry cart, and 2 glass bedsteads with copper hangings.

Lot 3. One pitch-pine coal-grate, with paper smoke-jack, a mahogany poker, and a pair of gauze bellows.

Lot 4. One leather teakettle; an iron feather bed, 6 pair of brass boots, and a steel nightcap: also 1 pewter waistcoat and 3 flint wigs, a bellmetal sieve and a calimanco hogtrough, a buckram warming pan and a pewter looking glass, a japan beetle and a leather wedge, 3 silk hog-yokes and a pinchbeck swill tub, 4 sheepskin milkpails and a wheat straw trammel, a lambskin grindstone and a muslin hatchet, a pair of pewter pudding bags and a canvas gridiron, a dimity coalscuttle and 3 satin chamberjugs, a wooden timber chain and a brass cartpole.

But the marrow and point contained in the sketch below, of the "world-regenerating principle" known as Love, may suggest an inquiry as to its extent in the present age. We may admire it for its quaintness, if we fail to recognize its applicability to ourselves!

DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

Love is like the devil, because it torments; like heaven, because it wraps the

soul in bliss; like salt, because it is relishing; like pepper, because it often sets one on fire; like sugar, because it is sweet; like a rope, because it is often the death of a man; like a prison, because it makes a man miserable; like wine, because it makes us happy; like a man, because he is here to-day and gone to-morrow; like a woman, because there is no getting rid of her; like a ship, because it guides one to the wished for port; like a Will o' th' wisp, because it often leads one into a bog; like a fierce courser, because it often runs away with one; like the bite of a mad dog, or like the kiss of a pretty woman, because they both make a man run-mad; like a goose, because it is silly; like a rabbit, because there is nothing like it. In a word, it is like a ghost, because it is like every thing, and like nothing; often talked about, but never seen, touched, nor understood.

There are but few who will read the following touching recital, from the same old "Almanack," without feeling heart-sad at its lamentable termination :—

FATAL SPORT.

A young gentleman, who, a few years since, lived in London, who had made his addresses to an agreeable young lady, and won her heart; also obtained the consent of her father, to whom she was an only child. The old gentleman had a fancy to have them married at the same parish-church, where he himself was, at a village in Westmoreland, and they accordingly set out, he being at the same time indisposed with the gout at London.

The bridegroom took only his man, and the bride her maid; and they had a most agreeable journey to the place appointed, from whence the bridegroom wrote the following letter to his wife's father, viz. :

SIR,

After a very pleasant journey hither, we are preparing for the happy hour, in which I am to be your son. I assure you, the bride carries it, in the eye of the vicar who married you, much beyond her mother; though, he says, your open sleeves, pantaloons, and shoulder-knot, made a much better show than the finical dress I am in. However, I am contented to be the second fine man this village ever saw, and shall make it very merry before night, because I shall write myself from thence,

Your most dutiful son, T— D—.

P. S. The bride gives her duty, and is as handsome as an angel.—I am the happiest man breathing.

The villagers were assembled about the church, and the happy couple took a walk in a private garden. The bridegroom's servant knew his master would leave the place very soon after the wedding was over, and seeing him draw his pistols the night before, took an opportunity of going into his chamber, and charged them again.

Upon their return from the garden, they went into that room, and after a little fond raillery on the subject of their courtship,

the bridegroom took up one of the pistols, which he knew he had unloaded the night before, and presented it to her, and said with the most graceful air, whilst she looked pleased at his agreeable flattery, Now, madam, repent of all those cruelties you have been guilty of to me; consider, before you die, how often you have made a poor wretch freeze under your casement: you shall die, you tyrant, you shall die, with all those instruments of death and destruction about you, with that enchanting smile, those killing ringlets of your hair.

Give fire, said she, laughing. He did so, and shot her dead. Who can speak his condition? But he bore it so patiently as to call up his man. The poor wretch entered, and his master locked the door upon him. Will, said he, did you charge these pistols? He answered, Yes: upon which his master shot him dead with that remaining.

After this, amidst a thousand broken sobs, piercing groans, and distracted motions, he wrote the following to the father of his dead mistress:

SIR:

I, who two hours ago told you truly I was the happiest man alive, am now the most miserable. Your daughter lies dead at my feet, killed by my own hand, thro' a mistake of my man's charging my pistols unknown to me: I have murdered him for it. Such is my wedding day.—I will immediately follow my wife to the grave. But before I throw myself upon my sword, I command my distraction so far as to explain my story to you. I fear my heart will not keep together till I have stabbed it. Poor, good old man! remember, that he who killed your daughter died for it. In the article of death I give you thanks, and pray for you, tho' I dare not pray for myself. If it be possible, do not curse me.

Farewell forever.

T. D.

This being finished, he put an end to his life; and afterward, the body of the servant was interred in the village where he was killed, and the young couple, attended by the maid, were brought to London, and privately interred in one grave, in the parish the unhappy father resided in.

Turn we now from the above lamentable catastrophe, to see, from the same source, how some of the old-fashioned gluttons provided for the inner man in their day and generation. Heaven help the stomach and the cooks with such—

GOOD LIVING.

If the duke of Queensbury does not extend his life to a still longer period, it will not be for want of culinary comforts, and those other succulent arts by which longevity [!] is promoted. His grace's sustenance is thus daily administered: At seven in the morning, he regales in a warm milk bath, perfumed with almond powder, where he takes his coffee and a butter muffin, and afterwards retires to his bed; he rises about nine, and breakfasts on *café dé lait*, with new laid eggs just par-boiled; at eleven he is

presented with two warm jellies and rusques: at one he eats a veal cutlet, *a la Maintenon*; at three, jellies and eggs, repeated; at five, a cup of chocolate and rusques; at half after seven he takes a hearty dinner from high seasoned dishes, and makes suitable libations of Claret and Madeira; at ten, coffee and muffins; at twelve, sups off a roasted pullet, with a plentiful dilution of rum punch; at one in the morning he retires to bed in high spirits, and sleeps till three, when his man cook, to the moment, waits upon him in person with a hot and savory veal-cutlet, which with a potion of wine and water, prepares him for his further repose, that continues generally uninterrupted till the morning summons him to his lactean bath. In this routine of living comforts are the four-and-twenty hours invariably divided; so that if his grace does not know, with Sir Toby Belch, that our lives are composed of the four elements, he knows at least, with Sir Andrew Aguecheek, that it consists of eating and drinking!

Doings wants to know if people who reside in the heart of a city, must as a natural consequence be "well (red) read."

LETTER TO MINERS.—No. 2.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 2, 1857.

Dear Brothers:—Sunday is here again, and a lovely day it is too, with the pure blue heavens above, happy hearts below, and a flood of golden sunlight pouring over all. Everything seems full of loveliness: and every one appears to wear a peaceful countenance, and to possess a joyous heart. My little canaries are singing softly and sweetly, and the delightfully refreshing sea breeze is wafting health and coolness through the streets, and playing round the corners; while here I sit at the writing-desk in my room with the long French window thrown open on the little up stairs piazza which overlooks our Bay and city, from Russian Hill away for miles beyond Rincon Point. On the bosom of the water lie large sailing vessels, steamers, and boats of every kind. Here the shadow of a great hill falls upon the water, and a little craft with a pretty white spreading sail skips o'er the waves and through the sunlight, and anchors in that shady nook. There the Ferry-boat goes splashing and dashing through the Bay—leaving behind it a long line of white foam, and many fairy-like boats dance on the surface of the water, almost causing me to think that they *are* such, because I possess an extensive imagination and often indulge it to such an extent as to fancy myself a fairy! Now isn't that funny? The idea of my being the like, when I'm such a mad-cap! But I can't help thinking of such things sometimes, especially when I sit in the parlor at

twilight hour, and close my eyes, and listen to the sweet vibrations of my Æolian harp as they fall upon my ear, now quite loud, then lower, then dying away in the distance, sounding like the music of far-off angels, till it is entirely gone.

I wish that some of you were here, and if you were pretty good (but of course you're all good—and *pretty* too, perhaps!) we'd go to church together this lovely day, and when you would hear the deep toned organ playing, you'd forget the California mountains and fancy that you were at home with your *own* sisters, instead of your adopted sister May, — wouldn't you? and only think what an excellent opportunity you'd have of looking off your hymn-book in a *slantendikilar* direction at the pretty young ladies!

Ah *ha!* that sets you to thinking — so I'll stop my nonsense, and go to church, and when I come back, I'll finish.

I've returned, eaten my dinner, read, and now will continue my letter. I heard a fine sermon delivered by the good and eloquent Rev. —, and Billy wants to know if I did n't feel too religiously inclined to write letters on Sunday after that. But I tell him if I was not doing this—and it's such a pleasant way to while away the time—I'd probably be at something worse.

And now for that good and kind response, I'm going to thank and to say a few words to—

Dear Brother Frank:—You don't know how happily surprised I was when I opened the *Magazine* and saw your reply to my first. I thought that the letter had accomplished its mission.

I am glad to find that it has awakened such a goodly feeling in one heart—and hope that it has in many. It contained but the spontaneous outbursts of girlish thought—and if they were appreciated as much by you as was yours by me—then I'm happy.

I do honor the miner, and love to think of him and of his mountain home.

I once had two dear cousins in the mines; and soon after they had rejoined the loved at home they forgot for a time the wild mountains of California, so happy were they, — but, ere long, one of them, of the gentle kind that God loves; he with the beautiful eyes, the curly brown hair, and the manly look; when the fragrant flowers of summer were fading and passing from the sunny hill-sides, and the light of day was melting away, he sweetly smiled, and fell asleep to awake in heaven.

The other one with his young and lovely wife, has removed far away.

So you would really like to have me look in your little cabin. Well, I'll tell you what I'd do. I wouldn't only peep, but I'd enter—that is if you'd let me; and I'd bring three or four girls with me—so that we could have a glorious lot of fun. Then in the day-

time when you were at work, we'd find where the sweetest perfumed flowers and the prettiest evergreens grew, and make tunic wreaths, and bouquets, and decorate the cabin so that it would look 'like a shady arbor with sunny hearts within it.

Then in the evening—have you any molasses! up or down there? if so, we'd make *Toffee* enough to last a month! Then—do you know how to play blind-man's buff? wouldn't we put on our little heeled slippers to keep from making a noise (but pshaw! what'd be the use?—yours is a *dirt* floor) Then the fun would commence. I almost fancy I see it now. Over goes a chair, down goes a water bucket; bang! goes the blind-man's head against the door, caused by your pulling his coat-tail; and crack! goes your big blue porter-house-steak dish; and so we'd have a place for nothing and nothing in its place. Then we'd salt your tea! and give you vinegar for wine, sew up your best coat pockets, containing your Havanas and white pocket-handkerchief, so that when you would start off courting on Sunday morning, you'd get angry and wish us back again at the Bay, (and in it, perhaps.)

But you wouldn't stay angry long, would you, Brother Frank?

Because I might go with you to the grave of some old, beloved companion of yours, and sing, "Strike the Harp gently," or in the cabin, "Home, sweet Home;" "Shells of Ocean;" Maggie's by my side;" "Willie, we have missed you;" or my favorite, "Annie Laurie;" and then, when your good nature was restored, we'd all sing in *cho-rus*, "Ri-tu-ri," or some other funny song. What think you?

But it is growing late. Permit me again to thank you for your response, and to say that I shall anxiously await your next.

And now, dear Brothers, to all a kind good night. May guardian angels hover near, and your dreams be sweet; may your thoughts often be directed to home, to Heaven—and sometimes to the writer.

Good night! The ling'ring tone that mem'ry loves. Good night!

SISTER MAY.

The following was told to us a few days since, at the expense of the good old Maj. R., well known to every one who has heard of him, as an *honest politician*. The Major was, a few years since, a resident of Texas, and entirely ignorant of everything relating to "Keards." It seems that some people down there, doubted this, and determined on the first occasion to sound the major. Not long after, an opportunity offered, and he was addressed as follows: "They tell us, major, that you can't tell one card from the other; how is it?" "That's a fact, gentlemen," was the reply; "I don't know but one card in the deck, and that's the trump—the one with the eagle on it." (!)

THE CRAZY MAN AND THE RAZOR.

His eye was stern and wild ; his cheek
Was pale ; and cold as clay,
Upon his tightened lips, a smile
Of dreadful meaning lay.

He mused awhile, but not in doubt, —
No trace of doubt was there :
It was the steady, solemn pause
Of resolute despair.

Once more he looked upon the scroll,
Once more its words he read ;
Then calmly, with unflinching hands,
Its folds before him spread.

I saw him bare his throat, and seize
The blue, cold, glittering steel,
And grimly try the tempered edge
He was so soon to feel.

A sickness crept upon my heart,
And dizzy swam my head ;
I could not stay, I could not cry,
I felt benumbed and dead.

Black, icy horror struck me dumb,
And froze my senses o'er ;
I closed my eyes in utter fear,
And strove to think no more.

Again I looked : a fearful change
Across his face had passed ;
He seemed to gasp — on cheek and lip
A flaky foam was cast.

He raised on high the glittering steel ;
Then first I found my tongue :
"Hold ! madman ! stay thy frantic deed !"
I cried, as forth I sprung.

He heard me, but he heeded not ;
One glance around he gave,
And ere I could arrest his hand—
He had begun to—shave.

Editor's Table.

THE COMING ELECTION.—Before we again meet our readers to give them monthly greeting or admonition, the election will be decided. To the true patriot who loves his country for her own sake (and not for what can be taken from her) the coming election is of paramount importance. The past blind following of interested party leaders, and the tight drawing of party lines, by which so many inefficient and unworthy men have been elevated from little less than loafers to the most important offices in the gift of the people, we hope has effectually convinced good men that a change has become an absolute necessity of the times, if California is ever to rise again from her political degradation. Let that change now come. Haste to obtain gold, that men might live at ease in some other land, has been the cause of the political interests of our own California being intrusted to persons, with but few exceptions, who, not being able to make a living by their own skill and labor, have sought to *serve* their country!—heaven save the mark. Now, we repeat, let the change come. Vote *only* for able, high-minded, and moral men, of good business knowledge and ability ; and who, having all their interests in this State,

will labor heart and soul, by day or night, to make California WHAT SHE OUGHT TO BE.

THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF 1857 IN SAN FRANCISCO.—On the seventh of the present month will the experiment be tried if California can produce anything worthy of her vast resources. This exhibition invites the deep-toned voice of Progress to speak for herself, and say if she is willing to produce that which she consumes. It asks that her children, as an united family of men, should say "we will depend upon ourselves for what we need ; and while we are willing to extend our arms, in love and charity, to the world, we will endeavor to retain our treasures within our family circle, and not impoverish our own land and people by enriching others—at least to the extent of four millions of dollars a month. We need the money to build canals, and work-shops, and railroads, and steamships ; and to engage in a thousand other enterprises which, while they teach us economy and prudence, enable us to cultivate the manly virtue of self-reliance.

We have a variety of materials in our State, then why should they not be taken care of by a judicious use ? We have the best work-

men and mechanics of all kinds and countries in the world, then why should we send abroad for manufactures?

What, therefore, dear reader, let us in earnestness ask, are you seeking to produce? what genius are you striving to foster and encourage? what resources are you assisting to open and develope? We invite that your reply be the articles you produce, as an individual, for the future benefit of yourself, your children, and the State of your adoption.

At the close of the present month will open the State Agricultural Fair. Perhaps your preferences may run in that direction—well, it is the same to *Progress*, only do something, and begin at once.

OUR METALLIC RESOURCES, ETC.—But few, perhaps, remember the variety of the metallic productions of our possessions on the Pacific.

Everybody knows that the *precious metal* is almost everywhere diffused throughout the State, (from the 'color' to very rich leads in surface, hill, river and quartz diggings.)

Silver has been discovered in Calaveras and Tuolumne counties; *Copper* in Hope Valley, and in Butte, Nevada and San Diego counties; *Iron* near Auburn, Placer county, and from one end of the Coast Range to the other; *Coal* at Coose Bay, and Table Mountain, (Butte county); *Sulphate of Iron*, *Magnetic Iron*, and *Gypsum* near Santa Cruz; *Platinum* on the Salmon, South Fork of Trinity, Middle Fork of American and Calaveras rivers, and on Butte, Honcut, Cañon and Wood's creeks; *Cromium* in Sierra, Placer, Nevada, and El Dorado counties; *Nickel* in Contra Costa and Monterey counties; *Antimony* in the Monte Diablo range; *Cinnabar* at New Almaden, Guadalupe and American Valley; *Marble* at Suisun City, Ringgold, Volcano, and fifty other places; *Granite* almost everywhere; *Burr Stone* in any quantity on Pitt River; *Soapstone* between Deer Creek and Bear River. These and numerous other kinds and varieties have been already discovered, and unite to ask, "What use are you going to make of us?" We shall see.

Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

T.—Yes; at least we think so.

Jerry W., Napa.—We will answer your question by asking another. Why do two boats sail in opposite directions when driven by the same wind?

T. B. Z.—Did you fall into the inkstand, and afterwards make a pen of your finger-nails?

D. S. M.—We will write you. Your pieces came safely to hand.

A Subscriber and well-wisher is informed that his self-love, prejudice and presumption, render his opinions utterly unworthy of respect. We do not thank him for his views—simply because they savor of "cat's-paw" service. Moreover, we think that his communication is suggestive that 'what he *don't know* would make a *very large book*'! and none might discover it sooner than himself, did he ever look outside of the limited circumference of his own little world. We therefore say, in the language of the immortal Mr. Toots, "its of no consequence."

Mary T.—It will appear in due season. We cannot, you know, insert every article we receive, at once.

T. E. F.—"May" is certainly four months too late, and would be *rather* reversing the order of things to appear in September; although the lines are very good.

L. N. B., Honey Lake Valley.—Not this summer; although we should like much to visit Hyeroglyphic Cañon and other interesting places near you, in company with Mr. Lassen and others. Many thanks for your kind invitation.

R. H.—Your "Occidental Imaginings" must be laid by for a time, as we are in hopes that the new improvements now being made in first class balloons will enable us to reach (at least in comprehension) the "bespangled elysium" "out West" of your aspirations. We like traveling, well enough, but before starting we always like to see what the chances are for getting back again. Please inform us of this, and it's all right!

J. P., Russian River.—Your stanzas nearly gave us the tooth-ache, to read them. They are ex-cru-ci-a-ting-ly put—no, not put, but thrown—together. Declined.

Joe.—All right. Don't forget to make notes and sketches by the way.

A.—Very good. Next month.

E. B. P.—"The Moon is up," reminded us of a Chinaman's economy in buying boots—always choosing the largest pair, in order that he may get the worth of his money. Twenty syllables in one line of poetry! and twenty-seven (teen!) or thereabouts, in another, is a little too much—even of a good thing—for one time. Just get it translated into Chinese, there's a good fellow! and then—burn it.

L. A. G., Halley's Ranch.—Is not forgotten.

RECEIVED.—"Evenings with the Poets;"

"An Omnibus Ride;" "Snakes;" "Our Cabin;" "Who I am;" etc., etc.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF MR. JOSHUA FLIMPKINS.

Mr. Flimpkins, the country gentleman on a visit to the city, after losing the principal part of his wardrobe by hack, flood, and fire, being burned out from his twenty-five-cent-a-night lodgings within three hours after his arrival, seeks new quarters; has a curiosity next morning to visit the scene of the second of his last night's disasters. Proceeds to the spot; but finding that he attracts an unusual degree of attention from some cause, resolves to return and remain in close quarters till he receives from his friends in the country a new supply of dust.



ATTRACTS CONSIDERABLE ATTENTION.

Mr. Flimpkins is not a borrower of money, not he; could have brought down a cool thousand or two with him had he supposed he could possibly have wanted it.

As the pecuniary tide seems to be rather setting against him just now, resolves to economise in his new suit; gets it made to order, out of the smallest quantity of material possible.



AN EXCELLENT FIT, — HE DON'T CARRY CONCEALED WEAPONS.

Has noticed that very many who consider themselves gentlemen, carry bowie knives and revolvers; thinks they may as well be carried where they can be seen; dont believe in carrying concealed weapons.



HE LETS IT PASS.

Consults a lawyer as to whether a rotunda, dome, or cupola with a vain (vane) on it, can be an obstruction to a sidewalk? Supposes a case, thus: to roll a whisky barrel across a sidewalk is no obstruction; but set that barrel on end, to remain standing in the line of travel, and it becomes an obstruction, a nuisance.

Mr. Flimpkins wonders if the rule which applies to whisky barrels will apply to men, who habitually occupy, as fixtures, the sidewalks in the line of travel, to the great inconvenience of the moving masses; has been told that gentlemen never do it; thinks gentlemen should reflect on such subjects here.

Mr. Flimpkins takes a turn on the Plaza, where he brushes from the back of a lady's head what he supposes to be a yellow hornet, and puts his foot on it.



HE PUTS HIS FOOT ON IT.

The lady is incensed at the indignity offered her, and injury done to her bonnet; has no protector; calls for the police; declares she will have him arrested for assault, and Coon-ed immediately.

Don't know exactly what it is to be Coon-ed; fears it may have some connection with city institutions; so apologises for his mistake, offers to make restitution, and hands out a X, with which the lady seems satisfied, and hastens home to repair damages.

Mr. Flimpkins, on escaping the hands of the police, really thinks the lady behaved



IS SKEWERED (SECURED) AN INSIDE VIEW.

Is not particularly pleased at the result, as it costs him another X to obtain his release and diploma; and yet, is of opinion that he escapes—though with his nose *slightly* injured—far better than many who have indulged the same curiosity that he did.

Mr. Flimpkins has seen BENEFITS advertised on Theatre bulletin boards, nearly every day since his arrival in the city; wonders what they are; thinks if they are anything worse or more ferocious than a grizzly, he would like to see one. Is told that they are, by one who knows; that they are the greatest bores with which the

ted. Concludes they are some city institution; wont go near the Theatre on that account; perfectly abhors them, as do most sensible people, this everlasting round of sponging, in the name of "benefits."

Mr. Flimpkins takes an evening walk; hears music down cellar; goes down; finds a lot of fellows swinging girls around; thinks he would like a turn at it; picks for one according to his strength; finds a full match.



W.

HE FINDS HIS MATCH.

Walks up to settle for the dance; misses his purse; thinks it flew out of his pocket when the girl whirled him so; another gentleman just leaving the door, *thinks* it happened about a minute before he took the floor.

Begins to suspect he has found another city institution; on being kicked out for not paying his bill, is certain of it. Is getting perfectly disgusted with city life and institutions; resolves to leave at 4 o'clock, P. M., next day.

Is introduced to Mr. Simples, a city gentleman, about to visit the mines and mountains for the first time, and who would like to get some information on mining subjects.

Mr. Flimpkins informs Mr. Simples that there are no *subjects* in the mines; that they are all sovereigns, like himself. Mr. Simples stands corrected, begs a thousand pardons, and asks him to "imbibe." Mr. Flimpkins accepts, and they drink. Is informed by Mr. Simples that he is now in a free-lunch institute, where broken down gamblers, babbling politicians and incurable idlers are fed; but upon whose bounty, or for whose actual benefit, is not, he thinks, quite so clear. Mr. Flimpkins begs leave to withdraw; does so, congratulating himself on having escaped from one city institution without cost; thinks better of it than any other he has met with, on that account. Both gentlemen now proceed to the boat. Mr. Flimpkins on his way home, Mr. Simples to visit the mines, and both have promised us an early account of their adventures.

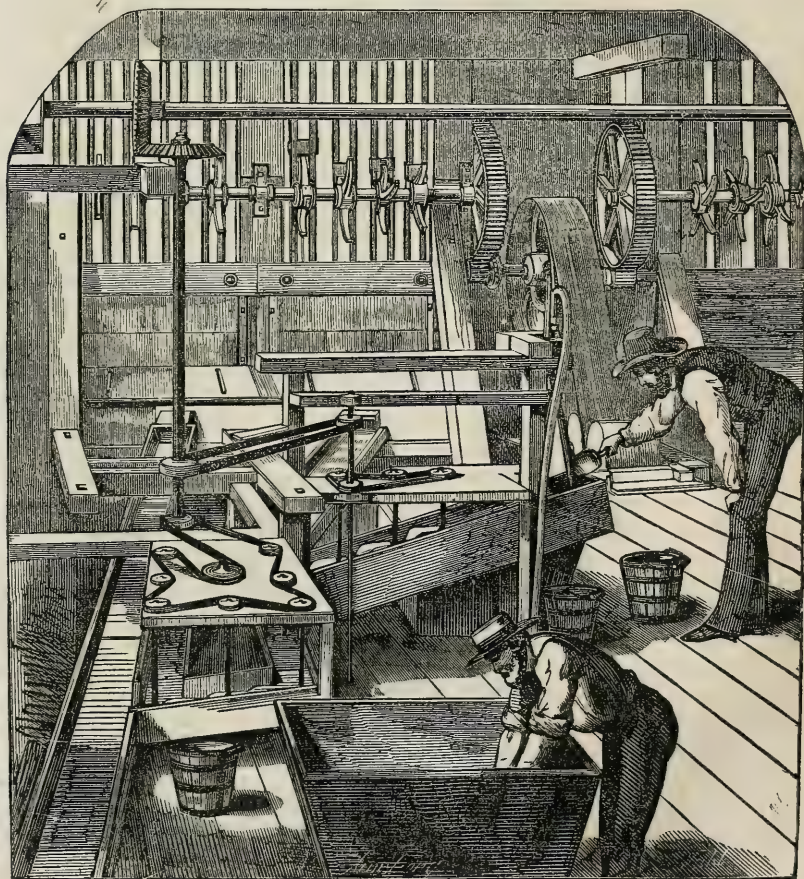
HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

OCTOBER, 1857.

No 4

QUARTZ MINING IN CALIFORNIA.



INSIDE OF A QUARTZ MILL AT GRASS VALLEY, NEVADA COUNTY.

[From an Ambrotype by Woods & Michaels.]

Quartz mining having ceased as a speculation, to become a business of profit and permanency, is again enlisting the attention and confidence of all classes to its importance. The losses and disappointments of its pioneers in the years 1851, '52, and '53, — originating, in most cases, from the excitement of its discoverers, and the inexperience of its principal owners and directors, — caused a temporary lull in the faith and enthusiasm of the public, to the great neglect of this exhaustless golden treasury: but as many of the quartz leads, then opened, proved very rich in the precious metal, they enabled their owners to make many experiments for working the quartz to advantage, by the invention and perfection of machinery for crushing the rock, and saving the gold; and thus, while securing a personal advantage to themselves, they have been instrumental in rescuing the quartz interest in this State from the oblivion into which, doubtless, it would have sunk, for a season, had all the first attempts to make its working profitable failed.

The dearly-bought experience of the past in this branch of our State's wealth, now enables the practical worker in quartz generally to determine the quality of the rock placed before him, at a glance, and with the same accuracy and certainty as an experienced purchaser of gold-dust can decide the quality and mint value of the parcel of dust he is about to buy—or, as a merchant, by examination, knows the quality of the article offered him, and what is its market value—or, as a tailor knows the exact quality of a piece of cloth; or a lady the materials of her dress. This becomes to the inexperienced quartz miner somewhat like the knowledge of an efficient pilot at sea, it enables him to steer his vessel clear of those rocks upon which others have gone to pieces. It may be well that this should be remembered, inasmuch as "seeing the gold" is not always a sure sign that the lead can be wrought with advantage and profit. In many of the rich-

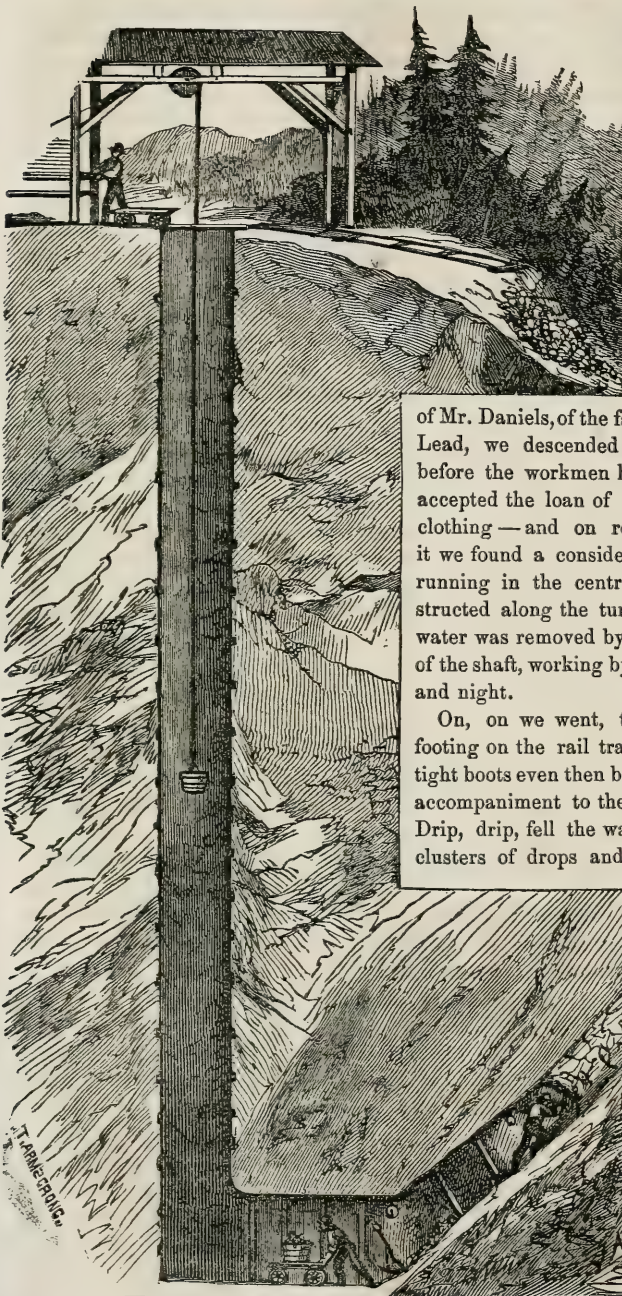
est kinds of rock it has been almost impossible to see gold; while in some known as pocket-lead-rock, considerable has been visible; and yet a sufficient amount has not been taken therefrom to pay the cost of getting and crushing it.

In the best kind of leads there is often a large amount of rock which is utterly worthless; and which has to be taken from the vein, when known to be unproductive, that workmen may be enabled to reach the paying rock, and work to advantage. It often occurs, too, that even good paying leads are not scientifically and economically worked; and, as a consequence, do not insure a generous return to the owners, for their time and trouble.

Then again, as some good rock is soft, and other hard, it is not to be supposed that the hard can be either quarried or crushed as easily as the soft. Therefore, the amount per ton being the same, the cost of extraction is different, and the profits arising therefrom, as a matter of course, will differ in proportion.

Some persons having crushed rock that was exceedingly rich, with more pride (or self-interest) than truthfulness, reported such to be the average yield; when, perhaps a tenth part of that amount would be nearer the net product of their mine. By these exaggerations a few years ago much disastrous speculation was fostered and encouraged; and which, doubtless, materially retarded the development of this branch of mining. As quartz is now becoming a steady and profitable business, no respectable company attempts to exaggerate the product of their lead; but rather, like all other good business men, seek to keep their business to themselves, preferring to under than over state the yield.

As the position of a quartz lead in the mountain is generally at an angle of from twenty to fifty degrees, the most common method of working it is to sink a perpendicular shaft at a sufficient distance from the line where the vein is seen to "crop out" on the surface, and strike the angle



at the depth desired, or thereabouts. From this shaft workmen commence removing the quartz along the vein, to form a tunnel; and as the rock is removed much easier and more rapidly by beginning at the tunnel and working upwards, this plan of operation of course is adopted.

Under the guidance of Mr. Daniels, of the far-famed Allison Ranch Lead, we descended their shaft—but not before the workmen had offered and we had accepted the loan of an India rubber suit of clothing—and on reaching the bottom of it we found a considerable stream of water running in the centre of the railway, constructed along the tunnel to the shaft. This water was removed by a pump in one corner of the shaft, working by steam power, both day and night.

On, on we went, trying to keep a sure footing on the rail track, inasmuch as water-tight boots even then became a very necessary accompaniment to the India-rubber clothing. Drip, drip, fell the water, not singly, but in clusters of drops and small streams, so that

QUARRYING QUARTZ AT THE VEIN.

when we arrived at the drift where the men were at work, we had a sufficient supply of water for drinking purposes (!) in the pockets of our coat. The miners who were removing the quartz from the ledge, looked more like half-drowned sea-lions, than men. We did not make ourselves inquisitive enough to ask the amount of wages they received, but we came to the conclusion that they must certainly earn whatever they obtained. Stooping, or rather half lying down upon the wet rock, among fragments of quartz and props of wood, and streams of water; with pick in hand, and by a dim but waterproof lantern, giving out a very dim and watery light, just about bright enough, or rather dim enough, and watery enough, as Milton expresses it, "to make darkness visible," a man was at work, picking down the rock—the gold-bearing rock—and which, although very rich, was very rotten, and consequently not only paid well, but was easily quarried, and easily crushed; and although this rock was paying not less than three hundred and fifty dollars per ton, we could not see the first speck of gold in it, after a diligent search for that purpose.

At the bottom of the drift another man was employed to shovel the quartz into a tub standing on a railway car, and push it to the shaft, where it was drawn up and taken to the mill.

It has been a matter of much anxiety and discussion to know if the gold-bearing quartz would extend below the decomposed rock; and, if so, whether or not the rock would not become too hard and too difficult to quarry, and remove to the mill with profit. We know of but two companies in Nevada county who have mined through the decomposed rock into the *volcanic*, and these are the *Sebastopol* and *Osborne Hill*, about a couple of miles east of Grass Valley, Nevada county; both of these companies being at work in the greenstone.

We had the satisfaction of descending the Osborne Hill lead, under the guidance of Mr. Crossett, and, after bumping the

head against the rocky roof above, and holding on by our feet to the wet and slippery roof of rock below, on which we were descending, at an angle of forty-two degrees; now clinging to the timbers at the side; (to prevent the lubricity of our footing from taking advantage of the back part of our head, and making us to "see stars in a dark passage," from the tripping up of our heels) now winding among props, and over cast-iron pump tubes; now making our way from one side of the inclined shaft to the other, to enable us to travel as easy as possible. On, on; down, down we go, until we hear the sound of muffled voices issuing from somewhere deep down amid the darkness, and uttering something very indistinct and hard to be understood; when we again cross over to, and enter a side drift; where, in the distance, we see lights glimmering, in shadow and smoke, and hear the voices become more and more distinct, until my guide asks the question, "How does she look now, boys?" "All right—better, sir."

"Ah! that's right—there goes the supper bell, boys." Now tools are dropped and a general move was on foot for working in the bread and meat mine, as hard and as earnestly as they had worked in the quartz mine.

"Have we reached the bottom now?" we inquired. "Ah! no, we are only about one hundred and sixty feet below the surface, yet, we shall soon reach the greenstone."

Presently we reach the top of the greenstone; but, down, farther and deeper, we pass on, as before, until we reach a long tunnel, into which we enter and can stand erect.

"Is *this* the bottom?" we inquired.

"Well, nearly," was the answer; "we are now one hundred and thirty feet down in the greenstone, and three hundred feet from the out-crop of the quartz vein."

"Well, sir," we interrogated, "does the quartz rock pay you thus far down in the greenstone?"

"Yes," was the reply, "it is even better than it was above. The deeper we get, the richer the quartz becomes. We are very well satisfied with the prospect."

"Do you think that it will prove so, generally?"

"I do," was the firm and emphatic answer.

This, therefore, becomes an important fact; inasmuch as should the paying quartz end after the bottom of the decomposed rock is reached the permanency of quartz operations would be at best but very doubtful.

Now, reader, let us rest for a moment, and look around us a little—as we hope, (in imagination at least,) you have thus far accompanied us. Except from the lights in our hands all is dark, and as still almost as the tomb, with the exception of the distant creaking of a pump, and the steady dripping of some water at our elbow. Rock here, there, and everywhere. For several years men have been picking and drilling and blasting through solid rock; by day and night; in winter and in summer; led forward by the talismanic power of gold—or at least by the hope to obtain it. Hard rock, hard work, and often very hard prospects; although combined with difficulty and danger, have

never for a moment daunted or dismayed them. Above ground or under; by daylight or candle light—onward—ever onward—has been their unswerving resolve—and the guiding star of hope has ever shone with cheering light upon their labors. May the reward be near.

"As it is getting rather chilly, suppose we ascend."

"All right; shall we ascend by the ladder, or by the same way that we came?" inquired our excellent guide.

"Oh, by the ladder, by all means," was the response.

Lights were then fastened on our hats; as, "in ascending we shall have need of both hands perhaps!" suggested our guide.

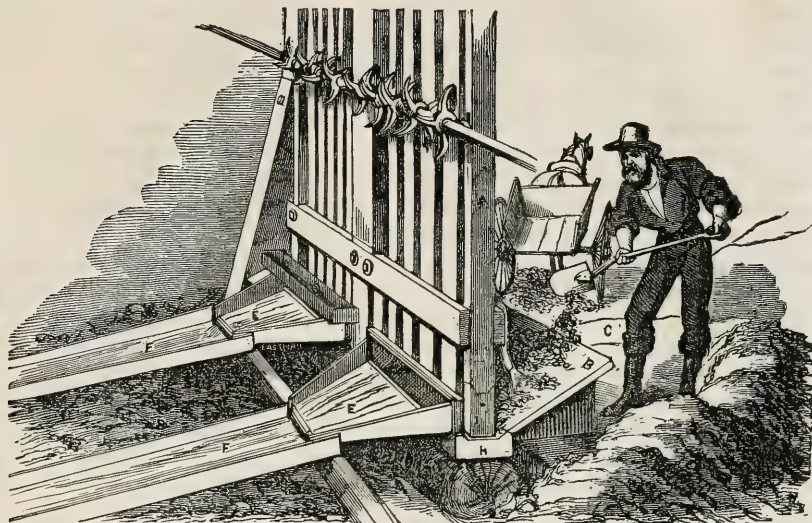
"What pleasure there is in seeing daylight after one has been for some time in darkness; and inhaling the cool fresh air above ground after some time spent underneath," we remarked, as we wiped the sweat from our brow, when we had reached the top.

While we cool ourselves, as we see the carts are busy in removing the gold-bearing quartz which has been taken from below, let us follow them to the mill and there see the *modus operandi* of crushing the rock and extracting the gold.



MEXICANS BREAKING THE QUARTZ.

After the quartz is emptied from the cart into the yard, the large pieces are broken by hand to about the size of a man's fist or a little smaller; they are then shoveled, with the dust and finer portions of rock, upon an inclined table or "hopper" at B, on which a small stream of water is conveyed through a pipe from



FEEDING THE MILL.

above, and by which the quartz is washed down the hopper to a solid cast-iron bed-plate at H, and beneath the stampers.

The stampers at A and I being elevated by convex arms attached to a revolving shaft at K, when at the required height, fall suddenly down upon the quartz; and being shod with heavy cast-iron, which, added to the stampers, make the whole weight of a single one from six hundred to a thousand pounds, crushes the rock to powder upon which it falls.

In front of the stampers at D is a very fine seive or screen, against and through which the water, gold and pulverised quartz are constantly being splashed by the falling of the stampers; and should the rock not be pulverised sufficiently fine to pass through these discharge-screens it again falls back upon the bed-plate to receive another crushing from the stampers. If, however, it is reduced fine enough to pass through, it falls upon an apron at E, or

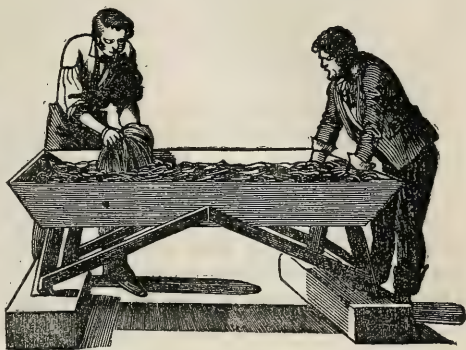
into an "amalgamating box" containing quicksilver, and into which a dash-board is inserted that all the water, gold, and tailings may pass *through* the quicksilver contained in the amalgamating box, to an inclined plane or blanket-table below. Across and above the apron, or amalgamating box, a small trough is fixed at O, with holes in the bottom, for the purpose of distributing clean water equally on the apron, or into the amalgamating box, and by which the pulverised rock, and gold not saved above, is washed down to the blanket-tables at F.

These tables simply consist of a flat sluice, generally about two feet in width by six inches in depth, and upon which a coarse blanket is spread for the purpose, principally, of saving the auriferous sulphurets, and which will not amalgamate with the quicksilver. Some companies, however, depend chiefly upon the apron and blankets for saving the whole

of their gold, and do not use quicksilver above the blanket-tables.

The blankets are allowed to remain upon the tables from ten to thirty minutes, according to the quality of the rock being crushed; that which is rich requiring the change about every ten or fifteen minutes, and that which is poor every twenty or thirty minutes. When a change is desirable the blankets are carefully rolled up and placed in a bucket, or small tub, and carried to the "vat"—not, however, before another is spread upon the table—where they are carefully washed. In order to test the quality of the rock being crushed, the contents of the blanket are frequently washed into a *batea*, or broad Mexican bowl, and prospected.

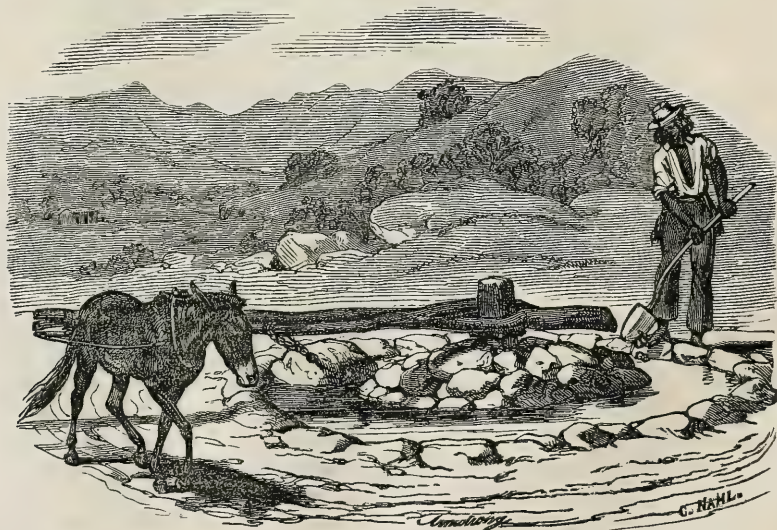
The materials contained in the blanket vats are saved in a box made for that purpose, or thrown into a heap, or taken at once to some kind of amalgamating machine—and there is scarcely a couple



WASHING THE BLANKETS.

of mills in the State where the same process exactly is used; as each superintendent of a mill supposes that he has made some improvements in *his* mill entirely unknown or unpracticed by others; at all events he flatters himself that *he* saves more gold than his neighbor.

The processes most commonly in use are the *Rastra* and Chili mill. These we shall describe, reserving for some other numbers

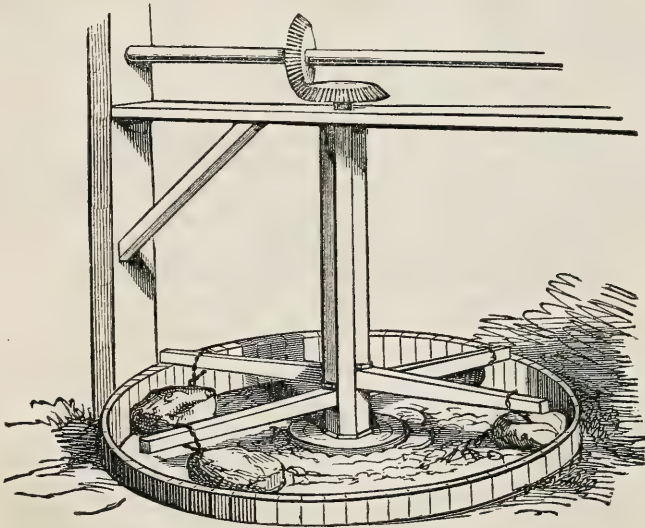


THE MEXICAN RASTRA.

the various plans or improvements for saving the gold, by different persons, at different mills; inasmuch as the saving of gold is of too much importance to be lightly passed over.

One of the first used, as well as one of the most useful and most important, is the Mexican Rastra. Though rude in its construction and simple in its working, it is one of the most effectual methods of saving the gold which has yet been discovered. The Mexican method of constructing these is to lay a circular track of stone tolerably

level with a low wall around the outside of the track; and in the centre a post made of a tree cut off at the required height, and generally just above a crotch or arm; another small tree is then cut in the shape required, for making a horrizontal shaft; to this is attached one or more large stones; and these being drawn around by donkey or mule power, grind the quartz to powder. Of course, as gold is the heaviest it naturally seeks the lowest places, and as quicksilver is always put in with the quartz the gold becomes amalgamated with it.



THE IMPROVED MEXICAN RASTRA:

The Mexican rastra has been improved some little in its construction and adaptation to our wants; and in many cases mule-power has been superseded by steam; but the principle remains about the same.

When the rastra is properly prepared, a "batch" of about five hundred pounds is generally emptied into one about ten feet in diameter; but the quantity is always regulated by the size of the machine. It is then ground very fine by means of the drag-stones attached to arms fixed in the perpendicular shaft, and which are gene-

rally given about eight revolutions per minute. At this rate it will require from three to four hours to grind a batch sufficiently; but this is somewhat regulated by the grit and weight of the drag-stones. About three quarters of an hour before the whole is thoroughly ground, a sufficient quantity of quicksilver is added; but the amount is regulated by the richness of the quartz in process of grinding. If, for instance, the five hundred pounds of tailings placed in the arastra is supposed to contain about three quarters of an ounce of gold, about

one ounce of quicksilver is generally used — or about twenty-five per cent. more of the latter than the former. Some judgment is required in this — too much quicksilver being a disadvantage, inasmuch as the amalgam should be kept hard to make it effectual in saving the gold. Quicksilver should also be kept very free from grease, as it cannot be too clean; and should invariably be well retorted every time it is used.

About ten minutes before the grinding is finished, about sixteen buckets of water are poured into the rastra, to the quantity named, and the same motion continued, the whole appearing like muddy water. This is then baled out, or run off quickly. Five hundred pounds more of the quartz are then added, and the process repeated, adding the same portion of quicksilver to every batch.

This is kept on for one, two, three, or even four weeks, according to the richness of the quartz, or the taste and wants of the owner. The larger the amount of amalgam contained in the rastra, the more gold is there saved, in proportion, to the ton.

The amalgam is then taken out of the

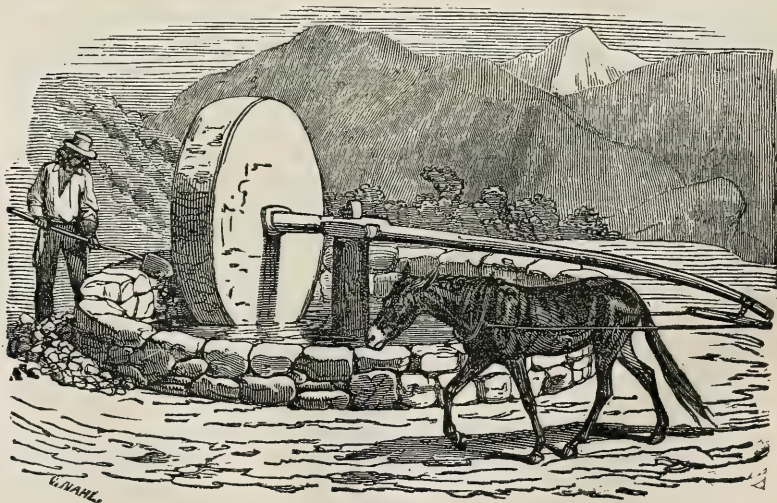
crevices in the bottom of the rastra, and carefully panned out, and as carefully retorted. After this, most business men melt the gold into bars or ingots, before sending it to the mint to be coined.

Before commencing to grind again, the crevices between the stones covering the floor of the rastra, about one and a half inches wide, are tightly packed and filled with clay, level with the stone.

In El Dorado County, rastras sixteen feet in diameter are used to great advantage, as more than double the amount of quartz is ground by them than by the smaller ones; but of course they require a proportionate increase in power to work them.

It should also be remembered that not less than two fifths more quartz is ground in the same rastra when worked by steam or water-power than when worked by animals, inasmuch as the speed and regularity is increased.

It should also be well remembered by every operator in quartz, that warm water is of great assistance in every thing connected with amalgam, as it will be the means of saving from ten to fifteen per



THE CHILI MILL.

cent. more gold than when it is worked with cold water—a very important kind of economy.

This mill, as used in Chili, and from whence its origin and name are derived, is nearly as simple in its construction as the rastra. It consists of a circular inclosure somewhat resembling the rastra, with the walls a little higher, and more regular; and, instead of the “drag-stones,” a large stone wheel, attached to the horizontal shaft, is used for grinding the rock. Into this mill a small stream of water is constantly running, a portion of which is forced out at each revolution of the wheel. The gold is saved by means of quicksilver on the bottom of the mill, in the same manner as in the rastra.

To make this principle more subservient to the purposes of quartz mining, and better adapted to the requirements of a faster age and people, the “improved Chili

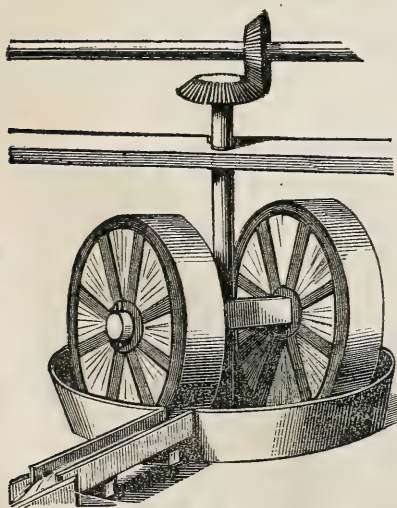
cular iron basin about a foot in depth, into which the tailings from the blanket tables are conveyed, and ground to powder.

As these improved mills are generally worked by steam, the speed attained, and the work accomplished, of course very far exceeds the old process.

On the first page of the present number of the Magazine, in the foreground of the picture, will be found several small amalgamators in use at Mr. Chavanne's mill.

The methods of saving the gold which passes over the blankets in the tailings, are almost as numerous as are the mills where the quartz is crushed. The principle, however, is to allow the tailings to run down a series of inclined tables, or sluices, at the end of each of which is often placed a wood trough, or iron pan, containing quicksilver, into which they flow, when the gold falls into the quicksilver on the bottom, and is there retained; while the lighter material floats over the edge of the trough or pan into another sluice, at the end of which is another pan, where the same process is repeated. The sluices, or inclined tables, are generally fitted up with “patent riffles” across the bottom, filled with quicksilver. After the tailings have passed through the whole series of sluices they are sometimes worked through the improved Chili Mill, or other machine; but are oftener allowed to run into a large vat, from which the water flows off while the tailings settle at the bottom. These are then thrown into a heap and allowed to “rust,” preparatory to other processes at some future time.

As California is one vast net-work of quartz leads, a thousandth part of which have never even been prospected; and as the bottom of a single lead has not yet been found, it is not an uncertain venture to say that this department alone is capable of giving employment to several millions of people: and, when people hazard the opinion that mining in this State is but in its infancy, we hope (with their consent)



THE IMPROVED CHILI MILL.

Mill” was invented. This consists of two heavy cast-iron wheels, from three to five feet in diameter, and from ten to fifteen inches in thickness: these, revolve on an axle, moving steadily round in a cir-

that they may live fifty or a hundred years (!) as we are assured that at the expiration of that time they will, with greater certainty than now, be willing to make the same confession.

GRUMBLING IN A RAILROAD DEPOT.

Vanity of vanities,
Climax of vexation,
Waiting for the cars
At a railroad station.
Little Yankee clock,
Wagging very slow,
Worries off an hour
In a small depot!

Sultry summer day,
Hot Sahara weather,
Crowds of melting people
Huddled up together;
Ladies flutter fans,
Men all take to smoking,
Cool as salamanders,
Really, 'tis provoking!

Tall, uneasy Yankee
Bobbing up his head,
Wonders if the cars
"Couldn't go ahead."
Good old maiden lady
Says the train is late,
But we all must learn
Patiently to wait.

Corpulent old fellow,
Looking very wise,
With a yawn quite lazy,
Closes up his eyes.
Waiting for the cars,
It is no wise odd,
That he took a train
To the land of *Nod*!

Every one impatient,
Every body grumbling;
Cars at length come in
With tremendous rumbling.
General stampede
Made for every door,
Half a dozen children
Sprawling on the floor.

Worst of little miseries
Which in life beset us,
Worst of traveling troubles
That forever fret us,
Worrying out the hours —
Hours of idle woe —
Dusty, cross, and crusty,
In a hot depot. S****

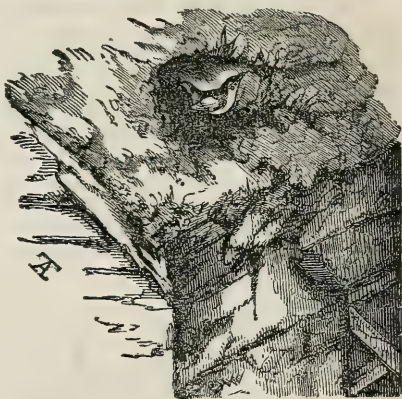
In a "Way Station."

THE EAGLE AND THE WREN.

A LEGEND.

BY MRS. C. W. WEBBER.

A young wren lay cozily in its soft nest, almost hidden in the moss of the cottage-roof where her parents had made a resting-place long before little Jenny was born.



She was the youngest of the third and last brood of the season — a dark-eyed elf with shining plumage and slender figure, and now as she lay so snugly in that wee-bit cradle, her sturdier sisters and brothers were down by the spring, playing hide-and-seek with the locusts. Now and then, as a shrill, screaming rattle, rattle, arose from one or the other of them, Jenny would raise herself on tiptoe to see what the matter could be; and she more than once joined her sweet voice to their tumult when she discovered the cause of the excitement: — a white-winged locust, just emerged from its hard shell, still clinging with empty claws to the rough bark of a tree, while the ghostly pre-occupant slowly climbed onward and upward to the strengthening sunshine.



But Jenny had other thoughts than of breakfasts of young bugs, and games at the spring. Before her rose a proud hill, whose brow was bathed in misty shadows, whose feet the tall trees caressed with their wildest embraces; and the flowers that robed its side, clustered like lakes of gold, and studded its tresses of matted vines, with here and there white, starry diadems, until to Jenny's fancy, the hill became a Princess, and above her, in the form of a stern craig, on which was set for a crown an eagle's nest, towered a King, the frowning father of the Princess! And the little wren, Jenny, with eyes oft glancing upward, marveled if an angel guarded that crown, that showed so seldom and so weirdly amidst the mists that seemed to her like wings, now lifting a little, now falling, then swerving and swaying back and forth, around and far below, but never sweeping themselves away from between the soft, dark, wondering eyes of Jenny and the mystery above.

Jenny began to mope, when day after day the same tantalizing mist-wreaths tortured her expectant vision; and dim-formed yearnings to shape themselves in her heart, to penetrate the wonder, and know if indeed she had seen the wings of a guardian angel, and if the intense shimmer which sometimes made her hide her head beneath her wing, was the shining of the crown jewels, or the dazzling eyes of the Angel.

Jenny was a weak little wren; not half so strong as her sisters were. They would have made little of a flight such as she now began to contemplate, but, for her, it was

a long journey, and questionable if she could ever endure all the hardships of it.

But her soul was growing, as you could have seen by looking at the wide eyes of the little wren, and she was soon ready to dare the dangers, and one morning she arose from her soft nest, and spread her tiny brown wings for flight from it. One glance at the smiling Princess, and upward she rose towards the outstretched arms of the nearest tree at the foot of the hill, where she reposed her panting form. After she had taken breath, she looked up. How her heart sank! It grew cold and heavy in her breast. Above her she saw no longer the mist-draped hill-tops, but only a wilderness of green foliage. Could she ever find her way through it? Her hopes gave no response. An earthy spirit had caught her in its embrace. Her dear Princess, the King, the Angel, were shut out forever! Should she return to the nest? She could at least view them from afar! She looked down, around — all, all was one unbroken, vast wilderness of leaves. Her head sank upon her shoulder. She felt only the deepest despair.

Suddenly her eyes brighten! She hears a strange, grand swoop of wings! Her little form shrank and shivered with wonder and terror and worship! Surely this was the coming Angel of the crown! That majesty of flight could only be his. Those mighty wings were only made to uphold the Guardian of the Mysterious. And the sunlight he bore with him into the shadowed wilderness, did it fall from his wings, or did he bear two diamonds to illumine the darkness of the gloom?

Poor Jenny shut her eyes in very bewilderment. When lo! the Angel-Wonder said gently: "Whither, little Jenny, do your aspiring winglets tend?" She raised her timid head, and her eyes met a blaze of light that poured in floods from the brow of the Angel-Wonder. She knew not what she did, but with an impulse like that which makes the moth seek the devouring fire-light, she darted forward. An outstretched wing received her trembling form, and shielded from the blaze, she nestled close and closer, while the warmth penetrated her chilly frame, from the great heart against which she leaned. Soon she ceased to tremble, yet faster clung and closer nestled, and now she lay securely enveloped in the strong, soft folds of the Wonder's embrace.

Ah, little Jenny had indeed found a paradise. She no longer doubted that she should ever reach those proud mysteries; and ah, happy little one if she could always rest so sheltered from the cold glooms of the dreary earth.

The broad wings slowly expand; the rustle widens into a sound like storm-winds seeking calm in the bosom of sea-waves—and now they roar like the very Demon of Tempests, and rise and fall in gigantic swoops, now sinking deep into the shadowy valleys, now rising majestically above the clouds, ever moving with a mighty pride, as if the elements were its minions. And now up! up! up! with slow, grand ascent, the Wonder bears its tiny burthen. The wren gazes out from its protection, and lo! the Princess! Once more she gladdens Jenny's heart till it flutters at her fair aspect!

And, ah! grand sight! The stern Craig-King lifts his mighty crowned head, and Jenny almost dies with joy as the Wonder swoops among the embosoming mist-wreaths, and she, the little wren, discovers the mystery.

Her Angel has borne her upward to the throne. The crown is her resting-place beside his heart; and the jewels he bears always with him, to illumine all earth's shadows. His eagle-eyes shall henceforth dispel the glooms of wildernesses; the mists of mountain-tops will melt before the gleam, and the earth will bear beauties an hundred-fold to her, upspringing from the warmth of his glances.

Happy Jenny wren! And did the Eagle-Angel live for her? Ask the stars that shine, if they live for the rivulet in yonder glen? Ask the northern blast if its icy spears are sped for the wind-flower on the

plains? Yet he, the Wonder, grew gentler, aye, far less stern, when he felt the tender pressing of the little wren's heart against his grand breast.

Rest, then, Jenny! No more outward glances! Thy path to God and Love are one! What! art ambitious? Not yet at peace? Would'st win the throne? Presumptuous one! See the mild glances of those orb-jeweled, marvellous eyes; feel thou the strong beat of that mighty heart; listen to the subdued anthem that voice chants for thee, and turn thy rebellious restlessness to quiet and joy again.

Ah! that I should have it to relate! That wren so loved, so honored, the companion in many grand flights, the only love of that magnificent Eagle-Soul, madly thrust keen, needle-pointed daggers at his heart, till one gloomy day, when the earth was shut in by rain-clouds, the Angel-Wonder gently severed the unworthy wren from his side, gazed lovingly and pityingly at her, then shook his noble plumes, and vanished "in lofty cloud," leaving her upon his couch of state—the airy crown of King Craig.

And there the stunned birdling sat, stunned with grief at her own wickedness. Will the Angel ever come again? asks her agonized heart. Or,—and she gazed down the steep up which he bore her—shall she descend to the obscure nest from which she took her first, short, faltering flight?

Useless the sobbing sighs—worse than useless all thy struggles—only his invisible presence may help thee; but thy soul is weak, thy strength but tiny. He pities thee, poor wren—the magnanimous One—whom thy presumptuous petulance has driven from thee! He still sends down to thee, from the clouds, rays from his eyes to lighten the gloom of storms that cling rudely about thy little form. Even yet thy earnest struggles may upbear thee, and ye may in the Coming Time rest again, in penitent, humbled loving, upon his breast! Keep, then, thine eyes uplifted! Watch and work faithfully for this reward!

Poor Jenny! her bowed head very slowly lifts itself above the shadows her own heart has nurtured, but as her languid eyes open in shrinking, they suddenly flare joyously, wide and bright! She springs to the edge of the crown-nest, and her voice rings in mellow, heart-stirring song. Her slender, fairy figure vibrates to the melody her soul outpours; and the black, threatening storm-clouds sway, and sink, sink, as the hymn fills the atmosphere, until a silvery haze

veils craig, and hill, and flowers and trees; and the sudden dash of vewalets in the valley-spring, startles the family of wrens, who set up with opposing voices, shrill, rattling headlong pipings, that made the very wild-flowers toss their dainty heads in dancing measure to the chorus.

And Jenny — what had roused the despairing one? Above her, in the clear space beyond the clouds, a distant sound of sweeping wings, and a wondrous Voice chanting prophecies, and a broad path of light, as from Heaven, that penetrated the sorrowful gloom! and she knew, then, that her Wonder-lover, with watchful, never-dimming, eagle-eyes, guarded still his crown-nest, and the New Gem which should henceforth beam mildly in its border!

This is the true story of Happy Jenny Wren; and now that the Angel has forgiven her, we may any day hear her singing in wild, melodious strains; her little head uplifted, her bright eyes steadily gazing toward the sky — and though we cannot discern the Mystery she views so joyously, no matter how much we try, yet ask the children of Germany, and they will tell you that this is a true legend, and that the wren is the betrothed of the eagle; and I dare say they could, almost any of them, point out to you the very mountain whereon all these strange things happened!

At all events *I* believe it to be true, and since Jenny Wren has grown stronger and wiser from her sad experiences, she has taken a long flight from the valley of her birth, and may now be seen, even at this moment, sitting in our garden, and despite what a correspondent of the *California Magazine* says, she sings better, to my ears, than all the canaries in the world! She is not alone in this great country. Besides bringing in her train all her family, she has been followed by many a song-bird beside — all of whom have strange histories, if one could only understand their language, and would listen at sunrise, when they all meet to gossip of old memories, be-



fore the yawning flower-buds have wasted their sweet breath in kisses to the welcome day.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE LATE EXHIBITION OF THE ME- CHANICS' INSTITUTE.

In 1742, James Watt, a poor boy, in whose creative mind had just dawned a brilliant idea, the application of which was to effect a peaceful revolution, which should extend over the whole civilized world, and penetrate and finally destroy the barbarism of ages, when, engaged in his dreamy way in experimenting on the condensation of steam by holding a spoon or cup over the spout of a tea-kettle, was sharply rebuked by his matter-of-fact aunt for what she termed his "idleness." "Take a book," said she, "or do something useful. You have done nothing for the last hour but take off the lid of that kettle and put it on again; are you not ashamed of spending your time in this way?" A century later the glorious idea of that quiet, thoughtful boy had been fructified, and man, from his cradle to his grave, alike for his swaddling-clothes and his shroud, was indebted to the power of steam. About this time, the world of thought realized the fact that the exercise of bone and sinew is not incompatible with the possession of mind; and that the

dignity of labor had been too long overlooked. It was conceded that the daily worker in any department of mechanism or art, might be possessed of intelligence ; that he might quicken that intelligence and derive information by study and observation, and that the exercise of his natural ability and acquired knowledge under the control of practical experience, might eventuate in applications of principles, in discoveries and inventions, of far greater benefit to civilization than could result from the chaotic thoughts and confusing platitudes of those who are mere wanderers in the theoretical intricacies of science, or from the glowing fancies of the enthusiasts, who listlessly roam amidst the fragrant and many-tinted flowers that decorate the fields which have been ploughed, harrowed and sown by men of sterner mind and less classic mould. In 1857, the results of this important discovery are spread out before us from the equator to the poles ; the effect upon art, science, philosophy, education, politics, society and religion, when calmly and deliberately reviewed and even partially appreciated, taxes the full powers of the human understanding ; it seems as though the world has been suddenly awakened from a deep and dreamless sleep, during which it had been prepared for a complete metamorphosis.

But vast though the subject is, our space is limited, and we must hasten to conclude our reflections. It is for us of California — at this critical period of our existence as an organized community, when the excitement immediately attending the discovery of mineral wealth has been subdued by Anglo-Saxon reason ; when agriculture, manufactures, and the many and various branches of mechanical industry, though yet in embryo, are gradually becoming, in connection with the mines, the substantial interests of the country ; when home producers are beginning to drive foreign importers from the market, and the well-settled laws of supply and demand are understood and applied ; when society is assum-

ing a permanent organization ; it is for us now, above all other periods, to acquire, as near as may be, a perfect conception of the progress of past events, with their train of important results, and by the aid of these direct the present with a view to the most perfect development in the future. The utility of the late Mechanics' Fair in San Francisco will consist in its effect. Mere admiration of the articles exhibited, of the mechanical genius or scientific ability of the contributors, will amount to nothing unless coupled with the determination, by material assistance and individual exertion, to aid in the proper and successful application of the talent and ingenuity which the exhibition proved to be so plentiful in the State. Those beautiful and improved models of steam engines—so exquisite in their proportions, so perfect in construction—must create patronage, not alone directly, but through the medium of intelligent conversation and writing, for their designers and constructors, and so on through the entire catalogue of contributions. The philosophy of these displays is not in the momentary feeling of gratified vanity excited by them, but in the practical lesson taught, and onward impetus given to each person who witnesses or reads of them, and to the community in the aggregate. We look to grand results in the Future, growing out of the results of the Past, and justified by the prospects of the Present.

HOW I PAINTED JOHN SMITH'S PICTURE.

The people of California are accustomed to send little mementoes to their friends in *the States*, which indicate the attachment that neither time nor distance are able to sever. These tokens are of every conceivable variety ; and often, as in the case I am about to relate, they represent one's home or place of labor in the mines.

One day as I was sitting by my easel with brushes in hand, and a pallet on which

were arranged sundry bits of paint, my friend John Smith came in. He admired the colors as he saw them distributed over the canvass, and declared I must paint a picture for him.

"What shall it be?" said I.

"My house. I want my house painted."

Poor fellow! he did not mean to make me a house painter in the common acceptation of the term; he meant that he wanted a picture of his house. Now John had a dwelling-house which he rented; and, as it was all the real estate he had, he esteemed it highly. The house was small, one story, with the side to the street, and a small addition on the end. The side and one end were painted white. The windows were small, even, for so small a house. There was a capacious yard in front inclosed by a fence in an extreme state of dilapidation. These were the premises I was desired to portray, and it will appear how near I came to it.

"Well" said I, "I will make a picture of your house; but you need a new fence."

"Oh! I am going to have a good one. Make one in the picture; and I want you to make a porch along the front side of the house, for I am going to have one there."

"Very well; but in that case, you ought to have larger windows."

"Oh! yes, I am going to have French windows, put in French windows. — And I am going to paint it again."

"Then John, since you are going to have a nice place, I would paint it some color rather than white."

"All right; I tell you I am going to make a fine house of it. I want you to fix it up right."

"In such a capacious yard you should have shade and ornamental trees, and some shrubbery, and a fountain."

To this he assented, and I went to work and completed a painting representing a colored house with porch, French windows, a yard full of flourishing trees, and shrub-

bery, and besides, a tempestuous little fountain — not resembling his place in a single particular save in the relative size of house and lot. I showed it to him and he exclaimed, —

"Oh! that is first rate! I will send it home by the next steamer."

This was a *denouement*. I had supposed that it was to hang in his house, and that, since it was not like his place, he would make his place like it; but away to the States went the picture, and the place remains as it was to this day, excepting some improvement in the fencing. Words may tell stories, appearances deceive, type tell lies, and little pictures fib, grossly fib — grossly, because they have the endorsement of a seemingly disinterested hand.

N. K.

LECTURE UPON "MINNIE"-RALOGY—*By Eagle Wing.* Mineralogy is generally supposed to be the science of stones, rocks, ledges, pebbles, etc., etc., but strictly defined, it embraces every object in the visible world excepting vegetables and animal matter; hence the air we breathe is a mineral, and we ourselves are mostly made up of rocks and minerals, because the same chemical substances that go to make up minerals constitute the larger portion of our bodies. I do not know that I am scientifically correct, but of late it seems to me that every thing is "Minnie"-ral! and O, how I do love to study and gaze upon the subject! I have determined to give a lifetime of devotion to it. A "Minnie"-ral has become my hobby; the "cabin"-et where it is found is a sacred spot to me. I study and gaze upon the features it presents. Other mineralogists have found and described "faults" among the rocks and minerals, but after the severest scrutiny I am unable to find any fault whatever in mine; and when I touch my lips to it, to determine by the taste the class to which it belongs, it adheres to them with a tenacity altogether unexplainable, while it acts as a magnet of such power, that no sooner are they separated than they as naturally seek to renew the touch and taste. How singular! Who, then, would not like the delightful study of "Minnie"-ralogy?

MY CHILD FRIEND.

Manifold are the pictures of beauty,
 Sky, mountain and water and wood;
 He is best, who best sees it his duty
 To love all, as "all very good."
 Who scorneth this kindest duty
 Knows nothing of love as one should.

Tho' nothing on earth I have hated,
 But on the bright universe smiled,
 I know I love nothing created
 So well, as a *pure* little child.
 'Tis a joy that has never abated,
 Which in my young bosom burst wild.

* * * * *
 I once had a friend—little Moses—
 Four summers had shone on his head;
 His cheeks, like the orient roses
 That bloom by the Hiddakel's bed,
 (Alas! in what silence reposes
 The boy in the realm of the dead.)

It was in the hilarious season
 Of snow-wreaths and boreal air,
 That we met—and for many a reason
 Than that he was wondrously fair,
 I loved him: he's ready for treason
 Who in a child's love cannot share.

So presently we were united
 In friendship the purest on earth;
 How oft has my spirit been lighted
 By visions transcendent whose birth
 I've traced to such love;—This was blighted
 Too early for one of such worth.

Every morn he would come to my study,
 Some mystical dream to relate;
 His countenance growing more ruddy,
 The wilder the things he would state.
 Holding up—his face beaming and ruddy—
 An angel, portrayed on his slate.

And when too, the winter days ended,
 And twilight grew deep on the plain,
 When the evening dampness descended
 Like silent invisible rain;
 And curious devices were blended
 In frost-work on every pane,
 He would stand at the window commanding
 A view of the desolate street,
 And little brown school house outstanding
 Alone to the winds and the sleet;
 His beautiful blue eyes expanding
 My long-awaited presence to greet.

For upon his fresh lips hangs a story—
 A story indeed he *must* tell;
 And his eye kindles up with glory
 Of marvelous visions that dwell
 In his soul—Oh! this cherubim glory
 Alone on a child broodeth well.

Then beside me his fancy commences
 A "thousand and one" little flights
 Into dream-land, until the tired senses

Decline with the flickering light
 On the hearth. In my breast joy condenses
 In such sweet "Arabian Nights."

But there came to this home of affection,
 One morn at the breaking of day,
 The angel who maketh selection
 Of flowers, too pellucid to sway
 In life's tempests; and, sad recollection!—
 My cherub was taken away.

Never more in its crystalline beauty,
 Will melody flow from that tongue;
 Never more will I go to my duty
 Delighted with harmonies flung
 From those lips; for their roseate beauty
 Is blanched, and the lute is unstrung.

And now I can only remember,
 The vision that passed like a breath
 In that season, that blessed December!
 For a voice, breathing plaintively, saith:
 He sleeps in the quietest chamber—
 The uttermost darkness of death.

But only the *dust*, that was mortal,
 Reclines in that dreamless repose;
 Its beautiful angel *immortal*,
 From out its cold prison uprose,
 And has passed through the sanctified portal
 That borders this valley of woes.

LEWELLYN.

GINGERLY & CO.

BY DOINGS.

Well, as I said, we started, and in company with a wagon loaded with provisions, drawn by three yoke of oxen. Besides ourselves and the driver, was the driver's son, a hopeful youth of some sixteen, who, with his ready wit and pleasant laugh beguiled the weary hours of travel, and made our 'voyage' almost a pleasure trip. I, being somewhat of an invalid, was allowed to ride, which I found very pleasant until the dust commenced to arise in clouds so dense, that I was unable to say whether I was upon a loaded wagon, or beneath a very large sized pepper-box. Then I preferred to walk, which I did for the balance of the trip.

The old woman had told the Col. that the old man had told her, that Foster's Bar was upon the route, and that in case they left that place before we reached it, she would leave such directions there as would enable us to

follow without difficulty—and now we were en route for Foster's Bar. The summit of the hill leading to the Bar was gained,—here the two lead yoke of oxen were unhitched, a tree felled, and tied to the tail end of the wagon; and the *passengers* requested to 'trim ship,' by standing on the wheels in dangerous places; and we commenced the descent. By the aid of a great deal of "Whoa-hawing," "Gee-Bucking," and any given quantity of shouting and profanity on the part of the driver, we 'weathered' the hill, and landed safely on the Bar.

It being near night when we arrived, and feeling very tired, we determined to at once pitch our tent and turn in, which we did. Early the following morning we unloaded the wagon; and, bidding the driver and his boy "good bye," commenced a fruitless search for old Gingerly, and which we persevered in for two days. There had been no team there, we were told, excepting those bringing freight, and which after unloading, returned to Marysville. Even the name of the illustrious Gingerly was unknown, and his fame had never reached that place. The fact of our having so lately seen a woman, and being then in search of one, rendered us very conspicuous personages—but "Madam Rumor," as she often does, mixed the story up until it was generally understood that we had a woman with us, and our little tent the second day was surrounded with men and boys, who were clamorous for a peep at her. In vain were our attempts at explanation; in vain did we deny the charge, and endeavor to refute the base insinuation: ocular demonstration was demanded, and we pulled down our tent and trampled over its fallen folds. The crowd began to disperse, satisfied, but disappointed, when one very tall and slender young man with a very pale face, long, light colored hair, and ditto colored eyes, approached, and taking me by the arm walked me a short distance from the scene of the late besiegement, and with a very weak

voice commenced the following conversation:—"O, sir, the woman, how did she look?" "Look!" said I, looking at him with strong doubts in my mind as to his sanity, "well enough—in excellent health I should judge." "No, I don't mean that—you don't understand me—what did she look like?" "Look like—why a woman, to be sure—what did you suppose she'd look like!" "Oh, I wish that I could see one—do you think she'll come this way? I have'n't seen one for eighteen months." Here the young man fell into a series of hysterical sobs, and proceeded with spasmodic efforts to jerk out the following:—"Not since I left my mo—(sob)—mo—(sob)—mother—(sob)—Mary Ann (sob) Summers (sob) promised to write (sob) but she (sob) ha—(sob)—ha—(hysterically)—hasn't." "Poor fellow," tho't I, as he with eyes dripping wet with tears, and bosom almost bursting, walked away and disappeared behind a pile of rocks. "When you are older, and have had experience, and become better acquainted with the ways of the sex you now so much adore, you will look back to those eighteen months as the oasis of your life, and then will know what a simpleton and fool you are making of yourself now."

The third day we voted ourselves *sold*, concluding that the old man had "played it very low down," and that we must commence to prospect for ourselves. In accordance with this view we took pick, pan and shovel, and strolled along down the bars of the Yuba, and had not gone far when we overtook a fine looking, hard-fisted miner, and, after entering into conversation with him, we walked along together, and soon sat down to rest. After a general conversation, our new acquaintance asked us where we were going. To this we could give no definite reply, and merely answered by saying, "that we were looking around, in hopes of finding something." "Well," said he, "I like the appearance of you fellows, and I think I can put you in the way

of getting a good claim. I have diggings some distance from here, and I think they are rich; no one knows of them besides my company, and one other man, who discovered them in company with us; he is an old mountaineer." "What! old mountaineer, did you say—tall man—long hair—tushers—chews tobacco—Gingerly! is that his name?" "That's the very man," rejoined the stranger. "Good gracious! is it possible!" said we, and all made a grasp for his hand, "'tis the very man we are after." "Three cheers for old Gingerly," shouted the Col. "The old woman you mean," suggested our little Captain. The Col. blushed but did not cheer. Then we entered into explanations, and told our new friend—whose name, as he informed us, was Underwood—the whole story, and agreed to be ready to go with him that night—"to leave in the night," he said, "was necessary, to prevent being tracked." He also told us that had we kept along the ridge instead of coming down the hill, we would have overtaken old Gingerly—"but never mind," said he, "you are only a day or two behind, and 'twill end just as well."

Upon our return to the Bar we were fortunate enough to find a pack-train, which had just come in from the "Forks," and which we at once engaged to transfer our "traps" to the place of our destination, wherever that might be. Night had drawn down her thickest mantle, and the denizens of Foster's Bar were slumbering—dreaming perhaps of golden nuggets and two ounce diggings—perchance of home—but little did they dream of an expedition starting out for *secret diggings* while they slumbered. We made our exit from the Bar at a point nearly opposite to that of our *entree*. There was no beaten path, not even a trail, to guide us up the hill, but "Underwood" acted as pilot, and, taking the bearings of two or three stars, he led off while we followed.

It has always been my impression that I tumbled up that hill. I know

that I was stumbling most of the time, and once or twice came very near going back to the Bar, by an entirely new route—rapid but not safe. Having surmounted the hill we went on quite rapidly 'till near day, and then camped. About noon of the second day after leaving the Bar we struck snow, and soon found ourselves traveling over what appeared to be a vast prairie covered with snow, and very hard traveling it was, as the snow was soft, and every step plunged us to the knee; we became thirsty, and eating snow only increased our thirst—the perspiration rolled from us in big drops, and, as for myself, it seemed as if every step would be my last; but night was coming on, and we were anxious to reach a growth of timber a few miles distant.

A column of smoke rising above the trees inspired us with fresh courage, and we plodded on. Upon entering the grove the cheerful blaze of a camp-fire, glimmering on ahead, was just discernible; with light hearts we hurried towards it. There was a wagon, and beside the fire a man, and—yes! by all that's good—a woman! 'Tis needless to say that we had found them. The old lady welcomed us warmly, but her partner looked very savage, and masticated tobacco at a fearful rate, nor would he grant us even a nod of recognition. We flattered ourselves that he would be in better humor by morning, and go on with us, but morning brought no change; he then swore "he would not budge an inch 'till after we had gone," and so we went without him. After traveling some eight miles further we came to a spot upon the mountain free from snow, and here "Underwood" told us we had better stop and make this peak our head-quarters, for it was as near to the creek as we could get with mules.

This place we named "Pine Peak," and it was our home for two months. We took up a claim upon the creek; but the water was too high for us to be able to do anything, and so we lived upon the Peak; making out from that

place on frequent prospecting tours, in every direction.

The first Sunday morning after our settlement on the Peak, the Col. started out for a small walk, and was gone all day; when he returned he said that he had been down to where we left old Gingerly. He found the old lady still there, with the wagon. She was very much dissatisfied, and regretted having left Marysville. The old man, she said, told her that "Slate Creek was no great shakes anyhow, and that we were welcome to all we could make out of it"—as for him, "he knew what he was about," and, at that time, was out "somewheres," hunting for something.

It might have been three weeks after the Col.'s walk, when, as I sat keeping camp, and trying to amuse myself by doing a little patch-work, I heard foot-steps approaching; and upon looking out of the tent my vision was greeted by the sight of that remarkable phiz attached to old Gingerly's person. "Where's the Col.?" said he. "Out prospecting." "When will he be back?" "Can't say." "The old woman want's to see him." "Where is she?" "Out here, about three quarters." "I'll go and see her."

Were it not for the great respect I ever entertained for the sensitive nature of females, I should have laughed when I beheld Mrs. G. She was mounted upon a very tall horse, with a very broad back—he appeared to be a very gentle sort of a horse, and to have passed the centre of life. Upon his back sat Mrs. G., not in the manner you would expect to see a lady, but in an abortive attempt to sit astride. Mrs. G., to use a homely expression, was short and fat, and, owing to the extreme brevity of her "limbs," and the immense breadth of the horse, her "extremities," in this attempt to ride, stuck out on a line but slightly deviating from the horizontal; her dress was more appropriate for walking than riding, and rather more of the aforesaid extremities were exposed than was proper for a young man to see; over

her shoulders was drawn an old dingy red shawl, and upon her head she wore a green sun-bonnet of extraordinary large dimensions, from the front of which was visible her large round face, covered profusely with blushes. I think this was one of the most picturesque and refreshing incidents that I ever met with in the mines, and could that young man on the Bar have shared it with me, I am confident that he could have gone on another eighteen months very comfortably. "I am sorry," said the good woman, when I had climbed upon the wagon wheel so as to be somewhere near her, and after the old man had left us, "I am sorry that the Col. has gone away; I wished to speak with him, but perhaps you will do as well. I don't know," she continued, "what the intentions of the old man are; he says that he has discovered something about twelve miles from here, but I have lost all confidence in him. I must go with him; I cannot help myself now. I have a favor to ask of you—it is this: if you do not hear from us within five days, I want you and the other boys to come over, to follow the wagon ruts on the snow and find us; I may need your assistance. Will you promise me that?" "Yes, certainly, whatever assistance I can render you shall be given cheerfully, and, in speaking for myself, I know that I but utter the sentiments of my partners." "Well, now I shall feel more contented; I thank you very much, and, if it be possible, I will send the old man over to tell you where we are, and what we are doing; but if you do not hear from us *do not fail to come.*" "Hallo, there! I'm going to start," was the rough salutation that next greeted my ear. I jumped from the wheel, and, at Mrs. G.'s request, led her horse for a short distance, for, as she remarked, "'tis rather hard to get him started, but once started he follows the wagon very well."

Upon the return of my partners I reported proceedings during their absence. The stipulated five days passed, and, hearing nothing, we rolled a few

days' grub in our blankets and started out, and found no difficulty in following the wagon tracks, for they were all that marked the hitherto unbroken surface of the snow. For a time our road was through the timber, and then we came out upon the "Bald Hills," where one of the most beautiful spectacles was presented that it was ever my good fortune to witness. Far as the eye could reach was naught but snow, snow, snow—every rough and jagged mountain peak, far and near, was clothed with glaziers, which reflected back the sun-rays; making those peaks to sparkle in their lonely glory brilliant as castles built of diamonds.

The track led us to the extreme verge of a ridge, and here, far below us, was spread out the panorama of a valley. If we admired those ice-bound sparkling cliffs, rising from a field of white, and leaning against the bright blue sky, we found no less to admire here in Grass Valley. I have seen it in the spring, and in the winter—in the spring, when the snow was melted from off the bottom, leaving the mountains which form its walls still covered. I always likened it to a vast cathedral—one of nature's temples—I know of no better simile. Here and there, scattered throughout the valley, and upon the mountain sides, huge and stately pines stretched their tapering trunks far, far upwards, as if supporters to the roof. Through the centre of the valley a lovely sheet of water wends its placid way in silence, and not a ripple breaks upon its surface. Where was ever temple more beautiful? Carpeted with the brightest green—walls of the purest white—the blue arched sky the roof, supported by tapering columns decked with evergreens. And then the baptismal font—that crystal stream, pure, clear, calm, and beautiful as a maiden's brow ere any thought of care or sorrow hath marred it with a line. What! more beautiful? But in winter the scene changes: the carpet then is of pure white; the little stream is bridged with ice and snow; those grand trees

are dwarfed by the snow-drifts gathered round them; not a branch, nor leaf, nor twig but wears an icy coat of mail; the sky you cannot often see, for the very air is white with snow.

But without further digression, here, in Grass Valley, we found Mrs. Gingerly, the sole occupant of a tent pitched beside the wagon. "The old man," said she, "went away the day after our arrival here, and he may be back at any time." Scarcely had an hour passed when we saw the figure of a man rapidly approaching us, and who we had no difficulty in recognizing as old Gingerly. Upon reaching camp he embraced Mrs. G.—displaying much more affection than I thought him capable of—shook hands with us all round three or four times—again embraced Mrs. G.—sounded the war whoop—cut several pigeon-wings—attempted to turn a somerset, and fell down. He's mad! whispered the Col. Mad! Mad! whispered we all. "Yes, mad with joy!" shouted the old man. "I've found it! The richest place in California." Gold by the pound—gold by the bucket—all gold! Hurrah for old *Nelson*. Go to your camp, boys, pack up your "plunder," bring it over, and we're off to "Nelson Creek."

Now we had none too much confidence in the old man, at best, and after this exuberance, entertained in reality some doubts regarding his sanity. It was much easier to say "pack up your plunder and bring it over," than to do it, as we had a good wagon load, and no wagon, or, in fact, any mode of conveyance but our backs, which were quite unequal to the task.

After a short consultation it was decided that the Col. should go with him, and we return to Pine Peak; and should the Col., upon his return, report favorably, we would then invent some way to take our "plunder" down there.

For two weeks did we anxiously await the return of the Col., then becoming alarmed at his long absence, determined to make a trip to the Valley. We were just about to start when

he made his appearance, very much exhausted, and but little disposed to answer our inquiries regarding Nelson Creek—he laconically replied “*humbug*.”

“Then we had better move down to our claim on Slate Creek, and commence the dam?”

“Yes.”

Down upon the claim we went, where a great deal of time and hard labor was uselessly expended. For several weeks previous to the completion of our dam, people were continually coming down the hill, crossing the creek just above us, and ascending on the other side. At this we were much surprised, and upon inquiring learned that they came from the “Forks of the Yuba,” and were bound for Nelson Creek. Wishing to be of some service to our fellow-men, we stopped all that we could, and advised them to return to the “Forks,” telling them that we had been to Nelson’s, and it was a “humbug;” but not a single man could we induce to turn back, and we were yet more surprised to find that none *came* back.

Having finished our dam, turned the creek, and made the unhappy discovery that the “bed-rock” was “destitute of gravel,” and that the “crevices pitched down stream,” we shouldered our blankets, and started out for Nelson’s, via Grass Valley. The Col. desiring to go no further than the Valley, we left him there and proceeded on. At the Creek we found every inch of ground claimed, and every claim paying handsomely.

Here we learned that old Gingerly, when at Marysville, had been offered fourteen thousand dollars to find a route by which the emigration, by way of Noble’s Pass, could come into that place; and we also learned that the old man having offered the Col. half to assist him, they, instead of prospecting Nelson’s Creek, crossed it and prospected the mountains above for a wagon road.

We returned to the Valley, had a quarrel with the Colonel, hired mules,

went to Slate Creek, packed our provisions and household goods over to the Valley, sold them, and disbanded the company.

The Colonel started a little grocery in the Valley, my other partners returned to Marysville, and I, joining another company, went further into the mountains; was fortunate enough to have a “streak of luck” and “strike a good thing.”

Later in the fall I passed again through Grass Valley, on my way to San Francisco. This time, I found that Gingerly had erected a log house, and that Mrs. Gingerly “furnished meals to strangers.” The old man amused himself by acting as guide to such as desired his services. The following, I learned, was a common practice with that gentleman: He had in his possession several very fine specimens of pure gold—the same, probably, that were used to entice Mrs. G. from Marysville. These he represented to new comers as from secret diggings of his own, and would stipulate, providing they would make up a party of eight or ten, to guide them to the place for the sum of fifty dollars each. The party made up, and the cash paid down, they would start out; but, their guide entertaining an aversion to highways and beaten paths, would lead them through immense fields of chapparrel, up and down the roughest and most abrupt mountains, and by altering his course each day, would, in less than a month’s time, manage to lose them; and, leaving them lost amid the mountain wilds, return to the valley. When these unfortunate men, exhausted, nearly famished, and almost destitute of clothing, came straggling in, he would be out with another party, and thus far managed to elude for the time that punishment he so justly deserved, and surely would have received, could those men have met him.

The spring following, I met my old partner, the Colonel, in San Francisco, and from him I learned that Old Gingerly, with his blankets upon his back,

started out one morning alone, intending to go to some place over the mountain. He was never seen or heard of afterwards. He probably perished on the mountain—how, when, or where, was never known. He probably lost himself as he lost others, and famished; he may have fallen a victim to the carnivorous appetites of wild beasts; or, perhaps some of those whom he had so cruelly deceived and led astray, may have satiated a wish for revenge, by taking the old man's life: but very certain it is, he has never yet "turned up."

Mrs. Gingerly remained in Grass Valley some two months after his last departure, and having such good cause to believe herself again a widow, sold out her establishment, closed up the business of Gingerly & Co., and repaired to San Francisco: and being thoroughly disgusted with life in California, engaged passage on the first steamer bound out, and in due time was landed safely in New York. And in some portion of that State she now resides, living contentedly among old friends, and frequently, during the long winter evenings, enlivens the fireside by the recital of her adventures and the doings of Gingerly & Co. in the mountains of California.

A DESULTORY POEM.

BY W. H. D.

CANTO II.

I.

Again I'm with you, are you not with me?
I mean, inclined to read what I may write;
Dear public, let me tell you, I'm a free,
And independent thinker, and indite
My own opinions as you here may see,
And I will back them up in a free fight;
I don't mean with a pistol, sword or fist, —
I'm neither duelist or pugilist.

II.

But in a war of words I'm ever ready,
Boldly to prove the truth of what I say.
I like a mind well grounded, firm and steady,
On all the questions that convulse the day; —
To make a rhyme I'll introduce one Neddy,
But Ned, he's called the returned runaway;
Of all the villains out of the supernal,
Some people think he is the most infernal.

III.

At least so thought those honored vigilants,
Who governed San Francisco for a time.
They made some very hardened scoundrels ante-
Date their deaths to expiate their crime;
Justice was swift and more severe than Dante,
With his stern face; his acts quite as sublime
As are the writings of that master mind,
An intellectual giant of mankind.

IV.

The vigilance committee so much frightened
This Ned, or Neddy, that he ran away;
I've heard it said his famous moustache whitened
Through fear that round his neck a noose might
play
A desperate game, by being too much tightened;
How true it is I don't pretend to say; —
The game he liked the best, no doubt, was *poker*,
But turned his back upon a game of *choker*.

V.

Some say his face and moustache both were
blackened,
And in disguise he took his sudden flight,
As if the deuce was after him, nor slackened
His pace till he got in a woful plight;
He was so cunning that they never trackened
His footsteps after he got out of sight;
The tale of all his sufferings I discard, —
Surely, "The way of the transgressor's hard."

VI.

He left in haste and he returned at leisure;
To leave was not according to his taste,
But he returned because it was his pleasure,
And since, his presence our fair State has graced,
Or rather disgraced it beyond all measure,
Because he chose no longer then to waste
His sweetness on the dreary desert, where
Naught could be plundered but the earth and air.

VII.

Others the said committee had to banish;
It would have been much better to have strung
Them all up by their necks, for they but vanish
From this vicinity to go unhung,
In other cities for fresh crimes, like Spanish
Robbers the desolate wild hills among,
Who daily rob and ever go *scot free*,
Because the laws cannot enforced be.

VIII.

I'll change my subject—for this epic poem,
Or, "not an epic," which I meant to say;
I have no hero chosen, in my poem,
I should have told you, that for every day,
I'd have a new one, and I yet will show 'em
All up in time, in my disjointed way;
I certainly was lame in the omission,
Nor can I now correct it by transition.

IX.

These daily heroes though are only *supes*,
And I'm the chief of all the mongrel band.
At times they'll come up singly, then in groups,
Some good, some bad, just as I may command,
Gentle as lambs, or fierce as the wild *loupes*,
When famished tearing every thing at hand;
Myself shall often occupy these rhymes,
To swell the cadence and give deeper chimes.

X.

I think in the next stanza I'll begin
To tell you about what I like myself;
I'll make the effort, and I hope to win
Your strict attention; it is not for pelf,
Alone, I very lonely sit and spin
The threads of thought from off the secret shelf
Of my poor brain: I sometimes sigh for fame,
And hope to win at least an honored name.

XI.

I love to see the first faint streaks of dawn,
While fair Aurora ushers in the day;
I love to see her golden chariot drawn
Among the glowing purple clouds that lay
Enraptured on the roseate breast of morn;
I love to see the glorious sun display
His beams transcendent o'er the earth and skies,
While nature's joyous orisons arise.

XII.

I love the splendor of the dewey grass,
And more, I love the glory of the flowers;
I love to see a placid lake, like glass,
Reflecting all its margin's shady bowers;
I love to watch the transient rain-bow pass
From off the skies, after refreshing showers;
Like youth's bright hopes it vanishes away,
On time's fleet footsteps, which brook no delay.

XIII.

I like the budding beauties of sweet spring,
I like the river as it flows along,
I like to hear the birds so sweetly sing,
And all the music of the brooklet's song;
Sweet is the fragrance which the flowers fling
Upon the air, the breezes waft along;
I love each feature of fair nature's face,
For there the Almighty's power and love I trace.

XIV.

I love the radiance of the sun at noon,
The stars that gem the ebon vault of night;
I love to gaze upon the gentle moon,
While earth is sleeping in her silvery light;
'Tis then I love an old familiar tune,
Giving the heart a pensive, dear delight;
I love to gaze into the heavens above,
All radiant with our God's eternal love.

XV.

I love to see the mountain rise sublime,
Whose snows eternal glow against the sky,
Unchanged by all the fierce assaults of time,
Where beauty's spirit sits enthroned on high;
I love far up those lofty heights to climb,
And feel the soul's eternity draw nigh,
Soaring above the things of time and sense,
Amidst that eloquent magnificence.

XVI.

I love to sail upon the boundless sea,
And view its ever restless billows roll;
'Tis earth's best emblem of eternity,
And a fit type of every human soul,
Which sinks and swells, striving in vain to free
Itself from earth's strong fetters which control,
'Till the freed spirit on the eternal shore
Finds a sweet rest where storms shall come no more.

XVII.

I love the human form and face divine,
Filled with a beauty that shall not depart—
Where virtue, purity and love combine;
These can the sweetest, dearest joys impart.
O, could I find one pure and holy shrine
Like this, what rapture to my lonely heart
'Twould bring, to call it mine and only mine,—
That joy is not for me, such hopes I must resign.

XVIII.

O, friendship, love, and purity and truth,
In our best moments how we worship these;
'They are the aspirations of our youth,
Our bliss on earth and in the eternities;
We yearn, and strive and pray, and yet forsooth,
How few attain to these blest destinies,
Where all is joy without and peace within,
And God our refuge in this world of sin.

XIX.

What follies lead our wavering hearts astray,
What passions tempt our feet to step aside
From Virtue's and Contentment's peaceful way;
How oft amid the thoughtless throng we slide
From duty's path and find that they betray,
And lead us up the rugged mountain side,
Where storms and fearful tempests ever rage,
To agonize our souls thro' life's dark pilgrimage.

XX.

'Tis past the midnight's quiet solemn hour,
The weary world once more is hushed to rest;
The dew drops gently falling on each flower,
But naught can still the sorrows in my breast;
Oblivion come with thy mysterious power,
And in forgetfulness let me be blest;
I find no balm to give my spirit peace,
Bring Lethe's cup and bid the tumult cease.

XXI.

My song is hushed, and on the air of night
I'll kindly whisper in thine ear, farewell!
Dear friend, I hope you here find some delight,
Some peaceful thoughts may in your memory dwell,
From these my midnight musings; it is right
That I should cease from this exciting spell:
Good night! good night! now dies my pensive strain,
Good night! good night! till we shall meet again.
(Continued.)

A GOOD RULE FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.—Never ask anything of a child at any time that is the least unreasonable—but always demand, and without hesitation, that what *you do ask* shall be promptly attended to.

"Editing a newspaper or magazine is a good deal like making a fire. Everybody supposes he can do it 'a little better than anybody else.' We have seen people doubt their fitness for apple-peddling, driving oxen, counting lath, and boeing turnips, but, in all our experience, we never yet met with that individual who did not think he could 'double the circulation' of any paper or periodical in two months."

THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY J. D. BORTHWICK.

CHAPTER IV.

SCARCITY OF LABORING MEN—HIGH WAGES—
WANT OF SOCIAL RESTRAINT—INTENSE RIVALRY IN ALL PURSUITS—DISAPPOINTED HOPES—DRUNKENNESS—THE BARS—FREE LUNCHEONS—VARIETY OF NATIONAL HOUSES—THE CHINESE—CHINESE STORES AND WASH-ERMEN—THEATRES AND GAMBLING-ROOMS—MASQUERADES—"NO WEAPONS ADMITTED"—MAGNIFICENT SHOPS—POST-OFFICE—FIRE—FIRE-COMPANIES—MISSION DOLORES—SAN JOSE—NATIVE CALIFORNIANS.

A most useful quality for a California emigrant was one which the Americans possess in a pre-eminent degree—a natural versatility of disposition, and adaptability to every description of pursuit or occupation.

The numbers of the different classes forming the community were not in the proportion requisite to preserve its equilibrium. Transplanting one's self to California from any part of the world, involved an outlay beyond the means of the bulk of the labouring classes; and to those who did come to the country, the mines were of course the great point of attraction; so that in San Francisco the numbers of the labouring and of the working classes generally, were not nearly equal to the demand. The consequence was that labourers' and mechanics' wages were ridiculously high; and, as a general thing, the lower the description of the labour, or of service, required, the more extravagant in proportion were the wages paid. Sailors' wages were two and three hundred dollars per month, and there were hundreds of ships lying idle in the bay for the want of crews to man them even at these rates. Every ship on her arrival, was immediately deserted by all hands; for, of all people, sailors were the most unrestrainable in their determination to go to the diggings; and it was there a common saying, of the truth of which I saw myself many examples, that sailors, niggers, and Dutchmen, were the luckiest men in the mines: a very drunken old salt was always particularly lucky.

There was a great overplus of young men of education, who had never dreamed of manual labour, and who found that their services in their wonted capacities were not required in such a rough-and-ready, every-man-for-himself sort of a place. Hard work, however, was generally better paid than head work, and men employed

themselves in any way, quite regardless of preconceived ideas of their own dignity. It was one intense scramble for dollars—the man who got most was the best man—how he got them had nothing to do with it. No occupation was considered at all derogatory, and, in fact, every one was too much occupied with his own affairs to trouble himself in the smallest degree about his neighbour.

A man's actions and conduct were totally unrestrained by the ordinary conventionalities of civilized life, and, so long as he did not interfere with the rights of others he could follow his own course, for good or for evil, with the utmost freedom.

Among so many temptations to err, thrust prominently in one's way, without any social restraint to counteract them, it was not surprising that many men were too weak for such a trial, and, to use an expressive, though not very elegant phrase, went to the devil. The community was composed of isolated individuals, each quite regardless of the good opinion of his neighbors.

There were, however, bright examples of the contrary. If there was a lavish expenditure in ministering to vice, there was also munificence in the bestowing of charity. Though there were gorgeous temples for the worship of mammon, there was a sufficiency of schools and churches for every denomination; while, under the influence of the constantly-increasing numbers of virtuous women, the standard of morals was steadily improving, and society, as it assumed a shape and form, began to assert its claims to respect.

Although employment, of one sort or another, and good pay, were to be had by all who were able and willing to work, there was nevertheless a vast amount of misery and destitution. Many men had come to the country with their expectations raised to an unwarrantable pitch, imagining that the mere fact of emigration to California would insure them a rapid fortune; but when they came to experience the severe competition in every branch of trade, their hopes were gradually destroyed by the difficulties of the reality.

Every kind of business, custom, and employment, was solicited with an importunity little known in old countries, where the course of all such things is in so well-worn a channel, that it is not easily diverted. But here the field was open, and every one was striving for what seemed to be within the reach of all—a foremost rank in his own sphere. To keep one's

place in the crowd required an unremitted exercise of the same vigour and energy which were necessary to obtain it; and many a man, though possessed of qualities which would have enabled him to distinguish himself in the quiet routine life of old countries, was crowded out of his place by the multitude of competitors, whose deficiency of merit in other respects was more than counterbalanced by an excess of unscrupulous boldness and physical energy. A polished education was of little service unless accompanied by an unwonted amount of democratic feeling; for the extreme sensitiveness which it is otherwise apt to produce, unfitted a man for taking part in such a hand-to-hand struggle with his fellow-man.

Drinking was the great consolation for those who had not moral strength to bear up under their disappointments. Some men gradually obscured their intellects by increased habits of drinking, and, equally gradually, reached the lowest stage of misery and want; while others went at it with more force, and drank themselves into *delirium tremens* before they knew where they were. There is something in the climate which superinduces it with less provocation than in other countries.

But, though drunkenness was common enough, the number of drunken men one saw was small, considering the enormous consumption of liquor.

In San Francisco, where the ordinary rate of existence was even faster than in the Atlantic States, men required an extra amount of stimulant to keep it up, and this fashion of drinking was carried to excess. The saloons were crowded from early morning till late at night; and in each, two or three bar-keepers were kept unceasingly at work, mixing drinks for expectant groups of customers. They had no time even to sell segars, which were most frequently dispensed at a miniature tobacconist's shop in another part of the saloon.

Among the proprietors of saloons, or bars, the competition was so great, that, from having, as is usual, merely a plate of crackers and cheese on the counter, they got the length of laying out, for several hours in the forenoon, and again in the evening, a table covered with a most sumptuous lunch of soups, cold meats, fish, and so on, — with two or three waiters to attend to it. This was all free — there was nothing to pay for it: it was only expected that no one would partake of the good things without taking a "drink" afterwards.

This sort of thing is common enough in

New Orleans; but in a place like San Francisco, where the plainest dinner any man could eat cost a dollar, it did seem strange that such goodly fare should be provided gratuitously for all and sundry. It showed, however, what immense profits were made at the bars to allow of such an outlay, and gave an idea of the rivalry which existed even in that line of business.

The immigration of Frenchmen had been so large that some parts of the city were completely French in appearance; the shops, restaurants, and estaminets, being painted according to French taste, and exhibiting French signs, the very letters of which had a French look about them. The names of some of the restaurants were rather ambitious — as the *Trois Frères*, the *Café de Paris*, and suchlike; but these were second and third-rate places; those which courted the patronage of the upper classes of all nations, assumed names more calculated to tickle the American ear, — such as the Jackson House and the Lafayette. They were presided over by elegantly dressed *dames du comptoir*, and all the arrangements were in Parisian style.

The principal American houses were equally good; and there were also an abundance of places where those who delighted in corn-bread, buckwheat cakes, pickles, grease, molasses, apple-sauce, and pumpkin pie, could gratify their taste to the fullest extent.

There was nothing particularly English about any of the eating houses; but there were numbers of second-rate English drinking-shops, where John Bull could smoke his pipe and swig his ale coolly and calmly, without having to gulp it down and move off to make way for others, as at the bar of the American saloons.

The Germans too had their *lager bier* cellars, but the noise and smoke which came up from them was enough to deter any but a German from venturing in.

There was also a Mexican quarter of the town where there were greasy-looking Mexican *fondas*, and crowds of lazy Mexicans lying about, wrapt up in their blankets, smoking cigaritas.

In another quarter, the Chinese most did congregate. Here the majority of the houses were of Chinese importation, and were stores, stocked with hams, tea, dried fish, dried ducks, and other very nasty-looking Chinese eatables, besides copper-pots and kettles, fans, shawls, chessmen, and all sorts of curiosities. Suspended over the doors were brilliantly-colored boards,

about the size and shape of a head-board over a grave, covered with Chinese characters, and with several yards of red ribbon streaming from them; while the streets were thronged with long-tailed Celestials, chattering vociferously as they rushed about from store to store, or standing in groups studying the Chinese bills posted up in the shop windows, which may have been play-bills, — for there was a Chinese theatre, — or perhaps advertisements informing the public where the best rat pies were to be had. A peculiarly nasty smell pervaded this locality, and it was generally believed that rats were not so numerous here as elsewhere.

Owing to the great scarcity of washer-women, Chinese energy had ample room to display itself in the washing and ironing business. Throughout the town might be seen occasionally over some small house a large American sign, intimating that Ching Sing, Wong Choo, or Ki-Cheng did washing and ironing at five dollars a-dozen. Inside these places one found two or three Chinamen ironing shirts with large flat-bottomed copper pots full of burning charcoal, and, buried in heaps of dirty clothes, half-a-dozen more, smoking, and drinking tea.

The Chinese tried to keep pace with the rest of the world. They had their theatre and their gambling rooms, the latter being small dirty places, badly lighted with Chinese paper lamps. They played a peculiar game. The dealer placed on the table several handful's of small copper coins, with square holes in them. Bets were made by placing the stake on one of four divisions, marked in the middle of the table, and the dealer, drawing the coins away from the heap, four at a time, the bets were decided according to whether one, two, three, or four remained at the last. They are great gamblers, and, when their last dollar is gone, will stake anything they possess: numbers of watches, rings, and such articles, were always lying in pawn on the table.

The Chinese theatre was a curious pagoda-looking edifice, built by them expressly for theatrical purposes, and painted, outside and in, in an extraordinary manner. The performances went on day and night, without intermission, and consisted principally of juggling and feats of dexterity. The most exciting part of the exhibition was when one man, and decidedly a man of some little nerve, made a spread eagle of himself and stood up against a door, while half-a-dozen others, at a distance of

fifteen or twenty feet, pelted the door with sharp-pointed bowie-knives, putting a knife into every square inch of the door, but never touching the man. It is very pleasant to see, from the unflinching way in which the fellow stood it out, the confidence he placed in the infallibility of his brethren. They had also short dramatic performances, which were quite unintelligible to outside barbarians. The only point of interest about them was the extraordinary gorgeous dresses of the actors; but the incessant noise they made with gongs and kettle-drums was so discordant and deafening that a few minutes at a time was as long as any one could stay in the place.

There were several very good American theatres, a French theatre, and an Italian opera, besides concerts, masquerades, a circus, and other public amusements. The most curious were certainly the masquerades. They were generally given in one of the large gambling saloons, and in the placards announcing that they were to come off, appeared conspicuously also the intimation of "No weapons admitted;" "A strong police will be in attendance." The company was just such as might be seen in any gambling-room; and, beyond the presence of half-a-dozen masks in female attire, there was nothing to carry out the idea of a ball or a masquerade at all; but it was worth while to go, if only to watch the company arrive, and to see the practical enforcement of the weapon clause in the announcements. Several doorkeepers were in attendance, to whom each man as he entered delivered up his knife or his pistol, receiving a check for it, just as one does for his cane or umbrella at the door of a picture-gallery. Most men draw a pistol from behind their back, and very often a knife along with it; some carried their bowie-knife down the back of their neck, or in their breast; demure, pious-looking men, in white neckcloths, lifted up the bottom of their waistcoat, and revealed the butt of a revolver; others, after having already disgorged a pistol, pulled up the leg of their trousers, and abstracted a huge bowie-knife from their boot; and there were men, terrible fellows, no doubt, but who were more likely to frighten themselves than any one else, who produced a revolver from each trouser-pocket, and a bowie-knife from their belt. If any man declared that he had no weapon, the statement was so incredible that he had to submit to be searched; an operation which was performed by the doorkeepers, who, I observed, were occasionally rewarded for

their diligence by the discovery of a pistol secreted in some unusual part of the dress.

Some of the shops were very magnificently got up. The watchmakers' and jewellers' shops especially were very numerous, and made a great display of immense gold watches, enormous gold rings and chains, with gold-headed canes, and diamond pins and brooches of a most formidable size. With numbers of men, who found themselves possessed of an amount of money which they had never before dreamed of, and which they had no idea what to do with, the purchase of gold watches and diamond pins was a very favorite mode of getting rid of their spare cash. Laboring men fastened their coarse dirty shirts with a cluster of diamonds the size of a shilling, wore colossal gold rings on their fingers, and displayed a massive gold chain and seals from their watch-pocket; while hardly a man of any consequence returned to the Atlantic States, without receiving from some one of his friends a huge gold-headed cane, with all his virtues and good qualities engraved upon it.

A large business was also done in Chinese shawls, and various Chinese curiosities. It was greatly the fashion for men, returning home, to take with them a quantity of such articles, as presents for their friends. In fact a gorgeous Chinese shawl seemed to be as necessary for the returning Californian, as a revolver and bowie-knife for the California emigrant.

On the arrival of the fortnightly steamer from Panama with the mails from the Atlantic States and from Europe, the distribution of letters at the post-office occasioned a very singular scene. In San Francisco no such thing existed as a post-man; every one had to call at the post-office for his letters. The mail usually consisted of several wagon-loads of letter-bags; and on its being received, notice was given at the post-office, at what hour the delivery would commence, a whole day being frequently required to sort the letters, which were then delivered from a row of half-a-dozen windows, lettered A to E, F to K, and so on through the alphabet. Independently of the immense mercantile correspondence, of course every man in the city was anxiously expecting letters from home; and for hours before the appointed time for opening the windows, a dense crowd of people collected, almost blocking up the two streets which gave access to the post-office, and having the appearance at a distance of being a mob;

but on coming up to it, one would find that, though closely packed together, the people were all in six strings, twisted up and down in all directions, the commencement of them being the lucky individuals who had been first on the ground, and taken up their position at their respective windows, while each new-comer had to fall in behind those already waiting. Notwithstanding the value of time, and the impatience felt by every individual, the most perfect order prevailed: there was no such thing as a man attempting to push himself ahead of those already waiting, nor was there the slightest respect of persons; every new-comer quietly took his position, and had to make the best of it, with the prospect of waiting for hours before he could hope to reach the window. Smoking and chewing tobacco were great aids in passing the time, and many came provided with books and newspapers, which they could read in perfect tranquillity, as there was no unnecessary crowding or jostling. The principle of "first come first served" was strictly adhered to, and any attempt to infringe the established rule would have been promptly put down by the omnipotent majority.

A man's place in the line was his individual property, more or less valuable according to his distance from the window, and, like any other piece of property, it was bought and sold, and converted into cash. Those who had plenty of dollars to spare, but could not afford much time, could buy out some one who had already spent several hours in keeping his place. Ten or fifteen dollars were frequently paid for a good position, and some men went there early, and waited patiently, without any expectation of getting letters, but for the chance of turning their acquired advantage into cash.

The post-office clerks got through their work briskly enough when once they commenced the delivery, the alphabetical system of arrangement enabling them to produce the letters immediately on the name being given. One was not kept long in suspense, and many a poor fellow's face lengthened out into a doleful expression of disbelief and disappointment, as, scarcely had he uttered his name, when he was promptly told there was nothing for him. This was a sentence from which there was no appeal, however incredulous one might be; and every man was incredulous; for during the hour or two he had been waiting, he had become firmly convinced in his own mind that there must be a letter

for him; and it was no satisfaction at all to see the clerk, surrounded as he was by thousands of letters, take only a packet of a dozen or so in which to look for it: one would like to have had the post-office searched all over, and if without success, would still have thought there was something wrong. I was myself upon one occasion deeply impressed with this spirit of unbelief in the infallibility of the post-office oracle, and tried the effect of another application the next day, when my perseverance was crowned with success.

There was one window devoted exclusively to the use of foreigners; and here a polyglot individual, who would have been a useful member of society in the Tower of Babel, answered the demands of all European nations, and held communication with Chinamen, Sandwich Islanders, and all the stray specimens of humanity from unknown parts of the earth.

One reason why men went to little trouble or expense in making themselves comfortable in their homes, if homes they could be called, was the constant danger of fire.

The city was a mass of wooden and canvass buildings, the very look of which suggested the idea of a conflagration. A room was a mere partitioned-off place, the walls of which were sometimes only of canvass, though generally of boards, loosely put together, and covered with any sort of material which happened to be most convenient—cotton cloth, printed calico, or drugget, frequently papered, as if to render it more inflammable. Floors and walls were by no means so exclusive as one is accustomed to think them; they were not transparent certainly, but otherwise they insured little privacy: a general conversation could be very easily carried on by all the dwellers in a house, while, at the same time, each of them was enjoying the seclusion, such as it was, of his own apartment. A young lady, who was boarding at one of the hotels, very feelingly remarked, that it was a most disagreeable place to live in, because if any gentleman was to pop the question to her, the report would be audible in every part of the house, and all the other inmates would be waiting to hear the answer.

The cry of fire is dreadful enough anywhere, but to any one who lived in San Francisco in those days, it must ever be more exciting and more suggestive of disaster and destruction of property, than it can be to those who have been all their lives surrounded by brick and stone, and insurance companies.

In other countries, when a fire occurs, and a large amount of property is destroyed, the loss falls on a company—a body without a soul, having no individual identity, and for which no one, save perhaps a few of the share-holders, has the slightest sympathy. The loss, being sustained by an unknown quantity, as it were, is not appreciated; but in San Francisco no such institution as insurance against fire as yet existed. To insure a house there, would have been as great a risk as to insure a New York steamer two or three weeks overdue. By degrees, brick buildings were superseding those of wood and pasteboard; but still, for the whole city, destruction by fire, sooner or later, was the dreaded and fully-expected doom. When such a combustible town once ignited in any one spot, the flames, of course, spread so rapidly that every part, however distant, stood nearly an equal chance of being consumed. The alarm of fire acted like the touch of a magician's wand. The vitality of the whole city was in an instant arrested, and turned from its course. Theatres, saloons, and all public places, were emptied as quickly as if the buildings themselves were on fire; the business of the moment, whatever it was, was at once abandoned, and the streets became filled with people rushing frantically in every direction—not all towards the fire by any means; few thought it worth while to ask even where it was. To know there was a fire somewhere was quite sufficient, and they made at once for their house or their store, or wherever they had any property that might be saved; while, as soon as the alarm was given, the engines were heard thundering along the streets, amid the ringing of the fire-bells and the shouts of the excited crowd.

Their *esprit de corps* is very strong, and connected with the different engine-houses are reading-rooms, saloons, and so on, for the use of the members of the company, many of these places being in the same style of luxurious magnificence as the most fashionable hotels. On holidays, and on every possible occasion which offers an excuse for so doing, the whole fire brigade parade the streets in full dress, each company dragging their engine after them, decked out in flags and flowers, which are presented to them by their lady-admirers, in return for the balls given by the firemen for their entertainment. They also have field days, when they all turn out, and in some open part of the city have a trial of strength, seeing which can throw a stream of water to the greatest height, or which

can flood the other, by pumping water into each other's engines.

As firemen they are most prompt and efficient, performing their perilous duties with the greatest zeal and intrepidity—as might, indeed, be expected of men who undertake such a service for no hope of reward but for their own love of the danger and excitement attending upon it, actuated, at the same time, by a chivalrous desire to save either life or property, in trying to accomplish which they gallantly risk, and frequently lose, their own lives. This feeling is kept alive by the readiness with which the public pay honor to any individual who conspicuously distinguishes himself—generally by presenting him with a gold or silver speaking trumpet, while any fireman who is killed in discharge of his duties is buried with all pomp and ceremony by the whole fire-brigade.

Three miles above San Francisco, on the shore of the bay, is the Mission of Dolores, one of those which were established in different parts of the country by the Spaniards. It was a very small village of a few adobe houses and a church, adjoining which stood a large building, the abode of the priests. The land in the neighborhood is flat and fertile, and was being rapidly converted into market-gardens; but the village itself was as yet but little changed. It had a look of antiquity and completeness, as if it had been finished long ago, and as if nothing more was ever likely to be done to it. As is the case with all Spanish American towns, the very style of the architecture communicated an oppressive feeling of stillness, and its gloomy solitude was only relieved by a few listless unoccupied-looking Mexicans and native Californians.

The contrast to San Francisco was so great, that on coming out here one could almost think that the noisy city he had left but half an hour before had existence only in his imagination; for San Francisco presented a picture of universal human nature boiling over, while here was nothing but human stagnation—a more violent extreme than would have been the wilderness as yet untrodden by man. Being but a slightly reduced counterpart of what San Francisco was a year or two before, it offered a good point of view from which to contemplate the miraculous growth of that city, still not only increasing in extent, but improving in beauty and in excellence in all its parts, and progressing so rapidly that, almost from day to day, one could mark its steady advancement in everything

which denotes the presence of a wealthy and prosperous community.

The "Mission," however, was not suffered to remain long in a state of torpor. A plank road was built to it from San Francisco. Numbers of villas sprang up around it,—and good hotels, a race-course, and other attractions soon made it the favorite resort for all who sought an hour's relief from the excitement of the city.

At the very head of the bay, some fifty miles from San Francisco, is the town of San Jose, situated in an extensive and most fertile valley, which was all being brought under cultivation, and where some farmers had already made large fortunes by their onions and potatoes, for the growth of which the soil is peculiarly adapted. San Jose was the head-quarters of the native Californians, many of whom were wealthy men, at least in so far as they owned immense estates and thousands of wild cattle. They did not "hold their own," however, with the more enterprising people who were now effecting such a complete revolution in the country. Their property became a thousand-fold more valuable, and they had every chance to benefit by the new order of things; but men who had passed their lives in that sparsely populated and secluded part of the world, directing a few half-savage Indians in herding wild cattle, were not exactly calculated to foresee, or to speculate upon, the effects of an overwhelming influx of men so different in all respects from themselves; and even when occasions of enriching themselves were forced upon them, they were ignorant of their own advantages, and were inferior in smartness to the men with whom they had to deal. Still, although too slow to keep up with the pace at which the country was now going ahead, many of them were, nevertheless, men of considerable sagacity, and appeared to no disadvantage as members of the legislature, to which they were returned from parts of the State remote from the mines, and where as yet there were few American settlers.

San Jose was quite out of the way of gold-hunters, and there was consequently about the place a good deal of the California of other days. It was at that time, however, the seat of government; and, consequently, a large number of Americans were here assembled, and gave some life to the town, which had also been improved by the addition of several new streets of more modern-looking houses than the old

mud and tile concerns of the native Californians.

Small steamers plied to Alviso, within about ten miles of the town, from San Francisco, and there were also four-horse coaches which did the fifty miles in about five hours. The drive down the valley of the San Jose is in some parts very beautiful. The country is smooth and open—not so flat as to appear monotonous—and is sufficiently wooded with fine oaks; towards San Francisco it becomes more hilly and bleak. The soil is sandy; indeed, excepting a few spots here and there, it is nothing but sand, and there is hardly a tree ten feet high within as many miles of the city.
(Continued.)

THE EVENING FIRESIDE.

Fireside! evening fireside!

Within my childhood's home;
Oh! the ever-pleasant memories
That round thee clustering come!
The clean-swept hearth, the cheerful grate,
The mantel with its flowers;
While in the corner stood the clock,
That struck the evening hours.

There sat my kind, old mother,
Her knitting in her hand;
While her work lay down beside her,
On the old household stand.
Her mild, meek face, her loving eye,
The gentle voice of yore;—
Oh! I could roam this weary world,
To hear that sound once more.

There sat my aged father,
With scattered locks and gray,
Bowed down with many a well-spent year,
And many a hard-toiled day.
Wondering, we listened while he read,
And many a gem of gold,
Lay treasured in the ancient page,
Of the glorious minds of old.

There lay the old gray house-dog
Beside my father's knee;
And puss upon the hearth-rug slept,
So warm and cosily.
The pitcher stood before the fire,
With well-pressed cider filled,
And russet apples by its side,
Their generous scent distilled.

Fireside! evening fireside!
Within my childhood's home;
Oh! how I love to think of thee,
Where'er I rest or roam!
And gladly would I leave the halls
Where wealth and pleasure reign,
To sit down by that cheerful fire,
Among my friends again.

G. T. S.

THE REDEEMED HANDKERCHIEF.

BY CLOE.

CHAPTER IV.

Things remained in this situation for two or three weeks; they were polite and considerate of each others' feelings; they were strangers to each other in every respect; they were man and wife only by law; not in heart. These were the terms upon which Charles consented to have her come to his home. They both thought much of this, neither wishing to break the bounds first. Charles had been to the city and did not return home until late in the evening; and having seen Adaline, he again heard many reports derogative to his wife's virtue. He thought that his conduct perhaps was the cause of Kate's falling in love with Bently; but said to himself, if I find Bently interfering in this affair, I will call him to account for trying to bring disgrace on my house. I can bear anything better than disgrace, by my wife.

While these thoughts were passing in his mind, he neared the old mansion, when he saw the door open and a man pass out, while he held the hand of a female; he gazed in astonishment; could that be Kate, whom he thought pure in heart, even if he did not love her? He thought her his honorable wife, and as his wife he would not see her dishonored in any way. For the first time in his life, he felt the annoying pangs of jealousy corroding a heart naturally unsuspecting. Keeping his eye on the figure of the man who had just left the house, he soon came up with him, and eyeing him closely, was almost sure it was Bently, but was not certain. On going near the house, he heard Kate singing and playing a favorite piece of his, in a sweet and plaintive voice; he stood transfixed to the spot until the voice ceased, and he thought he heard low sobs. He knocked, and Dinah opened the door to admit her young master. Charles' eyes immediately sought Kate, and one look was sufficient to tell him that she had been weeping. His heart smote him for his unkind suspicions and cold, unsocial conduct towards her.

"Are you not sitting up quite late, Mrs. McClure?" he enquired.

"Yes, rather late," said Kate; and immediately rising from her chair, she bid him good night, and retired; glad to be alone, where she could weep unobserved by any one.

"What could that old sailor mean by his singular caution to me relative to my enemies? It was very kind of him to come and see me before he leaves for California; and to promise to call on my mother, and tell her my unpleasant situation. Poor Jack, he is honest, or the tears would not have flowed down his cheeks when he bid me good by, just before Charles came in. I wonder who my enemies are, about whom Jack has told me so often, and with such evident concern. I will do what is right, and then I need not fear;" and, committing all to God, she retired to rest.

For several days Charles watched Kate with feverish impatience to find out her every thought, as he had begun to feel a peculiar interest in Kate.

Things were in this state, when Charles received a note from Mrs. Milford, requesting the pleasure of his and his wife's company at her house at nine in the evening. Charles handed it to Kate, and asked her if she would like to attend.

"I feel very much honored by the invitation," answered Kate; "but unless you very much wish me to go, I would prefer remaining at home."

"You are at liberty to decide for yourself," Charles replied, evidently much disappointed at her not accepting the invitation.

In the evening he attended the party, and delivered his wife's excuse to Mrs. Milford, who expressed her regret, as she was in hopes of seeing her, not having had that pleasure for some time, and had given the party almost on her account. Charles could scarcely conceal his participation in her disappointment. The evening had few enjoyments for Charles, and he excused himself as soon as possible; and, accompanied by an old friend, they concluded to spend an hour or two in a fashionable ice cream saloon. Calling for ice cream and some nice fruit, they were enjoying themselves, when a door leading to another room was discovered to be partly open; there sat Bently by a table well filled with luxuries, and with his arm around a lady in a familiar manner. Charles was afraid to scrutinize the lady, lest his suspicions should be realized; as he strongly suspected it to be Kate. He was not long in this state of mind, for the couple arose and left; and Charles, seeing a white handkerchief lying on the floor, entered the room and picked it up; and, turning it over in his hand, he read the name of "Kate Hayes." Completely overcome, he sank upon a chair and looked at it again and

again. Yes, it was Kate's, he knew it! It was the redeemed, the fatal handkerchief. Oh! how much unhappiness it had cost him. It had blasted him twice. It had opened his eyes in one short moment, like Mother Eve's apple, to a full analyzation of his feelings for Kate!

"Yes," said he, "it is *love* that I feel for this erring wife of mine: why have I not discovered it before? Oh! were she innocent, and loved me, I should be the happiest man in the world!

Charles excused himself from his old friend, and make his way home; and, on reaching there, he determined to reveal to her his discovery, and tell her of her perfidy.

"Where is your mistress, Dinah?" said Charles; "I wish to speak to her."

"Why, lor massa Charles, she gone out this evenin' with a gentleman to see sick woman. I think she stays a long time: she was not well when she went out; I knowed she was not, for she was as white as a sheet, and was crying all the evening. Why, what is the matter, massa Charles, are you sick?"

"Oh! no, Dinah, you may go to bed, and I will wait for your mistress."

"Oh no, massa, you go to bed."

"Don't stand there talking, you old negro, but go to bed immediately."

Dinah obeyed in a fright, not being accustomed to such treatment. Charles waited for two long hours before he heard a carriage stop in front of the mansion, and heard a gentle tap at the door. He arose and admitted Kate; and her companion drove off without being recognized by him.

"Where is Dinah?" said Kate.

"I sent her to bed, as I preferred to wait for you myself, as I have much to say to you," was the answer.

This evening, Kate, for the first time, noticed his pale and haggard looks. She threw off her bonnet and shawl; and taking a chair, awaited his speech.

Charles strode across the room and looked at Kate; she did not look criminal, but as pure as fallen snow.

"I supposed you were unable to be out this evening, Mrs. McClure," he began, "as you stated in your excuse to Mrs. Milford; and yet I find you out quite late; will you explain yourself, as I believe I have a right to demand an explanation?"

"You have, Charles," Kate quietly replied; "and it will give me pleasure to have the privilege of explaining all to you. Do you remember that Methodist preacher, Mr. Allen, who married us?"

"Yes, and what of him?"

"Why," said Kate, "his sister adopted a child that was illegitimate, belonging to a young lady in Charleston, and now the young lady denies the child, and its support; and the woman has become sick and destitute, and in her extremity she thought of your sainted mother's charity, and called on her for aid, not knowing that she was dead; but I did not send her away empty. This morning she became worse, and the doctor told her that she would not live through the night; and she begged him to come for me, as she wished to leave that little helpless babe to my charity. She died a few moments before I left, and I engaged the woman to take care of the child until I could consult you in the matter."

"You have relieved my heart of a heavy load, indeed; but there is still a mystery that I shall wish cleared up."

"A mystery! what is it?" enquired Kate. "I do not comprehend you."

Charles pulled the handkerchief from his pocket which he found in the saloon, and told her where and how he found it, and all the particulars of his suspicions; "and," added he, "they were unwelcome suspicions to my heart."

The big tears gathered in Kate's eyes; and rising, she attempted to go to him; but falling back in her chair, she said:

"Charles, I am innocent of the heinous crime you would impute to me. That handkerchief is mine, and I will—I must tell you how it left my possession."

She then related to him all that had passed between her and Bently, and the stratagem that Adaline had planned for her destruction; her escape from and her pledge to Bently; and of her forgiveness for the part he had taken towards her; and that she believed Bently was truly sorry for his blind passion, as he had treated her like a brother from that moment; and that she believed his error was more of the head than of the heart.

"Mrs. McClure, I believe that you have not deceived me; to-morrow afternoon we will talk this matter over again, as it is now getting late, and we had better retire."

He approached her, and taking her hand in his, he pressed it to his lips, and said: "If I have wronged you, will you forgive me?"

"You have indeed my forgiveness; I am sorry that I have been the cause of so much uneasiness to you."

Withdrawing her hand, she retired, and Charles threw himself on the sofa, and ere

he was aware he was sound asleep: nor did he awake until morning, on hearing some one near him. He saw that it was Kate. She thought him asleep, and softly approached the sofa. Charles did not move, as he felt very anxious to see what she would do or say: so he affected to be asleep. She approached him nearer and nearer, and at length stooped over him and the large tears dropped on his face as she almost inaudibly whispered—"How beautiful, and yet how pale and troubled he looks: Oh! did he but know how I love him, he would at least not believe me guilty of any attachment to Bently."

Charles moved a little, and Kate immediately darted into the other room. He arose quite refreshed, and breakfast being ready, he took his seat beside his wife, with a better appetite than he had known for some time.

After breakfast he sought Bently, and at once demanded explanation and satisfaction for his conduct towards his wife.

"I have in no way injured you, Mr. McClure," said Bently, warmly. "The fact that I love your wife, is known to many, and I frankly own that it is true; I feel for her what I never felt for any other woman, and being informed by Adaline of the manner of your marriage, and that Kate was not loved by you, gave me to feel that there was hope for me; but I was refused, and I pleaded my love in vain. Adaline Gray tried to secure me your wife by stratagem, but I could not force one that was beloved by me; she has forgiven me, and I have become a better man. The lady you saw was no other than Adaline Gray; we met by appointment; in fact, she has disclosed to me her real character. Since she knew that she could not deceive me, I told her plainly that I would not marry her; and she knows also that I will not expose her. She is going to be married in a few days to a rich merchant of Philadelphia; and furthermore, my friend, I think you have reason to thank your lucky stars that you redeemed that handkerchief, for it was a better bargain than the one you contracted for: and I heartily wish you much joy. As I can not obtain the prize, give me back my pledge, that precious handkerchief."

"No, Bently," said Charles, "I have the best right to it; but I will give you a pledge better befitting you: here is my hand, and I assure you, that you will ever be a welcome guest at our house, so good by, for the present."

Charles returned home, and found that

Kate was already in the drawing-room awaiting his return, to hear what he had to say. He thought he never saw a being so lovely in his life. Seating himself by her side, he addressed her thus :

"Kate, are you willing to be my wife, my bosom wife? Can you forgive me for my indifference to you during these long months of affliction? Believe me, my dear wife, that none is more fondly loved than you are; and I truly feel that I never knew what it was to love before."

"Can it be possible that you love me, Charles? Then you make me the happiest of women. The prayers of your mother indeed are answered."

He pressed her long and fervently to his bosom. Their lips met for the first time, and Charles felt it the happiest moment of his life.

* * * * *

A few months, and we see in a rich parlor at the old mansion, Charles is sitting with a young and beautiful lady; they look upon each other with the fondest affection.

"I hope, my dear wife, that your sister will come soon, as your anxiety seems to pale your cheeks; how glad I shall be to see her."

"It has been long since I saw my dear sister, and just at this time it will be doubly pleasant; don't you think so, my dear Charles?"

"Yes; but there is some one ringing; go, Dinah, and see who is there."

"Bless me, missus, it is Mr. Bently and a young lady."

"Show them up here, Dinah."

Mr. Bently hastened to ascend and prepare Mrs. McClure for the pleasant news of her sister's arrival.

"Where have you been, Bently, these three months?"

"To California, to rid myself of loving Mrs. McClure; and I found that I could love your sister a great deal better. So you see that she was better hearted towards me than yourself, and has become my wife."

This was pleasant news indeed and a happy meeting. Bently soon had a little name-sake—as they called their first-born Bently McClure—a beautiful child.

The old mansion was again the site of pleasure; as happiness filled the hearts of its inmates to overflowing. There was one little inmate there that Kate felt all the love of a mother for; it was the cast-off child of Adaline. She was a beautiful little girl, and Kate never let her know that she was not her own child.

Charles often with pride, related the story of redeeming the handkerchief; and it was kept as a sacred relic.

Jack was ever a favorite at the mansion for the interest he manifested towards its inmates. Old Dinah lived to nurse several of her young master's children: she was loved and treated more like a mother than a servant.

Adaline was leading a fashionable life, as Mrs. Williams: dissipation and intrigue marked her course. She knew that Kate had returned good for evil, and had taken the child that she had cast off, to hide from the world, her shame; and now she dare not own it. She still lived a lie to herself and others.

When years had passed and the children of McClure and Bently and Milford had grown up to know and revere each other, the old people would often collect in the mansion and talk over their early trials and early friendships, and discuss the future prospects and bright hopes of their happy-hearted children.

EXTRACTS FROM A MINER'S JOURNAL.

NO. II.

A LETTER FROM CHARLEY.

Lilac Cottage, July 13th.

DEAR JOE,—Knowing, among your peculiarities, your liking for long letters, I have resolved to commence a whole week before hand and write a page each day of such trifling things as I can find, in order to gratify your taste for lengthy epistles.

I described in my last letter the sensation I felt as I approached my long wandered-from home, and saw the familiar line which marked the boundary of the sky, stretch out before me—and hills and dales that had been trodden so oft by my boyish feet, disclose themselves to view; and at last, when I had gained the little hill that overlooked the vale of my birth, and saw Lilac Cottage lie before me, the same beautiful sunny place that I had known it during all my childhood, how I pressed my heart to quiet its wild beating. The meeting, the welcoming, the renewal

of the family circle, were all described in my hastily written letter.

It was another strange sensation when I began to meet again my old companions and acquaintances, to mark the change which time had wrought upon them. Those who had ever dwelt in my mind as the same boys and girls, who had been my companions in youthful years, were changed to sober men and staid maidens; while their places were occupied by those whom I had only known as playful children.

But I have yet a *queerer* sensation than all to describe to you. Yes, Joe, I tell you in the frankness of our mutual confidence, that *I'm in love!* You'll laugh, I know, when you read that—I can hardly keep from laughing myself as I write it, but my mirthful propensities are borne down by a feeling of commiseration for the audaciousness of you miners, who, secure in distance from bewitching eyes and voices that act like an enchanting power, dare, in the boastfulness of your hearts, to call yourselves the “invincibles,” as arranged against Cupid's might. Be assured, that if you ever come again into civilization and have these subjugating influences brought to bear upon you, you will exclaim like me, “how are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!”

The simple truth is, that among my old companions was Nettie Allen, whose parents were the nearest neighbors of the Cottage. Nettie's sparkling eye and graceful form had half won my boyish heart of old, but my absence at school and in California had effaced the youthful impression, and even Nettie herself had begun to be mingled in the indistinctness which surrounded all the objects of my early home. When I saw her again, on my return, the magic hand of time had changed the fair girl to the beautiful woman. The same vivacity and joyousness that had charmed my boyhood, still remained; but they were subdued by a maidenly grace and thoughtfulness, which, while certainly they added materially

to her charms, seemed half assumed and coquetish, and from the hour I saw these I date the “decline and fall” of my sole sway over my own heart.

Tuesday, the 14th.

It was a beautiful morning, and with a kind of restlessness which I believe is characteristic of returned Californians, I could not possibly sit cooped up in the house, and so I took my fowling-piece and strolled out over the fields in search of game. But by some strange chance, I found myself, as not unfrequently I do, in the vicinity of Doctor Allen's mansion, and sauntered up the lawn with all the familiarity of a neighbor. The Doctor was sitting on the porch enjoying himself in the cool morning air with a book; he welcomed me warmly, and we were soon engaged in a very interesting conversation. Miss Allen shortly after joined us, looking as ever, remarkably beautiful, and took a lively part in the conversation. I might enter into unbounded eulogies of the sweetness of her voice and the refined thought and feeling she evinced in all her observations, but I will simply say she expressed her opinion on every subject with uncommon good sense and taste.

The Doctor's professional business called him away, and with a kind wish that I might find my visit interesting, he left us to ourselves.

But strange to say, the situation, which you would think of all others I would deem most desirable—conversing with Miss Allen alone—soon became embarrassing.

Young persons when left to their own inclinations, are so prone to talk on abstract subjects—and the most abstracted of all subjects are the passions and sentiments, and consequently they generally form the theme of discussion; and on this occasion, the conversation had such a manifest tendency to turn to one particular passion, that we both, as it were by tacit agreement, stammered and hesitated when we should have been most fluent. I know not in

what scene of confusion it might have ended, had not Miss Allen relieved us from the embarrassing topic by taking me to the conservatory to see her plants.

She entered into a long and eloquent discussion of the comparative beauty of roses, geraniums, fuschias, and more other hard names than I could ever remember, displaying, I should judge, a very extensive knowledge of her subject, and certainly treating it with much taste and originality. Of course, I expressed myself passionately fond of flowers, and especially of the rose, not more for its matchless beauty, than its emblematical significance,—and suiting the action to the word, I selected, thoughtlessly as it might seem, a beautiful budding one, and begged her to accept it, as my favorite. She took it and twirled it with such provoking innocence as she continued her remarks, that I should have doubted her comprehending my meaning, but for the rich color that suffused her face, as she received it from my hand.

But although I seemed to listen with the most profound attention, and *did* listen with the most profound pleasure, I assure you I did not heed one half that she said. I heard the musical tones of her voice, and saw the beautiful, ever-varying expression that played over her intelligent features—that was all.

Flowers are very pretty, in their place, and find but few more enthusiastic admirers than myself; but their hues appear sombre when placed in contrast to a flower of such surpassing loveliness. Stars are charmingly bright when seen alone, but they fade into insignificance when the Queen of Night comes forth in all her beauty—as Captain Bunsby says, “The bearing of this observation lays in the application on it.”

Wednesday, the 15th.

There is an unusual sense of sadness on me as I sit down to write;—a feeling that with all my happiness, there is a void somewhere—a desire for something I know not how to gratify—a

restlessness,—a wish to be somewhere,—anywhere, the vain longing for which fills my breast with a vague pain, almost like the agony of suspense.

I sat at my window and watched the sun go down in all his gorgeous beauty,—he never looks so glorious as when he sets,—and I thought as I followed in fancy, his course to the far west, that he reserved all his splendor for your own favored California. And when he had set, and the rich hues were fading from the twilight sky, my heart wandered away, where it wanders so often—to the old cabin, there, among the mountains.

I thought I came up the trail to the cabin, my heart beating high with suppressed emotion, and met your greeting, frank and hearty as ever; the meeting was such as is only seen when true friends meet; and yet when our delight should have leaped so high, it was subdued and saddened by the thought we both felt, though we expressed it not, of one to whom we had given our last greeting, and who would have shared this with so much pleasure. And then, as some sound recalled my reverie, I heard a deep sigh, such as a dreamer might breathe when awakened from some beautiful vision. Ah! Joe, there is some charm about the freedom of that miner's life—the pleasure of association, without its restraining conventionalities, that is never found elsewhere;—and often, very often, my mind turns from all that surrounds me, to keep you company in your lonely home, and I'll not do you the injustice to think, although you have not to regret your absence from scenes endeared by beloved associations, that you never turn to dwell in your thoughts upon one who will ever remember you as the best of friends and brothers.

Friday, the 17th.

We had a gentle shower this eve,
But that's not all I'm going to say;
At last the lowering heavens cleared;
And when the storm had passed away,
A few last sprinkles lingering yet,
Like drying tears in beauty's eye,

The sun shot in a brilliant ray—

A rainbow sprang across the sky :
But *that's* not all I'm going to say.

And as I gazed upon the arch,
That spanned the darkened eastern sky,
I thought upon the child's belief
Of treasures that beneath it lie ;
And said, "There's not on earth a place
Where I had rather see it rest,
Than where, like harbinger of peace,
It hovers o'er yon vale most blest,
Where dwells a gem this heart esteems
Far more than all that Childhood dreams."

And then a spirit in my feet
Led me away unto *her* bower,
Where, 'mid the mass of drooping bloom
She stood the fairest flower,—
Her breast with gentle sadness filled,
And longings which the hour instilled.

We gazed in silence on the scene :—
The passing storm, the glorious bow,
The sun so brilliant e'er he set, [low—
The flowers that drooped with moisture
And then our gaze a moment met,
And like the flowers, drooped lower yet.

My tongue grew eloquent,—I spoke
Words which our feelings heeded not :
"Dearest, thy gentle smile can make
The humblest fate the happiest lot :—
This sun—this storm—this changeful scene,
Are emblems of a checkered life,
Which but a word of time makes rife
With endless joys and peace serene ;—
Oh ! let yon bow which bends above,
The token of a pledge divine,
Henceforward be a deeper sign,—
The witness of our plighted love !"

She spoke not, but a gentle sigh
Disturbed and heaved her bosom fair ;
And then a tear stole in her eye
And glistened like a diamond there ;
Then, like the storm now far away,
'Twas followed by a smiling ray,
And deep within that liquid sky,
A rainbow seemed to play :
And if the tongue may dare attempt
To speak the thoughts our features prove,
The words had been, "Behold these signs,
The tokens of my endless love."

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

NO. I.

INTRODUCTION—PROGRESS OF POETRY.

It is said that the lady of a certain blacking maker, to convince one of her female friends to whom she was explaining the magnitude of her husband's establishment, as a climax to her argument, and to put the truth of her assertion beyond a doubt, announced as incontestible proof—"we

keeps a poet." If we may judge from the number of aspirants to poetical fame at the present time, when every family is not only supposed to be able to manufacture enough for its own use, but also to supply the poet's corner of half the news-papers of the State, if the authors' fame extend as far, we may have our doubts whether it was proof at all. The boys and girls of the present age seem bent on poetry. It makes the petty scribblers be looked upon as little prodigies ; whilst they and their friends feel perfectly independent of the bulky productions of other times and places ; as they can furnish "orient pearls" with half the trouble it takes to collect the diseased concretions of dirty muscles from the muddy creeks of New Jersey, and string them with neatness and precision, for public or for private exhibition, with a facility which the most fastidious critic ought not to have the cruelty to find fault with.

But it is not for the purpose of tearing from these helpless innocents the thin covering with which the deformity of their limbs and pitiless sinews is enveloped, that I introduce them on the present occasion. God help them, let them scribble on. Bavius and Mævius had their admirers of old, why should not they have theirs now ? But before those little luminaries, those farthing rushlights of the literary world, in their kindness and courtesy, thought fit to shine forth in such profusion, if not of brilliancy at least of numbers, for the purpose of enlightening our "Cimmerian desert,"

"Lest total darkness should by night regain
Her old dominion,"

by all accounts there were several poets who attained some eminence in their time, and whose names are not yet forgotten. My object is to hunt up those gentlemen who made themselves so conspicuous, and ascertain, if possible, why it should happen that some people will insist that their poetical productions are entitled to more credit than those of our every-day writers ; which, as they embrace those great prerequisites by which the good aunt of Waverly adjudged poetry in general, and more particularly the youthful effusions of the heir of Waverly-Honor—a capital letter at the commencement of every line, and the lines ending in rhymes—ought apparently to be just as good poetry as theirs ; and if such is not poetry what is ? To answer this question I am not going to quote either Johnson or Webster, (all honor to those gifted authors ;) let the reader

take my own definition, short and sweet—
“words suitable for singing.”

On the ground that poetry means words suitable for singing, it must have been co-equal with the human race. One can scarcely suppose the nightingale,

“In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,”

and the nodding mocking-bird not yet asleep, aroused by her earliest mates, attempting in vain to imitate her, without believing that Eve in her innocence would also try whether she could not imitate her better, and after having practiced the art of singing for some time in gamut form for a primary lesson, as she got a little more perfect, aspiring next to have words for her music, and weaving some rudely-constructed ditty in praise of Adam's manly beauty, or telling what she thought of her own softer features as she saw them mirrored in the fountain. But my purpose is not to write a romance based on probabilities. Let us inquire into the history of Poetry after its wings were fully fledged, its claims recognized, and the uses to which it might be put well known to those who were adepts in the art. Let us pass over what it may have been among the Egyptians and Phœnicians, and what it was among the Hebrews. Their Poetry has had little influence over the English Muse. Poetry comes to us as it came to the Romans, from Greece; where the Muses held their court on Parnassus, and the poets, who were equally their priests and those of Nature, first learned or reintroduced the harmonies of Nature, adapted and “married to immortal verse” which remains to this day.

Let not the philosophical reader imagine that Poetry is an idle art unattended with great results. When the poet attempts to weave into verse the deeds of some great man, or the praises of some youthful Hebe, “the cynosure of neighboring eyes,” to make the picture true to nature, or rather to make nature excel herself, he has to address the passions and feelings skilfully, so as to impress his hearers in the most successful manner. None of the ancients were so perfect in this respect as the Greeks, or at half so much pains in cultivating the art. The choice of words for their sound, and the adaptation of measures suitable for different subjects, as well as the studied succession of long and short syllables, were by them carried to perfection. But in every nation where Poetry is understood, and written with elegance, the greatest care is taken to select only such words, as having a proper intonation and

length, may also convey the idea intended with the greatest impression. From this cause, a language at first uncouth and harsh gradually becomes harmonious, those words which are discordant and not generally admissible in poetical compositions being dropped, and exactly in proportion as poetry and rhetorical compositions are cherished. Among the Greeks poetry exercised a much greater influence. The heroes of whom the poets sung, through the magnifying power of their omnipotent art, became the future gods of the country. But the aid of the muse was donated to the country's service. Mankind then was young—the arts in their infancy. Whoever became conspicuous among them as a great improver or inventor was deified by the poets. The village blacksmith, on his becoming, when necessity required it, an armorer, also became a god. The man who, first abandoning the pastoral life, set to cultivating his fields and teaching his countrymen the practice of agriculture, was raised by the poets to be chief of all the gods; and his brother, who probably extended his original calling of a fisherman to transporting the productions of one little island to another within sight of it, and for such purpose constructed vessels of a superior sort to those generally used in catching fish, became the god of the seas. Thus, the poets held out to the deserving, not only an immortality of fame on earth, but of power in heaven. Mahommed lays it down as a proof of the divine origin of the Alkoran, that the language in which it is written is beyond the reach of human art. The enthusiastic Greeks, whether their poets told them so of their effusions or not, seem to have yielded to such an impression. Their songs were irresistible; their romance was admitted as reality; and these very men with whom their own grandfathers had been on terms of intimacy, within a century after their deaths, by common consent were regularly installed as gods.

Once admitted to the rank of Gods, every little incident in their former lives became of new importance, and was woven into new stories; in which, through a similar magnifying and mollifying process, (though many of their deeds have nothing to recommend them, and only admit of palliation on the ground that those who did them were only in a semi-barbarous condition) they were so altered and beautified as to be in harmony, as the poets thought, with their new character.

Thus Poetry among the Greeks implied

two principal objects, which they triumphantly achieved. It taught the art of constructing from scanty materials, and the occurrences of every-day life, a highly-finished story; and also, with the minutest nicety of perfection, the different kinds of versification requisite for the purpose of exciting the passions, so as to enchain them at the poet's will; embracing the art of suiting and shaping his sentences harmoniously by the selection of proper words,—by which means the language was necessarily improved, not only for the purposes of Poetry, but also for prose composition and common conversation; as well as the manners of the people refined, and their ideas exalted by the story itself.

The Romans never used Poetry for the purpose of peopling heaven with new divinities. Those of Greece they stereotyped in their catalogue, as they found them. They were content with modeling their Poetry also after the Greeks, whom they looked upon as masters of the art. But they were a wittier people. They had a keener sense of the ridiculous. Hence we find in Horace and others a refinement of composition courting more the alliance of wit than of lofty conception. With them satire became conspicuous, in which the power of Poetry, instead of magnifying and beautifying an object beyond its natural aspect, was used for the purpose of distorting it into so grotesque a shape as to make it appear ridiculous. Such an addition to Poetry was a great acquisition, and rendered it far more acceptable to refined society, who invariably discover a greater propensity and pleasure in checking little pomposities on the part of their friends by well-timed repartee, than in the vulgar practice of playing “high jinks” for the sake of their dignity.

On the downfall of the Roman power, Poetry for some time only existed in a fossil state; and for centuries nothing deserving of the name of Poetry remains, if such compositions were at all indulged in. But on the establishment of the monkish system, at least after it had taken root, the monks, who had an almost exclusive monopoly of the learning of christendom, and who had not much to do, were at pains to seek out copies of the classics, especially of the Latin Poets, with whom no doubt they whiled away many a weary hour. They were minor poets themselves, and added a new grace to Poetry with which till then she had not been adorned. They invented rhyme, or the practice of making the ends of lines harmonize in sound, of

which that well-known hymn commencing “*Dies iræ, dies illa*” is a notable example.

This new acquisition to the art was not long in being used for a different purpose than that of religion. The middle ages were roused in their tenebral quietude by the rantings of a half-crazy priest known as Peter the Hermit, whom a heated imagination prompted to advocate through Continental Europe the disgrace of christian monarchs remaining supinely at their ease, or engaging in indecorous quarrels with each other, while circumcised pagans held possession of the Holy Sepulchre of Jesus Christ, and all those interesting places on which his sacred feet had trodden. His doctrine took. Its influence, in the words of the old ballad, was “like a fire to heather set.” Far and wide it prevailed among all classes; and contributions of men and money were raised to furnish armies for such a holy purpose. As Poetry is coeval with the human race, so also is its spirit immortal. It may remain in a state of torpor for a time, but it only wants such events as strongly effect the feelings to revive it. It was not, however, by the instrumentality of Poetry that this warlike enthusiasm had been produced, so it was only in detailing their heroic deeds, and the constancy of their wives and sweethearts during their absence, that it shone forth on this occasion. The troubadours and trouveres of France were foremost in this new era of Poetry; to which the additional charm of rhyme added new beauty, especially for those soft and serenading ditties which were in greatest favor. They effected in the feelings of the improving age a perfect revolution, so great was the influence of their songs and music, particularly on the excitable temperament of the French, and the chivalrous Spaniards. Now was the age of chivalry, and it was by such means that it was produced.

The Epic was the grand achievement of Grecian Muse, being a highly wrought historical romance wherein, as I have mentioned, the gods were introduced as freely as the other performers—a license which Horace wittily proposed to his countrymen to curtail. It was a perfect poem, in metrical construction—poetry much resembling English blank verse; and thus the composition of an epic poem involved two principal objects, a highly-fancied story, and poetical skill partly of a mechanical character. But the Crusaders in their wars in the East had met with a literature of a different kind. The oriental epics or ro-

mancers were still more wonderful, and had a supernatural machinery much more intricate and exciting, and though less sublime than the productions of the Grecian Muse, showed a no less inventive if a wilder genius; but they were in prose.

Their influence, joined to the chivalrous feelings of the age, eventually overpowered the reviving literature of Europe, and for a time supplanted Poetry—at least literature was turned almost entirely into another channel.

Our Social Chair.

California is a wonderful country—says the American Phrenological Journal—every arrival of the steamer conveys us a new edition of its multitudinous marvels. To say nothing of its golden plains, its quartz mountains, and its silver creeks, it boasts of the largest trees, the biggest fruit, and last but not least, the most remarkable dogs. The following article, which we take from the *California Magazine*, gives an account of a native Nevadian whose rare genius places him high in the list of noble dogs. Our readers will not only be amused but instructed by reading his biography; and whether they do or do not come to the conclusion that dogs have souls, they will certainly agree that "Jerry" has a heart to be admired, and a head which many a biped of the *genus homo* might reasonably envy.

Then follows the portrait and biography of our canine friend "Jerry" given to our readers, in page 485, in the I. Vol. of the *California Magazine*. We have given the above for two reasons: reason number one is to let our friends see that the good folks "East" think enough of our articles not only to copy them, but expressly to make new engravings to accompany them—and reason number two being to say that California not only has all the great and good things for which the American Phrenological Journal gives her credit, but to assure them that the inventive skill of our people is fully equal, if not superior, to the far famed land of wooden nutmegs; which is saying much. Lest the contributors to the interesting Industrial Exhibition of the Mechanic's Institute might begin to think that we alluded to some of their handiwork, and thereby do our enterprising individual unintentional injustice, we shall at once introduce the subject by saying that any one acquainted with the *Shasta Courier* is tolerably well aware that the "editor-man" will, if he cannot find "suthin'" funny for his readers, be sure to invent "suthin'." This time, however, a cor-

respondent relieves him of the task by sending the following account of

HAYING.—We have quite an enterprising farmer up this way. He has discovered a new way of gathering hay, which is much cheaper than the old way; besides, he gets a much greater quantity off the same amount of ground. He sowed a piece of ground with oats, intending to cut it for hay. The ground was so dry that it did not grow more than ten or fifteen inches high, and would not pay for cutting. It occurred to him that he could get the Indians to pull it; so he went to see 'Captain' Ned, who took the contract for a quarter of beef and a half dozen sacks of flour. The Indians—about 80—went to work the next morning—old gray heads, squaws, little ones and all—taking a swath some sixty yards wide across the field. In two days they finished the job, and by this means my friend has put some eight tons of good hay in his barn. The ground was very dry when the hay was pulled, and the dirt was therefore all easily knocked off the roots. A horse will eat the roots in preference to the top. The farmers elsewhere will profit by this.

Who could have thought that the quiet little man who presides over the editorial columns of the San Jose Tribune, would have been guilty of circulating the report, and taking pleasure therein, however true, of the division and back-sliding of any church; and yet he has had the unchristian! recklessness of printing and publishing the following:—

SPLIT IN THE METHODIST CHURCH.—There has been a very serious division in the Methodist Church North in San Jose; about one half of the church having seceded. We perceive, however, that there is a prospect of a speedy healing of the breach. The separation was owing to a number of carpenters, who sawed the house in two from top to bottom, and caused the latter end to back-slide about fifteen feet.

We hope that the christian denomination who worship there, may have grace sufficient

given them to forgive him—but we cannot—never!

This reminds us of a carpenter, who, being at the point of death, was desired by his friends to receive the counsel and prayers of a christian minister; to which he consented. When the minister arrived at his bed-side he took the sick man by the hand as he made the inquiry—

"My friend, you are very sick; you must soon cross the dark valley; now, how do you feel at the prospect?"

"Middling," was the reply.

"Do you forgive all?"

"No; I cannot say that I do," was the answer.

"It is very wrong, and very sinful," continued the good man, "for you to encourage such unholy feelings at such a solemn time; just before—"

"Well, I cannot help it, as they have been my enemies through a long and industrious life."

"But we are commanded to forgive, nay even to *love* our enemies," suggested the minister.

"I can't do it; no, never, never."

"Have you any objection to naming the name and character of your enemies?"

"None whatever."

"Well, then, tell me all, and peradventure I may yet assist you to a better state of mind."

"I don't like to do it, after all," persisted the sick man.

"Oh! why not, my friend? it shall never escape my lips—not to—"

"If you promise me that, then I—I will," gasped the dying man. "You know my trade; I—I am a carpenter."

"Yes."

"I have been a hard working man all my life."

"Yes."

"Well, shortly after I was apprenticed I was required to keep my tools in order. I tried to do so; but, on one particular day—the date I cannot exactly now remember—I had but just filed my saw—a new saw, presented me by my uncle,—when I had cut about seven inches down the plank—it was, I remember, an old plank—I—" here

the dying man made a pause, and gnashed his teeth as though in great mental agony.

"I—I cannot go on."

"Oh! yes, proceed my friend," returned the good man, encouragingly.

"Well, then, as I was saying, I had cut about seven inches down the plank, when suddenly, and just after I had drawn the saw up through the plank nearly to the point, I gave one stroke down and—*scrash* went the saw, and instead of the plank—I had sawed a nail! Now, I ask you as a man possessed of human feelings, if, under such circumstances, *you* would ever forgive such enemies? Your smile assures me that you would answer—*n-e-v-e-r!*"

The following, from an exchange, we think worthy of a place in our Social Chair, although of little comparative utility in California at present, but

"There's a better time coming, boys."

THE LAW OF THE FINGER-RING.—If a gentleman wants a wife, he wears a ring on the left hand; if he is engaged, he wears it on the second finger; if married, on the third; and on the fourth if he never intends to get married. When a lady is not engaged, she wears a diamond ring on her first finger—if engaged, on the second; if married, on the third; and on the fourth, if she intends to be a maid. When a gentleman presents a fan, a flower, or trinket, to a lady with the left hand, this, on his part, is an overture of regard; should she receive it with the left hand, it is considered as an acceptance of his esteem, but if with the right hand, it is a refusal of the offer. Thus, by a few simple tokens explained by rule, the passion of love is expressed."

FEMALE MUTABILITY.

I gave her a rose—and I gave her a ring,
And I asked her to marry me then;
But she sent them all back—the insensible thing,
And said she'd no notion of men.
I told her I'd oceans of money and goods,
And tried her to fright with a growl,
But she answer'd she wasn't brou't up in the woods
To be scared by the screech of an owl.
I called her a baggage and every thing bad—
I slighted her features and form,
Till at length I succeeded in getting her mad,
And she raged like a sea in a storm;
And then in a moment I turned and I smiled,
And called her my angel and all,
And she fell in my arms like a wearisome child,
And exclaimed: "we will marry next fall."

As the ensuing lines are very old, they will now be comparatively new, (speaking

paradoxically,) but as they are to the point, and on an interesting point, they will not be pointless in—

KISSING BY POST.

Thanks to thee my dearest friend—
A kiss you in your letter send;
But, ah! the thrilling charm is lost
In kisses that arrive by post;
That fruit can only tasteful be,
When gather'd, melting, from the tree!

"Don't stay long husband!" said a young wife, tenderly, in my presence one evening, as her husband was preparing to go out. The words themselves were insignificant, but the look of melting fondness with which they were accompanied spoke volumes. It told all the whole vast depths of a woman's love—of her grief when the light of his smile, the source of all her joy, beamed not brightly upon her.

"Don't stay long, husband!" and I fancied I saw the loving, gentle wife sitting alone, anxiously counting the moments of her husband's absence, every few moments running to the door to see if he was in sight and finding that he was not, I thought I could hear her exclaiming, in disappointed tones, "Not yet."

"Don't stay long, husband!" and I again thought I could see the young wife rocking nervously in the great arm-chair, and weeping as though her heart would break, as her thoughtless "lord and master" prolonged his stay to a wearisome length of time,

Oh! you that have wives to say, "Don't stay long!" when you go forth, think of them kindly when you are mingling in the busy hive of life, and try, just a little, to make their homes and hearts happy, for they are gems seldom replaced. You cannot find amidst the pleasures of the world the peace and joy that a quiet home blessed with such a woman's presence will afford.

"Don't stay long, husband!" and the young wife's look seemed to say—for here in your own sweet home is a loving heart, whose music is hushed when you are absent—here is a soft breast for you to lay your head upon, and here are pure lips unsoiled by sin, that will pay you with kisses for coming back soon.

And wife, young wife, if you would have your husband stay when he comes, and love to come when he must be away, give him those lips to kiss, and that breast to rest his weary head upon. Because you are cold and indifferent to his caresses, and often wish that he would leave you, he turns away and seeks his pleasures in other scenes. Young wife, you have him in your keeping. Keep him, and he will be kept.

A medical gentleman defines winking to be "an affection of the eye!"

RESPONSES FROM THE MINES.

NO. II.

IN THE MINES, Sept. 3, 1857.

DEAR SISTER MAY: Your Letter No. II. is before me; it was a pleasure to reply to your former letter, but it is a greater pleasure to respond to this, for now, we are not entirely unknown to each other. We have exchanged the kindly greetings, and our sympathies have mingled together; there is much that is congenial in our tastes and feelings, and it is a joy to let the fountains of the heart flow out in streams of tenderness, when we know that they will be appreciated, and that they will make flowers of beauty and fragrance bud and blossom in the garden of other hearts.

I see that you have an eye for the beauties of Nature, and that the loveliness and magnificent grandeur of the scenery which lies spread out before your pleasant home is not an unmeaning picture of material things—it is a picture of life and light which brings joy and beauty to your soul. Truly has the poet said, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

You wish some of us were there to go to church with you; it would be a happiness indeed for many a lonely miner, to have such a home to visit occasionally, and we should then love our adopted sister more tenderly, because her love and goodness would awaken memories of kind and loving sisters far away. You take it as a matter of course that we are all good, but I must frankly confess that it is not so; some of us are very bad, and none as good as we should be, and therefore we are grateful to you who have taken an interest in us and are trying to make us better. You say that we are *pretty*, too, perhaps; now, as the lawyers say, I take exceptions to the term; it might be properly applied to some of your San Francisco *exquisites*—the thorough-bred dandies—they are pretty, and pretty good-for-nothing, too. I trust we miners are manly in our appearance, and some of us good-looking, but I don't think we are pretty.

And now for a few remarks about that *slantendikilar* look at the pretty young ladies. I hope they are not pretty in the same sense the dandies are; I certainly will not be so ungallant as to think it. "Young ladies in church," they do indeed set me to thinking; I don't, myself, take a *slantendikilar* look at them, I gaze directly at them with the most ardent admiration; I think of their maiden innocence and purity, and feel how lovely, how beautiful and how sacred they are; I think of their kind and tender hearts, filled with all the Christian charities and graces—of their immortal spirits loving the Savior and seeking after his perfections, and aspiring up unto their Father

and their God, and then I imagine they are angels of the earth, as indeed they are, and that heaven itself is about them, a sacred heaven of purity, of holiness and of love.

And now, dear Sister, I come to the part of your letter directed more especially to me: your first letter did indeed accomplish its mission, not from calling forth these responses, only, but by bringing Brother Joe back to these pages, to give us the pleasing imaginings of his mind and the tender feelings of his heart, portrayed in characters which, if they are fictitious, are as full of truth and reality as any of those which surround us in real life; long may his "Sunshine and Shadows" rest upon these pages, either to brighten our path or give us a pensive repose in the shade.

You say that your letter contained but the spontaneous outbursts of girlish thought; and that, dear Sister, was why I liked it; a letter should be the artless and natural expression of what we feel within; the moment we begin to strain after effect, to say or write something beyond our capacity, or to indulge in what may be termed fine writing or grandiloquence, that moment a letter loses its charm; better always is it to let the natural feelings of the heart and the spontaneous ideas of the mind flow smoothly on the pages in the simplest words of truth.

What a beautiful scene you have pictured in the passing away of that dear cousin from earth to heaven. When the icy arms of death enclose the forms we love, when the last sad rites are performed, when "dust to dust and ashes to ashes" is pronounced, and the grave opens and the coffin is lowered, and the dull cold earth falls upon it with a sound whose vibrations reach the inmost recesses of our hearts, and when our eyes are filled with the tears of bitter anguish, oh! how blessed it is if we can then with the eye of faith look up to heaven and see our loved ones there, and feel that it is our father who gives his beloved the sleep of death.

You say that you would not only peep into my cabin, but that you would enter, *if I would let you*. Now, as you seem to have doubts on that point, I will add an invitation to the end of this letter which I trust will dispel them all; you also say that you sometimes imagine yourself a fairy; now, I really believe you are one, for in your proposed visit you seem to know precisely what would give me most pleasure, and you certainly could not have *guessed* all; and first of all, those girls. I have already told you what I sometimes think of them, and will only add, in the words of a poet:—

"My very heart within me dies,
In yearning for the girls."

And then to have the old cabin decorated with evergreens and flowers; oh, I am passionately fond of flowers; their delicious fra-

grance, their delicate forms, their varied and beautiful colors, all combine with a sweet influence to reach the heart and tell us God is love.

And now as to that *Toffey*—I think it would be altogether a work of supererogation, a superfluity, a superabundance, too much of a good thing; it would be like "piling Pelian upon Ossa," or "gilding refined gold," or "painting the lily," or "adding a perfume to the violet;"—I should be bathing in a fountain of honey, I should be overwhelmed in an ocean of saccharine syrup, I should die of an excess of sweetness; surely the sweet angels of earth and their sweet kisses, (sisterly of course,) and sweet music and sweet flowers, and all the other sweet influences, would be quite and more than sufficient; so when you come, pray don't mention that *Toffey*.

But I should like that game of blind-man's buff; nothing pleases me more than to play the child at times; I like to get into a room with about a dozen children and join with a hearty spirit in their plays, and be as wild, uproarious and noisy as any of them; it is good for us sometimes to become as little children, and it is always a delight to me to add to their pleasure and fun, and when I can't find small children I like to play with those of a larger growth; and then, dear May, how I should like to hear the music of your voice, falling on my ear like echoes from the skies, in the melody of the songs you have mentioned, which are dear and hallowed by so many associations; my heart then I know would seem to rise in my throat and the silent tears would fall, while my thoughts would be dwelling in sacred memories of the past.

And now, sister May, while you seemed to know so well what would give me pleasure, you altogether miss the mark when you propose to annoy me. You might overset my chair—I have but one and that would be easily picked up—and if you overset the water bucket why there are plenty of cracks through the floor, and I dash the water on it every day to keep the cabin cool; our porter-house steak dish happens to be a tin basin, so you could not break that; tea or coffee I have not used for months, so you could not salt them; as for giving me vinegar for wine it is just the thing I drink; a cup of water, well sweetened with sugar, and a little vinegar in it, is my wine; and then the Havanass! why, I don't use the filthy weed in any shape; and as to sewing up my pockets, why then I could not pocket the affront, and that would simply be annoying yourself. When you intimated that I would start off courting Sunday morning, leaving you and the bright-eyed girls you are to bring, to amuse yourselves, I think you were trying to throw out an idea supremely ridiculous, one that would involve the

height and length and breadth and depth of an absurdity in all possible directions, and I must say, May, that you have succeeded very well in the attempt. You know that the chances to court in the mines are like angels' visits, and if I were courting ever so ardently, you well know I would refrain under such circumstances.

You wish to know whether I would stay angry long; no, May, it is not in my heart to stay angry long with any body, and I don't think it would be possible for me to be angry with a sister so good as you seem to be. But this is a letter unreasonably long, and when I have added my invitation to it, I am afraid it will tire your patience, and that of all who may read it.

BROTHER FRANK'S INVITATION TO SISTER MAY.

Come to my cabin so lonely,
Come to my mountain home,
One heart awaits thee only,
Come my sweet sister, come.

Come, for the time is fleeing,
Swiftly forever away,
Come, thou angelic being,
Come, my sweet sister May.

Come, with thy fun and laughter,
And we most joyous will be,
Come, and forever after
I'll fondly think of thee.

Come, with thy heart o'erladen
With mirth and love and glee,
Come and create an Aiden
In my cabin home for me.

Come, for alone I grow stupid,
Come, with those bright-eyed girls,
But before you come, let Cupid
Hide slyly away in their curls

Come, while the birds are singing,
Sweetly on every tree,
Come, with thy goodness bringing
A heaven on earth to me.

Come, and my heart shall never
Have a desire to rove,
Come, and with thee forever,
I'll live in a sister's love.

Come to my cabin so lonely,
Come to my mountain home,
One heart awaits thee only,
Come, my sweet sister, come.

Sincerely and affectionately yours,

BROTHER FRANK.

From *Putnam's Monthly*—a Magazine fully equal, if not superior to Harper's—and this month much more beautifully and extensively illustrated than the latter—we select the following expressive stanzas:—

LOVE.

Take back your gold, and give me love—
The earnest smile,
The heart-voice that can conquer pain,
And care beguile.

Take back your silver, whence it came—
It leads to strife;
A woman's nature feeds on love—
Love is its life.

Take back your silver and your gold—
Their gain is loss;
But bring me love—for love is heaven—
And they are dross.

Old Block has written a play—a California play—time, 1850. One thing is self-evident, that if it is put upon the stage half as well as it is written, it will be the most successful minor drama that has yet been introduced to a California audience. We are tempted to steal the following, with the hope that the author will not sue us for an "invasion of copyright!"

Enter CASH and DICE, L.

Cash. How much did you pluck that goose?

Dice. A cool five thousand.

Cash. Five thousand! you are in capital luck. How did you come it over the green-horn so nicely?

Dice. Why, the moment he came in I had my eye on him. I saw he was a green 'un, just from the mines, and therefore proper game. I carelessly began talking with him, and found out that he was on his way home; told me a long yarn about his father and mother; old man was crippled, and the old woman supported the family by washing, and all that nonsense; and how he should surprise them when he got home, and that they should'n't work any more, and all that sort of thing; let out that he had dug a pile by hard labor, and had the money in his belt. Well of course I rejoiced with him, commended him as a dutiful son, and to show him my appreciation of so much virtue, I insisted on his drinking with me.

Cash. Ah! ha! ha! You're a perfect philanthropist—well:

Dice. At first he rather backed water, but I would take no denial, and I finally succeeded in getting the first dose down him. A little while after, not to be mean, he offered to treat me.

Cash. Of course you was dry.

Dice. Dry as a contribution box. I winked at Tim, so he made Sluice Fork's smash good and strong, and somehow forgot to put any liquor in mine.

Cash. What monstrous partiality!

Dice. Directly he began to feel the second dose, and he grew friendly and confidential. Well, I offered to show him around

among the girls, in the evening, with all the sights in town, and at the same time cautioned him against falling into bad hands, for he might be swindled or robbed by strangers.

Cash. Good fatherly adviser, ha! ha! ha!

Dice. Yes, and he grew grateful fast, for he insisted on my drinking with him.

Cash. Ah! that hurt your feelings.

Dice. I told him I seldom drank anything—

Cash. Only when you could get it, I s'pose?

Dice. As he would take no denial I—hem!—reluctantly consented, and nodded to Tim, who favored his glass with morphine, and mine, particularly, with cold water.

Cash. You're a practical illustration of a California temperance society.

Dice. It wasn't long before he was the richest man in California, and a d——d sight the smartest. Of course he was, so I invited him up to the table to see the boys play. He asked me if I ever played. I told him I seldom staked anything, but what I did I was sure to win, so I threw a dollar on the red.

Cash. And won, of course.

Dice. Of course. And then I proposed that he should try it. He demurred some, but I told him a dollar was nothing—if he lost I would share the loss—so he finally let a dollar slip on the red.

Cash. And won, of course.

Dice. To be sure; our Jake knows what he's about. Sluice Box was absolutely surprised when two dollars were pushed back to him. He then doubled his stakes, and went on winning till he thought he had Fortune by the wings, when suddenly his luck changed, and he began to lose, and became excited. It was my treat now, and that settled the matter, for he swore he not leave the table till he had won the money back. So he staked his pile, and we fleeced him out of every dime, and a hap-

pier man than Sluice Box is at this moment does not exist.

Cash. How, at being robbed?

Dice. Not that exactly; but, by the time his money was gone, he was so beastly drunk that Tim kicked him out of the round tent into the gutter, where he now lays fast asleep, getting ready for another trip to the Mines, instead of helping his mother wash at home, and plastering up his father's sore shins.

Cash. Ha! ha! ha! the fools are not all dead. We'll go it while we're young.—[Sings.] "O, Californy, that's the land for me."

The moral is excellent—as every one might expect, who knows "Old Block." Success to the author and the play. So mote it be.

Then again there is a very neatly printed and pleasantly named and well written little Odd Fellows' monthly called THE COVENANT, which we are happy to see has found its way to our table. We sincerely hope that it may long live to be the messenger of "friendship, love, and truth" to many hearts; and, as it pours the healing balm of help and sympathy into the wounded spirit, we trust that its able and warm supporters may feel the reaction of its generous breathings, and, as expressed in its rare pages, prove that "A word of kindness is never spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a golden-petaled flower."

The young lady who deliberately "cut an acquaintance" and was afterwards "filled with remorse," has, we are happy to say, been "bailed out."

Editor's Table.

POLITICAL.—It is a matter of some congratulation that the excitement in political affairs is for the time being ended, and we are certainly glad of it. The election over, there are duties for the citizen-patriot yet to perform, which incite his constant watchfulness, support, and sympathy.

REPUDIATION.—By a vote—an overwhelming vote—of the people, the idea of "repudiation" has been indignantly repudiated.

A vast majority of the people have written the fact for future history, that they have no sympathy with dishonesty, even though the money used which created the debt was but little better than stolen. Let not future legislators attempt to repeat the experiment. We hope they are honest, but it is barely possible that they will bear watching!

THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF 1857.—This exposition of the multitudinous kinds

and variety of articles produced by the taste, skill, and industry of our young State, is alike creditable to the institution which brought it into being, and to the people who so cordially and unanimously fostered and supported it. It is a gladdening triumph as a beginning; and the question now arises, what is it to be in time to come? The gratifying success of this experiment imposes additional responsibility upon the directory, suggestive of large and comprehensive ideas of their duty and mission in the future. Self-reliance now for the development of our resources and the encouragement of home manufactures, requires only a leader. Will the Mechanics' Institute become that leader? We would suggest immediate preparation for an active and self-reliant future, and an onward course. No hesitancy, no delay. Let them take immediate steps to secure a suitable site for the erection of a permanent exhibition hall, where at all times the genius of the young and enterprising may find sympathy and encouragement—and where, too, the curiosities and wonders of the State may form a permanent museum. A place of public resort of this character, for instruction and amusement, where either citizen or stranger could spend a leisure hour, would, at the same time, become a constant monitor to the visitor for the production of something useful or ornamental. Perhaps, too, there could be an advantageous union of the Academy of Natural Sciences with

the Mechanics' Institute, for such purposes.

THE STATE AGRICULTURAL FAIR.—It should not be forgotten that for several years past the Committee of the State Agricultural Fair have been earnestly engaged in developing the wonderful resources of the soil, and in encouraging every department of industry,—and at a time, too, when they stood almost alone in the enterprise. To their indefatigable exertions very much of California's present prosperity is attributable. It is therefore our earnest hope that the great interest manifested in the Industrial Exhibition of San Francisco will in no wise detract from the progress and prosperity of the State Agricultural Fair now being held in Stockton.

3 **THE FIRST OVERLAND MAIL.**—From San Antonio, Texas, to San Diego, California, the first overland mail has arrived in thirty-four days, traveling time. This, no doubt, will be a very expensive way of finding out something concerning one of the suitable routes for the great Pacific Railroad; but for encouraging and protecting immigration and opening up settlements upon the great highway of travel, every one knows it to be utterly useless. It is true that the public wish to be better informed concerning the vast territory lying between the Gulf of Mexico, the Mississippi River, and our Pacific possessions; but the question very naturally arises, Is this the most suitable method of obtaining it? We think not.

Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

T. E.—We never stoop to such; but, did we do so, we can assure our correspondent that we are fully equal to the task of doing our own "fibbing"(!) Declined.

A.—This month it was necessarily omitted, but will appear next.

H., Oroville.—Send 'em along.

Doings.—Your spirited reply to Eugenie is unintentionally crowded out this month.

L. L., Georgetown.—Is received. We thank you—all kinds of information is at all times acceptable.

H. F. T., Petaluma.—For heavens—no, for our—no, for the people's sake—don't send for any more legal gentlemen. In our opinion, nineteen at least from every twenty could now be spared, to an immense advantage to the State. If people would do right, and be satisfied with a

just and common-sense decision, a few neighbors would answer much better than a host of lawyers.

Annie B.—If you do "love" our "spirited and spicy Magazine," and would like to occupy a corner, please, as you "love" it, to write with greater care; and then we shall be happy to find you one.

G. S.—Mrs. Thomas O. Larkin was the first white lady who ventured to California.

J. V. H., Webber Creek.—We have a word to say to you; and don't you mention it to any one! In your postscript you remark, "If you reject these lines, pray do not cut me up as you do some of your correspondents." Now, Mr. J. V. H., we never attempt such a thing as to "cut up" anybody, however poor their contributions may be, premising that all things must have a beginning; but, whenever any very important (!) personage takes the liberty of "putting on airs," we feel that a double responsibility falls upon us: first, to teach him that no true-hearted nobleman of nature ever "puts on airs" to any one; and, secondly, that when he takes the trouble to try how they will fit on us, he certainly makes a mistake in "waking up the wrong passenger,"—that's all.

Mountaineer.—The American Lion is entirely a distinct animal from the American Tiger; and both materially differ from their prototypes of the eastern continent. The American Jaguar, or "Tigre"—improperly so called by the Mexicans and natives—is much smaller than the African or Asiatic Tiger, though its characteristics in other respects are identical, and is the most voracious and destructive animal in North America. The Puma, or American Lion (*Felis discolor*) is much larger than the Jaguar, but not as ferocious, and preys upon much smaller animals.

T. S., Suisun.—Be a man in all things, think right, write right, and act right, and then "let her went." Keep sacredly your own self-respect, and you need not care a mouldy potato for the balance. We should treat them as McCarthy did his cold—with "sovrin contempt."

A. T., Salmon Falls.—We are persuaded that you have not done yourself or subject justice. Give us some of those earnest gushings of the soul, that will either make us laugh or weep, and we don't care which. But oh! save us from any thing flat or insipid.

A Subscriber, Roach's Hill.—Thank you. We shall bear it in mind.

RECEIVED—Several articles too late to be examined this month.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF MR. JOSHUA FLIMPKINS.

We last saw Mr. Flimpkins with his friend Mr. Simples on their way to the boat; but they arrive just three minutes too late, the consequence of their call at the "Free Lunch Institute."

Mr. Flimpkins again resolves to cut the acquaintance of all city institutions.

Mr. Simples takes it upon himself to show Mr. Flimpkins something more of the city. Hires a cab to take them to the Pavilion of the Industrial Exhibition.

Mr. Flimpkins prefers an outside seat, as he wishes to see what is going on. Mr. Simples prefers the inside; but from the extraordinary speed made, and an outside cry of "Stop her! stop her!" he, too, is desirous of seeing what is going on.

Mr. Flimpkins sees enough of what is going on, is perfectly sure he will go in, the next time he rides a cab.



HE PREFERS AN OUTSIDE SEAT.

They reach the Pavilion; but the Fair not yet opened, and they not being contributors, are not allowed admission; are told that in ten days arrangements will be completed and visitors admitted.

Mr. Flimpkins resolves to stay; but being

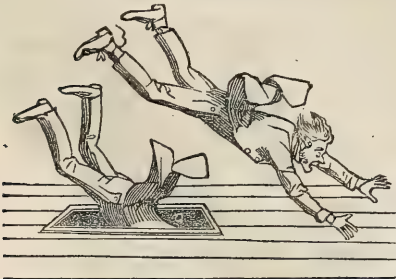
rather short of funds, suggests the expediency of quartering himself upon the hospitality of his friend Mr. Simples.

Mr. Simples acquiesces; but is horrified at the idea, and determines to cut his acquaintance the first opportunity. Seizes a favorable moment, he thinks; but Mr. Flimpkins *thinks* differently.



ENDEAVORS TO CUT HIS ACQUAINTANCE.

And thus they go it, Simp. and Flimp., through Montgomery and up Washington, Flimp. *holding* good his distance behind, and Simp. about the same distance ahead; but Simp. becomes desperate; desperate emergencies require like efforts, or remedies; must shake him off at all hazards; sees the cover off from a half-filled street reservoir; must get rid of him, so plunges in with the cry of Murder! Police! and rises head above water, just in time to hear Flimp. arrested — after an accidental somerset — and started off for the station-house.



TURNS A SOMERSET.

No one appearing against him, he is discharged. Makes inquiry for his friend Simp. Hasn't been heard from; begins to fear the hole he went in at has some connection with city institutions; therefore will hear of Simp. being "dead and drowned," before he'll go near it to look after him.

He now arranges with his landlord till he again receives funds from his friends in the country. The coin arrives, all right, and Flimp. is now Mr. Flimpkins again. He visits North Beach; here he concludes to take an omnibus ride—his first—as far as

the Pavilion of the exhibition; gets in; congratulates himself on having the "bus" all to himself; thinks differently before he reaches the Pavilion; arrives all safe, and so do six other men, nine women, eleven children; six poodle dogs, and about the same number of market baskets.

Goes in on a fifty-cent ticket, is a single man, never married, not he; is so well pleased with the exhibition that he resolves to stay a few days; expresses a willingness to purchase a season ticket; hopes some gentleman will be kind enough to introduce him to some lady; he is introduced; from the appearance of the lady, he judges her to be *some*, and proves himself to be rather more than *some*, on an introduction.



IS SOME ON AN INTRODUCTION.

Mr. Flimpkins is horrified, and the ladies terrified, at the accident he has occasioned. Takes advantage of the confusion of the moment, escapes unobserved from the Pavilion and rushes for the boat, which, however, had left just one hour before; resolves never to leave the dock till he does it on a steamboat; is perfectly disgusted with city life and institutions; and to get as far from all of them as possible, under the circumstances, attains to his present elevated position, where he remains twenty-four hours, less one, and is safely on board, and off for Sacramento.



HUTCHINGS'

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THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.



GEN. JOHN A. SUTTER.

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

Ours is the age of gold,
And ours the hallowed time.—*Mellen.*

To the lovers of history, nothing can be more welcome and valuable than the unvarnished narrative of events, from the actors themselves: therefore, we feel the greater pleasure in presenting our readers with the following statements, with which we are favored: one from the good old pioneer, Gen. John August Sutter; and the other from Mr. James W. Marshall, the favored discoverer of the gold—and who, unitedly, are the fathers of *The Age of Gold*.

It was in the first part of January, 1848, when the gold was discovered at Coloma,* where I was then building a saw-mill. The contractor and builder of this mill was James W. Marshall, from New Jersey. In the fall of 1847, after the mill seat had been located, I sent up to this place Mr. P. L. Wimmer with his family, and a number of laborers, from the disbanded Mormon Battalion; and a little later I engaged Mr. Bennet from Oregon to assist Mr. Marshall in the mechanical labors of the mill. Mr. Wimmer had the team in charge, assisted by his young sons, to do the necessary teaming, and Mrs. Wimmer did the cooking for all hands.

I was very much in need of a saw-mill, to get lumber to finish my large flouring mill, of four run of stones, at Brighton, which was commenced at the same time, and was rapidly progressing; likewise for other buildings, fences, etc., for the small village of Yerba Buena, (now San Francisco.) In the City Hotel, (the only one) at the dinner table this enterprise was unkindly called "another folly of Sutter's," as my first settlement at the old fort near Sacramento City was called by a good many, "a folly of his," and they were about right in that, because I had the best chances to get some of the finest locations, near

the settlements; and even well stocked rancho's had been offered to me on the most reasonable conditions; but I refused all these good offers, and preferred to explore the wilderness, and select a territory on the banks of the Sacramento. It was a rainy afternoon when Mr. Marshall arrived at my office in the Fort, very wet. I was somewhat surprised to see him, as he was down a few days previous; and when, I sent up to Coloma a number of teams with provisions, mill irons, etc., etc. He told me then that he had some important and interesting news which he wished to communicate secretly to me, and wished me to go with him to a place where we should not be disturbed, and where no listeners could come and hear what we had to say. I went with him to my private rooms; he requested me to lock the door; I complied, but I told him at the same time that nobody was in the house except the clerk, who was in his office in a different part of the house; after requesting of me something which he wanted, which my servants brought and then left the room, I forgot to lock the doors, and it happened that the door was opened by the clerk just at the moment when Marshall took a rag from his pocket, showing me the yellow metal: he had about two ounces of it; but how quick Mr. M. put the yellow metal in his pocket again can hardly be described. The clerk came to see me on business, and excused himself for interrupting me, and as soon as he had left I was told, "now lock the doors; didn't I tell you that we might have listeners?" I told him that he need fear nothing about that, as it was not the habit of this gentleman; but I could hardly convince him that he need not to be suspicious. Then Mr. M. began to show me this metal, which consisted of small pieces and specimens, some of them worth a few dollars; he told me that he had expressed his opinion to the laborers at the mill, that this might be gold; but some of them were laughing at him and called him a crazy man, and could not believe such a thing.

* The Indian name and pronunciation is Cul-lu-mah, (beautiful vale,) now Americanized Coloma.



SUTTER'S FORT IN 1848..

After having proved the metal with aqua fortis, which I found in my apothecary shop, likewise with other experiments, and read the long article "gold" in the Encyclopedia Americana, I declared this to be gold of the finest quality, of at least 23 carats. After this Mr. M. had no more rest nor patience, and wanted me to start with him immediately for Coloma; but I told him I could not leave, as it was late in the evening and nearly supper time, and that it would be better for him to remain with me till the next morning, and I would travel with him, but this would not do: he asked me only "will you come to-morrow morning?" I told him yes, and off he started for Coloma in the heaviest rain, although already very wet, taking nothing to eat. I took this news very easy, like all other occurrences good or bad, but thought a great deal during the night about the consequences which might follow such a discovery. I gave all my necessary orders to

my numerous laborers, and left the next morning at 7 o'clock, accompanied by an Indian soldier, and vaquero, in a heavy rain, for Coloma. About half way on the road I saw at a distance a human being crawling out from the brushwood. I asked the Indian who it was: he told me "the same man who was with you last evening." When I came nearer I found it was Marshall, very wet; I told him that he would have done better to remain with me at the fort than to pass such an ugly night here; but he told me that he went up to Coloma, (54 miles) took his other horse and came half way to meet me; then we rode up to the new Eldorado. In the afternoon the weather was clearing up, and we made a prospecting promenade. The next morning we went to the tail-race of the mill, through which the water was running during the night, to clean out the gravel which had been made loose, for the purpose of widening the race; and after the water

was out of the race we went in to search for gold. This was done every morning: small pieces of gold could be seen remaining on the bottom of the clean washed bed rock. I went in the race and picked up several pieces of this gold, several of the laborers gave me some which they had picked up, and from Marshall I received a part. I told them that I would get a ring made of this gold as soon as it could be done in California; and I have had a heavy ring made, with my family's coat of arms engraved on the outside, and on the inside of the ring is engraved, "The first gold, discovered in January, 1848." Now if Mrs. Wimmer possesses a piece which has been found earlier than mine Mr. Marshall can tell,* as it was probably received from him. I think Mr. Marshall could have hardly known himself which was exactly the first little piece, among the whole.

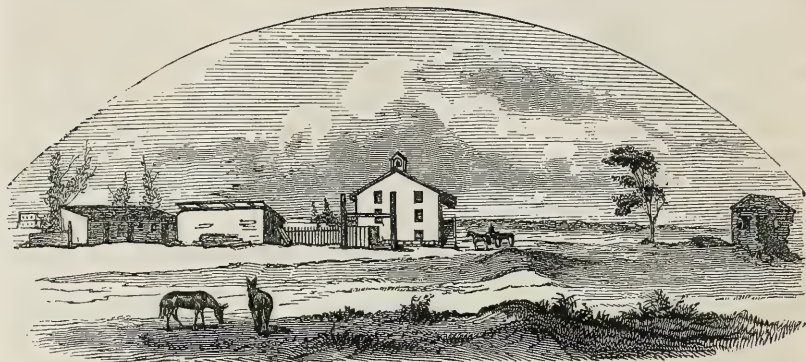
The next day I went with Mr. M. on a prospecting tour in the vicinity of Coloma, and the following morning I left for Sacramento. Before my departure I had a conversation with all hands: I told them that I would consider it as a great favor if they would keep this discovery secret only for six weeks, so that I could finish my large flour mill at Brighton, (with four run of stones,) which had cost me already about from 24 to 25,000 dollars—the people up there promised to keep it secret so long. On my way home, instead of feeling happy and contented, I was very unhappy, and could not see that it would benefit me much, and I was perfectly right in thinking so; as it came just precisely as I expected. I thought at the same time that it could hardly be kept secret for six weeks; and in this I was not mistaken, for about two weeks later, after my return, I sent up several teams in charge of a white man, as the teamsters were Indian boys. This man was acquainted with all hands up there, and Mrs. Wimmer told him the whole se-

cret; likewise the young sons of Mr. Wimmer told him that they had gold, and that they would let him have some too; and so he obtained a few dollars' worth of it as a present. As soon as this man arrived at the fort he went to a small store in one of my outside buildings, kept by Mr. Smith, a partner of Samuel Brannan, and asked for a bottle of brandy, for which he would pay the cash; after having the bottle he paid with these small pieces of gold. Smith was astonished and asked him if he intended to insult him; the teamster told him to go and ask me about it; Smith came in, in great haste, to see me, and I told him at once the truth—what could I do? I had to tell him all about it. He reported it to Mr. S. Brannan, who came up immediately to get all possible information, when he returned and sent up large supplies of goods, leased a larger house from me, and commenced a very large and profitable business; soon he opened a branch house of business at Mormon Island.

Mr. Brannan made a kind of claim on Mormon Island, and put a tolerably heavy tax on "The Latter Day Saints." I believe it was 30 per cent, which they paid for some time, until they got tired of it, (some of them told me that it was for the purpose of building a temple for the honor and glory of the Lord.)

So soon as the secret was out my laborers began to leave me, in small parties first, but then all left, from the clerk to the cook, and I was in great distress; only a few mechanics remained to finish some very necessary work which they had commenced, and about eight invalids, who continued slowly to work a few teams, to scrape out the mill race at Brighton. The Mormons did not like to leave my mill unfinished, but they got the gold fever like everybody else. After they had made their piles they left for the Great Salt Lake. So long as these people have been employed by me they have behaved very well, and were industrious and faithful laborers, and when settling their accounts there was not

* Mrs. Wimmer's piece weighs about five dollars and twelve cents. The first piece, Mr. Marshall says, weighed about fifty cents.



SUTTER'S FORT, IN 1857.

one of them who was not contented and satisfied.

Then the people commenced rushing up from San Francisco and other parts of California, in May, 1848: in the former village only five men were left to take care of the women and children. The single men locked their doors and left for "Sutter's Fort," and from there to the Eldorado. For some time the people in Monterey and farther south would not believe the news of the gold discovery, and said that it was only a '*Ruse de Guerre*' of Sutter's, because he wanted to have neighbors in his wilderness. From this time on I got only too many neighbors, and some very bad ones among them.

What a great misfortune was this sudden gold discovery for me! It has just broken up and ruined my hard, restless, and industrious labors, connected with many dangers of life, as I had many narrow escapes before I became properly established.

From my mill buildings I reaped no benefit whatever, the mill stones even have been stolen and sold.

My tannery, which was then in a flourishing condition, and was carried on very profitably, was deserted, a large quantity of leather was left unfinished in the vats; and a great quantity of raw hides became valueless as they could not be sold; nobody wanted to be bothered with such trash, as it was called. So it was in all the other

mechanical trades which I had carried on; all was abandoned, and work commenced or nearly finished was all left, to an immense loss for me. Even the Indians had no more patience to work alone, in harvesting and threshing my large wheat crop out; as the whites had all left, and other Indians had been engaged by some white men to work for them, and they commenced to have some gold for which they were buying all kinds of articles at enormous prices in the stores; which, when my Indians saw this, they wished very much to go to the mountains and dig gold. At last I consented, got a number of wagons ready, loaded them with provisions and goods of all kinds, employed a clerk, and left with about one hundred Indians, and about fifty Sandwich Islanders (Kanakas) which had joined those which I brought with me from the Islands. The first camp was about ten miles above Mormon Island, on the south fork of the American river. In a few weeks we became crowded, and it would no more pay, as my people made too many acquaintances. I broke up the camp and started on the march further south, and located my next camp on Sutter creek (now in Amador county), and thought that I should there be alone. The work was going on well for a while, until three or four traveling grog-shops surrounded me, at from one and a half to two miles distance from the camp; then, of course, the

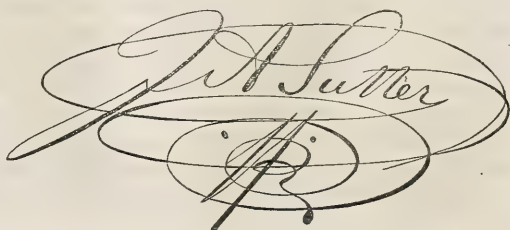
gold was taken to these places, for drinking, gambling, etc., and then the following day they were sick and unable to work, and became deeper and more indebted to me, and particularly the Kanakas. I found that it was high time to quit this kind of business, and lose no more time and money. I therefore broke up the camp and returned to the Fort, where I disbanded nearly all the people who had worked for me in the mountains digging gold. This whole expedition proved to be a heavy loss to me.

At the same time I was engaged in a mercantile firm in Coloma, which I left in January, 1849—likewise with many sacrifices. After this I would have nothing more to do with the gold affairs. At this time, the Fort was the great trading place where nearly all the business was transacted. I had no pleasure to remain there, and moved up to Hock Farm, with all my Indians, and who had been with me from the time they were children. The place was then in charge of a Major Domo.

It is very singular that the Indians never found a piece of gold and brought it to me, as they very often did other specimens found in the ravines. I requested them continually to bring me some curiosities from the mountains, for which I always recompensed them. I have received animals, birds, plants, young trees, wild fruits, pipe clay, stones, red ochre, etc., etc., but never a piece of gold. Mr. Dana, of the scientific corps of the expedition under Com. Wilkes' Exploring Squadron, told me that he had the strongest proof and signs of gold in the vicinity of Shasta Mountain, and further south. A short time afterwards, Doctor Sandels, a very scientific traveler, visited me, and explored a part of the country in a great hurry, as time would not permit him to make a longer stay.

He told me likewise that he found sure signs of gold, and was very sorry that he could not explore the Sierra Nevada. He did not encourage me to attempt to work and open mines, as it was uncertain how it would pay, and would probably be only profitable for a government. So I thought it more prudent to stick to the plow, notwithstanding I did know that the country was rich in gold, and other minerals. An old attached Mexican servant who followed me here from the United States, as soon as he knew that I was here, and who understood a great deal about working in placers, told me he found sure signs of gold in the mountains on Bear Creek, and that we would go right to work after returning from our campaign in 1845, but he became a victim to his patriotism and fell into the hands of the enemy near my encampment, with dispatches for me from Gen. Micheltorena, and he was hung as a spy, for which I was very sorry.

By this sudden discovery of the gold, all my great plans were destroyed. Had I succeeded with my mills and manufactories for a few years before the gold was discovered, I should have been the richest citizen on the Pacific shore; but it had to be different. Instead of being rich, I am ruined, and the cause of it is the long delay of the United States Land Commission, of the United States Courts, through the great influence of the squatter lawyers. Before my case will be decided in Washington, another year may elapse, but I hope that justice will be done me by the last tribunal—the Supreme Court of the United States. By the Land Commission and the District Court it has been decided in my favor. The Common Council of the city of Sacramento, composed partly of squatters, paid Alpheus Felch, (one of the late Land Commissioners, who was engaged by the squatters during his office), \$5,000, from the fund of the city, against the will of the tax-payers, for which amount he has to try to defeat my just and old claim from the Mexican government, before the Supreme Court of the United States in Washington.





SUTTER'S MILL, IN 1848.

Unfortunately for Gen. Sutter, he had one failing—*his heart was too large and confiding*. The men who shared most largely in his princely hospitality and confidence, were the first to take advantage of it, by stealing away his possessions. His generous nature taught him to feel that all *white men were honest*—but he did not find them so;—a mistake to which is attributable his present impoverished circumstances. Now, when he should be enjoying the fruit of his long and enterprising labors in peace, he is annoyed with contentions and lawsuits innumerable—*simply in trying to hold his own!* Even the quiet and pleasant Hock Farm—his homestead—(a spot which is ever sacred to the heart of an American)—was sold, not long since, under the hammer of the sheriff. Recently, however, it has been redeemed, at a great sacrifice. And this is the man to whom we are so much indebted for the gold discovery. May God forgive us Californians, for our shameful indifference to the Old Pioneer.

The following is Mr. Marshall's account of his discovery of the gold:—

Being a millwright by trade, as there was a ready cash sale for lumber, I con-

cluded to seek a location in the mountains and erect a mill, to supply the valley with lumber. Some time in April, 1847, I visited New Helvetia, commonly known as the "Fort," where I made my resolution known to John A. Sutter, sen., and requested of him an Indian boy, to act as an interpreter to the mountain Indians in the vicinity of the American river—or Rio del los Americanos, as it was then called. At first he refused, because, he said that he had previously sent several companies, at various times, and by different routes, for that purpose, all of whom reported that it was impossible to find a route for a wagon road to any locality where pine timber could be procured, and that it was the height of folly to attempt any such thing.

Capt. Sutter at length, however, promised me the desired interpreter, provided I would stock some six or eight plows for him first, of which he was in immediate want, which I readily agreed to do. While I was employed upon this job there was much talk at the Fort concerning my contemplated trip to the mountains; and Messrs. Gingery, P. L. Wimmer and McLellan having resolved also to take a trip, with the same object in view, came where

I was working, and asked me where I expected to find a road and timber, and I promptly gave them my views and directions.

They departed, I believe in company, but finally separated, and P. L. Wimmer found pine timber and a road, on what is now known as the Sacramento and Diamond Springs road, and about the 12th of May, Gingery and Wimmer commenced work, about thirteen miles west of the (now called) Shingle Spring House.

On the 16th of May, having completed my work for Capt. Sutter, I started, with an Indian boy, — Treador, and W. A. Graves, (who is now residing in Butte county, and who had assisted me in my work, and heard the conversation between myself, Gingery, Wimmer and McLellan,) accompanied me for the purpose of seeing the mountains. On the 18th of May we entered the valley of Culluma [Coloma]; and on the 20th Gingery joined our company. We then traveled up the stream now called Weber creek—the Indian name of which is Pul-Pul-Mull—to the head of the creek; thence higher in the mountains until we arrived at the South Fork of the American river, where it divides into two branches of about equal size; from whence we returned by Sly Park and Pleasant Valley to the Fort.

On my arrival I gave Capt. Sutter an account of my trip, and what I had discovered. He thereupon proposed to me a partnership; but before we were ready to commence operations, some persons who had tried, in vain, to find Culluma, reported to Sutter that I "had made a false representation, for they could find no such place." To settle matters, Capt. Sutter furnished me with a Mission Indian, who was Alcalde of the Cosumnes tribe, as an interpreter and guide—trusting partly to the Indian's report, as to the propriety of the proposed co-partnership.

The report which I had made on my first trip having been fully confirmed by observations on the second, the co-partnership

was completed, and about the 27th of August we signed the agreement to build and run a saw-mill at Culluma. On the third day (I think) afterwards, I set out, with two wagons, and was accompanied by the following persons, employed by the firm of Sutter & Marshall, viz.: P. L. Wimmer and family, James Barger, Ira Willis, Sidney Willis, Alex. Stephens, Wm. Cunce, James Brown, and Ezekiah Persons.

On our arrival in the Valley we first built the double log cabin, afterwards known as Hastings & Co.'s store. About the last of September, as Capt. Sutter wanted a couple of capable men to construct a dam across the American river at the grist-mill—near where the Pavilion now stands—I sent the two Willis', as the most capable; (Wm. Cunce being in feeble health, left about the same time;) and I received Henry Bigler, Israel Smith, Wm. Johnston and — Evans in return; and shortly afterwards I employed Charles Bennet and Wm. Scott, both carpenters. The above named individuals, with some ten Indians, constituted my whole force.

While we were in the habit at night of turning the water through the tail race we had dug for the purpose of widening and deepening the race, I used to go down in the morning to see what had been done by the water through the night; and about half past seven o'clock on or about the 19th of January—I am not quite certain to a day, but it was between the 18th and 20th of that month—1848, I went down as usual, and after shutting off the water from the race I stepped into it, near the lower end, and there, upon the rock, about six inches beneath the surface of the water, I DISCOVERED THE GOLD. I was entirely alone at the time. I picked up one or two pieces and examined them attentively; and having some general knowledge of minerals, I could not call to mind more than two which in any way resembled this—*sulphuret of iron*, very bright and brittle; and *gold*, bright, yet malleable; I then tried it between two rocks, and found that

it could be beaten into a different shape, but not broken. I then collected four or five pieces and went up to Mr. Scott (who was working at the carpenter's bench making the mill wheel) with the pieces in my hand, and said, "I have found it."

"What is it?" inquired Scott.

"Gold," I answered.

"Oh! no," returned Scott, "that can't be."

I replied positively,— "I know it to be nothing else."

Mr. Scott was the second person who saw the gold. W. J. Johnston, A. Stephens, H. Bigler, and J. Brown, who were also working in the mill yard, were then called up to see it. Peter L. Wimmer, Mrs. Jane Wimmer, C. Bennet, and J. Smith, were at the house; the latter two of whom were sick; E. Persons and John Wimmer, (a son of P. L. Wimmer), were out hunting oxen at the same time. About 10 o'clock the same morning, P. L. Wimmer came down from the house, and was very much surprised at the discovery, when the metal was shown him; and which he took home to show his wife, who, the next day, made some experiments upon it by boiling it in strong lye, and saleratus; and Mr. Bennet by my directions beat it very thin.

Four days afterwards I went to the Fort for provisions, and carried with me about three ounces of the gold, which Capt. Sutter and I tested with *nitric acid*. I then tried it in Sutter's presence by taking three silver dollars and balancing them by the dust in the air, then immersed both in water, and the superior weight of the gold satisfied us both of its nature and value.

About the 20th of February, 1848, Capt. Sutter came to Coloma, for the first time, to consummate an agreement we had made with this tribe of Indians in the month of September previous, to wit:—that we live with them in peace, on the same land.

About the middle of April the mill commenced operation, and, after cutting a few thousand feet of lumber was abandoned; as all hands were intent upon gold digging. In December, '48, Capt. Sutter came again

to Coloma, and some time in that month sold his interest in the mill to Messrs. Ragley & Winters, of which new firm I became a member. The mill was soon again in operation, and cut most of the lumber of which the town of Coloma was built.

The *first piece of gold* which I found, weighed about *fifty cents*. Mr. Wimmer, having bought a stock of merchandise some time about May or June, 1848; and Mrs. Wimmer being my treasurer, used four hundred and forty dollars of my money to complete the purchase; and among which was the first piece of gold which I had found. Where that went, or where it is now, I believe that nobody knows.

J. W. MARSHALL.

This is the unvarnished statement which the writer received from the lips and pen of Mr. James W. Marshall himself; and being unacquainted with him personally, I went to several gentlemen in Coloma—among whom were several old pioneers still resident there—to ascertain, if possible, whether or not Mr. M.'s statements were true and trustworthy, and the answer invariably was, in substance, "Whatever Mr. Marshall tells you, you may rely upon as correct." I moreover read the affidavits of several of the men who were present when the gold was discovered by Marshall, and which affidavits were affirmatory of the facts which are stated.

There is another fact I wish here to mention, that it may be recorded in the remembrance of the English, as well as the American public. It is this: Mr. Hargraves, the discoverer of gold in Australia, was mining in Coloma in the summer of 1849, and went to Sutter & Marshall's mill for some lumber; and as he and Marshall were leaning against a pile of lumber, conversing, Mr. H. mentioned the fact that he was from Australia. "Then why," replied Marshall, "don't you go and dig gold among your own mountains? for, what I have heard of that country, I have no doubt whatever that you would find plenty of it there."

"Do you think so, indeed?" inquired Hargraves.

"I do," was the answer.

"If I thought so I would go down there this very autumn," was Hargraves' reply. He went; and with what result, the millions of pounds sterling which have since poured into the British treasury can give the history.

Mr. Hargraves, for this discovery, received from the British Government the sum of £5,000, (or twenty-five thousand dollars,) and from the Australian government £10,000, or \$50,000, making \$75,000.

Mr. Marshall is almost denied the credit of the discovery, by some unprincipled persons, and his reward from the United States Government is, alas! what? At this very moment wronged of every dollar and every foot of land which he possessed, he would not have, but for the daily charity of comparative strangers, even a cabin in which to lay his head to rest at night—and, is this, kind readers, *gratitude*?—*our* gratitude? to the man by whose instrumentality a new age—THE GOLDEN AGE—has been inaugurated.

In August last, anxious to obtain an excellent portrait of Mr. Marshall, I journeyed to Coloma for that purpose; and, although Mr. M. cheerfully gave every information in a very simple and straightforward manner concerning the history of the country and of the men who figured in it around Coloma, at an early day, he could not be prevailed upon to allow his likeness to be taken. After returning to this city, a letter was penned to him, urgently asking for it, and the following answer was received, which, while it denies the request, will also show the just bitterness of his spirit at the treatment he has received:—

Coloma, Sept. 5th, 1857.

DEAR SIR:—In reply to your note received three days ago, I wish to say that I feel it a duty I owe to myself to retain my likeness, as it is in fact *all I have that I can call my own*, and I feel like any other poor wretch—I want *something* for self. The sale of it may yet keep me from starving; or, if may buy me a dose of medi-

cine in sickness; or pay for the funeral of a—dog—and such is all that I expect, judging from former kindnesses. I owe the country nothing. The enterprising energy of which the orators and editors of California's early golden days boasted so much, as belonging to Yankeedom, was not national, but individual. Of the profits derived from the enterprise, it stands thus—

Yankeedom,.....\$600,000,000

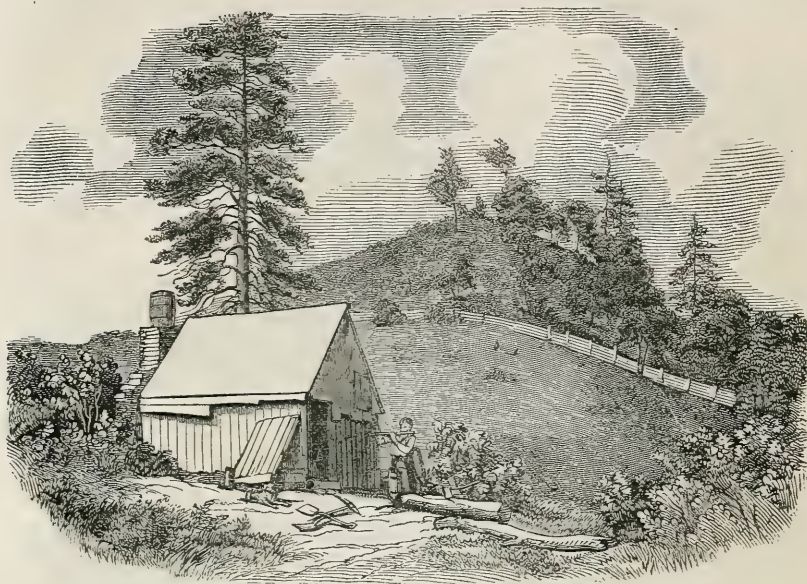
Myself Individually,.....\$000,000,000

Ask the records of the country for the reason why; they will answer—I need not. Were I an Englishman, and had made my discovery on English soil, the case would have been different. I send you this in place of the other. Excuse my rudeness in answering you thus.

I remain, most respectfully,

J. W. MARSHALL.

Is this, then, the reward befitting the dignity and gratitude of a great nation and people—like our own—for that discovery which has poured hundreds of millions of wealth into the laps of the people and the treasury of our country; and, in addition to giving us the stability consequent upon the establishment of a metallic currency, (which is the desire and envy of all nations) has spread prosperity across the broad acres of every State in the Union? while *the individual* who has been the cause of this, is allowed almost to starve of hunger and exposure in our mountains! Who, then, is there among us that does not feel his cheek glow with shame at such ungrateful neglect? Let him answer, for he needs our pity. If the Executive ear is closed against a fit reward for such an important service, let you and I, gentle reader, put our hand into our own pocket, and if we find it empty, let us deny ourselves some little luxury, if needs be, that we may yet, in some measure, wipe out the disgraceful stain from our history, by seeing that James W. Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California, has at least a fertile farm which he can call his own, and where he may spend his remaining days in comparative ease,—without the humiliation of dependence upon strangers, after the benefit he has conferred upon our country, and the world.



AN EVENING SCENE—BOSTON FLAT, CALAVERAS COUNTY.

[From a Daguerreotype by H. M. Bacon.]

This picture is intended to represent the Miner at home, after his day's work is done. To the man who rises early, that he may cook his breakfast and be at work by sunrise; and sits down by his claim, or upon his cabin threshold to rest his body, while he eats his mid-day meal; or when the sun has sunk beyond the distant hill, hies him to his cabin to chop his wood, kindle his fire, and prepare his food; there is a luxury in taking a seat outside the door, while

his supper is cooking; and in the cool and quiet of the evening, with his favorite dog by his side, to take his flute, or violin, and play any favorite air, especially that of the civilized, in every land, "Home, Sweet Home;" and while his faithful guardian keeps watch that no "evil thing" comes nigh his master's dwelling; his thoughts turn naturally upon the theme and burden of the song which is still lingering upon his lips and in his heart.

TO A. W.

Ah! well do I remember
When first you met my gaze —
'Twas not in joyous sunshine,
But 'neath a lamp's dim rays;
I caught thine eyes soft beaming —
I saw thy matchless form:
With love my heart was teeming,
Alas! a love too warm.
A score of months, so fleeting,
Have passed since that sweet time,
Yet my heart is wildly beating
While I indite this rhyme.
I have met thee in the morning
And at the eventide;
And when the moon, adorning

The hills like some fair bride,
We have wandered by the brookside —
We have chatted by the oak, —
We have talked all kinds of nonsense,
But of love I never spoke.
Now they tell me thou'rt another's
And soon will be his bride;
But, can I endure a rival
For a moment by thy side?
O! no — the thought is madness —
It never can be true.
Wouldst thou cause me all this sadness
And pierce my bosom through?
All other joys excelling
Would be that love of thine; —
Then turn away not coldly,
But return this love of mine. J.

THE FIRST EGG.

How a hen exults in her maternity! When she comes off her nest with a troop of chickens about her heels, she erects her feathers and elevates her wings; she whirls in circles and semi-circles; and she clucks vigorously, just as if there was not another maternal hen on the premises. She rejoices just as much over her first egg, though the manifestation is somewhat different.

There had been a considerable time of barrenness among our hens, so that we could scarce remember the date of the last egg; but one morning the sudden excitement that was manifested among the poultry, with one clear voice that sounded above all the others, was an unmistakable indication that an egg had been laid. The hen cackled most earnestly; and immediate and rapid responses were made by every rooster in the vicinity. The younger members of the flock, not yet accustomed to this family demonstration, took immediate refuge in the poultry-house, where they stood in great consternation. Still the hen cackled, and still the roosters crowed; and the flock peered about and gazed at each other, greatly bewildered. It was a spruce, sleek little black hen that had originated all this excitement. There she stood, right over her nest, elevated above all the others, now looking down at the hens, and now upon the egg she had deposited there. It was a small egg; but, under the circumstances, this was quite excusable. She had set the example, and inaugurated the laying season.

Corpulent old speckled hen stalked about with considerable gravity, and a look that said, "I can do that." Another chubby little black hen seemed somewhat disconcerted. She moved about with her head down, as if looking for a speck of something to eat; but her efforts were without success. She did now and then pick at some little things, but she could make nothing out of them. Several others of smaller pattern held their heads erect with a very evident effort to appear calm, while they were almost stifled with anger. Theirs was a conflict with wounded pride, without sufficient self-command to conceal it. In about a quarter of an hour the excitement passed away; and, soon after, the flock were picking about as if nothing had happened—but, we had no scarcity of eggs afterwards—so much for a good example!

N. K.

THE PATTERN OF THE RAIN.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

Sweet is a fountain's silver chime,
Or the hum of a woodland bee,
Under the boughs of the honied lime,
Or the buds of a wild rose-tree;
'Neath the golden bloom of the summer morn
There's many an Elfin strain,
But dearest to me on the old roof-tree
Is the patter of the rain!

Long ago, when I was a child,
Did I listen to its tone,
Falling as now on the moss-tufts wild,
And the hyacinth blue and lone;
Stringing its pearls on the brook-side grass,
And over the orchard boughs,
Where the next bright morn the wind will pass
And scatter them over our brows.

Thus when the light of day grows dim,
From its toil and care aloof,
I love to listen the tuneful hymn
Of the rain-drops on the roof!
Not that the bright shower comes to fall
Over the leaf-voiced glade,
Or out in the forest's busy hall
Where the oriole's nest is made;

Not that it kisseth the roses red,
Or the violets blue and white,
Such a spell to my heart is wed
As I list its voice at night:
But it weeps o'er many a buried head,
Unchanged through the lonesome years;
On the bright green turf that hides the dead,
It falls like an angel's tears!

Oh, soft the light of a summer night,
When stars smile through the bush,
And sweet to wake at the young day-break,
When the early sunbeams blush;
But dearest, when I have weary grown,
And the night shuts over all,
To list in my quiet room above,
To the rain-drops as they fall.

Not that they gem the lily's heart,
Or the rose's robe of fire,
But I muse in the evening hush apart,
O'er memory's magic lyre;
And as I list, round my weary head
There gathers a vision train,
The early changed, and the early dead,
They are MINE, all MINE AGAIN!

Therefore I love the tender vnuce
That the rain spirits weave at night,
Dearer far than voice and lyre in tune,
In the perfumed, star-lit night;
For over the harp that memory plays
There wakeneth many a strain,
Bringing thoughts of my dear lost days,
That will *never* come again!



"(1) The Miner which carries the matter to be washed in the Rattar.

(2) The parts of the Rattar more visible than in the other sculpture.

(3) Washer that governs the Rattar.

(4) The upper & lower falls of the Rattar.

(5) The plain boards (or hearth) on which they fall.

(6) He that stirs the muddy water from both fallings.

(7) The tub wherein that which fall-eth from the hearth is to be washed."

PLACER MINING TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO. NO. I.

Having been favored by Mr. Capp with tracings of engravings from an old book, illustrative and descriptive of the method of mining two hundred years ago, we are enabled to give them to our readers—the following account of which appeared in the columns of the *Evening Bulletin*:

As a matter of curiosity to our readers, and as showing how few real advances have been made in the art of gold-washing, not only since the discovery of the precious metal in this State, but within the past two centuries, and notwithstanding the many "improvements" adopted, and the "new

inventions" for the purpose made in California and elsewhere, we publish the extracts given below from a very old work on the subject. By the politeness of Mr. Atwood, of Grass Valley, our traveling correspondent was allowed to copy the descriptions of the processes used in Hungary two hundred years ago, together with two roughly etched illustrations, given in the work, and exhibiting the machinery mentioned and the mode of using it. The work was published in England in 1683, and was merely a translation of five volumes on the subject of mining, written a number of years before. The title of the work is as follows:

"The Laws of Art and Nature, in Knowing, Judging, Assaying, Fining, Refining, and Enlarging the Bodies of confined Metals: In two parts. The first contains Assays of Lazarus Erkern, Chief Prover (or Assay Master General) of the Empire of Germany: In five books: Originally written by him in the Teutonic Language and now translated into English. The second contains Essays on Metallic Words, as a Dictionary to many pleasing Discourses, by Sir John Pettus, of Suffolk, Kt. of the Society for the Royal Mines, 1683."

From Book 2, page 104:—"If upon search he doth find by such proof that the wash work will recompense his labor, pains and charges, then each one, according as he is best instructed doth wash the same, and make his profit thereby, among which there are some who do wash that which doth lye in the Fields under the moist earth, and also the sand out of the flowing Rivers or Channels, and do wash it over a board in which are cut little gutters and wrinkles, here and there, into which the heavy Gold will descend and remaineth; but part of it will wash over, especially if the work be rich and hath grain Gold; but if he doth go slow, it requires more pains.

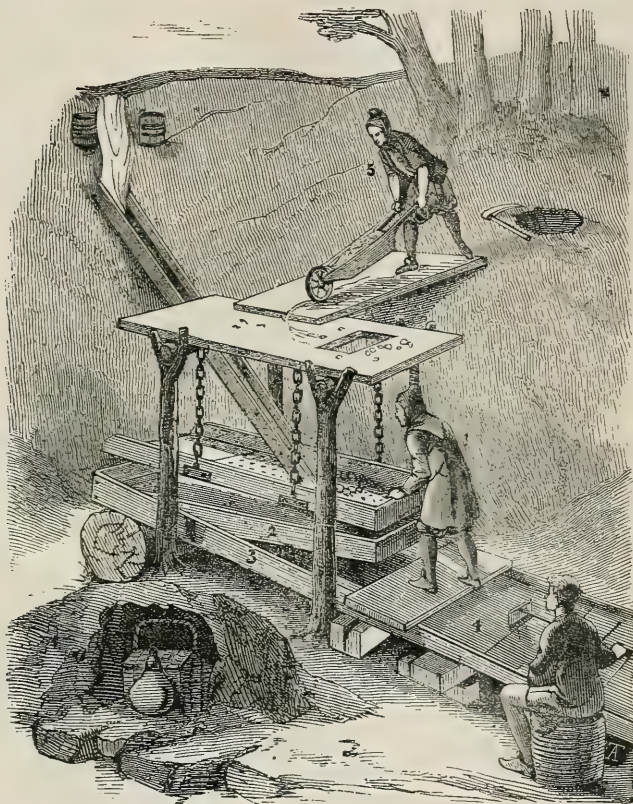
"Some years past there was found upon such Work and Sand, by the water side, a special Work by which in one day near 300 weight of rubbish have been washed away and the Gold saved: which is done thus. There must first be made of Brass Wire a Rattar or Sieve as wide or narrow as the work requireth and it is to be tyed, from above downward, with Brass Wire, and it must be stretched fast upon Iron Stays that it may not bend or rise; the bigness of the Rattar is to be seven spans long, and five wide, and in depth a good span, with a bottom that doth enter two-thirds into the Rattar, and with one-third part to be extended for carrying the matter out (which is to be done over with Tin.) The Rattar must also have, on each side,

little wooden pieces fastened to it, by which he may reach to the foremost Instruments that the gross matter that doth not go through may easily be emptied. As also the lower bottom under the Rattar must have on each side Boards fastened to it, that nothing may fall from the Rattar, for from that place the Work passeth from the Rattar, upon the flat hearth (which is to be thirty spans in length and four broad) and the channel through which the water doth run out must be wider than above, and also covered over with Tin. To this there is also Water used more or less according as the work is foul and sandy. This Wash-Work serveth only for Sandy-works, but not at all for the clean and deft; yet because this work is not common to this day, therefore I have delineated it in the following Sculpture.

"Then some of the gold-washers use upon their hearths the strong Timode black and russet woolen cloth, over which they do drive their works, because the woolen cloth is rough and hairy, so that the small and round grains of gold will remain, and not run forth (as it will from the Timode,) whereby the gold (upon the black cloth) may apparently be known, though it be small and little.

"Others use, instead of the Timode, or black woolen cloth's linsy woolsy (half linen and half woolen, wrought in the manner the Timode is,) upon which the gold doth stick better, and such cloths do last longer, because of the linen there is among the woolen, which doth strengthen it, therefore it is better for this work.

"But there is another way of washing (not much in use) which is called driving and washing through the long Rattar; but according to my mind it is not so convenient a way for small works, which have great and small gold and are both sand and clay together, yet I do not much decline from the before described Rattar work. For in this labor and washing, because of the turning in the upper and lower falls, the running gold is preserved



PLACER MINING TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO. NO. 2.

better, and the gold goeth with the small common work over the plain hearth upon which it is driven."

The "proff" referred to is the trial washing for a "color" or a "good prospect." "That which doth lye in the fields under the moist earth," is nothing more or less than the "pay gravel," which the old miners knew as well how to search for as ourselves. River and gulch ["channels"] diggings were the same as in California. The "board" was the bottom of a "long tom" or "sluice box"—"in which were cut little gutters or wrinkles here and there, in which the heavy gold will descend and remaineth"—precisely the same as the "riffles" and "cleets" now used. Then, as now, they found that "part of it will wash over, especially if the work [claim or earth] be rich, and hath grain [or fine] gold;" and they also probably

suffered this loss, because when "he [the miner] doth go slow it requireth much pains." This and the high cost of labor here led to the disuse of the sieve in California, and the introduction of sluices to wash larger quantities of dirt and more rapidly, and which is, in all probability, the same as the "driving through the long rattar" referred to, but to which the writer, who evidently understood the business, objects where claims [works] are small, and "have great and small gold, and are both sand and clay together." By the machinery described, the washing of three hundred weight of dirt could be washed in a day, and the gold saved, which was considered by the writer "a big day's work."

The drawings above alluded to represent the sieve hung up by heavy chains to a frame. The dirt is thrown on it from a wheelbarrow. A stream of water pours on it, and a man shakes the sieve and throws

out the large stone. The dirt and gold falls upon a board sloping backwards, precisely like the "apron" of the common rocker, and then upon a "long tom" or "sluice," some fifteen feet or more in length, with gutters or cleets in it. The "tailings" fall into a square box, where they were stirred with a hoe, and the settlements were finally washed again in a large

tub, as clay used to be "puddled" in the Southern Mines.

The old description, together with the fact that the belt-pump now used for drainage, and the common rocker, were ancient Chinese inventions, go to prove the truth of the saying, that most new discoveries are merely recoveries of things of value from the oblivion of past ages.



YOMET, OR SOUNDING ROCK, ON THE COSUMNES RIVER.

YOMET, OR SOUNDING ROCK.

This is the name of one of the wildest and most singular scenes to be witnessed upon the rivers of California. About a mile below Bowman's Bridge, the Cosumnes river near the forks, commences to pass through a steep, deep and exceedingly rough and rocky cañon; and down which it rushes in angry and foaming confusion at an angle of about thirty degrees, until it reaches a large oblong hole, worn in the solid rock through which it leaps, making a very beautiful waterfall, some three hun-

dred feet in length. On its sides stand bold and broken rocks, some of them overhanging, about four hundred feet in height; and where a sound given is echoed nine times. Hence arises the Indian name *Yomet*, or "Sounding Rock." In the eddying pool below the falls, the Indians are very fond of fishing, and consequently it is quite a place of resort during the spring and summer months. And as they stand, dressed in an endless variety of costume, they present a striking contrast to the magnificent panorama of beauty around them, which is indiscribable.

THE THREE GRAVES.

BY W. B. S.

It was a beautiful morning in May, in the year 185—, that Jo and I started on a prospecting tour on the South Fork of the Salmon river, in the northern portion of the State; our claim having failed where we were working, and we determined to try our luck in new diggings, and as considerable had been said about the diggings on the Salmon, we thought our chances good for some of the “dust.”

Jo was my first mining companion; he shared all the fortunes and misfortunes of a miner's life for many a long and lonely day, and had it not been for his lively disposition, and determined perseverance, I should left off mining long since, but he was always pointing out to me the bright star of hope, and telling me there was a “better time coming,” when we should make our fortunes and return to distant friends, who were anxiously awaiting our coming. Should this little narrative fall under his observation he will recognise the scenes here portrayed, and the graves by the mountain trail.

After many days of toilsome travel over the mountains, with our blankets on our backs, a portion of the time over snow from ten to fifty feet deep, we arrived at the place of our destination, which I think was one of the most desolate looking places I have ever seen in California. We stoped at a trading post, where they fed us on spoiled pork and beans; but we did not remain there long, as we could find nothing by prospecting which would pay us to locate.

Here let me relate a little incident, to show the affections that exist between two mining companions when thrown together in the mountains. While we were at the trading post Jo was offered an interest in a company which had just “struck” pay dirt, which prospected very rich, and they wanted another partner to complete the company to work to good advantage. I

I tried to prevail upon Jo to stop with them, as I believed they had a good thing, but I could not unless they would give me a situation, which they could not conveniently do. After considerable persuasion he reluctantly consented. Next morning, long before the sun made his appearance, I rolled up my blankets preparatory to retracing my steps across the mountains, but on a different trail. When I took Jo by the hand to bid him adieu I could see a tear lingering in the corner of his noble eyes, while a melancholy sigh escaped his manly bosom. The last salutation was given and I started alone on my long and lonesome road, for I had near twenty miles to go before I came to any house. As I was ascending the mountain, and when about three miles distant, I heard some one calling my name, and when I looked back I saw Jo coming up the mountain. I sat down and waited until he came up to me, smiling as he came, saying, “Bill, I could not stay and see you go off alone, for wherever your destination is there shall be mine, so long as you and I follow mining.”

Jo and I spent many a long day together in the mines, but for the last year I have heard nothing from him, but presume he has gone to the Atlantic States.

We traveled on until dark that night before we came to a place to stop. The place where we put up was composed of two stores, and one hotel kept by a man with a family. There were about two hundred miners around there at work doing well, as far as I could learn. We remained at this place several days, prospecting, and during our stay there I became acquainted with a man whose appearance was of a melancholy character, and whom I knew was oppressed with sorrow from some cause, which I intended to find out if he did not tell me without asking. One evening after tea he asked me to take a walk with him, which I willingly consented to do. He took me up the trail about a half a mile,

where we turned off to the left, beneath a stately pine tree, and beneath its wide-spread branches were two graves, one very small and the other the common size. After we became seated I asked him if he knew whose remains these were, interred here in this lonely spot so far from the endearments of a sweet home. I noticed a shade pass over his countenance, and his eyes were turned to the ground,—and the first words he spoke were: "Would to God I did not!" and then he continued: "You are a stranger to me, but from what I have seen of you since you came here I take you to be a person who will sympathize with the disconsolate, and to such my heart beats in unison. These graves contain the remains of all that was dear to me on earth: all that gave life a charm, now are mingled with the dust, and their spirits have gone to that sweet repose around the throne of Him who gave them, and would that mine was there to dwell with them, where the sorrows of earth would cease, and we should be united in one holy band, never more to part. I was married in 1846, and lived on the banks of the Illinois river, a few miles below Peru, where I had a little farm, and was as happy as the heart could wish, for I had a wife who was kind and affectionate, on whose bright beaming countenance ever rested a sweet smile at my approach; and then the little angel Eva, who was the image of her mother, had just begun to get large enough to climb upon my lap. Julia and Eva were all the world to me; besides them the world had no charm for me, and to be with them I asked no happier boon, for I never cherished a happy thought that was not theirs, or spent a happy moment that I did not wish them to enjoy it with me. Thus passed four years of my life with the cup of pleasure overflowing, when, in '50, the California fever was running high in that portion of the country; I became one of its subjects, and, after long and earnest persuasion, I prevailed upon Julia

to start to this country with me, much against her will and that of her relatives, who were very wealthy, and offered me many inducements if I would only give up the idea of going to California; but all would not do, go I must; and, alas! how many thousand times I have regretted the hour I started, for Julia scarcely ever saw a well day after we left home."

Here he stopped to give vent to his over-charged heart by the flowing of tears, and nothing was said for several minutes, for I could not refrain from shedding tears to see the grief of the poor disconsolate fellow. The brightest hopes of a fond heart had been crushed, the last object dear to the soul had been swept away, and now the dark and mysterious future only remained, with no bright spot to which he could point, and say there is a happier time coming on earth, for his hopes were buried in those two graves.

He continued—"Julia said when we got aboard of the river steamer, and our little cottage was fast disappearing in the distance, that she felt as though she should never see that happy home again. Little did I think so then; but, alas! how true was the saying; for her remains now rest in the narrow chambers of death by the side of that of our dear little Eva, here in the wild mountains, far from their native land, where the moaning winds whisper the last requiem over their lonely graves; in those graves is buried my last hope of earth, and may I soon meet them beyond the stars, and join with them in singing the praises of Him who is the dispenser of all that is good."

We returned to the hotel, but sleep came not to my eyes until the night had far advanced, so excited had I become at the recital of his melancholy narrative.

Jo and I remained a few days more and then started on our journey, since which time I never heard a word of Theodore Worthington until a few days ago I heard that he had been dead over a year, and that he was buried, as re-

quested, by the side of his 'dear Julia and little Eva. The information of his death is what gave rise to the title of my piece, "THE THREE GRAVES."

I have often thought of him during my wanderings in California, and wondered what had become of the poor fellow; but he sleeps in death with those he loved in life, and their friends in a distant land will no more gather around the domestic fireside to wait their return, for the mournful tidings have long since been borne to them on the wings of time of their sad fate.

A TALE OF MEXICO.

They led them out, 'neath the bright heavens,
So young, so fair, to die!
Paleness is on each marble brow,
Each lip compressed in silence now,
Anguish in every eye.

They stood on that old plaza bound,
Beneath the all-seeing sun—
Oh! God! what scenes of sorrow deep,
Of agony that could not weep,
Thine eye hath looked upon!

One spake—he was a noble youth,
Of lofty mein and air;
And while he spake, you might have heard
The breeze that scarce his ringlets stirred—
Such was the silence there.

"I have a mother, weak and old,
In the land beyond the sea—
Unloose the chain from off my breast,
When ye have laid this form to rest,
And bear one word for me.

Tell her I died a soldier's death,
On a far distant shore;
Tell her my heart was with her there,—
Tell her for her my dying prayer
Went up, ere all was o'er.

Tell her to bear this crushing blow,
Though feeble, old, and gray;—
Let it not kill her! Oh! my God!
Lest on my soul should come her blood,
And fearful agony!"

He ceased—and eyes unused to weep,
Shed scalding tear-drops there;
And strong men bowed themselves in pain,
Who never more might weep again,
At that brave youth's despair.

He ceased—and when they led him forth,
With that brave band to die,
Tears stood e'en on the foeman's face,
As in the ranks he took his place,
And—closed his agony. G. T. S.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

NO. II.

The supernatural machinery of the Grecian Epic was entirely unsuitable for the spirit of the age, and besides was objectionable on the score of religion; but the Eastern stories which detailed the adventures of errant youths, who, leaving their fathers' roof had strolled into foreign places, where all manner of incidents befel them, in which magicians and genii performed a principal part, were not so discordant with popular opinion. The alchemists, who, according to common belief, could transform the baser metals into gold, were also supposed to possess other arts no less powerful and equally mysterious. The prediction from horoscopes of the future fortunes of those scions of nobility, for whom astrological observations and calculations were chiefly made, was believed in by all, and the power of the devil and his angels was universally admitted to be much more extensive than it is now supposed to be—an opinion which was fully supported and confirmed by the legends of the saints, as promulgated by the authority of the Church herself. There was a supernatural machinery belonging to themselves, which afforded to writers of fiction opportunities of becoming conspicuous with a facility which, since the days of Hume and his cotemporaries, the world had not possessed. It only wanted to be ignited by this spark of oriental origin to be taken advantage of, especially as they had in those oriental stories a good precedent for having their romances in prose. An excellent ground-work was also afforded in the Crusades, furnishing a fit cause to make the noblest of the land leave their homes, and visit countries with whom the inhabitants of Europe were entirely unacquainted; whereby any amount of wonders might be introduced, and their heroes made to meet with any sort of supernatural adventures, and perform any amount of supernatural achievements, without risk of detection. Thus the introduction of Romance, as a species of literature exactly suited for the times, followed almost as a natural consequence of the peculiar circumstances of the age.

So far Romance, by which for a time Poetry was eclipsed and confined almost exclusively to pastoral life, boldly undertook to discharge one of the principal duties of the Epic Muse, in furnishing stories equally interesting, and equally abundant

in incidents, both natural and supernatural. To make up in some measure for the apparent defect of the want of poetical numbers, the inventors of this species of writing introduced a peculiarly flowery and hyperbolical kind of style, which is more or less in favor with people of a romantic turn of mind to this day. Looked at philosophically, this species of writing seems highly ridiculous, adopting, as it frequently does, as an admitted rule, never to introduce a substantive without lugging in an adjective along with it, to give it a certificate of character—a task which chaster writers now-a-days generally leave to be discharged by verbs, if they deem it worth their while to take any notice of the gentleman at all, except to let him do his work quietly without saying a word about him. Though this species of writing, which has received the appropriate designation of “prose run mad,” may now seem perfectly ridiculous, it effected an improvement on language of which even Poetry might have despaired. Writers of Romance were no less careful in finding words of proper length and sound to suit the roundings of their sentences than the poets had been; and as they wrote in prose, their writings were more suitable for common conversation. It is true their language was pompous and unwieldy, but its chief defect was that it was richer in words than in ideas, and aimed at having an excess of gorgeousness and beauty which was inconvenient and absurd. But these were defects which the increasing intelligence and common sense of mankind could not fail to curtail; and the mere fact that society was thus set to setting their words on end, and selecting those which were most suitable for display, had a wonderful effect in improving the languages of Continental Europe; and another of the advantages which Poetry confers on the world was for a time no less efficiently discharged by her new deputy.

In England, owing to various causes, native literature was not of so early growth as on the continent. Britain was the most remote of the Roman colonies, and among the first from which she withdrew her soldiers. The domination of the Romans had tamed their former warlike spirit, and on their departure, though the number of the inhabitants of England greatly exceeded that of Scotland, they found themselves unable to contend with their hardier and less reducible neighbors, and for the purpose of enabling them to resist their daring inroads, they were glad to procure the assistance of the Saxons. Like the

horse in the fable, which courted the alliance of the man to enable it to humble the offending bear, they found in their new allies associates who were no less scrupulous and more tenacious than the highland brigands whom they had helped them to expel. To the sturdier Saxons, the green fields of Britain presented too inviting a prospect of rural felicity to relinquish to the feeble natives, who, without their aid, seemed unable to preserve them; and like other moral sophists, they concluded they might as well have them as the Scots, or any other people who had no more right to them than they had. The country, which they had been invited to guard, they resolved to appropriate; and they did so. But the possessions which they had obtained by stealth, they were destined to lose by violence. The same attractions which had tempted them to violate the laws of honor and hospitality, had equal influence over the bastard of Normandy; and thus within a comparatively short time, in England four different races successively had the ascendancy—British, Roman, Saxon, and Norman.

The literature of the ancient Celts, by whom Great Britain and Ireland were originally peopled, if we may believe the glowing accounts of the remnants of the race who still retain their original language, was superior to that of their Continental neighbors. But as those who are loudest in its praise affirm that it also excelled that of modern times, we have good reason to suspect the soundness of the opinion. The specimens which they produce, even admitting Assian to be genuine, (whom the investigations of the Highland Society have left with scarcely a foot to stand on,) would warrant us in arriving at a very different conclusion. The poems exhibit a gorgeousness of display but a sameness of incident; a faint and dreamy, but also gloomy delineation of Gods seen only through the haze of mist, and whose voices could only be indistinctly heard through the louder peals of the storm. Then the Gods of the Irish Muse were merely Titans, in whom brute force supplied the place of wisdom. We may often be annoyed, in reading Homer, at the intermeddling spirit of the Grecian Gods, but they display an energy of character and intelligible action, which we look for in vain in the bulky and clouded divinities of the Western Islands. Their heralds, as was natural, partook of the character of their Gods; and in the crude compositions of those simple barbarians (of the

genuineness of which there is less doubt,) even the softest heads admit that there is little to admire except the language. If its unearthly sounds only grate half as much on the ears of others as they do on mine, they had little to boast of on that score.

The Saxons were merely continentals living in England, and their literature partook of the continental character, but with less of the more refined ideas of France, and Spain, and Italy, than the peculiar absurdities of the remains of Scandinavian superstition—the source from which we derive our traditions of witches riding on broomsticks, and fairies stealing lovely babies and leaving their own brats in their place. The Normans were French, but French about the farthest removed from refinement; and consequently their literature was meagre in the same ratio.

In the jumble of races, and conflict for preponderance, the language of the Saxons, though considerably modified by being introduced into such miscellaneous society, maintained its supremacy. But it was so clouted and cobbled that it bore but little resemblance, as spoken and written in England, to the purer language from whence it sprung. It was a mere conglomerate; and to turn such a medley to the purposes of Poetry seemed perfectly hopeless. The construction of the Grecian Epic, or the Grecian Ode, was like chiseling from Parian marble, in all the elegance of Corinthian Architecture, a palace for the Gods; or with still nicer touch, a statue of the Medicean Venus. To make any sort of doggerel out of such grotesque material, was like attempting to do the latter out of granite. It is true, the good folks of Aberdeen, my native city, probably out of respect for one of their staple productions, have erected such an equestrian statue of “the last Duke of Gordon.” But instead of exhibiting the exact lines and graces of his Grace’s features, as seen at the festive board, where with the brilliancy of his wit and drollery, like Hamlet’s Yorrick, “he kept the table in a roar,” he sits a perpetual monument of their folly, in pock-pitted deformity. How could we suppose that Chaucer, the earliest of any note who undertook the task, should have been able to do more than show to the world, that he was possessed of talents which no perversity of circumstances concealed?

The next great poet who courted the English muse was Spenser, who seems to have aimed at forming a sort of minor

mythology of his own, more especially suited for Christian curiosity. His Muse is Allegory, and the virtues and vices are by him introduced more unscrupulously than were the Gods of the Greeks, by their poets. But his poem, though quaint and sometimes elegant, labors under the objection, that the character of his *dramatis personæ* being subordinate, renders it impossible to make them other than “*dii minorum gentium*.” This prime blunder necessarily prevents the legitimate soarings of his Muse; and we regret that the inventor of that particular stanza which bears his name, which has been used with greater success by Thomson in his *Castle of Indolence*, and Beattie in his *Minstrel*, and latterly so triumphantly in *Childe Harold*, should not have turned his rare talents in a different direction.

The productions of Chaucer and Spenser perspicuously show the composition of Poetry under difficulties, rather than the subjection of those difficulties in the language (which were all but insuperable) so as to free it from its encumbrances and defects, and make it the pliant servant of so graceful a mistress. It was not to such means that the English language owed principally its escape from barbarism. If the Reformation followed fast at the heels of the invention of printing, the Reformation, in its turn, was the immediate precursor of an improvement of “the vulgar tongue,” produced by ordinary means. During the earlier times of English History, the language of the people was not the written language of the learned. The Church was confined in her services to the use of Latin, which was also the language used by learned men in their compositions; and though after the Norman conquest the mongrel Saxon of the people was too securely rooted to be subdued, not only was the influence of the court used in favor of the language of the invaders, but in some instances its use was enforced by special enactment. But after the Reformation, the language of the learned and of the people became the same; and the Book of Common Prayer, which was the composition of the most learned men of the day, being used in the morning and evening service of every church in the land, was an example of pure, plain, and elegant English, such as no production which as yet had been placed before the public had attained.

In this interesting period, when the disencumbered language, in all the vigor of youth, seemed only in want of some man

of genius to turn his attention to Poetry to render its beauties perfect, Shakspeare was born and educated—than whom, by universal consent, no country ever had a greater. If we look at the extent of his capabilities we are bound to admit it; but if we take perfection in any particular play, or the depicting of any particular passion, as the rule by which we ought to try his talents, there might be found many who might have much to say in favor of other poets. The truth is, he was more the poet of Nature than of Art. He only toyed and trifled with his Muse. We feel conscious that he had strength in reserve for which he could not find employment, so rich and ready are his ideas on even the commonest subjects.

When we take a retrospective view of poetical literature before the time of those prominent pioneers of English Poetry, we find, as in the ramifications of a family chart or tree, that of one age growing out of the former. We discover members of the same family, and lineal descendants of the same Grecian parentage, mingling and marrying among themselves, and occasionally with congenial mates of other origin, but still in every instance retaining the same family features, and traceable either on the father or mother side to the original stock. But in those three, we find an almost entire isolation, and a want of the family resemblance so distinguishable among former poets. They stand as separate pyramids, each on his own basis. It is true, Spenser may have taken hints from other sources, "where more was meant than met the ear," and Shakspeare may have read the plays of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschylus, but he evidently never studied them. He found their system of imagery unsuitable for the English stage, and consequently went to Nature, the source from which they also derived their inspiration. But this is not the way in which either Science or Literature generally progresses. It is by the great men of one age adding something to the great men of former ages that mankind advances. The circumstances in which Shakspeare was placed rendered it almost impossible for him to do otherwise than he did; and besides, he had the irresistible impulse of such an excess of originality of thought to plead, that it ought to exclude him from ordinary obligations. Whether, if he had been a more learned man, and had sought "to climb Parnassus by dint of Greek," the world would have been a gainer, it is hard to say. What it might

have gained by his having more learning, it might have been deprived of by his having less of Nature. In Poetry, as in the doings of Deity, we may admit (where it is genuine) the dictum of Pope—"what-ever is, is right." But if he was a poet out of the common order, he does not exactly belong to those to whom I intend more especially to refer, as lineal descendants of those first in favor with the Muses, and who in fact as well as figuratively dwelt around Parnassus, and drank occasionally from the real, as well as ideal fountain of Castalia. Besides his is too conspicuously an every-body's book, and his merit too generally acknowledged, to require any critical examination of his writings.

AGRICOLA.

A DESULTORY POEM.

BY W. H. D.

As many Californians are not within sound of the "church-going bell," the following may answer in place of a sermon.

CANTO III.

I.

It is the morn, the bright exultant morn,
And God's own hallowed day of quiet rest;
The glorious sun has with the early dawn
Dispelled all vapours from the mountain's crest;
So may all sin and sorrow be withdrawn,
And my freed spirit be supremely blest
With that sweet peace, pure as the skies above,
Bathing the world in God's eternal love.

II.

Best day, in which our bodies rest from toil,
Blest day, in which our souls aspire to heaven;
Now let the seed be sown on goodly soil,
The seed that Christ the husbandman has given,
And watered from the fount of truth, to foil
The enemy who from the first has striven
To mingle there the noisome weeds and tares,
And choke the golden grain with passion's fearful snares.

III.

Why should our souls be filled with doubt and fear,
Or man feel anxious in his present state?
Is not the Almighty Father ever near
Each child of His, and watching o'er his fate
With an affection deeper and more dear
Than purest earthly love can e'er create?
Will He, who feeds the ravens of the air,
Not make His offspring His peculiar care?

IV.

Then let thy soul rise to the Eternal One,
And let thy heart its grateful praises pour
To Him, whose goodness bathes thee, as the sun
Bathes the aspiring eagles as they soar;
And say, "Our Father, may thy will be done
On this thy earth now and for evermore;"
Then shall thy spirit dwell in heavenly peace,
And all its cares and bitter sorrows cease.

V.

If, like the prodigal, thy wandering feet
 Have from thy Father's house gone far astray,
 And wasted thy high heritage, 'tis meet,
 Repentant, humbled in the dust, to lay
 Thy head and cry, "I've sinned and should not
 greet
 Thee as my Father; let me now, I pray,
 Be as thy servant, which gives greater joy
 Than sinful pleasures that my soul destroy."

VI.

Then will that Father meet thee with a kiss
 Far off, rejoicing that His son is found
 That once was lost—lost! aye, much more than
 this—
 Was dead and is alive again;—around
 Let all rejoice, and in the general bliss
 Shall all partake; now let the feast abound,
 Bring forth the fatted calf, the robe, the ring;—
 Such joys in heaven repentant sinners bring.

VII.

When from our earthly homes afar we stray,
 Where anxious loved ones wait for our return,
 O, happy, more than happy is the day
 Wherein we meet, and clasp the hearts that burn
 With pure affection's flame, can the tongue say
 How sweet that bliss which fills love's sacred urn;
 But purer joys are filling all the skies
 When the repentant says, "I will arise."

VIII.

It is the noon, the Sabbath's holy noon,
 The sun has reached the zenith of his power,
 The golden threads of day will shorten soon,
 Adown the glowing sky, as hour by hour
 Sol's chariot descends, until the moon,
 Rising, reflects the beauty of his power:
 Thus from each soul where dwells God's holy
 light,
 Reflected rays shall beam serenely bright.

IX.

The day is passing like our lives away,
 O, who can stay the flying steps of time!
 There's naught can claim a moment's short delay;
 O'er all the earth, in every varied clime,
 'Tis ever flowing, and in vain we pray
 For a respite, our throbbing hearts but chime
 Each moment's death-knell, ne'er again to be,
 Till time is swallowed in eternity.

X.

Why should we mourn that time so quickly flies?
 The shortest life is all too long for sin,
 And if our virtues fit us for the skies,
 Through death a blest eternity we win,
 Where the immortal spirit never dies,
 And all our joys celestial then begin,
 In our good Father's mansions of the blest,
 Where his sweet peace shall give the weary rest.

XI.

There, shall no bitter tears from sorrow flow,
 There, shall the troublings of the wicked cease,
 There, shall be no more toil, nor strife, nor woe,
 There, shall the bond and free find a release
 From all oppression, their just God will show
 There no respect of persons, and increase

The bliss of all his suffering saints of earth,
 Whose cruel wrongs could not crush out their
 worth.

XII.

O, who would wish to live this life again,
 To clothe our bodies, eat and toil and rest;
 Alternate hopes and fears, and joy and pain,
 Rise from the passions in each human breast;
 Immortal longings tell us all is vain,
 It is not in our nature here to rest,
 Content with any thing this earth can give—
 Centered in God alone the soul must live.

XIII.

Then let our highest thoughts to him aspire,
 And in his love our best affections blend;
 Our hearts shall find therein no vain desire,
 But one on which the purest joys attend;
 Trusting in God, with a seraphic fire
 Our hearts shall burn and know he is the end,
 And consummation of all peace and joy,
 Which nothing transient ever can destroy.

XIV.

It is the Sabbath evening's quiet hour,
 The pensive moon with her translucent sheen,
 Shines mildly down; on every shrub and flower
 Her silvery light of love rests all serene;
 Fair earth, thy heritage is beauty's dawn,
 Wherein the smile of God is ever seen;
 Sweet nature, God's creation sure thou art,
 Throbbing responsive to my loving heart.

XV.

And ye bright stars amid the azure sky,
 Whose rays of beauty pierce the inmost soul,
 From the infinities of space on high,
 Where countless suns more countless orbs control;
 How grand is your magnificence! we try
 In vain to read your dread mysterious scroll,
 And turn with awe, subdued, Oh, God, to Thee,
 Whose presence fills this broad immensity.

XVI.

Once more, Oh, let us silently adore
 The eternal Father, midst his glories bright;
 He formed this universe we see, and more
 Which we see not, and He reveals the light
 Of all his goodness, from that boundless shore,
 Unto our secret soul's deep inner sight,
 Where dwell those sweet affinities which bind
 Our own unto the great eternal mind.

XVII.

Great God, we seem as nothing in thy sight,
 Yet dust, a worm, yet we aspire to Thee,
 Who art enthroned in the etherial light,
 Of wisdom infinite; and shall we ever see
 Thy bright effulgence, and with pure delight
 Adore and praise Thee through eternity?
 O, blissful thought, that we are thine alone,
 Formed in the image of the Eternal One.

XVIII.

We are thy children here upon this earth,
 Of every nation, color, sect or creed,
 No matter what our station, name or birth,
 By Thee created, Thou the eternal seed
 From whence we spring, and an eternal worth
 Dwells in each soul; did not the Saviour bleed
 And die upon the accursed cross to save
 Such for an endless life beyond the grave?

XIX.

Again the day is drawing to a close,
Sweet day of peace and rest; Father, to Thee
My prayer ascends, before I seek repose;
O, wilt thou ever condescend to be
My strength and portion here; Thy wisdom knows
If aught I further need, and Thou wilt see
That all is added, if I first, with meek
And humble mind, Thy righteous kingdom seek.

XX.

Once more, dear reader, must I say adieu;
Again we part, but still I hope to greet
Thee oft again in kindness, and renew
My meditations, which I trust may meet
A kindly welcome, and if but a few
Pure kindred hearts to mine responsive beat,
And find some pleasure in my Sabbath lay,
Then not in vain I've spent this blessed day.

THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY J. D. BORTHWICK.

CHAPTER V.

START FOR THE MINES—THE SACRAMENTO RIVER—AMERICAN RIVER-STEAMBOATS IN CALIFORNIA—NATURAL FACILITIES FOR INLAND NAVIGATION, AND PROMPTNESS OF THE AMERICANS IN TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THEM—SACRAMENTO CITY—APPEARANCE OF THE HOUSES—STREET NOMENCLATURE—STAGING—FOUR-AND-TWENTY FOUR-HORSE COACHES START TOGETHER—THE PLAINS—THE SCENERY—THE WEATHER—THE MOUNTAINS—MOUNTAIN ROADS AND AMERICAN DRIVERS—FIRST SIGHT OF GOLD-DIGGING—ARRIVAL AT HANGTOWN.

I remained in San Francisco till the worst of the rainy season was over, when I determined to go and try my luck in the mines; so, leaving my valuables in charge of a friend in San Francisco, I equipped myself in my worst suit of old clothes, and with my blankets slung over my shoulder, I put myself on board the steamer for Sacramento.

As we did not start till five o'clock in the afternoon, we had not an opportunity of seeing very much of the scenery on the river. As long as daylight lasted, we were among smooth grassy hills and valleys, with but little brushwood, and only here and there a few stunted trees. Some of the valleys are exceedingly fertile, and all those sufficiently watered to render them available for cultivation had already been "taken up."

We soon however, left the hilly country behind us, and came upon the vast plains which extend the whole length of California, bounded on one side by the range of mountains which run along the coast, and

on the other side by the mountains which constitute the mining districts. Through these plains flow the Sacramento river, receiving as tributaries all the rivers flowing down from the mountains on either side.

The steamer—which was a fair specimen of the usual style of New York river-boat—was crowded with passengers and merchandise. There were not berths for one-half the people on board; and so, in company with many others, I lay down and slept very comfortably on the deck of the saloon till about three o'clock in the morning, when we were awoken by the noise of letting off the steam on our arrival at Sacramento.

One of not the least striking wonders of California was the number of these magnificent river steamboats which, even at that early period of its history, had steamed round Cape Horn from New York, and now, gliding along the California rivers at the rate of twenty-two miles an hour, affording the same rapid and comfortable means of traveling, and sometimes at as cheap rates, as when they plied between New York and Albany. Every traveler in the United States has described the river steamboats; suffice it to say here, that they lost none of their characteristics in California; and, looking at these long, white, narrow, two-story houses, floating apparently on nothing, so little of the hull of the boat appears above water, and showing none of the lines which, in a ship, convey an idea of buoyancy and power of resistance, but, on the contrary, suggesting only the idea of how easy it would be to smash them to pieces—following in imagination these fragile-looking fabrics over the seventeen thousand miles of stormy ocean over which they had been brought in safety, one could not help feeling a degree of admiration and respect for the daring and skill of the men by whom such perilous undertakings had been accomplished. In preparing these steamboats for their long voyage to California, the lower story was strengthened with thick planking, and on the forward part of the deck was built a strong wedge-shaped screen, to break the force of the waves, which might otherwise wash the whole house overboard. They crept along the coast, having to touch at most of the ports on the way for fuel; and passing through the Straits of Magellan, they escaped to a certain extent the dangers of Cape Horn, although equal dangers might be encountered on any part of the voyage.

But besides the question of nautical skill and individual daring, as a commercial undertaking the sending of such steamers round to California was a very bold speculation. Their value in New York is about a hundred thousand dollars, and to take them round to San Francisco costs about thirty thousand more. Insurance is, of course, out of the question (I do not think 99 per cent would insure them in this country from Dover to Calais); so the owners had to play a neck-or-nothing game. Their enterprise was in most cases duly rewarded. I only know of one instance—though doubtless others have occurred—in which such vessels did not get round in safety: it was an old Long Island Sound boat; she was rotten before ever she left New York, and foundered somewhere about the Bermudas, all hands on board escaping in the boats.

The profits of the first few steamers which arrived out were of course enormous: but, after a while, competition was so keen, that for some time cabin fare between San Francisco and Sacramento was only one dollar; a ridiculously small sum to pay in any part of the world, for being carried in such boats one hundred and twenty miles in six hours; but in California at that time, the wages of the common deck hands on board those same boats were about a hundred dollars a-month; and ten dollars were to the generality of men, a sum of much less consequence than ten shillings are now.

These low fares did not last long, however; the owners of steamers came to an understanding, and the average rate of fare from San Francisco to Sacramento was from five to eight dollars. I have only alluded to the one-dollar fares for the purpose of giving an idea of the competition which existed in such a business as "steamboating," which requires a large capital; and from that it may be imagined what intense rivalry there was among those engaged in less important lines of business, which engrossed their whole time and labour, and required the employment of all the means at their command.

Looking at the map of California, it will be seen that the "mines" occupy a long strip of mountainous country, which commences many miles to the eastward of San Francisco, and stretches northward several hundred miles. The Sacramento river running parallel with the mines, the San Joaquin joining it from the southward and eastward, and the Feather river continuing a northward course from the Sacramento

—all of them being navigable—present the natural means of communication between San Francisco and the "mines." Accordingly, the city of Sacramento—about two hundred miles north of San Francisco—sprang up as the *dépôt* for all the middle part of the mines, with roads radiating from it across the plains to the various settlements in the mountains. In like manner the city of Marysville, being at the extreme northern point of navigation of the Feather river, became the starting-place and the *dépôt* for the mining districts in the northern section of the State; and Stockton, named after Commodore Stockton, of the United States navy, who had command of the Pacific squadron during the Mexican war, being situated at the head of navigation of the San Joaquin, forms the intermediate station between San Francisco and all the "southern mines."

Seeing the facilities that California thus presented for inland navigation, it is not surprising that the Americans, so pre-eminent as they are in that branch of commercial enterprise, should so soon have taken advantage of them. But though the prospective profits were great, still the enormous risk attending the sending of steamboats round the Horn might have seemed sufficient to deter most men from entering into such a hazardous speculation. It must be remembered that many of these river steamboats were dispatched from New York, on an ocean voyage of seventeen thousand miles, to a place of which one-half the world as yet even doubted the existence, and when people were looking up their atlases to see in what part of the world California was. The risk of taking a steamboat of this kind to what was then such an out-of-the-way part of the world, did not end with her arrival in San Francisco by any means. The slightest accident to her machinery, which there was at that time no possibility of repairing in California, or even the extreme fluctuations in the price of coal, might have rendered her at any moment so much useless lumber.

In ocean navigation the same adventurous energy was manifest. Hardly had the news of the discovery of gold in California been received in New York, when numbers of steamers were dispatched, at an expense equal to one-half their value, to take their place on the Pacific in forming a line between the United States and San Francisco *via* Panama; so that almost from the first commencement of the existence of California as a gold-bearing coun-

try, steam-communication was established between New York and San Francisco, bringing the two places within twenty to twenty five days of each other. It is true the mail line had the advantage of a mail contract from the United States government; but other lines, without such fostering influence, ran them close in competition for public patronage.

The Americans are often accused of boasting — perhaps deservedly so; but there certainly are many things in the history of California of which we may be justly proud, having transformed her, as they did so suddenly, from a wilderness into a country in which most of the luxuries of life were procurable; and a fair instance of the bold and prompt spirit of commercial enterprise by which this was accomplished, was seen in the fact that, from the earliest days of her settlement, California had as good means of both ocean and inland steam-communication as any of the oldest countries in the world.

Sacramento City is next in size and importance to San Francisco. Many large commercial houses had there established their head-quarters, and imported direct from the Atlantic States. The river is navigable so far by vessels of six or eight hundred tons, and in the early days of California, many ships cleared directly for Sacramento from the different ports on the Atlantic; but as the course of trade by degrees found its proper channel, San Francisco became exclusively the emporium for the whole of California, and even at the time I write of, sea-going vessels were rarely seen so far in the interior of the country as Sacramento.

The plains are but very little above the average level of the river, and a "levee" had been built along the front of the city eight or ten feet high, to save it from inundation by the high waters of the rainy season. With the exception of a few blocks of brick buildings, the houses were all of wood, and had an unmistakably Yankee appearance, being all painted white turned up with green, and covered from top to bottom with enormous signs.

The streets are wide, perfectly straight, and cross each other at right angles at equal distances, like the lines of latitude and longitude on a chart. The street nomenclature is unique — very democratic, inasmuch as it does not immortalise the names of prominent individuals — and admirably adapted to such a rectangular city. The streets running parallel with the river are numbered First, Second,

Third street, and so on to infinity, and the cross streets are designated by the letters of the alphabet. J street was the great central street, and was nearly a mile long; so the reader may reckon the number of parallel streets on each side of it, and get an idea of the extent of the city. This system of lettering and numbering the streets was very convenient, as, the latitude and longitude of a house being given, it could be found at once. A stranger could navigate all over the town without ever having to ask his way, as he could take an observation for himself at the corner of every street.

My stay in Sacramento on this occasion was limited to a few hours. I went to a large hotel, which was also the great stage-house; and here I snoozed till about five o'clock, when, it being still quite dark, the whole house woke up into active life. About a hundred of us breakfasted by candlelight, and, going out into the bar-room while day was just dawning, we found, turned out in front of the hotel, about four-and-twenty four-horse coaches, all bound for different places in the mines. The street was completely blocked up with them and crowds of men were taking their seats, while others were fortifying themselves for their journey at the bar.

The coaches were of various kinds. Some were light-spring-wagons — mere oblong boxes, with four or five seats placed across them; others were of the same build but better finished, and covered by an awning; and there were also numbers of regular American stage-coaches, huge high-hung things which carry nine inside upon three seats, the middle of which is between the two doors.

The place which I had intended should be the scene of my first mining exploits, was a village rejoicing in the suggestive appellation of Hangtown; designated, however, in official documents as Placerville. It received its name of Hangtown while yet in its infancy from the number of malefactors who had there expiated their crimes at the hands of Judge Lynch. I soon found the stage for that place — it happened to be one of the oblong boxes — and, pitching in my roll of blankets, I took my seat and lighted my pipe that I might the more fully enjoy the scene around me.

And a scene it was, such as few parts of the world can show, and which would have gladdened the hearts of those who mourn over the degeneracy of the present age, and sigh for the good old days of stage-coaches.

Here, certainly, the genuine old mail-coach, the guard with his tin horn, and the jolly old coachman with his red face, were not to be found; but the horses were as good as ever galloped with her Majesty's mail. The teams were all headed the same way, and with their stages, four or five abreast, occupied the whole of the wide street for a distance of sixty or seventy yards. The horses were restive, and pawing, and snorting, and kicking: and passengers were trying to navigate to their proper stages through the labyrinth of wheels and horses, and frequently climbing over half-a-dozen waggons to shorten their journey. Grooms were standing at the leaders' heads, trying to keep them quiet, and the drivers were sitting on their boxes, or seats rather, for they scorn a high seat, and were swearing at each other in a very shocking manner, as wheels got locked, and waggons were backed into the teams behind them, to the discomfiture of the passengers on the back seats, who found horses' heads knocking the pipes out of their mouths. In the intervals of their little private battles, the drivers were shouting to the crowds of passengers who loitered about the front of the hotel; for there as elsewhere, people will wait till the last moment; and though it is more comfortable to sit than to stand, men like to enjoy their freedom as long as possible, before resigning all control over their motions, and charging with their precious persons a coach or a train, on full cock, and ready to go off, and shoot them out upon some remote part of creation.

On each wagon was painted the name of the place to which it ran; the drivers were also bellowing it out to the crowd, and even among such confusion of coaches, a man could have no difficulty in finding the one he wanted. One would have thought that the individual will and locomotive power of a man would be sufficient to start him on his journey; but in this go-ahead country, people who had to go were not allowed to remain inert till the spirit moved them to go; they had to be "hurried up;" and of the whole crowd of men who were standing about the hotel, or struggling through the maze of waggons, only one half were passengers, the rest were "runners" for the various stages, who were exhausting all their persuasive eloquence in entreating the passengers to take their seats and go. They were all mixed up with the crowd, and each was exerting his lungs to the utmost. "Now then, gentlemen," shouts one of them, "all aboard for Nevada

City! Who's agoin? only three seats left—the last chance to-day for Nevada City—take you there in five hours. Who's there for Nevada City?" Then catching sight of some man who betrays the very slightest appearance of helplessness, or of not knowing what he is about, he pounces upon him, saying "Nevada City, sir?—this way—just in time," and seizing him by the arm, he drags him into the crowd of stages, and almost has him bundled into that for Nevada City before the poor devil can make it understood that it is Coloma he wants to go to, and not Nevada City. His captor then calls out to some one of his brother runners who is collecting passengers for Coloma—"Oh Bill! oh Bill! where the —— are you?" "Hullo!" says Bill, from the other end of the crowd. "Here's a man for Coloma!" shouts the other, still holding on to his prize in case he should escape before Bill comes up to take charge of him.

This sort of thing was going on all the time. It was very ridiculous. Apparently, if a hundred men wanted to go anywhere, it required a hundred more to despatch them. There was certainly no danger of any one being left behind; on the contrary, the probability was, that any weak-minded man who happened to be passing by, would be shipped off to parts unknown before he could collect his ideas.

There were few opposition stages, excepting for Marysville, and one or two of the larger places; they were all crammed full—and of what use these "runners" or "tooters" were to anybody, was not very apparent, at least to the uninitiated. But they are a common institution with the Americans, who are not very likely to support such a corps of men if their services bring no return. In fact, it is merely a part of the American system of advertising, and forcing the public to avail themselves of certain opportunities, by repeatedly and pertinaciously representing to them that they have it in their power to do so. In the States, to blow your own horn, and to make as much noise as possible with it, is the fundamental principle of all business. The most eminent lawyers and doctors advertise, and the names of the first merchants appear in the newspapers every day. A man's own personal exertions are not sufficient to keep the world aware of his existence, and without advertising he would be to all intents and purposes dead. Modest merit does not wait for its reward—it is rather too smart for

that—it clamours for it, and consequently gets it all the sooner.

However, I was not thinking of this while sitting on the Hangtown stage. I had too much to look at, and some of my neighbours also took my attention. I found seated around me a varied assortment of human nature. A New-Yorker, a Yankee, and an English Jack-tar were my immediate neighbours, and a general conversation helped to beguile the time till the “runners” had succeeded in placing a passenger upon every available spot of every wagon. There was no trouble about luggage—that is an article not much known in California. Some stray individuals might have had a small carpet-bag—almost every man had his blankets—and the western men were further encumbered with their long rifles, the barrels poking into everybody's eyes, and the butts in the way of everybody's toes.

At last the solid mass of four-horse coaches began to dissolve. The drivers gathered up their reins and settled themselves down in their seats, and cracked their whips, and swore at their horses; the grooms cleared out the best way they could; the passengers shouted and hurraed; the teams in front set off at a gallop; the rest followed them as soon as they got room to start, and chevied them up the street, all in a body, for about half a mile, when, as soon as we got out of town, we spread out in all directions to every point of a semicircle, and in a few minutes I found myself one of a small isolated community, with which four splendid horses were galloping over the plains like mad. No hedges, no ditches, no houses, no road in fact—it was all a vast open plain, as smooth as a calm ocean. We might have been steering by compass, and it was like going to sea; for we emerged from the city as from a land-locked harbour, and followed our own course over the wide wide world. The transition from the confinement of the city to the vastness of space was instantaneous; and our late neighbours, rapidly diminishing around us, and getting hull down on the horizon, might have been bound for the uttermost parts of the earth, for all we could see what was to stop them.

To sit behind four horses tearing along a good road is delightful at any time, but the mere fact of such rapid locomotion formed only a small part of the pleasure of our journey.

The atmosphere was so soft and balmy that it was a positive enjoyment to feel it brushing over one's face like the finest floss

silk. The sky was clear and cloudless, the bright sunshine warming us up to a comfortable temperature; and we were travelling over such an expanse of nature that our progress, rapid as it was, seemed hardly perceptible, unless measured by the fast disappearing chimney tops of the city, or by the occasional clumps of trees we left behind us. The scene all round us was magnificent, and impressed one as much with his own insignificance as though he beheld the countries of the earth from the summit of a high mountain.

Out of sight of land at sea one experiences a certain feeling of isolation: there is nothing to connect one's ideas with the habitable globe but the ship on which one stands; but there is also nothing to carry the imagination beyond what one does see, and the view is limited to a few miles. But here, we were upon an ocean of grass-covered earth, dotted with trees, and sparkling in the sunshine with the gorgeous hues of the dense patches of wild flowers; while far beyond the horizon of the plains there rose mountains beyond mountains, all so distinctly seen as to leave no uncertainty as to the shape or the relative position of any one of them, and fading away in regular gradation till the most distinct, though clearly defined, seemed still to be the most natural and satisfactory point at which the view should terminate. It was as if the circumference of the earth had been lifted up to the utmost range of vision, and there melted into air.

Such was the view ahead of us as we travelled towards the mines, where wavy outlines of mountains appeared one above another, drawing together as they vanished, and at last indenting the sky with the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada. On either side of us the mountains, appearing above the horizon, were hundreds of miles distant, and the view behind us was more abruptly terminated by the coast range, which lies between the Sacramento river and the Pacific.

It was the commencement of spring, and at that season the plains are seen to advantage. But after a few weeks of dry weather the hot sun burns up every blade of vegetation, the ground presents a cracked surface of hard-baked earth, and the roads are ankle-deep in the finest and most penetrating kind of dust, which rises in clouds like clouds of smoke, saturating one's clothes, and impregnating one's whole system.

We made a straight course of it across the plains for about thirty miles, changing

horses occasionally at some of the numerous wayside inns, and passing numbers of waggons drawn by teams of six or eight mules or oxen, and laden with supplies for the mines.

The ascent from the plains was very gradual, over a hilly country, well wooded with oaks and pines. Our pace here was not so killing as it had been. We had frequently long hills to climb, where all hands were obliged to get out and walk; but we made up for the delay by galloping down the descent on the other side.

The road, which, though in some places very narrow, for the most part spread out to two or three times the width of an ordinary road, was covered with stumps and large rocks; it was full of deep ruts and hollows, and roots of trees spread all over it.

To any one not used to such roads or to such driving, an upset would have seemed inevitable. If there was safety in speed, however, we were safe enough, and all sense of danger was lost in admiration of the coolness and dexterity of the driver as he circumvented every obstacle, but without going one inch farther than was necessary out of his way to save us from perdition. He went through extraordinary bodily contortions, which would have shocked an English coachman out of his propriety; but, at the same time, he performed such feats as no one would have dared to attempt who had never been used to anything worse than an English road. With his right foot he managed a break, and, clawing at the reins with both hands, he swayed his body from side to side to preserve his equilibrium, as now on the right pair of wheels, now on the left, he cut the "outside edge" round a stump or a rock; and when coming to a spot where he was going to execute a difficult manœuvre on a piece of road which slanted violently down to one side, he trimmed the waggon as one would a small boat in a squall, and made us all crowd up to the weather side to prevent a capsize.

When about ten miles from the plains, I first saw the actual reality of gold-digging. Four or five men were working in a ravine by the roadside, digging holes like so many grave diggers. I then considered myself fairly in "the mines," and experienced a disagreeable consciousness that we might be passing over huge masses of gold, only concealed from us by an inch or two of earth.

As we traveled onwards, we passed at intervals numerous parties of miners, and

the country assumed a more inhabited appearance. Log-cabins and clap-board shanties were to be seen among the trees; and occasionally we found about a dozen of such houses grouped together by the roadside, and dignified with the name of a town.

For several miles again the country would seem to have been deserted. That it had once been a busy scene was evident from the upturned earth in the ravines and hollows, and from the numbers of unoccupied cabins; but the cream of such diggings had already been taken, and they were not now sufficiently rich to suit the ambitious ideas of the miners.

After traveling about thirty miles over this mountainous region, ascending gradually all the while, we arrived at Hangtown in the afternoon, having accomplished the fifty miles from Sacramento city in about eight hours.

(Continued.)

SAN FRANCISCO.

Thou hast risen like a meteor,
On the wide Pacific's shore;
Where for ages but the Indian
Listened to its solemn roar.

Like a meteor, thou hast risen;
But unlike thou shalt not fall.
Only when a wise Creator,
Overwhelms with ruin, all.

As if by a Genii's power,
Palaces at once arise,
Vessels crowd thy glorious Harbor,
Church-spires point up to the skies.

Gold and jewels without measure,
Fruits and flowers most prized and rare,
Can be had by working for them,—
Are rewards of toil and care.

Those who idly stand and wonder,
They will meet the dreamer's fate;
See the substance flit before them,
Know and grasp when far too late.

Here the man of birth and station,
Finds successful by his side,
Those whom elsewhere he would shrink from,
Those whom he would else deride.

But he dares not—work is noble,
And to toil, is not to sin;
For the man who ranks the highest
Is the one who works to win. ANDREAS.

The young lady who "caught a cold" has, we learn, decided to retain it for "home consumption."

AN OMNIBUS RIDE.

Jump in—only a shilling from North Beach to Rincon Point—the whole length of the city: twelve tickets for a dollar. Gentlemen, jump in—make way for the ladies—and, bless me! do crowd closer for the babies. One, two, three, four! actually seven of these dear little humanities. Here we go, right through Stockton Street. Four years ago this was one long level of mud in the rainy season—not such a luxury as an omnibus thought of.—Tramp went the pedestrian the length and breadth thereof, thankful for side-walks. But now note the handsome private residences, the neat flower gardens, the fruit stands, the elegant stores in Virginia Block, the display in the windows both sides the way—dry goods, toys, stationery, tin ware, &c., &c.

But let us get in at the starting point. Leaving the promenade which makes Meiggs' wharf so pleasant of a summer morning, we step into one of the coaches, which are ready every eight minutes, according to the advertisement; run along Powell street a few squares, catching glimpses here and there of the greatest variety of architecture in the residences, and remarking upon the neatness of those recently erected; thence down a square into Stockton street, where the attention is distracted between the outside prospect and the protection of one's own limbs from the fearful thumping into divers holes which the ponderous vehicle encounters every few minutes.

Steady now—we have passed the worst part, and there is the State Marine Hospital,—quite a respectable amount of brick and mortar, patched at the rear with appurtenances of lumber, and which in its time has used up more “appropriations” than would comfortably have supported three times the number of sick within its walls. It is at present in the hands of the Sisters of Mercy.

There! make room for the lady in hoops! only a shilling for all that

whalebone! so now—let out the thin spare man, he fears suffocation—and the nervous gentleman too wants to alight; that baby has whooping cough, and annoys him. Poor bachelor! he cannot begin to comprehend infantile graces, and he votes the whole race a bore; while glancing satirically at the lady, he observes to his friend, the spare man, “Poor little sufferer, how it *hoops*.”

Rows of pretty cottages on one side the street—handsome brick buildings on the other—and at the corner of Stockton and Washington, a private garden laid out with exquisite taste and neatness. A refreshing fountain sends its spray over the blossoms of the sweet roses and verbena, while the graceful malva trees stand sentinel at the gateway. Only a passing glance, however, for the turn is accomplished, and down Washington street to Montgomery is generally a pretty rapid descent.

That is a family market near the corner of Washington—quite convenient these—the nicest of vegetables, the best of meats, procurable at market prices. We up-towners could scarcely dispense with them. Past the Plaza—how well I remember that formerly as a receptacle for old clothes, cast off boots and shoes, cans, bottles, crockery ware, skeleton specimens of the feline race—dogs who had had their day—rats whose race was run, and various other abominations; but a treasure heap to the rag pickers, or bottle venders, who in those days were not. But now the Plaza has been smoothed into shape, and if the green things within its borders are perfected by sun and rain, it may yet flourish into grace and beauty.

Montgomery street—look down the long avenue. Where can be found more substantial edifices? more elegant stores? a gayer promenade? Handsomely dressed ladies—gentlemen of business—gentlemen of leisure—mechanics—laborers—children—thronging the side-walks; glitter, and show, and wealth in the windows; equipages, omnibusses, horsemen, in the streets.

Hundreds of human beings passing and repassing in an hour, and from almost every nation under heaven.

The Frenchman with his "bon soir" greets you; the Spaniard and Italian, the Chinese, German, Mexican. The rose, the thistle, and shamrock have each their representatives, and beside these many others born in remote regions are congregated in this great thoroughfare of cities.

Past the fancifully arranged drug stores; past the tempting exhibitions of jewelry; past the attractive displays of dry goods, book and stationery establishments, banking houses, express buildings, lawyers' offices, and here we are, turning into Second street. Whirling by the Metropolitan market, we drive down as far as Folsom street, and observe that the neat cottages in this part of the city have a more rural aspect than those in locations nearer to business. A tree is seen here and there, and vines clamber over the porches, and droop over the windows. At the corner of Second and Folsom a garden in luxurious bloom refreshes the sight, and the questioning stranger in the 'bus is informed that the house and grounds were formerly owned, and were the residence of the late Captain Folsom, whose remains now lie in Lone Mountain Cemetery.

Adjoining this, on Folsom street, is another stately private residence—another lovely garden, where luxuriant flower growths may be seen at almost any season of the year. Nearly opposite is Hawthorne street. Ah! what associations of "Seven Gabled Houses" are connected with that name. But the eye rests upon none such—only a line of pretty cottages are peeped at ere we are driven past into Third street.

Another long avenue—grocery, dry goods, fruit, market—ever-recurring reminders that humanity has numberless wants, and that, for a golden boon, the supply is always equal to the demand. There are few handsome residences on Third, but many comfortable looking ones.

South Park—a passenger stops.—There is a homelike appearance in this solitary row of uniform houses, charming to one who recalls images of long streets, whose "white marble steps" have no parallel in San Francisco. But beyond us is Rincon Point—and in view of the blue waters, the omnibus stops. Nurses and babies alight, and the inquiring passenger strolls, where? Perhaps I may tell you in my next.

H. L. N.

GET IT.

BY DR. D——N.

"My son, if you would have honor and happiness in this world, get wealth," were the last words of my father. He left nothing conveying aught of information respecting his family, country, or pursuits, any more than what the most friendless orphan ever knew of his parantage. My earliest recollections were of the school from which I was suddenly called to the bedside of his death. The people of the hotel where he died, could give me no information of him, other than that his name was Hardwood, that he had spent one day at New York for a number of years, for the purpose, as it was supposed, of receiving his rents, and that he went just as noiselessly as he came.

The notary who attended his last bedside put into my hands a document, after he had arranged the last rites that conveyed him to his ever-solemn rest, showing that I, then a mere lad, was entitled to the uncontrolled possession of \$8000 per annum. My utmost knowledge of him was concentrated in the small space of barely five minutes on those occasions at this hotel, when the usual questions he put to me were, "How much of the money I gave you last have you spent? Show it me." Which savings he invariably doubled, accompanying the act with encomiums on my self-command and forbearance, and prognostications of my becoming one day a greater man than my grandfather. But who this grandfather was, whether any descendant of Cræsus the Little, or Alexander the Great, to this day I have no clue.

It may well be supposed that this, my father's manner, influenced all my thoughts, words, and actions. His first impetus of doubling my savings suggested to me to set myself up as a usurer, or money-lender to the scholars of my school. The power

this gave me amongst them—they numbered some hundred and fifty—was almost incredible. I conducted my craft so artfully as to defy the keenest vigilance and perceptive power of the teachers. Year after year brought complaint after complaint from the parents of the pupils, that their sons were always without a dime in their pockets, and were always craving money from their friends, to satisfy their supernumerary wants. The income this office—if I may so dignify it—procured me was something very considerable for a lad, and yet so wary was I, that no one suspected me of being even passably rich. I passed as a careful, economical fellow, but nothing more; and my apparent generosity in forgiving a debt when I had no prospect of receiving further instalments from it, earned me the praise of being a liberal, good fellow. My father had known nothing of these proceedings, as I feared his stern anger, he being well aware that acts of usury, borrowing or lending, were amongst the prohibitions of the institution. Three months did not elapse after I had left the college, before I was engaged in a partnership concern, for which I paid down the hard sum of \$60,000. I knew that it was a first-rate concern, and had enriched the two preceding partners in an extraordinarily short space of time. I examined the books with a keen eye, and found, to my delight, that a sure and ample fortune in a few short years lay before me. But my father's advice—"Get it"—prompted me and haunted me like a demon; and cent per cent. was no way adequate to its demand. I breathed no other atmosphere than my counting-house, and took no other pleasure than poring over my cash-book. My partner, in time, seeing my close application to business, threw off all restraints that the business imposed upon him, and became, in a short time, a confirmed voluptuary. It was then I saw my time was come to act alone; to cast him off, and engross the whole sphere of our enormous profits. Ruminating over the future, one night, alone—it was dead midnight—the thought struck me that by one act I might get rid of him, and yet secure the amount of his share of the capital. I laid my plans accordingly, as I supposed, and in due time the newspapers had to record as foul and barbarous a murder and robbery as ever disgraced the annals of crime, extensive as the pages of the lamentable catalogue may be. His aged mother, and only relative, received from my hands most thankfully an annuity of as many tens, as

his income had been tens of thousands, almost, and the world resounded with this deed of charity. So far well, thought I; and now my father's dying precept was to be realized: "If you would have honor and happiness in this world, get wealth." The honors came rushing in with full tide, but the happiness—alas! where was the smallest particle of it? Although I was too old a practitioner in deceit to be caught in any fit of abstraction of thought, yet, at night, when all the busy world around was in sweet repose, my thoughts gave me no peace; the hell within forbade my heart to cease aching, even while the demands of nature pressed heavily on my eyelids. My dreams were constant of my father: at one time he would assume the appearance of

"The shadow of a fallen angel;"

then another would cry, "Sieve on him, Furies; take him to your torments:" when my father's horrible shadow would exclaim, "Not so; he is not rich enough. Spare him. This world full of riches, and then——" I would awake and comfort myself that if there were a hereafter, on him would be my curse.

I had now become half a millionaire; the other half remained to be accomplished. As yet no human being suspected my integrity, and if I remained but true to myself, my ambition would be gratified. As time wore on, I comforted myself with the comparison that great heroes could be charged with the murder of thousands, while I was only the hero of one; and this idea led me on to one of the greatest events of my immolating life—that of destroying, by wholesale, every friend that I had.

The Pelican Life Insurance Company, which I had established, soon became the first of all such enterprises. My most intimate friends, when they saw the capital I had assigned to it with my own hands, solicited loans from me in all directions, during an unparalleled time of panic. I held their policies, and soon six of the greatest capitalists of New York joined me in the direction. On such easy terms did I grant them, that the institution became soon world-renowned, and my management was so meritorious that the rich shareholders and the needy loaners joined in one unanimous vote to give me a banquet to celebrate the occasion, and to present me with a gorgeous service of plate to perpetuate it. I took care that all whose policies I held should be present, and made arrangements beforehand to effect my purpose thoroughly.

The hour was come—the banquet over—the flagon, the most costly piece of service, was presented to me, filled with the treacherous wine. This was no other than the most costly Moussac, from the cellar of Messrs. * * *, of * * *, to which I, in common with many other wine judges and tasters, as a great compliment had free access. I had noticed months before a particular cask bearing a high price and had selected it for some such occasion. I was a whole year or more watching an opportunity, and at last succeeded, when no human eye was upon me, of pouring in a subtle poison that requires only a little time to mellow itself with the wine, and to produce its certain deadly effect.

I repeat, the flagon filled with this wine, was presented to me as the loving cup to drink of, and to invite those present to join.

Without the smallest trepidation of voice or hand, or eye, I took the cup, made an eloquent speech and raised it to my lips: and after keeping it there awhile opening and shutting my jaws, but with my lips pressed tight to the brim so that not a drop could pass into my mouth; (I had well practised this feat beforehand.) I pledged them thus heartily, and the fatal cup was passed round and drunk to the very dregs. A kind of drunken phrensy which is peculiar to the poison I had used (a preparation of aconitina with ascunge) ensued, which soon broke up the company and I retired to my bed—the reader believe it—congratulating myself upon this grand climacteric of my art. Conscience I had none. Remorse I had but once tasted, at the death of my partner. Fear I had only for spectral phenomena. Shame—it left me with my boyhood.

I went to my office next morning at my usual time, and, as I expected, found no one there; every clerk and porter in the office had been insured, and I held their policies for amounts varying from \$1000 to \$6000. Affecting the greatest alarm and surprise, which, by sheer habit I knew so well how assume, I roused up the authorities and soon the whole of * * * street, New York, was in consternation. The news spread like a prairie fire: every one at the grand banquet the day before had been poisoned; not one escaped: and while expressing my surprise at the circumstance before a magistrate, a friend whom illness only had detained, I thought it judicious suddenly to lose my senses, and fell down in a swoon, and was taken home to my house in a litter, and as every body thought, dead. I thought proper to recover after three days, and by

so doing, paved the way for a fortune to a young, inexperienced homœopathic doctor; and after the several examinations consequent upon a host of coroner's inquests, cleared, by this masterly stroke, sufficient to make up the sum that was to constitute me a millionaire. I now thought of retiring from the busy haunts of men, for the purpose of enjoying myself. I was respected by the poor, courted by the rich. My spectral friends melted away into thin air one after another, and conscience, even that fell tormentor which is said never to sleep, even granted me a truce.

It was on the anniversary of my father's death that I was sitting alone in the library of my splendid mansion, which had been just finished, about eight o'clock in the evening, as near as I can guess; the wind howled so long and loud that I could just distinguish a knock at the front door, of such a sound as compelled me—why I do not know—to open it myself. I never can forget the sight of the picture the doorway presented. A man, half savage half demon, put into my hands a letter containing these words:—

“Mr. Hordwod is formed that the riter is in session of a circumstance that will place a rope round your neck, but he will cept of a few thousand as hush money if paid without delay. The bearer is to be trusted with the first payment of one hundred dollars, and will give the dress of the riter ware I may be found if you come alone.”

This time I could hardly conceal my emotion, but observing that the demon was watching my countenance, I replied, with a smile—“Contrary to my first intention, I will see the writer, and here are the hundred dollars he demands.” The fellow took up the money, let himself out of the front door, and departed without a word. I took up a dirty piece of paper over which he had placed his dirty shattered white hat when he first entered, and read, “5 o'clock at Hanger's house Tuesday inquire for Long Bob.” Surely I knew somehow the hand-writing. It was really familiar with me. The day preceding this appointment, which I was resolved to keep, I was in a sea of perplexity and perturbation.

When the time came I set out, well armed. I had hastened to the appointed place ten minutes before the time, and something prompted me to enter a chapel just by. It was years since I entered any place of worship—in fact, when I was last at school. The minister was just giving out his text, which was from ———. “Be

sure your sins will find you out." I was so engrossed in the impassioned eloquence of the divine that I could not, despite the impending evil of neglecting my engagement, tear myself from him. In glowing colors he described the anguish of the once holy David, the man who in his youth God was pleased to choose as one after his own heart, but now a murderer before Nathan. Yet, said the blessed man, God forgave him all. O, what consolation was that! This shot through my heart with such force as to lead me, bound hand and foot, to the purpose of disclosing, regardless of consequences, my whole guilt to him. I introduced myself to him in the vestry, very briefly told him how his words had found their way at once to my heart, and how my crimes stood out for God's vengeance. The divine looked upon me at first as a maniac, but when I told him who I was, and assured him of my sanity, he turned to me and said—"This is too important a confession to be entrusted to one; I will introduce you to my Bishop, and you will have to abide by his decision." Judge of my amazement when I found myself, on an introduction to him, in presence of my former revered schoolmaster.

"He that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." O, my son! are these the effects of my teaching, this the result of your boyhood's promise? O, how vain have been all my labors! Unfortunate wretch!" said the venerable old man, wringing his hands in anguish, "I can only pray for your soul's life; your body belongs to the outraged laws of your country."

It was in vain that I solicited, on my knees, his prayers, his pardon, his forgiveness. "Not till you have delivered yourself into the hands of justice, as a murderer," continued he, earnestly. "Then, and only then, my poor boy, can my poor prayers avail."

There was no hope for it—my conscience was awakened, and I thought, as there was no more peace for me in this world, 'twere better so. Then did I resign to him all—and then, only then, did I receive any relief from the stabbings of a guilty conscience.

The important hour arrived—with a calm, firm step, resigned to my fate, did I walk behind the old man, repeating, in a solemn tone, the impressive service of the burial of the dead—"I am the resurrection and the life." He gave me his last blessing, assured me of my free unconditional forgiveness of my Maker, as I had made all the reparation in my power, agreeable

to his wishes. The rope was adjusted, the ugly white cap enclosed my devoted head, and the last signal was given, to withdraw the fatal bolt, that was to separate this life from eternity. I gave a convulsive start, and I was—no more—asleep, but broad awake—standing, bolt upright, in my bed, aroused by the thunderings of my house-keeper at my door, who had awakened me at this juncture.

"Mr. Goldspin, here is old Mr. Olden at the door, and has come to request the favor of your withdrawing the attachment on his house and goods, and says, pray give him a week longer, and you shall be paid."

"Tell him directly," said I—"he shall have a year longer—I will come down to him and tell him—no—yes—tell him I have heard something that has induced me to give him as much time as he pleases."

This was my first blessed reform, and to show my gratitude to Almighty God for thus timely arousing me from the destruction of my soul, into which I was rapidly falling, that as my past endeavors have been spent in following the advice of my worldly father respecting this world's wealth—get it, honestly if you can; but get it—so shall it be my future endeavor to adopt that of my spiritual father, kindly visiting me in my dream—*honestly always to get it for my own sake, and, for the sake of my poor fellow travelers through this world, gratefully and irreproachfully always to SPEND IT.*

MY MOTHER.

What name in the whole vocabulary of words can bring back the scenes of one's happy, joyous childhood, like the mention of that magic word—mother! How hardened and callous has that heart become, when that musical sounding word will not awaken the holiest sentiment of one's nature. Linger around the bosom of love, the very thought makes the heart flutter with delight, and my whole being thrills with feelings of ecstasy, veneration, love, and kindness.

Oh! my mother! what a debt of gratitude and boundless love I owe thee; under how many deep and lasting obligations hast thou placed thy wayward child! And who like thee, in all this hollow-hearted world, hast joyed in my pleasure and sorrowed in my woe? No tender, counseling, admonishing voice has once fallen upon my ready ear with such a sweet melody and so rich

a cadence as thine own. Can I ever forget how very often that maternal bosom has pillowed this aching head of mine? there sheltering the fragile form, the tender fledgeling, from the keen blasts of disappointment that have since then swept with fitful gusts around the pathway of thy erring though not ungrateful child. Peering into the distance, she then saw with a prophetic vision, the many temptations, allurements and ills of life that awaited her child.

Years, yes, long years, have intervened since I last gazed upon that care-worn and time-wrinkled face, yet I have not forgotten, through the mist of intervening years, thy gently chiding tone; love's guiding star is still in the ascendent, whose beacon-light burns as brightly upon the heart's altar as when my small lips first instinctively articulated that soul-thrilling, and holy word, mother! And now, when far away upon a distant shore, basking beneath California's glorious star-gemmed skies, among her sons and daughters of beauty and genius, the land of gold and flowers, I still remember thee. And in the hush of night, "when slumbering chains have bound me," a gentle spirit comes and whispers in the drowsy ear, and tells of those bright, halcyon, golden hours of my childhood; then of riper years of enjoyment, which have, alas! too quickly flown away, and are now numbered with the bright things of earth that were. And over the disc of memory comes floating the same tone, the same words, as when she knelt in reverent prayer beside me, pleading at the throne of grace that "Our Father who art in Heaven" would guide with a steady and unerring hand the tottering footsteps of her "darling child;" her tender offspring, that must soon drain the bitter chalice from the cup of experience. Full early she would find in youth's slippery by-paths the tempter, with his seductive wiles; ambition's hurried throng, the world's cold deceit, and the sting of falsehood. Then fame, the fickle goddess, would be found, whose flattering, brassy sound rings pleasure in the votary's ears. Above the din and glittering show of earth, dear mother! thy remembrance sheds a halo of love and protection around me, falling like copious showers, soothing my troubled soul with its healing balm of peace; and is received by me like the cool, fresh-gushing fountain at mid-day, when Old Sol drives his fiery chariot high up in the heavens.

How often, dear parent, how very often, have I bitterly wept and mourned over cold neglect, and friendship's forfeiture. Sati-

ated with the fulsome adulation of a false, pretending world, with all its tinsel, glitter, pomp and show; and with tear-dimmed eyes have I looked back to the home of my childhood, to that little patch of mother earth; a portion of God's acre that is dear to every mortal that has been blessed with a home. With more than a prodigal's gaze, the eye reaches far beyond the two dark and angry seas, and beholds that eyrie of love from which I have flown, to the wide extending valley of experience and unhappiness, peopled with beings so unlike thy guardian form—creatures of narrow prejudices, who keep up a weary tread and shuffle in the giddy ranks of strife and envy; and, mother, how few among them all, in the crowded avenues and walks of life, have I trusted and not been deceived!

So unlike my early home, that earthly "Aiden," that at times the very air in this valley of beauty and sin, shade and sunshine, is heavily freighted with unhappy remembrances, and I turn to thy deathless love as an oasis in the mind's dreary waste. That love buoys me up amid the breakers that dash around the prow of my life-boat with maddening fury. Then blue breaks of sky and bright sunlight, speaking of beauty and love, come peering through the rafters of heaven, and flooding the whole landscape with rich, mellow gleams of sunlight and joy.

Anxiety may have dimmed thy eye of brightness, and the weight of accumulating years may have bent thy form, yet with all these changes I know thy love remains unaltered through the lapse and mist of time, and falters not with dim declining years. I miss thee! my mother, in all the chequered walks of life. Thy name is deeply graven upon the tablet of memory, which will remain faithful until the chilling touch of death shall have obliterated all things earthly.

ALICE.

A very "nice young man," in company with several more "good fellows," started out the other night to have some *fun*, but unfortunately for them, wrenched off just one door-knob too many, and were nabbed, taken to the station-house, and locked up. Upon being released on the following day, our young man met an acquaintance, who said: "So you were pretty much sold, last night, hey?" "Yes," was the reply; "but there was no laugh in that *cell*!"

MR. CHARLES DICKENS.*

BY HIGHTON.

Nineteen years ago a very respectable authority stated that Mr. Charles Dickens was "the most popular writer of his day." His popularity was then based upon the success of "Sketches by Boz," the "Pickwick Papers," "Nicholas Nickleby," and "Oliver Twist"—the two last novels at that time in course of publication in monthly numbers. Nineteen years,—during which Mr. Dickens has held continuous and familiar intercourse with the public of Europe and America,—has but added to the truthfulness of the Reviewer's opinion, and in the preface to "Little Dorrit" he informs us, as on previous occasions, that he "never had so many readers." In the United States—notwithstanding a temporary prejudice, caused by some sharp hits in the "Notes on America," which for the moment wounded our national vanity—Mr. Dickens has won upon the affections of the people more than any other author, and, owing to the numerous and cheap reprints of his works, has, probably, five times as many readers as in Great Britain. In Germany, France, and other parts of continental Europe, translations of "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Bleak House," &c., are almost as common as the originals with us, and their author as thoroughly appreciated; in fact "Boz" has attained a celebrity more universal than even that of Sir Walter Scott.

Mr. Dickens is remarkable for keen perception of character, and strong good sense—joined to descriptive faculties unequalled since the days of Smollett and Fielding. He is also a humanitarian in the strictest sense of the word, and has ever before him the object of reforming existing abuses. Like Thackeray or Jerrold,† he possesses great sarcastic power, but his sarcasm is never used merely for display or as a vent for bitterness of spirit; his attacks are invariably directed against foolish or dangerous social or individual habits, or grievous wrongs which are the result of bad legislation or an illegitimate Public Opinion. Mr. Dickens always respects the poor and oppressed—the sick and afflicted—for them he has gentle words and bright hopes; he touches their hearts with the overflowing sympathy of his own,

and penetrates the gloom which surrounds them with the sunshine of manly compassion. In his character, genial humor and a quick sense of the ridiculous are blended with touching pathos and great love of simplicity and truth. He venerates pure religion, but justly despises the snivelling cant and hypocritical assumption of some who seek to hide their corrupt hearts—nurtured in "hatred, malice and all uncharitableness"—beneath the garb of an austere and unbending Christianity. He is unsparing, but never vindictive or morose—sarcastic, but not cynical—pathetic, but never mawkishly sentimental; he ridicules, but not to wound the sensitive; he is quick to perceive evil and as prompt to attack it, yet never misanthropic; he has a disposition to exaggerate, but is natural and unaffected even in his exaggeration; he possesses the rare gift of ability to write precisely as he feels, and his feelings are always good—always benevolent. He adopts with ease the "mother-tongue"—the "slang," the "Sanscrit" of each variety of people—refined or unrefined; in his portrayals of character—from the rudest and most uncouth to the most highly cultivated—the connection between the language and the individual or class is perfect; the slightest peculiarities of idiom or expression are rendered distinctly and with wonderful accuracy. He describes character and incidents better than places, and scenes in the city more naturally than scenes in the country, though he often purifies the murky atmosphere of the work-house or the prison with the fresh scent of beautiful flowers, and lets in through the cracks and seams of the gloomy gates bright gleams of sunshine and sweet sounds of unfettered birds, to cheer the weary and the heart-sick. His descriptions of distressing incidents—such as the death of the old pauper in "Oliver Twist"—are painfully minute; not a word, not a look, not a gesture escapes him; he feels all—presents all—and, influenced by his own generous sympathy, heightens the effect of all; yet,

—"though the light
Enter not freely—the eye of God
Smiles in upon them."

Mr. Dickens does not merely paint character—he analyses it; he pictures a rough, coarse, ignorant boor, apparently without sensibility—wholly gross and brutal—and when he has presented the portrait, so that it appears to the ordinary observer complete, he pours a flood of light suddenly into the recesses of the rough man's heart,

* Little Dorrit, by Boz.

† We regret to say that Douglas Jerrold has lately paid the great debt of nature in his native country.

and displays some trait of instinctive delicacy that softens and refines his whole nature. He has been an acute observer of eccentricities, as well as general characteristics, and in his writings embodies each. He strips villainy of romance; a thief to him is a thief, and not a "gentleman of the road," or a "shrewd speculator;" he knows him perfectly—exposes him thoroughly, and is ever honestly indignant at his rascality. His aim is always high; he scores the rich for their foibles, and governments for incompetency or neglect; he raises the poor and lowly from the dust, and teaches the high and wealthy to feel for them; from the powerful and purse-proud he tears the garment of conceit, and the weak and poverty-stricken he tenderly enfolds with the mantle of respect. He

"Feels for the wrong to universal ken

Daily exposed, woe that unshrouded lies;

And seeks the sufferer in his darkest den."

He is a genuine democrat; his stories are imbued with that spirit which moved Jefferson, of undying memory, when he wrote "all men are born free and equal." He is no Radical; has no theoretical notions of general equalization; does not seek to pull down or to destroy, but to harmonize and purify by presenting evil in the most striking contrast with good, and thus producing the greatest abhorrence of the bad, and the strongest desire to root it out. He writes not for monarchs, aristocrats or *savants*, but for the "public;" he seeks not the praises of the few, but the good of the many; his enemies are counted by units, his admirers by millions.

The popularity of Mr. Dickens is not ephemeral; it will be transmitted to posterity with his writings and his history, for his sound sense has ever saved him from sacrificing a permanent good to a present success. He has always retained his modesty amidst the whirl of popular applause, and, though fond of rational approbation, he is without conceit: in proof of this we are told that a short time ago, after reading his Christmas Carol at St. Martin's Hall,* when vociferously called for, "his countenance wore the pleased expression of a boy's"—his pleasure was caused by finding the same perfect sympathy between "Boz" and his auditors that had long existed between "Boz" and his readers;—his gratification was as innocent and un-

restrained as a child's—entirely without vanity. It is this earnest simplicity, joined to a shrewd but pure benevolence, that forms the best guarantee for the permanency of Charles Dickens' high reputation. His spirited delineations of English character—especially in low life—more perfect than Smollett's, without his vulgarity, and directed by the highest motives, will never lose their charm. Scrooge and Fagin—Sam Weller and Mark Tapley—Little Nell and Little Dorrit—can not perish so long as hatred of evil, love of the humorous, and appreciation of purity, find a resting-place in the human heart. Whatever their faults, they are, like their author, immortal.

One of the highest claims of Mr. Dickens to distinction, is the fact that he has successfully inaugurated an original style of composition.* He holds colloquial intercourse with his readers, and writes his stories as though he was telling them. He is perfectly familiar, yet his familiarity never "breeds contempt." He exposes the lowest depths of misery and sin, in the language and with the characteristics of each, yet is instinct with delicacy: he not only conveys *ideas* in print, but feeling and expression. He is suggestive without being obscure; sarcastic without being bitter; humorous without effort; simple without being foolish; graphic and terse in style;—in short, he is the man who, above all others, addresses the great heart of humanity in its own language.

Critically speaking, Charles Dickens has some faults;—a few which he can easily remedy, and with benefit to himself and the public. Now, in 1838 a distinguished and liberal Review advanced the proposition that great popularity is "no *proof* of merit," though "presumptive evidence" of it; but in our times, and especially in the United States, public opinion to a great extent overweighs criticism, and when an author is universally praised, it is generally an ungrateful task to express any opinion of his works but such as is laudatory, and therefore acceptable to the popular palate. This impatience of close and impartial scrutiny is generated of feeling;—it is therefore natural, and, in itself, not reprehensible; but, for the interest of literature, (which plays an important part in promoting the advancement of civiliza-

*The occasion referred to was a reading given in London by Mr. Dickens. with characteristic benevolence, for the benefit of the family of the late Douglas Jerrold.

*It may not be amiss here to call attention to the great obligations Mr. Dickens is under to Mr. Cruikshank, whose graphic etchings accompanying the "Sketches," &c., contributed much towards bringing him into public notice at the outset of his career.

tion,) it is well, while duly appreciating the excellencies of a writer, not altogether to ignore his defects;—feeling should be subservient to reason. During the last twenty years Mr. Dickens has received a meed of praise which would have considerably inflated any one less sensible than himself: but he has never been above profiting by honest suggestions, from any source—and hence the progressive improvement of his style. He has not yet got rid of all his faults, nor is he, we believe, less ready to profit by candid criticism than he was twenty years ago. We therefore, before taking leave of him—adopting his latest production (*Little Dorrit*) as the basis of our observations—shall speak briefly but unreservedly of what to us appear its chief excellencies and defects.

"*Little Dorrit*," the heroine of the story—"whose first draught of air was tintured with Dr. Haggage's brandy"—was born in the "*Marshalsea*,"—one of the numerous gloomy dens in which, until within a few years, the enlightened British Government allowed remorseless creditors to immure delinquent debtors for life, or (in most cases about the same thing) until their debts were paid. In this "black hole" of London, then, "*Little Dorrit*" was born and "brought up," and at the time the story properly begins, she has become a "little woman," preternaturally grave and earnest, quiet, enduring, and devoted to her surviving parent, the "Father of the *Marshalsea*." How she struggled and toiled in secret for her father; how she deprived herself of common necessities to contribute to his comfort; how she bore with his peevishness and irritability, and in the fullness of her love looked upon his selfish sensitiveness to any allusion to his position as merely the assertion of a natural dignity; how she watched over a flippant sister and a reckless brother;—how, when times of sunshine came she was still the same "little woman"—not like her father, brother, and sister—frenzied by prosperity—but her thoughts ever reverting to her old home, to her old friends and companions;—how, for the sake of those she loved, she tried to be high and haughty, but how her own innocent heart, which had expanded in the darkness of the *Marshalsea*, like a rose in the desert, rendered the effort useless;—how, in adversity and in prosperous days, she kept the secret of her love for *Clennam* close in her own bosom, and how she struggled against that love, and when a dark hour came, and *Clennam* was thrust into that same *Mar-*

shalsea, where he had formerly been a visiting angel to her old father;—how she left the world and its gayeties, and flew like a *Nightingale* to his side;—how at last the clouds cleared away and the sun shone bright and warm again, and how the "little woman" and Arthur were married "with the sun shining on them through the painted figure of our Saviour on the window," and how they "went down into a modest life of usefulness and happiness"—all this is described in the author's happiest style. But the character is unnatural. Such heroines, born in such prisons, and educated amidst such associations as was "*Little Dorrit*," are never found in real life, and the tendency of indulging the imagination by elevating a woman into a sort of angel in low life, however beautiful and free from the idea of "angels with wings" which an extensive class of modern literature is diluted with, the picture may be, is to create a false estimate of the purity of human nature. *Little Dorrit* also is in some respects but a re-production of *Little Nell*. *Arthur Clennam*, though not so attractive, is a far more reasonable character. His generosity, his strong sense of principle, his abhorrence of vice, and his unselfishness, we see sometimes illustrated in common experience; but we must protest against the conceptions of *Flintwich*, *Affery*, and *Mrs. Clennam*—their eccentric and unaccountable behavior; the "mysterious noises" in the old house, &c.—as marring the effect of the narrative by their obscurity. An old woman, sitting bolt upright in a chair for fifteen or twenty years, professing a hard and gloomy Christianity and keeping within her breast the secret of a crime, which she justifies to the last upon the score that she is a dealer-out of God's vengeance upon earth—is too severe a criticism, even upon the most stubborn and rigid of religious fanatics. Besides, the character is a mere skeleton, surrounded with a repelling atmosphere of blackness; and that of *Flintwich* is still more misty, while *Affery* is incomprehensible. The "two clever ones" by no means add to Mr. Dickens' reputation for cleverness.

The "*Circumlocution Office*" and the "*Barnacle*" family are an admirable satire upon the proverbial slowness of certain branches of the British Government, and the monopoly of numerous offices by influential aristocratic families. "Whatever was required to be done, the *Circumlocution Office* was beforehand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving—
HOW NOT TO DO IT." * * *

"Mechanicians, natural philosophers, soldiers, sailors, petitioners, memorialists—people with grievances, people who wanted to prevent grievances, people who wanted to redress grievances, jobbing people, jobbed people, people who couldn't get rewarded for merit, and people who couldn't get punished for demerit—were all indiscriminately tucked up under the foolscap paper of the Circumlocution Office," and "numbers of people were lost in the Circumlocution Office." * * * * "The Barnacle family had for some time helped to administer the Circumlocution Office. The Tite Barnacle Branch, indeed, considered themselves in a general way as having vested rights in that direction, and took it ill if any other family had much to say about it." Daniel Doyce, an excellent specimen of the intelligent, patient and practical mechanic, was foolish enough to "perfect an invention (involving a very curious secret process) of great importance to his country and his fellow-creatures." Instead of coming to the United States, or some other country where there is no Circumlocution Office, he added to his folly by attempting to secure a patent in his own country. Consequently he got into the Circumlocution Office, and thereupon he was referred by this Mr. Barnacle to that Mr. Barnacle—tossed from this Committee to that Committee—subjected to rigid examinations before powdered Barnacles and Stiltstockings, who "muddled the business, addled the business, tossed the business in a wet blanket," and finally left the business precisely where they had found it. It was only after years of perseverance, and then more through good luck than any thing else, that poor Doyce—who had grown weary and worn, though he was always cheerful—realized the benefit of his genius. The whole conception is admirable, and, we observe, has considerably ruffled the feathers of the Barnacles and Stiltstockings of Great Britain.*

Old Mr. Dorrit is an exaggerated delineation, but, on the whole, a good one. His desire to keep up his family dignity, while in the Marshalsea for so many years—his pompous, though childish pride when he became wealthy; his constant fear of any reference to the past; his return in his delirium, just before death, to the scene of his long imprisonment; to his old clinging to his faithful Little Dorrit, and the close of his life and that of his brother

when they went "before their Father, far beyond the twilight judgments of this world—high above its mists and obscurities;—all this is a sad and truthful illustration of the hollowness of that vanity of vanities—that most pernicious of evils, the pride of caste, the conceit of earthly position. Pancks—a puffing, snorting steam engine, is an excellent type of a certain class of our own countrymen—hard, dry, practical, always on the go; a sharp collector and first-rate "general man of business"—commonly presenting his rough side, but kind hearted at bottom. He is a character worth studying. Mr. Casby is Mr. Pecksniff, in another phase, nothing more. His daughter, Flora, is a libel even upon the romantic and sentimental damsels of these days. Blandois is a good specimen of the sardonic Machiavellian, Italian villain. Imagine Dr. Riccabocca's idea practicalised, and you have him exactly. Mr. Dickens need not have attempted to defend that "extravagant conception," Mr. Merdle, by any reference to an "Irish Bank." Merdles figure quite conspicuously in the history of San Francisco, from the time of Ward to the present.

We have thus briefly alluded to what we consider the principal merits and demerits of *Little Dorrit*. We have been compelled to neglect some points, well worthy of notice, but for this, a want of space must be an excuse. The sum of our conclusion is, that there is a great want of connection in the plot; that its simplicity is marred by many useless incumbrances lugged in among the *dramatis personæ*; that there is much exaggeration in characters and incident. But the hit of the Circumlocution Office is, in our judgment, among the choicest of Mr. Dickens' sarcastic efforts, and in minute description of delicate traits of character—of eccentricities and peculiarities, social and individual, we consider "*Little Dorrit*" the best of his works. On the whole, it is a production which will add, if possible, to the high reputation and popularity of its author.

We cannot in justice close this notice of Mr. Dickens, without calling attention to the simplicity, veracity and catholic spirit which distinguish his "*Child's History of England*." It is *par excellence* the book of English history for American children to study. Interesting, full of accurate information, clothed in an agreeable style, and breathing throughout a tone of the purest morality, it is, of all other similar works, best calculated to leave permanent and liberal impressions upon the youthful mind.

* See a late number of the *Edinburgh Review*.

We hope to see it general among the homes of California.

We confess to a feeling of regret as we put aside the last volume of "Little Dorrit," and temporarily, we hope, bid its gifted author adieu. Charles Dickens has so won upon our affections, during his eminently successful and useful career, that we feel an earnest desire to hold constant intercourse with him. We cannot better express our feelings and those of the masses of the people, than by saying in his own simple and expressive language—"May we meet again."

MOUNTAIN MEDITATIONS.

How charming 'tis in pensive mood,
To roam o'er mountains wild and high,
Whose lofty peaks, sublime though rude,
Seem interlocked with cloud and sky ;—
To learn the philosophic lore
They teach—to gaze on and admire
Splendors which wake now, as of yore,
To music-praise, the poet's lyre.

How cheering 'tis, this mountain land
Is vastly rich in virgin gold,
And we, perchance, among the sand
May find and gather wealth untold ;
May thenceforth reckon "troops of friends,"
To come, aye ready at our call,
For past neglect to make amends,—
Our pleasures to enhance withal.

How sweet it is, to backward trace
The course we've trod in days ago,
And scan in thought, each fair young face
We once rejoiced to look upon ;
To think how full of hope and joy
Our hearts were in our youthful years,
Ere bliss seem'd mix'd with care's alloy,
Or smiles had given place to tears.

How sad it is, alas ! to know,
That she—my dear Louise, on whom
My first young love I did bestow,
Far hence is mouldering in the tomb !
The bright blue eye, the shining tress,
Were my delight—but now 'tis o'er ;
My heart, o'erjoyed at her caress,
Can feel no more—ah ! nevermore !

Oh, vaunt no more the worth of gold,
Nor of the landscape's beauty sing,
Though these be sources, as we're told,
Whence many valued blessings spring.
No blessing, howsoever divine,
And deemed to come from realms above,
Is treasured in this heart of mine,
Like virtuous woman's tender love.

B. B.

Bidwell, Cal.

The man who "footed his bill," is said to be a shoemaker.

THE PIONEER'S THANKSGIVING.

BY DOINGS.

Here we are again, my pen and me—but I am wrong, so far as the pen is concerned, in saying *again*, for it is the first appearance of *this* pen which will introduce itself to you through this communication, and I trust will prove an agreeable and pleasant acquaintance. My old pen, the one that has stood by me so long, and has so often transferred my thoughts to paper, and been the acting medium between myself and others, and which has so often spoke to you, my unknown friends, in silent words, performed its last duties yesterday. Although disabled and maimed, in consequence of a fall which it received some time since, it would not give up ; and, in fact, from an attachment which I always entertain for an old friend, I did not wish it, and so we worked away together until yesterday, when it became subject to spasmodic kicks, and I then knew that we soon must part. I disliked even then to give it up, but as I looked upon its almost helpless condition, my compassion overcame the attachment, and I have laid it away where it shall rest in quiet undisturbed. And now, with my new pen, I propose to write of Thanksgiving, and, mayhap, a few words of home, for ere another number of the Magazine is issued this year's Thanksgiving day will have passed.

Sitting here I chanced to think that Thanksgiving day would soon come, and in my mind I was led to draw a comparison between Thanksgiving day at home and in California ; and as I sat and thought, I remembered how, during the past nine years, as our annual Thanksgiving day came 'round, I had often done the same thing, and how that last year I said to myself, "Doings, we'll have a Thanksgiving *dinner* any how !" and how I went without lunch in order to get up a big appetite ; and, about five, P. M., feeling sufficiently sharkish, I entered a restaurant, and, divesting myself of overcoat, hat and cane, dropped into a chair beside a little table, and, spreading out as large as possible, rapped for a waiter ; a young man with a dirty napkin in one hand, and several unclean dishes in the other, answered the call, and stood beside me. "Turkey," said I, "and mind there's plenty of it, with all the fixins." The young man soon returned and covered my little table with dishes, one of which contained quite a quantity of

bones and a very little of—it might have been turkey-flesh—perhaps it was, but I couldn't eat, my appetite had vanished, for as I surveyed the dish before me I was led to think of famine, and of the sufferings of that *poor* turkey when alive, of how fatigued he must have often been when taking his daily rounds about the barn-yard, and what an immense exertion it must have required for that small amount of flesh to have propelled such a proportion of bones. I felt really sorry for that turkey, and had he died a natural death I would liked to have written his epitaph, something like the following:—

I died, and here I lie—yet lying, do not lie—
Starvation was my only ill—I really was not fit to kill,
So saved my life by dying.

But the best and fattest turkeys in the world—and I am sure California can boast of them—do not make Thanksgiving. To eat a piece of turkey and call it Thanksgiving is a jest—a farce—a mockery—a slander upon that glorious institution. Thanksgiving! what is it? Why it is the re-union of friends, the annual gathering of families, the meeting of parents and children, of our best, our dearest friends—the old and young—generations are gathered together, and, throwing aside all cares, meet with smiles, with light and happy hearts—such is Thanksgiving in good old New England—and what more beautiful than a whole generation gathered about the festive board, from the aged grand-dame to the lisping babe—extremes almost meeting—every eye beaming with a joyful lustre, and every heart beating with a happy thrill of pleasure—even grandma, forgetting her dotage, imagines she is young again, and breaking forth in merry peals of laughter, repeats the oft-told tales of her youthful days; and for this one day at least in all the year, heart beats to kindred heart, and playing upon the self-same string, striking upon the self-same chord, send forth their thanks in unison, which the good spirits hovering near take up and bear away to heaven. And such is Thanksgiving—not the turkey, but the sauce served with it; a rich sauce, composed of sweets gathered from happy smiles, seasoned with the sages gathered there, spiced with merry peals of laughter, and warmed up with glowing hearts. But this is only to be found at home, and there is but one HOME, and that where we were ushered into life, where live the associations of childhood and youth, where lie the green fields and meadows which our youthful feet so oft have pressed in boyhood sports, where the same old

waves ripple and whisper along the sea shore, as when we were wont to listen, where the same ocean rolls, upon whose surface we so oft have sailed, where the same laughing rivulet ripples along as when we played upon its banks, where those old church bells each Sabbath morn chime out their sweet harmonious notes, speaking volumes full of home, and where in all its solemn state and silence is the old church yard, where lie our fathers' bones, and by whose side a place is marked out for us; here, and only here, is HOME. We may try in a distant land to smother the feelings, and cheat ourselves into the belief that we have made a *new* home, but the feeling is only smothered—no change, no place, no time, ever will, or ever can eradicate that deep-rooted, never dying affection which we ever must and ever will retain and cherish for our first, our *only* home. When we left that home and wandered to this far-off land, we became pioneers, and as it ever has been with pioneers so it must be with us; we must experience that feeling of restlessness, that uneasy spirit, that void occasioned by the loss of home; but we are pioneers in a land where nature has showered her richest blessings, and where if we but pursue the same course that we would *at home*, if we are true to the principles instilled into our youthful minds, if we follow in the same paths we trod in early days *at home*, if we but persevere in endeavoring to establish a good moral tone to society, and to rectify the evils already done, we shall prosper and live happy even here; and as we pass from buoyant manhood into ripe old age, we shall travel sweetly and smoothly along the valley unto death, with no cloud upon the horizon before us, no shadow on the past, feeling that in our lives we have done well, that we have not lived for naught, that we have made for our children a home in a land overflowing with "milk and honey," that we have planted around them associations for which posterity shall bless us, and that to hail California as a birth-place and as a home shall fill their hearts with pride, the soul with pleasure.

And may we live that such shall be our end—live to see our children grow up to honor, love and bless us; and if we cannot feel that this is our home, it is theirs, and in them we live again, and with them we can help to form the circle around the festive board Thanksgiving days.

What is bigger than a whale? Why, a whaler, to be sure!

THE LORD'S PRAYER, IN SEVERAL LANGUAGES.

The following versions of the LORD'S PRAYER, we doubt not, will afford considerable interest to our studious readers; and as the long winter evenings are coming fast, will be a source of considerable gratification to our young friends, to examine the construction of different languages, and perhaps not only tempt them to commit each of the following to memory, but induce them to usefully employ their leisure by studying one or more of the ancient or modern languages. In this age of money-hunting, the accomplishments of a progressive age, like the present, are apt to be overlooked by the young,—a mistake not easily corrected in after years.

ENGLISH.

A. D. 1158.—Fader ur in heune, haleweide beith thi neune, cumin thi kuneriche, thi wille beoth idon in heune, and in erre.—The eueryeu dawe bried, gif ous thilk dawe. And vorzif ure detters as vi yorsifen ure dettours. And lene ous nought into temptation, but delyvor ous of uvel. Amen.

A. D. 1300.—Fadir ure in hevene, Halewyd be thi name, thi kingdom come, thi wille be don as in hevene and in erthe—Our urche dayes bred give us to daye. And foregive us oure dettes as we foregive oure dettours. And lead us nor in temptation, bote delyver us of yvil. Amen.

A. D. 1370.—Oure fadir that art in heunes hallowid be thi name, thi kingdom come to, be thi wille done in erthe as in heune, geve to us this daye ous breed *oure other substance* forgene to us oure dettis as we forgauen to oure dettouris, lede us not into temptation; but delyuer us yvel. Amen.

A. D. 1524.—O oure father which arte in hevyn, hallowed be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy wyoll be fulfilled as well in earth as it is in hevyn. Give us this daye oure dayly brede. And forgeve us oure treaspaces even as we forgeve our treaspacers. And lede us not into temptacioun, but delyver us from evell. For thyne is the kingdom and the power and the glorye for ever. Amen.

A. D. 1581.—Our father which art in heaun, sanctified be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaunen, in earth also. Give us to-day our superstantial bread. And forgive us our dettes as we forgive our detters. And lede us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil. Amen.

A. D. 1611.—Our father which art in heaun, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our dayly bread. And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lede us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thyne is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

A. D. 1857.—Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever.—Amen.

GREEK.

Pater hemôn ho en tois ouranois, hagiastheto to onoma sou. Eltheto he Basilea sou. Genetheto to thelema sou, hōs en ouranō, kai epī tes ges. Ton arton hemôn ton epiousion dos hemin semeron. Kai aphes hemin ta opheilēmata hemôn, hōs kai hemeis aphēmen tois opheiltais hemôn. Kai me eisenengkes hēmas eis peirasmon, alla rusai hēmas apo tou ponerou; hoti sou estin he Basileia, kai he dunamis kai he doxa, eis tous aiōnas. Amen.

LATIN.

Pater noster, qui es in cœlis, sanctificetur nomen tuum. Advēniat regnum tuum. Fiat voluntas tua, sicut in cœlo, et in terra. Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie. Et remitte nobis debita nostra, sicut et nos remittimus debitoribus nostris. Et ne nos inducas in tentationem, sed libera nos a malo. Tibi enim est regnum, et potentia, et gloria, in sempiternum. Amen.

ITALIAN.

Padre nostro, che sei ne' cieli, sia santificato il tuo nome. Il tuo regno venga. La tua volontà sia fatta in terra come in cielo. Dacci oggi il nostro pane cotidiano. E rimettici i nostri debiti, come noi ancora gli rimettiamo a' nostri debitori. E non indurci in tentazione, ma liberaci, dal maligno. Perciochè tu è il regno, e la potenza, e la gloria, in sempiterno. Amen.

SPANISH.

Padre nuestro, que estás en los cielos, sea santificado tu nombre. Véga tu reyno; sea hecha tua voluntad, como en el cielo, así también en la tierra. Danos oy nuestro pan cotidiano. Y sueltanos nuestras deudas, como también nosotros soltamos a nuestros deudores. Y no nos metas en tentacion, mas libranos de mal. Porque tuyo es el reyno, y la potēcia, y la gloria, por todos los siglos. Amen.

FRENCH.

Notre Pere qui es aux cieux, ton nom soit

canctifie. Ton règne vienne; ta volonté soit faite sur la terre, comme au ciel. Donne-nous aujourd'hui notre pain quotidien. Pardonne-nous nos péchés, comme aussi nous pardonnons à ceux qui nous ont offensés. Et ne nous abandonne point à la tentation, mais délivre nous du malin. Car à toi appartient le règne, la puissance, et la gloire, à jamais. Amen.

GERMAN.

Unser Vater in dem Himmel, dein Name werde geheiligt. Dein Reich komme. Dein Wille geschehe auf Erden wie im Himmel. Unser tägliches Brod gib uns heute. Und vergieb uns unsere Schulden, wie wir unsern Schuldigern vergeben. Und führe uns nicht

in Versuchung, sondern erlöse uns von dem Uebel. Denn dein ist das Reich, und die Kraft, und die Herrlichkeit, in Ewigkeit. Amen.

DUTCH.

Onze Vader, die in de Hemelen zijt, uw naam worde geheiligd. Uw Koninkrijk kome. Uw wil gerehiede, Gelijk in den hemel. Zoo ook op de aarde, Geef ons heden ons dagelijksch brood. En vergeef ons onze schulden, Gelijk ook wij vergeven onzen schuldenaren. En leid ons niet in verzoeking, Maar verlos ons van den booze. Want Uw is het koninkrijk, En de kracht, en de heerlijkheid. In de eeuwigheid. Amen.

Our Social Chair.

FELIXANDER DOINGS REPLYETH
TO EUGENIA.

GENTLE EUGENIA: I have not the smallest fragment of a doubt but "you wish you'd have been there," and I can readily imagine how you felt when perusing that "sympathy seeking" detail of my adventure. Memory doubtless wafted you back to those blissful days, long ago, when you were young and attended parties; and I am confident that those "cherry lips" (what strange fancies some people have) of yours, trembled with envy toward those young ladies who so deliciously regaled themselves at my expense. I certainly did not expect that any one could be so heartless as to rejoice over my *sufferings* upon that occasion, and I fondly trust that you are not serious. But since you have thought proper to become indignant, and cast reflections upon the bachelor fraternity, allow me to speak for *one*—and, Eugenia, pray be calm while I pour into your attentive ear a portion of my reasons for believing that marriage does not beget happiness!

It is possible that even I might, at this time, have been an affectionate and dutiful husband—perhaps a parient—but for the unfortunate examples continually before me. My dearest and best friends have been sacrificed, and it would be more than folly for me, with the benefits of their experience, and with their melancholy and heart-crushing fate ever in view, to entertain ideas other than I do. I always feel sad when I think of the once brilliant Joe Johnson, who was one of my most intimate friends; for years we had walked, talked,

smoked, roomed and boarded together, sympathized with each other in sunshine and in sorrow—but Joe had a weakness, and Lucy Larkin discovering it, forthwith brought all her batteries to bear upon that one spot. Joe was tickled—the hallucination pleased him. Night after night did he roll and tumble about the bed, talking in his sleep of "dear Lucy"—"small sized cottages"—"devoted lover"—"distraction"—"happiness"—"share our sorrows"—"joy and perfect bliss"—and finally wound up by frantically embracing the pillow and smothering it with kisses. Well, Joe was married, and for the first three weeks I think he was the happiest fellow I ever knew—I almost envied him. The fourth week he went by without coming in; the fifth week he passed by on the other side of the street, and appeared melancholy; the sixth week, as he was coming down town one day, I went out purposely to meet him. "Joe," said I, "you are doing very wrong to throw off old friends; come to my room, I want to talk with you." "No, 'Fe,' excuse me, I must go home, it's past eight." "Past eight, fudge! come on, we'll have a good smoke, one of the old kind." "No, 'Fe,' I—I'd rather not—I—I—ah—don't smoke now, it's said to be injurious." Here he pulled out his handkerchief and in a very vehement manner blew his nose. "Bran new discovery," said I; "it's rather singular that after smoking ten years you have only now learned it; but I see it all, Joe, you are not happy." He grasped my hand and leaned his head upon my shoulder, as he sobbed, "You are right, I am not happy. Oh, 'Fe,' I'm miserable." Then straight-

ening himself he spoke with a voice more than earthly, 'twas inspiration!—"As you value happiness beware of females!"

Tom Brooks, one of the liveliest and best hearted fellows that ever lived, he was married about a year since, and yesterday I saw Mrs. Brooks sailing majestically along, and poor Tom followed dragging a basket carriage. He looked like a man going to his own funeral. I nodded to him, and he returned it with a sickly smile—poor fellow.

John Roberts, another of our fellows, was married three years ago, and has now two children, who, together with wife, are, and always have been, sick. Since his marriage I have rarely seen him on the street, but he was either going to the apothecary shop or for the doctor—he enjoys (?) "the comforts of a home"—a sick wife and squalling babies.

Charles Hartwell is now my "chum;" he lost his wife some six months since, and for the space of two weeks was inconsolable; he repeated to me, until I felt like kicking him, her many rare virtues, and the very many excellent points in her character which he had just discovered. A month ago he told me that he was happier than he ever had been in his life; and last week, when I joked him about Mary Ann, (over the way) he placed his right hand upon my shoulder, and looking me straight in the eye, said, with voice and manner so impressive that I shall never forget it: "*Felix, never again joke with me upon the subject of matrimony. I have been there—'tis no joke!*" Sam Coffin, too, lost his wife. She ran away with his partner, and left Sam with a little girl of five years, and an infant aged six months. Who would not be a bachelor? free, careless, and happy! I would not say there are no happy marriages: on the contrary, with some, married life is a pleasant day—perpetual sunshine. The occasional clouds which flit across their pathway, are but the coloring to the picture. But with the majority—aye, nine out of every ten! but eke out a miserable existence. With them, life is ever clouded, dark, and dreary; and if perchance a playful sunbeam pierces the gloom, it flickers for a moment, then dies out, and the darkness seems blacker yet. I consider that I have been particularly fortunate, and that, by a special dispensation of providence! I have been permitted to avoid the many snares which have been laid to entrap me. I do not object to being called a BACHELOR, but I do object to being called *old*. I trust that I am too

much of a gentleman to retaliate, and for the kind(!) wishes you so profusely shower upon me in the closing of your epistle, I forgive and pity you. You have probably lived so long under the shadow of maidenhood, that your natural disposition has become acrid, and your nerves are easily excited. Go into the country, Eugenia; breathe for a while pure air; commune with nature; drink milk, and read a few chapters of the New Testament every day. 'Twill calm your mind; and a mind at rest will produce a better complexion than all the cosmetics ever made. Plain features may become animated, and even interesting; and *when* you succeed in alluring some young man into the harbor of matrimony, use him kindly, and prove, by constant practice, that there are charms about the fireside, and that a sick bed may be even pleasant; that arm-chairs, slippers, and clean linen with the buttons on, are not altogether imaginary. As for myself, I am content and happy as a bachelor; subscribing myself

Yours, good-naturedly,

FELIXANDER DOINGS.

Doingsville, Sept. 5, 1857.

NOVEL LULLABY FOR SLEEP. — A friend of ours who has been an invalid for several months, and who has been accustomed to the bustle and noise of city life, now resides a short distance in the country where everything around is remarkably quiet—too quiet, she affirms, to allow her to fall asleep o' nights. Recently, however, she has hit upon a plan, somewhat novel, we admit, as a remedy; as, when the wakeful hours forbid to

"Let her thoughts fold up like flowers

In the twilight of the mind,"

she prevails upon her other half to commence the unpoetical but (to her) musical employment of grinding coffee! until she falls asleep. As this invention might be the means of making some lucky and enterprising fellow a rich man, we with pleasure impart the information that no patent will be applied for, by the inventor!

WONT HAVE IT. — John K. Lovejoy was the very model of an independent editor; says the ever witty and excellent editor of the *Sierra Citizen*, while he presided over the *Old Mountaineer*, from which he has recently retired. His name having been announced

in that same paper, a short time ago, as an independent candidate for the Legislature, he meets the announcement of the gratuitous nomination in one of the most caustic articles (published as a card) that it has ever been our pleasure to read. It has the wholesome smack of truth which is always to be relished. We give the following extract as a specimen:—

“Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou me!” What dirty trick have we been guilty of, that our old friends should wish us to sacrifice our eternal peace of mind, and what reputation we have, by going to a California Legislature, is more than we know! Shades of Clay and Webster forgive them! We feel, however, grateful for their supposed kind intentions, and their confidence in us, but beg leave to decline the most *distinguished honor* they so kindly would bestow upon us, and at the same time, in justice to ourself and them, will give a few reasons, and pray they may prove satisfactory; should they not, we are sorry.

Were we thoroughly qualified, the people of our county are so completely joined to their idols, in the shape of party drill, that were the veriest ass in the world to receive a nomination at the hands of a “stuffed” convention, he would be elected over us, and that would wound our pride.

We have told too many truths, during our editorial career, to be popular among party leaders of any party whatever, and the masses *will* follow their leaders;—“my sheep know my voice, and they do follow,” says the Bible, consequently we do not feel like expending the time and money we might accidentally have, in so fool-hardy an enterprise; besides this, we don’t feel inclined to sacrifice our personal independence, in trotting over the county, lick-spittling for votes.

Our old friend Lovejoy has been elected, notwithstanding his card, and we have no doubt but he will do his best to keep the “lick-spittling” politicians straight.

We are daily gladdened by the bright thoughts contained in our spirited exchange *The Sacramento Age*, and cannot resist the temptation to give to the readers of the “Social Chair” the following beautiful and truthful sentiments from its columns:—

“Let us go to the West,” said the young emigrant, forty years ago, when, with his young wife, he left the homestead, to try his fortune in the “back woods,” which extended from the Ohio to the Pacific Ocean. The oxen were yoked at the gate, and all his worldly effects were stowed away in the wagon box. When the Alleghanies were

passed, and he looked back and saw them stretching away like a thread across the horizon, he felt that he was alone in the world, and that with a strong arm and a sharp ax he was to hew out a fortune in the wilderness.

“Father, we are going West,” said his son, twenty years after, when the yellow corn was ready for the sickle, and the school children were hastening down the lane; and then there was another parting, and the emigrant train disappeared in the woods.

A dozen years afterward the restless emigrant stopped his plow in the furrow, to think of the vast plains stretching away toward the West; his cattle were grazing on the prairie; his log cabin, nicely white-washed, appeared through the trees which he had planted as a shelter from the sun when he grew old. His little son was playing in the furrow, and when the father looked over the farm he knew that were but a scant inheritance for his poor children. Again he thought of the wide, uninhabited plains, sloping down to the sea, beyond the Rocky Mountains, and when the sun went down he returned to his log cabin silent and dejected, and troubled in mind. Discontent had invaded his home, and there was no more rest for him there.

Again the emigrant went West; and thus have the plains of Oregon and California been peopled with many hardy pioneers, who keep in advance of the great tide of emigration that is rolling westward; but as the restless adventurer moves farther into the wilderness, there are others to occupy his half finished cabin.

When the emigrant ships unload their freight of squalid poverty at the quays on the Atlantic, the lumbering of engines and the whirring of machinery admonish them that there is nothing to do there; and they too exclaim, “We are going West.” And here, almost in hearing of the great western ocean’s surges, the immigrants still pass us, “going West.” “Tell us, American, *where* is your West?”

“It is away in the Polynesia, among the palm trees. Following along the tropic, or through the frozen regions of the Arctic circle, we will look for the West in the *terra incognita* of ocean, beyond the icy promontories of Alaska. Wherever there is land enough to build an altar on, or free air enough to wave our country’s flag, there, for a while, may be our West. But when we hear footsteps on our trail, we will go on nearer to the sepulchre of day, until our nation’s track shall have been left on every island, and until our ships, with the moss of the world’s waters on their keels, shall rise again from the Atlantic with the sun, and moor themselves at their points of departure.”

Every body knows that Leigh Hunt wrote many very sweet and very pretty pieces, and but few more delicious than the following :—

Jenny kissed me when we met,
 Jumping from the chair she sat in ;
 Time, you thief, you love to get
 Sweets in your list—put that in !
 Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
 Say health and wealth have missed me,
 Say I'm growing old, but add—
 Jenny kissed me !

While upon the subject of kissing, we give from our friend Felixander Doings—

THE FIRST KISS.

One hand stole gently 'round her waist,
 The other held her own ;
 My lips were parting for a taste
 Of nectar from the throne.
 I drew her closer, closer still,
 I held her to my breast ;
 Her eyes met mine—ye gods ! the thrill
 That o'er my body pressed.
 My heart, my very soul took fire—
 Reason no more held sway,
 'Twas burned in passion's fierce desire,
 Then hurled from me away.
 My breath came hot, and thick and fast—
 Our lips together drew—
 They met—'twas bliss too rich to last—
 O, joy ! 'twas only then I knew
 How soul met soul upon the lip,
 And melting into one,
 Poured raptures, such as angels sip,
 Through every pore, and run
 Its liquid fire from heart to heart,
 Inspiring every vein.
 What cared I then for wealth or rank,
 Or reputation's name ?
 What cared I then for death or life,
 Could I but pillow there,
 Sheltered secure from all earth's strife
 And free from every care ?
 To hang upon those lips forever,
 And suck the nectar given,
 'Tis all I'd ask—and never
 Wish for more of Heaven.

There is so much point and expressiveness

in the following, that we know our readers will admire it, although it is

AN OLD SAW.

I once had money, and a friend
 By whom I set great store ;
 I lent my money to my friend
 And took his word therefor :
 I asked my money of my friend,
 But naught but words I got.
 I got no money from my friend,
 For sue him I would not ;
 Last came both money and my friend,
 Which pleased me wondrous well ;
 I got my money, but my friend
 Away quite from me fell.
 If I had money and a friend
 As I had once before,
 I'd keep my money and my friend
 And play the *fool* no more.

It will no doubt amuse some of our eastern friends to know the way some juries decide matters in our mining towns. A correspondent from Camptonville favors us with an account of a "good un." A few days ago a little fighting spree (as the boys call it) "came off" in Pike City, under the following circumstances : Mr. A. hired Mr. R. to work for him, and after six or eight months' labor Mr. R. thought that he should like to obtain his money therefor. This, however, Mr. A. refused to pay, and continued to refuse, until R. was tempted to pounce upon A. and give him a good flogging. This led A. to seek redress from the Justice of the Peace ; and, after a "full and impartial trial, before a jury of his countrymen," the following verdict was given : "Mr. R. is cleared from the charge against him by Mr. A. ; and, moreover, the privilege is granted Mr. R. of whipping Mr. A. *again* ! providing he does it a *little better* the next time." *Pike.*

Editor's Table.

HOME-LAND. — We like occasionally to turn a thought to the present, and probable future, of our Pacific home-land. We like to compare the progress of California in her various phases, with other portions of the civilized world, because we are never annoyed by the result of such comparisons. Isolated as is California from the great body of the Union, it is not surprising that in addition to the great interests she possesses as a part of that Union, she should also possess interests peculiar to her location,—the

variety and truly anomalous properties and value of her great staple products.

We would not make any invidious comparisons; we have no desire to excite the envy of other lands, or other portions of our own land; but simply to show that California, with all her faults, has charms that are courted world wide. There is not a State in the Union that would not like to possess the sunny skies and the salubrious clime of California. No other land so little removed from the foibles of its infancy, can show a more rapid or noble progress than California.

The inventive genius and skill of her artists and mechanics, as exhibited at the late Fair of the Mechanics' Institute in this city; and her progress in agriculture, as shown from year to year in our State Agricultural Fairs—the two interests constituting the great basis of her prosperity—are already her proudest boast.

But still there is another interest, of which we may well be proud, for the world covets it. For when, as by an electric shock, the great East is vibrating with a panic that is shaking the moneyed and "merchant princes" from their propriety, and the masses are writhing under the great pressure, it can not but be gratifying to our pride to see with what earnest solicitude they turn their eyes upon the younger sister of the Republic, as though she held the purse-strings of the nation. And twice every month does she unlock her magic safe, and pour into the laps of her anxious sisters her millions of golden treasure.

California, too, not only exclaims "Eureka!" to the Pacific, but, from her position, must ever hold the keys of our vast and rapidly-increasing commerce. Do not China, India, and the vast archipelago of the Pacific, lie at our very gates? When the peaceful employments of older States shall content our people, and the love of gold become secondary to that of a pleasant home, as an incentive to the emigrant, we can then make the Pacific alive with our fleet of ships, bearing manufactures, *home manufactures*, and civilization to the numberless islands of Oceanica, and the continent of Asia.

The "signs of the times," as indicated by the political tremblings of the nations of the great Asiatic coasts, clearly point to a dissolving of present dynasties and ancient governmental forms, giving place to new and enlarged systems, adequate to the wants and exigencies of an advancing civilization. That California, from her position, if not acting an important part in the great drama of barbaric dissolution, will reap an immense benefit from this convulsion of Asiatic institutions, needs not the voice of prophecy to affirm, or the lapse of time to demonstrate.

When her nearly four millions a month, the surplus of her industry and earnings of her people, shall be retained within her own borders, for the development of her vast resources; when her people, from the multiplicity of their ships, shall command as their own, the whale and other fisheries, and the general commerce of the Pacific seas; when her agriculture shall have passed from uncertain experiment to a positive system; when her countless unoccupied acres, teeming with fertility, shall be brought under cultivation; when her mineral wealth shall have been fairly "prospected"; then, and not till then, can we begin to realize what *is to be* the future of our HOME-LAND.

IMMIGRATION.—The present season has been characterized by a larger over-land emigration to California, than any previous one since 1852. The main incentive to emigration by this route has ever been, and ever will be, the facilities it presents to families for reaching here, at the least possible cost; while they bring with them their flocks and their herds, which can be done by no other route, and which are so much needed by them on their arrival, and which add so greatly to the real wealth of the State.

The time occupied in making the trip, is from thirty to fifty days more than by steamship; but this difference in time is more than made up by the advantages it possesses.

There is not a doubt but that the determination of government to open a wagon-road along, or in the vicinity of, the great emigrant trail, has had its influence in promoting to some extent the increase of this

year's emigration, over that of late years, from the supposition that it would doubtless tend to insure the safety of emigrants from molestation by the Indians; the greatest obstacle to overland transit. And yet it never has been so much the actual annoyance as the fear of it; and this fear has, without doubt, kept back a large emigration.

There are thousands of families at this moment, that would come to California overland—but who never will by any other route—if they could but be freed from the fear of attack from the Indians of the plains. The sacrifices necessarily made in the disposal of animals and farming equipments, to enable them to make the journey by steamship, they will never submit to, attended as it must invariably be, with great cost, in procuring a refitment on arrival.

It becomes, therefore, a matter of the

greatest moment, to the prosperity of California, that government annually exhibit along the line of the great wagon-road, a force at least sufficient to command the respect of the few Indians that at times infest it.

There is not a doubt but that the increase of business throughout the middle and northern portions of the State, the effects of which have been felt by every large city in it during the last two months, can be attributed mainly to the sudden arrival among us of nearly, if not quite, forty thousand immigrants by way of the plains.

The immigration by this route, this season, has mainly consisted of families, and their presence can not but be felt for the good of our social relations. It is the kind of immigration that should be fostered, by every reasonable effort in the power of the people of our State to make.

Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

T. T. B.—To your question, "Can't you afford to give something for contributions of poetry equal to the piece I send you herewith?" we answer, Yes, we *can* give you for every such piece *four* that we have received from other sources, either of which shall possess more merit than yours; but we don't do such things.

G.—We think it doubtful that you could make such a tale interesting. It is not your *forte*.

Harry R.—Thank you; we don't smoke. If, however, it is grown on your own farm, we will see that its quality be well determined by some "connoisseur in the art."

A.—Are you "sure it's original?"

C.—Next month we shall find it a place. We hope kind friends who favor us will not fail to cultivate the virtue of patience.

George A.—Your pieces must all be written in some tunnel or dungeon, for they always make us "feel blue" to read them. Do give us something lively, as from the large heart of a true man. Fret-

fulness, peevishness, and *le*mancholly arise from a diseased or childish nature; and are as contemptible in a man, as affectation or vanity in a woman.

Life Pictures, and *Sister May's Letter*, are reluctantly laid aside, for next month.

Francos.—Your lines are not quite good enough for a corner; but, keep trying.

E. L. J.—We don't light our Havanas with anything so well written.

Mercy E.—The name is good enough—but the piece—"there's the rub." Try again.

T. M., Orleans Flat.—Wit is not to be found in yours—nothing but "trifles, light as air." Declined.

C. C.—When?

Agricola.—It was with much chagrin that we discovered your signature had been omitted when it was too late to correct the oversight.

RECEIVED—Many favors too late to notice this month.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

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DECEMBER, 1857.

No 6.



THE CALIFORNIA QUAIL.

CALIFORNIA QUAIL—MALE AND FEMALE.

—
This beautiful bird, the *Perdix Californica*, abounds throughout nearly the whole of California, if we except the more open country, entirely destitute of forest or shrubbery, and the mountain-

ous districts above the line of the winter's snows.

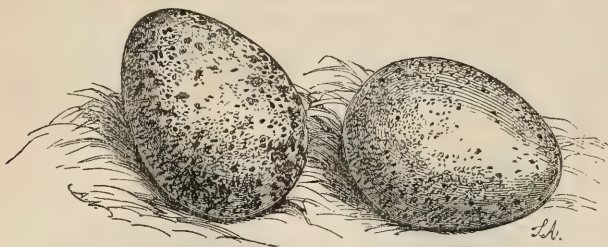
It is a little larger than the quail of the northern and western States; but as a tit-bit for the epicure, is not its equal; its habits making it a bird of harder and tougher flesh.

Its flight is always vigorous, and often

protracted, and it moves more rapidly on foot; indeed, it seldom takes cover to lie close, like the eastern bird, but rises or runs at the first approach of danger; and though usually seeking perfect cover even at the expense of a long flight, it seldom stops but for a moment, and will then continue to run as long as pursued, or make another flight longer than before; making it a more difficult bird to sport; and yet, from its great plentifulness in many districts, there is no difficulty in procuring them in large numbers for the markets of our cities.

They are birds that can be partially tamed, or to that degree, that when kept in capacious cages, or inclosures where they can get to the ground, they will lay eggs and rear their young, like domestic fowls.

Their fecundity is truly remarkable. As an instance, a single female in the possession of Mr. John McCraith, residing at the corner of Hyde Street and Broadway, San Francisco, has laid during the past summer the astonishing number of seventy-nine eggs. She is, moreover, very tame, and will eat from



EGGS OF THE CALIFORNIA QUAIL—NATURAL SIZE.

the hand of her mistress, although rather shy towards strangers. Sometimes the male is very pugnacious to her ladyship for several days together, when she has to take refuge in a corner, or seek the protection of the tea-saucer from which they are daily fed.

This quail must not be confounded with another variety known as the mountain quail, which is about one-third larger than this, and differing in many particulars; or with another variety known in California as the large mountain quail, or grouse—the latter being a much larger bird, and far more rarely met with than either of the others, and is quite different from the partridge, pheasant, or common grouse.

The California quail is also abundant in all the northern and middle portions of Mexico—although differing slightly in the color of their plumage—and is there known as the blue quail, from the

general color of their plumage, which is for the greater part, except upon the back and wings, of a leaden or bluish colored tint.

In autumn they become gregarious to a much greater extent than is usual for its prototype in the east; as numerous distinct flocks or families unite, the aggregate of which often amounts to several hundreds; although even then, as in the spring-time, they always go in pairs. The California quail, moreover, differs from a similar variety in the east, in having a beautiful top-knot, or cluster of feathers, on the head—generally about six in number, yet appearing like a single feather—and drooping forward; while the eastern quail has no such ornament; and in the California mountain quail, instead of these hanging forward like those here represented, they are much longer and larger, and fall in a backward direction.



HOCK FARM — THE RESIDENCE OF GEN. SUTTER.

HOMES OF THE OLD PIONEERS.

No. 1—HOCK FARM,

THE RESIDENCE OF GEN. JOHN A. SUTTER.

As the steamboat ploughs its furrow in the once clear but now discolored waters of the Rio de los Plumas, —River of Feathers—desecrated by Americanization into common-place "Feather River," —from its deck can be seen the beautiful and artistic homestead of the venerable pioneer, Gen. John A. Sutter, standing on its western bank, about eight miles below Marysville. The stranger passenger, as he passes it, is impressed with its beauty, and his curiosity leads him to inquire, "Whose charming place is that?" And when he is told, a bright smile of pleasure lights up his countenance as he exclaims, "I am glad to know it;" and he invariably joins with those who know most of the owners goodness of heart, to do him reverence.

The broad umbrageous trees spread

their shade-giving and sheltering arms above and around the home of the old pioneer, as if to offer him that protection he so well deserves; but which, alas! the unfeeling creditor recently would have denied him, but for the personal sacrifices made to preserve the old homestead.

Under the superintendence of Maj. Bidwell, Gen. Sutter had this residence erected in 1842, and which he placed in charge of a major domo until 1849, when, to obtain the peace of mind denied him amid the excitements and losses which followed the gold discovery, he removed from Sutter's Fort, with his flocks and his herds and his numerous Indians, to reside at, and improve Hock Farm.

By the taste and energy displayed, the fine lands belonging to this magnificent domain have been skillfully laid out and carefully cultivated; and while ornamental trees, and shrubs, and flowers, gathered with great labor and expense, from many lands, present a wilderness of

floral beauty in the front; a large and wonderfully productive vineyard and orchard of the choicest varieties of fruit flourish at the south and north—including grapes of the most luscious flavors, peaches, apricots, oranges, nectarines, plums, lemons, figs, pomegranates, cherries, pears, quinces, and apples; strawberries, gooseberries, raspberries, and currants; all that Pomona and Vertumnus unitedly could give—while at the back and on either side, beyond the vineyard and orchards, extend the agricultural grounds.

The proverbial hospitality of its generous owner, and the inviting beauty of the place, tempted many visitors—and while his hands were full, his heart was open freely to share them: but now, wronged (and we might add, stolen from) on every side, his means are much reduced, although his nature, with all the advantages taken of it, is still as bounteous as ever; and should he receive simple justice—all that he asks or seeks—the princely-hearted pioneer will again be ready, we doubt not, to open his generous and munificent heart to others.

TO FANNIE.

WITH A BOUQUET OF LILIES.

From thy earliest morning hour,
Like a fragile, drooping flower,
Cherished in a peaceful bower,
Thou hast ever been, Fannie;
Time has stolen, every day,
Rose-hues from thy cheek away:
Thou art like the lilies, they
Toil not, neither spin, Fannie.

Yet no king was e'er arrayed
In more glorious vesture, made
By the sunshine and the shade,
And the falling dew, Fannie;
Preachers in the open air,
Surplices of white they wear
When His glory they declare,
Who is good and true, Fannie.

Thou art like them—in thine eyes
Something of their sweetness lies,
And the morning sacrifice
Of thy spirit's bloom, Fannie,
Doth a sweeter fragrance yield
Than the lilies of the field,
In the sight of Him who sealed
In their hearts perfume, Fannie.

Dost thou marvel, as I trace
Touches of their gentle grace
In the curved lines of thy face,
That I deem thy heart, Fannie,
May a richer treasure hold—
Hidden in its inmost fold—
Than their petals, tipped with gold
Like a floral dart, Fannie?

Welcome would the guerdon be,
Of that treasure, unto me,
For a link of sympathy
Binds my heart to thine, Fannie;
Let my dewy offering
Fragrant thoughts and odors bring;
Types of thee—yet symboling
Brightest hopes of mine, Fannie.

H. L. N.



A CALIFORNIA GRAPE.

The above engraving represents the natural size of a grape, of the Muscat of Alexandria variety, plucked from one of many bunches, each bunch weighing from three to four and a half pounds, from the ranch of Capt. Macondray, at San Mateo. If the illustration given were but a trifle smaller it would then be the average size of every grape grown on that vine during the past summer.



TABLE ROCK, SIERRA COUNTY.

TABLE ROCK—NEAR ST. LOUIS.

SIERRA COUNTY.

BY W. B. S.

Table Rock is situated in the northern part of Sierra county, about four miles from the town of Saint Louis, and is said to be 7000 feet above the level of the sea. There has been already so much said about this wonderful rock, and the scenery connected with it, that I shall not presume to present anything new, but merely give you a sketch of a visit which I made upon it the other day.

A friend and myself left Saint Louis about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, on mules, and in two hours we were on top, and I must say I never witnessed such resplendent scenery as presented itself to our view. Far in the distant west was the coast range looming up in the dim mist, while in the north the snow-capped hoary head of Shasta Butte was far above its surrounding companions, presenting to the beholder a most beautiful sight.

Nearer us, was to be seen the neat and thriving little villages of Saint Louis, Pine Grove, Gibsonville; beside those of less importance, Whiskey Diggings, Spanish

Flat, and Chandlerville, while the blue curling smoke could be seen arising from hundreds of miners' cabins, from nearly every ravine and flat for miles around. I was so perfectly charmed that it was with reluctance I left the spot at a late hour in the evening.

The summit covers a space of about an acre, and is almost level, which affords a fine place for pic-nics, and there have been several upon it this summer from Saint Louis, and other towns in the vicinity. I have been upon the ocean and witnessed it in all its grandeur; I have watched the sun go down behind the tempestuous waves of the troubled waters, and when that ocean was as calm as a crystal lake at summer's noon-day; but it is not to be compared with the scenery of the setting sun witnessed from upon Table Rock. It was our intention to remain until after sunset when we started, for we knew the moon would soon rise after the sun went down, and we were more than repaid for our stay. While the last golden rays were lingering about our pet, we could look down far beneath us and watch the shades of night twining around those below, and far away to the north Shasta Butte was yet clothed in the golden rays of the setting sun. It soon disappeared behind the coast range, and

ere twilight's last glimmering had vanished, the moon in all her refulgent beauty had climbed the highest peak behind us in the east, and sent his silvery light dancing through valleys and over mountains, and it was hard to decide which was the most grand—the scene by day or by moonlight.

American travelers are ever wandering through foreign lands in search of beautiful natural scenery, and writing volumes upon volumes in praise of those scenes, while, I believe, there is more beautiful natural scenery in California than any other spot on God's foot-stool. The wild cataracts which go rolling and tumbling down the deep craggy cañons; the crystal mountain lakes filled with a variety of fish; the beautiful valleys clothed in verdant attire, where sports the deer and the antelope the long summer's day, unmolested by the hunter's rifle, all combined make the Sierra Nevada mountains one of the most enchanting spots on earth for the pleasure-seeking world; and it is a mystery to me that there are not more visiting them during the summer months in search of pleasure and amusements, and I am certain there would be, were the romantic beauties better known throughout the world. About 9 o'clock we began to descend, and by 12 we were at home again, much pleased with our adventure. It is no hardship to go upon Table Rock, for the ascent is gradual, and we could ride almost on the top, and I believe there have been persons there with mules, although we did not try the experiment.

They are now engaged in running tunnels under this wonderful mountain. The "California Company" have already struck pay dirt, but are still penetrating further, in hopes of finding something better. It is supposed by many that the Blue Lead, which is found at Forest City and other places, runs under this mountain, and has proven to be the richest in the State. The "Bright Star," a large and wealthy company, are now engaged in running an inclined tunnel, and have in full operation a

steam engine for that purpose, and should this company strike anything good, Table Mountain will be penetrated by tunnels in every direction.

QUARTZ MINING A HUNDRED AND SIXTY YEARS BEFORE CHRIST.

Extracts from the Corpus Historian of Diodorus Siculus, of whom Justin Martyr and other eminent men, said that he was the most famous of all the great historians. Diodorus Siculus flourished about sixty years before the birth of Christ, and the period to which these extracts refer, was probably about a century before that time:

"In the confines of Egypt, and the neighboring countries of Arabia and Ethiopia, there is a place full of rich gold mines, out of which, with much cost and pains of many laborers, gold is dug. The soil here naturally is black, but in the body of the earth run *many white veins, shining with white marble and glistening with all sorts of other bright metals*; out of which laborious mines those appointed overseers cause the gold to be dug up by labour of a vast multitude of people." * * * * *

"The earth which is hardest and full of gold they soften by putting fire under it, and then work it out with their hands; the rocks thus softened, and made more pliant and yielding, several thousands of profligate wretches break it in pieces with hammers and pickaxes. Those that are the strongest amongst them that are appointed to this slavery, provided with sharp iron pickaxes, cleave the marble shining rock by mere force and strength, and not by art or slight of hand. They *undermine not the rock in a direct line, but follow the bright shining vein of the mine*. They carry lamps fastened to their foreheads to give them light, *being otherwise in perfect darkness* in the various windings and turnings wrought in the mines." * * * * *

"Those that are about thirty years of age take a piece of the rock of such a certain quantity, and pound it in a stone mortar

with iron pestles till it be as small as a vetch, then those little stones so pounded are taken from them by women and older men, who cast them into mills that stand together there near at hand in a long row, and, two or three of them being employed at one mill, they grind it so long till it be as small as fine meal." * * * * "At length the masters of the work take the stone thus ground to powder, and carry it

away in order to the perfecting of it. They spread the mineral so ground upon a broad board, somewhat hollow and lying shelving, and, pouring water upon it, rub it and cleanse it, and so all the earthy and drossy part being separated from the rest by water, it runs off the board, and the gold, by reason of its weight, remains behind."



WE ARE ONE.

HOME MANUFACTURES.

The late Mechanics' Industrial Exhibition taught California many very important facts; and, among others, that the amount of mechanical skill within the State was such as to encourage the hope that at no distant day we might rely upon ourselves for the manufacture of many if not by far the greater number of articles which are consumed. We revive the subject at this juncture for two reasons; the

first is, that young men may spend their time, especially their leisure, in making experiments in one or more departments of industry, to see what can be produced—not for the next exhibition merely, but for actual consumption, that the vast amount of gold annually taken from our mountains may be kept at home, to enrich our State, in preference to exporting it for goods, to enrich others; and the next reason is, in view of the large population said to be seeking our shores from the

Atlantic States, as we have raw materials in abundance, of almost every variety and quality, to the many who would otherwise have to seek employment at mining—and thus be called to perform that kind of labor to which they are totally unaccustomed, and physically incapable and un-

habituated; that avenues of industry may be opened up by which their labor can be made available in such branches of industry as to make it less wearing upon the individual, and become the most advantageous to the State.



TOOTH AND PORTION OF JAW OF AN ANIMAL NOW EXTINCT.

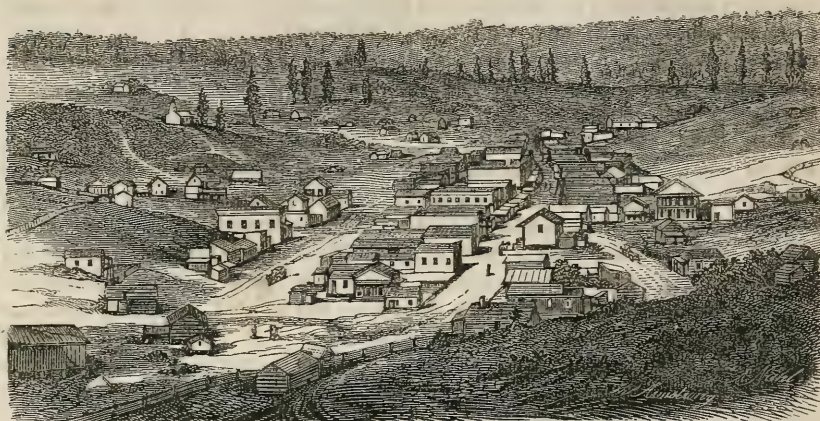
The above correct engraving of the remarkable tooth and portion of the jaw—belonging doubtless to an animal of the order *Pachydermata*, of the group *Proboscidea*, and of which the elephant is now the only living representative; while the mammoth, mastodon, and others of the same group, have become extinct—was found on Twist's ranch, near Mormon Creek, Tuolumne county, (about three and a half miles from Sonora,) by Mr. James Gilbert, on the 30th of May, 1851, while mining. It was discovered embedded in the ground, within about three inches of the "bed-rock," about twelve feet from the surface, underneath an oak tree about three feet in diameter. The tooth measured six and three-fourths inches in breadth; and the longest fang or root of the tooth was eight and one-fourth inches in depth from the upper surface to the lower point, and which reached nearly through to the lower side of the jaw-bone. The jaw-bone was six and three-fourth inches in width—with the upper and lower side a little rounded, as shown in the engraving—and six and

a half inches in depth. The tooth stood above the sides of the jaw about two inches. This, with the other portions of the jaw found here, measured over three feet in length.

To the Naturalist, Antiquarian, Geologist, and Botanist, California offers a wider and more interesting field of research than is often found in newly settled countries.

PLACERVILLE.

Placerville, the county seat of El Dorado County, is situated upon a small branch of Weber Creek, a tributary of the South Fork of the American River. Originally it flourished, if it did not rejoice, under the somewhat dubious sobriquet of Hangtown, after which the creek upon which it stands was named. And though the first of California towns, or mining camps, to adopt the Lynch-law code for the speedy punishment of the murderer at the hands of a vigilance committee, it has since passed through every grade of gambling and bull-and-



PLACERVILLE, EL DORADO COUNTY.

[From a Daguerreotype by W. Salmon.]

bear-baiting notoriety, to its present enviable position, as one of the best regulated and most orderly cities in the State.

Placerville is one of the largest of the mountain cities of California, and as early as 1853 contained a population—including the upper and lower town—of over three thousand, with five hundred and fifty-five buildings, including dwelling-houses, shops, stores, and manufactories. Its early and rapid growth was mainly attributable to the extent and richness of the gold fields in its immediate vicinity; a feature it still possesses to an extraordinary degree.

Situated upon the great main immigrant trail leading into California from the plains, and being the first city, town or village arrived at after crossing the Sierra Nevada mountains by the Carson Valley route, it has ever been a place of large trade in immigrant stock arriving from the plains, as well as the principal mart of trade in many species of merchandize required by a rapidly increasing mining, farming and lumbering population; a trade which has lately received

a new impulse, by the construction of an excellent wagon road—by the counties of El Dorado and Sacramento—through Johnson's Pass of the Sierras to Carson, Wash-ho, and the other great valleys to the east of the mountains, now rapidly settling by an industrious and thriving agricultural and mining population.

On the 7th of July, 1856, the city—which was principally built of wood—was almost totally destroyed by fire. The engraving here given shows the city as it appeared one year after that fire, (this view having been taken in July last,) and after its having been to some considerable extent rebuilt. Its locality, on a narrow flat along a winding ravine, precludes the possibility of giving but a part of it in a single view. The one we here present is of the lower and principal part of the town, from a point on the hill-side adjacent to the lower end of Main Street, and is a truthful engraving of it. The city, as rebuilt, contains a larger number of fire-proof edifices, in proportion to the size of the place, than any other city in California, and is in every respect one of

the neatest and most carefully kept of any in the mountains.

It is centrally situated in the county, and from it radiate numerous stage lines that daily connect with the northern and southern mines direct; also, with Folsom, Sacramento, and, during the summer season, with Carson Valley, east of the mountains.

It contains Congregational, Methodist, Baptist and Catholic churches; an iron foundry; several quartz mills within the city limits, and a few fine hotels. There are numerous schools, with a good attendance; three newspapers—two weeklies, and one tri-weekly—which are an index of the thrift and prosperity of this, the first of California's mining, mountain cities.

During the winter of 1851, when gambling was a popular pastime, and gambling houses were places of general resort in which to while away the long evenings, many may still remember the old Trio Hall as one of the most frequented of those places. On one of these occasions, when the saloon was completely filled with gamblers and loungers, a tall, rough-looking and roughly dressed western man, with a large powder-horn hanging under his arm, walked quietly up, and edged his way—a difficult task—to the sheet-iron stove; and, after standing a few moments looking about him, he poured some of the contents of the powder-horn into his hand, and quietly poured it back again; then, again looking around very unconcernedly for a few seconds, he stepped up to the stove, took the lid deliberately from the top, looked in, and almost instantly threw the powder-horn down upon the blazing fire, as he coolly remarked, "Well, boys, let us all go to h— together; we may as well go at first as at last."

The scene of confusion which ensued must be imagined, as description is impossible. Those who stood nearest the stove, and had seen the movement, in-

stantly leaped over benches and tables, amidst gamblers and piles of money, to make for the door; others jumped through the windows; while others who were behind, seeing the excitement, and supposing that the house was falling, or on fire, rushed for the street, in their haste tumbling one over the other, in less time than it takes to recite it.

Within a couple of minutes, the large saloon was emptied of its living masses of men, with one exception; large heaps of money left upon the gambling tables; liquors, musical instruments, and everything else, were deserted, except the stove; and by that, unmoved, stood our hero.

As the expected explosion did not take place, in a few minutes some of the most venturesome of the crowd mustered sufficient courage to look cautiously in at the door, and when they saw our rough looking friend still standing there they called to him to make his escape before it was too late.

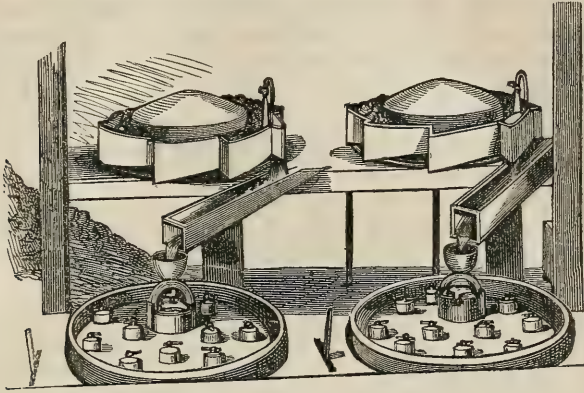
"Don't you trouble about me," was the drawling reply, "I'm all right enough—there's plenty of room now—I can have a warm comfortably—that's what I could'nt get before."

Presently several persons ventured up to his side, and inquired of him why he did'nt run.

"What should I run for," was the unconcerned answer, "*there—was—nothing—in—that—horn—but—Black—Sand!*"

THE PERCUSSION QUARTZ-TAILINGS GRINDER.

This is the name given by Mr. A. Chavanne, of Grass Valley, Nevada Co., to an invention of his for pulverizing quartz-tailings. The tailings to be pulverized are shoveled to the conical table on the top of the machine, to which is given a slow rotary motion; a stream of water from a small pipe then washes them into a trough—as shown in the



PERCUSSION QUARTZ TAILINGS GRINDERS.

engraving—down which they are run into a cup, or receiving basin, and from thence conveyed between two cast-iron plates, having a teeth-shaped inner surface, and as the upper one, weighing about nine hundred pounds, is driven round, six sudden dropping motions are given it at each revolution.

The inventor affirms that each machine

will pulverize from five to six tons of tailings in twenty-four hours, and save twenty per cent. of gold that would otherwise be lost. We saw three of them at work in his mill at Grass Valley, which seemed to work very well; but as to their usefulness in saving the gold, we had no means of forming an opinion.

THE FALL RIVER WATERFALL.

Wishing to obtain a view of the beautifully picturesque waterfall of Fall river, a tributary of the middle fork of Feather river; and Forbestown, Butte county, having been represented to us as the nearest and best starting point for it, of course we had sufficient good sense to prefer Forbestown to any other; accordingly we set our faces in that direction, and there arrived in safety over a break-neck kind of road. Under the hospitable roof of Brown's Hotel we took shelter and sleep for the night; and early the following morning we prepared for our journey. As we knew nothing of the road thither, before starting we made it our business to inquire; and it so happened that those who described to us the various trails to be taken, and the others to be avoided, knew them about as well, except by hearsay, as we did; and that

knowledge being very much confused and "mixed up" in the recital, our own remembrance of the trails thus, there and then described, became very much like a tangled skein of silk, "only more so."

One fact was however certain, the distance there was only about seven or eleven or nineteen miles; and by no means over thirty, providing we took the right trail; and "providing" we didn't! why—there could be no doubt experience might assist to teach us that it was still further. This rather indefinite explanation of distance suggested the precaution of asking in which direction Fall river lay, from Forbestown.

"Due north," was the answer.

"Then suppose we start 'due north' comrad," said we, addressing our companion, Mr. E. Jump, an enthusiastic young artist.

"By no manner of means," interrupted our informant. "Why! bless your souls,

you have to cross the south fork of Feather, and in places the banks of the stream are about a thousand feet perpendicular—did you ever travel much in these parts?"

"Never."

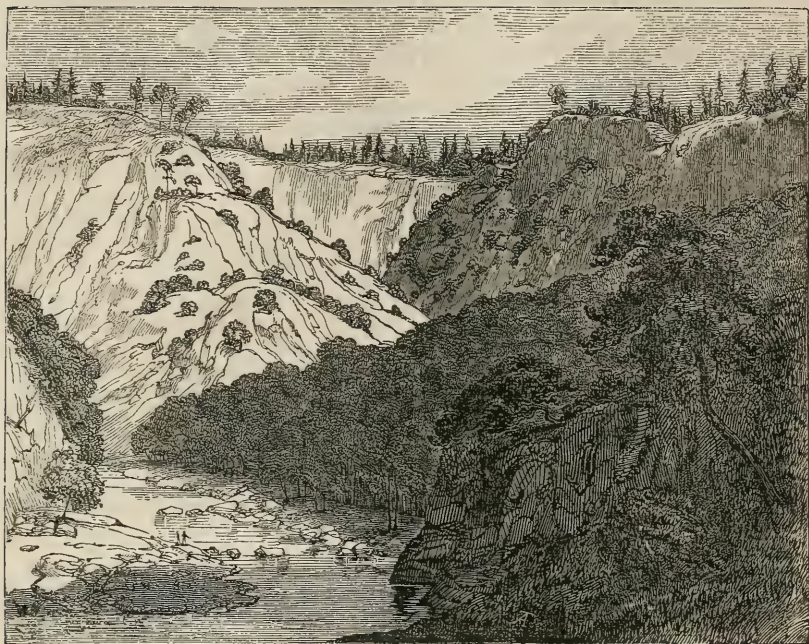
"Ah! I thought so; well, then, you keep down the river in this direction, (pointing west,) and cross at Bingham's Bar, and then take this direction"—(pointing a little east of north.)

"Thank you—all right—*now*, here's off."

Where or when to commence descending the ridge, or how to know Bingham's Bar from New Jerusalem or any other bar, we reserved inquiring until we might meet some one else, fearing lest any further questioning might result in our finding the description still more "mixed up"; but, as we did not meet any one, it was just our luck to take the wrong trail down the wrong ridge; and although easy exercise enough for us—if descending a hill rapidly can be called easy exercise—the horse every now and then seemed to be going endwise, putting us in perpetual dread, lest in some of the most precipitous places he might be induced against his will to turn a somersault. At length we reached the river at Randolph Point, and, as crossing it there was out of the question, we made our way down stream; climbing over and around clusters of large rocks; tumbling over one, sliding down another—the horse following—until in the distance we saw a flume, and some men working near it: these carefully indicated the course we should take, by mapping out the various trails upon the sand—here it forked, and there it didn't. Now we could see it exactly, and off we again started. Up, up, straight up almost, oh! such a mountain! and the day being warm, the reader can better guess than we describe our moistened condition from perspiration, for a couple of hours before we reached the top.

Here, on the ridge, we found the trail exactly as described by the men on the river, and we were in high spirits that before very long we should arrive at Frey and Foster's, a wayside house somewhere on that divide, and our intended stopping-place for the night. As we journeyed on, the trail grew smaller and less distinct, and, somewhat to our dismay, soon "run out" altogether. Here was an unexpected damper to our hopes and anticipations; several miles from nowhere, and nobody knowing where anybody lived; or ourselves, even, knowing where we were, or in what direction to go. Before and behind us, on our right hand and on our left, was one vast forest of large and lofty trees, and although to some of the largest of the sugar pines, the Indians had but very recently attached long and slender poles, by which to climb to the seed-treasures hanging gracefully from the branches of those trees, yet the Indians themselves were not to be found. Therefore, on, on we went, in uncertainty and doubt, without any trail, or signs of one, in the direction pointed out to us.

The sun was fast setting, and we began to feel somewhat desirous of breaking our fast—for as yet we had tasted nothing since early morning, beyond a few pieces of sugar which we had picked from the burnt heart of the sugar pine. Besides, the thought of being in the forest alone, and at night, without blankets, or food either for ourselves or animal, made us anxious to reach the desired haven before such a result was impossible. This idea induced us to quicken our pace, although much fatigued; and on, on we went, more rapidly, across this ravine, through that chapparal, and over that low ridge, until, while descending the steep sides of a small cañon, (it was now almost dark,) we saw the bushes moving on the opposite side, and instantly we cried out, "A grizzly! a grizzly!" but in the next moment we changed our cry and our opin-



THE FALL RIVER WATERFALL.

ion, by finding that it was a man—a real live man—a “prospector,” with his pick and shovel on his shoulder, and his pan under his arm. To say that we were pleased, but faintly expresses our feelings at such an unexpected piece of good fortune. He showed a dim trail to us, and, pointing to some dead branches set up against trees, said—“When the trail gets too dim to see it, look ahead for these, until you reach the main road.” By this opportune guidance we reached the Fall River House (Frey and Foster’s) about a couple of hours after dark; where, under the influence of the many good things provided by our host, we forgot the troubles of the day.

Early the following morning, we were on our way down a spur of the main ridge, leading towards the falls, situated about five miles distant; and about ten o’clock we reached the middle fork of Feather River. Climbing around here

and there, to avoid a supposed abrupt descent, we made the five miles about nine; thus spending two of the best hours of the morning unprofitably, when the best and easiest course would have been directly down the main ridge. At length, after a wearisome time of climbing, and sliding, and scratching, and tumbling, we reached the middle fork of Feather, and could hear the hissing, splashing sound from the waterfall we had come to see. Winding our way around the rocky and timber-covered point, shown on the right side of the picture, we came in sight of the falls.

On either side of the leaping sheet of spray stand bold granite mountains, worn and broken in pieces; and upon their lofty summits a forest of pines, which look, in distance, only a little larger than good-sized walking-canes. From the interstices between the rocks grow small groves of live oaks—mere patches of

unshaven beard upon the uneven face of nature—while in the centre before you, from the middle fork of Feather River, where we are supposed to stand while looking at this scene of beauty and majesty, about a thousand feet above us, over its rocky rim shoots a splendid sheet of water, dashing itself to millions of liquid atoms, portions of which rise to be formed into mist-wreaths of many colors, with which to adorn this fine old mountain's brow; while the remainder rushes on, on, unheeding the huge boulders that lie in and obstruct its pathway; and if it cannot roll them down, it dashes past, or climbs their smooth granite shoulders and leaps over them into a gurgling eddy or rushing current; and, about a quarter of a mile from the falls, it joins the larger stream.

There is a deep pleasure in listening to the varied melody of water as it rushes, or leaps, or gurgles, or rattles, or boils, or creeps, or ripples among rocks, singing its musical songs; and, if the reader should delight in hearing it, or seeing the wonders of this beautiful spot, preferring to worship God and nature to money and money-getting, let him visit here, and he will be abundantly satisfied.

LIFE PICTURES.—“FAREWELLS.”

BY MARY MORRIS KIRKE.

“Yes—if God spares my life, *I will come to you.*” That was what I wrote; that was the decision I had made. I paused a moment to look upon that sentence—so full of meaning—and, if possible, to comprehend its full import, and I did. I felt then that in it rested my whole future; all my life's happiness or misery. Fears I had none, for with a heart full of perfect trust had I answered that question, which the last mail from California had brought me; yet I had considered the subject well before giving an answer which I knew must be irrevocable, not that doubts had arisen, but that I wished to think carefully, to test my own strength and love for the stranger; to know if for that stranger I could leave home, friends, old associations, and

all I held dear, to go forth alone to meet him in that far-off land. I wished to know myself thoroughly before giving my decision. I did not, from the first, doubt what that decision would be, but the struggle was severe; the thought of leaving home, bitterness itself.

But it was over now, and my mind became calmer; a sweet peace filled my whole being, and a consciousness that I was performing no act upon which I could ask God's blessing, though I had taken the step unadvisedly. Not even to my mother had I gone for counsel. I knew a mother's fond heart could never willingly give up a beloved child under such circumstances; yet I knew neither of my parents would forbid, though they might strongly oppose the step, which I felt to be right. I knew I should not go forth from my childhood's home unblessed, therefore I thought it best, for the present, to keep my own counsel, and wait for circumstances, or some favorable opportunity to reveal the fact. I could not thus early bring sorrow to the breasts of those fond parents, that precious only sister, and those young brothers who so loved “sister Mary,” as some months must necessarily elapse before my departure. It was now early spring, and I should remain at home until the beginning of autumn.

One afternoon, in summer, I was sitting alone with mother. I had still delayed telling her my intention of going to California, but as the time drew near, I felt that it could be delayed no longer. Gently as possible I told her of my love for the stranger—though of that she knew before, and had approved my choice—of his request that I should come to him, and of my determination to comply. She received it with a quaint smile, thinking me only in jest, but my serious manner soon assured her of its truth. For a long time she sat without speaking, then arose and left the room, and I saw her no more until evening, when she came to my own room with father. Sitting there in the dim twilight, each clasping one of my hands, they talked earnestly and tearfully with me, telling me to think well before taking so important a step; they spoke of their own loneliness; of the dangers to which I should be exposed during the long journey, but I had considered it all before, and only asked their blessing ere I should leave their kind care for the protection the stranger offered. The blessing was not withheld, but from that

hour no word was spoken upon the subject.

I commenced making preparations for my journey. Father placed in my hand a sum of money without a word as to the way it was to be appropriated. Mother assisted me in many things without directly speaking of the object. Sister, too, was busy with her needle, and helped me select such articles as were necessary, but she, too, avoided speaking of the object of all this preparation.

The time had come!—the last morning in my girlhood's home! I had passed a restless, wakeful night, falling into a disturbed sleep just before dawn, only to be awakened by a low knock at my door, and mother's gentle voice, saying, "Come Mary, you wished to be called at sunrise." Then I heard a sob, and her footsteps descended the stairs. I started up with a strange, bewildered feeling. Was this, indeed, my last morning at home? My sister had risen before me, and I could hear her weeping in an adjoining room. That dearly loved sister! must we then part?

I cast but one glance at the brown traveling dress which was laying on a chair; to me at that moment it seemed more like a garment for the grave, than a dress in which I was to commence a journey towards the one I loved better than all the world beside.

Throwing open the window, I saw the first golden beams of the sun, gilding the tops of the tall pine trees in the grove, and glistening upon the dewey plants in the garden beneath.

A low whispering seemed to come from the pine grove, reminding me of the many hours I had dreamed away within its shady depths—but they were all past now. The honeysuckle twined lovingly around my casement, and never did perfume seem so sweet as was breathed from its few lingering blossoms; never did the gorgeous dahlias look up with so bright, yet sad a smile; never did the pure white waxberries nod their "good morning" so lovingly; never did the clustering grape vines with their purpling fruit look so inviting, and the song of a robin on the old pear tree in the garden, went through my heart with a sudden pain, when I remembered that this was the *last* song I should hear from that tree. I could look no longer at the garden with its familiar plants and flowers, and turned to the opposite window. There was the little blue river dancing along, seeming to murmur

as it went, of her whose image would never more be reflected upon its clear bosom; there was the bridge, beneath the overhanging branches of the old willow tree, where Neddie and I had so often stood, while he, with such a patronizing way, baited my hook and taught me how to catch the little silver fish. Poor Neddie! I heard his childish voice at that moment asking mother why sister Mary was going away, and if she did not love them; any more.

Ah! Neddie, the time may come when you, too, will know *why* one can leave father, mother, and all others, for the sake of one only.

Not long did I remain at the window, for blinding tears hid every thing from my sigh. Hastily brushing the tears away, and bathing my face in cold water, I descended to the breakfast-room. Mother was busying herself about breakfast, vainly trying to look and speak cheerfully; father was sitting at the window leaning his head on his hand, and his voice trembled as he gave me his morning greeting. Once more we gathered around that table an unbroken family, but for the *last time*. At the next meal one seat would be vacant, which might never again be filled; one voice missed, that might never again be heard within those walls.

Once again we knelt around the family altar. Oh! that last prayer,—breathed with aching heart, faltering voice, sobs and tears! Oh! God, didst thou not hear that prayer? Didst thou not lend thine ear to listen to that fervent petition from an earthly father's lips, and promise that thou wouldst be a father, ever present, ever faithful, to the child who was so soon going from his care? Didst thou not whisper to that mother sweet assurances that thou, with thine almighty arm, would shield from every temptation, protect from every danger? Long we remained kneeling, but when we arose, it was with minds calm and comforted; we felt that though we might never again meet as an unbroken family on earth, we might look forward to a reunion where parting cannot be known.

One hasty walk through garden and house; one last glance at each familiar object, and I knew I must away. My traveling trunks were all packed and standing in the hall, ready to be conveyed to the railroad depot. I ran quickly past them, up stairs to my own room. That dear, dear room! *must* I then leave

it? I locked the door and threw myself upon the bed in an agony of weeping. This room had been to me for years my "holy of holies!" None but a sister had ever shared it with me; here had been the scene of all our maiden dreams, hopes, aspirations; these walls alone had witnessed my tears when from the world I wished to hide my griefs, real or imaginary; hours and hours had I dreamed, such dreams as only a young girl can dream; from this room had I beheld glorious pictures of happiness which coming years would bring; lovely were the tints fond imagination gave the future. Here for years had sisters voices blended in the merry laugh or confidential talk, but now it was all past; the pair were now to be separated—one to go forth, trusting the whole of her life's happiness to the keeping of a stranger, the other to remain alone with a void in her heart which would not soon be filled. Again that sister stood with me there, but no word was spoken; our hearts were too full.

But I knew I must not linger here. Robed in my traveling dress, I took one long look at the dear old room, crossed the threshold for the last time, and went slowly and sadly down stairs.

My luggage had already gone, and the carriage was waiting for me; but I dismissed it, preferring to walk through the village to the depot. Brother Charlie and sister were to accompany me to the city; they, too, were ready and waiting. Charlie, with a boy's ideas of manhood, not daring to trust himself inside the house, stood leaning on the gate, trying to whistle a merry tune to keep back the tears.

Again I sat down at the dear old piano, and while "Home, sweet home" yet lingered on the keys, *the last moment* came, and with it my mother's last kiss; Oh! mother, mother, I know the agony within your heart as you clasped me in that tearful embrace; that parting was terrible—I know life has not many moments as bitter as those. Neither of us could bear it longer, and father gently, but firmly, drew me away. Mournfully leaning upon his arm, I passed beneath the swaying branches of the great willow trees in the yard; one twig swept across my cheek—I broke it from the tree and placed in my bouquet, and now preserve it among my choicest treasures.

Scarcely a word was spoken during our walk to the depot; silently I trod the streets of our beautiful village. I could not speak; memory was too faithfully

holding up pictures of past enjoyments, of which that village had been the scene.

Arrived at the depot, but few moments remained. Already we heard in the distance the shrill steam whistle and the heavy rumbling of the iron wheels. All was hurry and confusion. I was as one in a dream, scarcely conscious of what was going on around me—yet there is a picture in my mind of a tearful group, gathered around an old school-mate and friend. I have a recollection of hurried kisses, words of farewell; of the clinging of little arms around my neck, and a bright little head resting for a moment on my shoulder; of a fervent "God bless you, my child," then the cars moved slowly away from the platform, and old friends, father, Neddie—all receded from sight. That picture is indelibly stamped upon my mind, and sometimes, as now, I pause awhile before it, but it awakens painful reflections. Life has nothing more bitter than this sundering of old ties; this tearing one's self away from all the dear delights of home, to go forth alone into the wide world to meet its realities; to know that the *dreaming* time is all over, that from henceforth a waking reality must take the place of vague fancies' dim uncertain imaginings.

A ride of four hours brought us to the city, where brother and sister were to remain with me until the sailing of the steamer, which time was fixed at two o'clock the following day. (*Continued.*)

THE CRY OF THE SPIRIT.

Forth from the soul there wings a cry,

Far up the vault of heaven,

As mournful as the rose's sigh,

When chill the winds of even.

It floats upon the fragrant air—

The flowers of earth among—

Bearing a tale of woe and care

From hearts with sorrow wrung.

It wanders to the silver throne,

Where sits the queen of night,

Whose snow-white brow no stain has known

Since first 'twas wreathed with light,

And murmurs in her pitying ear,

That man, though lord of earth,

In hopeless anguish wanders here;—

Cursed from his very birth.

Stars, moon, and flowers bend in love—

Soft as an angel's sigh,

Floating to earth from realms above,

Comes back the sweet reply:

"Give thanks O! man, on bended knee,

Thy woes are from thee riven.

For there is one that pities thee;

He smiles on thee from heaven."

D'ORVILLE.

A TALE FOR CHRISTMAS.

BY G. F. N.

A few years ago, there was in the northern portion of San Francisco a cottage, which from its neat, picturesque appearance, presented a pleasing contrast to the generality of dwellings built in those days. But with the exterior of that cottage we have nothing to do. The front door opened directly into the parlor, which was a neatly furnished room, with carpeted floor and papered walls; bright coals glowed cheerfully from an open grate, and a solar lamp threw a pleasant light about the room. Outside old Boreas blew his loudest blast, and in his strength came rushing on, sweeping around the house-corner, sighing and moaning, rattling the windows and door; then frisked about, whirled away, and came back again. Anon the rain came tumbling down upon the shingled roof, as though in league with the wind to tear the house away. It was intensely dark; and, take it altogether, so unpleasant a night that even "Mark Tapley" might have considered it a credit to be jolly.

Two females were the only occupants of the parlor; one, in spite of various little embellishments intended to create a favorable impression in behalf of youth, you would at once write down as rising thirty; the other was her junior by several years. The first was tall and graceful; her features were regular and almost faultless, yet she was not handsome; her eye was too bright, there was too much hauteur in her carriage, and there was a something so cold about her that one felt chilly in her presence. The other was so unlike the first, her sister, that you would hardly think it possible for them to be sisters: besides, she was not so tall and stately, her hair was not so black, her eyes not so bright and piercing; her features were less regular, but each seemed full of life and animation; and that something which in her sister appeared so cold, in herself seemed warm and good. Neither were married; probably for reasons best known to themselves, and which have no manner of relation to our story. They were sitting by a table drawn near the fire, and although open books were before them, they were not reading, but sat absorbed in thought. A fresh blast from old Boreas aroused them, when the eldest was the first to speak:

"Ugh! What a dreadful night this is. I wish father would come home; if he

were only here I think I should feel happy; for after all I love a storm, and in such a night as this I find a spirit kindred to my own. But you seem sad to-night, Mary, not like yourself—what troubles you?"

"I feel sad, Edith; I have had sad forebodings all day, and to-night they are even worse. 'Coming events,' it is said, 'cast their shadows,' and these thoughts that haunt me are, I fear, the shadows of some coming evil."

"Nonsense, Mary; it has been a gloomy day—'tis a worse night; and you, like a barometer, suffer your spirits to rise and fall with the atmosphere. Cheer up, sister, 'twill be a pleasant day to-morrow."

"I would cheer up if I could, but the atmosphere, as you are pleased to term it, is too heavy. I have been thinking of little Eva."

"Little Eva! What of her?"

"That we are to lose her."

"Impossible! How can we lose her? She is ours—ours by every tie that is sacred; scarce was she born ere she was ours. For three years we have watched over and tended her; we have been to her all that a mother could have been, and now—but, who dare take her away?"

"Her parents."

"She has none save us; she is ours, Mary, *ours*, and no one can rob us of her,—oh, no; there's little danger of losing Eva; and if that be all the ground for your forebodings, they are indeed shallow."

"Edith, I have sometimes thought that Eva might be Bertha's child."

"Bertha's child! If I thought she were—if I even thought that my time, care, and attention were bestowed upon *her* child, or even dreamed that my heart had throbbled for, and my love been wasted upon her child, I would curse that child, and drive it from the house."

"Oh, Edith! Edith! take back those words: you do not mean them. Bertha was our sister. She erred, but she has suffered—O, how much! Had she been wiser, and, acknowledging her situation, confided in us, I am sure she would have had your sympathy, as well as mine; and although you might have children, you would have forgiven her, and you would forgive her now."

"Never! If you think I would, you do not know me. Were she alone the sufferer, I might: but she has brought disgrace upon our name and family, and you and I are bearing the burden of her crime. There was no excuse for her: she knew

right from wrong, as well as we do; and we might sin as well."

"You forget that we were reared at home, surrounded by those who knew us from our infancy, where there were none but old and trusty friends about us, and with a mother ever near us. You forget that in those years when a young girl most needs a mother, Bertha had none, and that she blossomed into womanhood with no mother's counsel and advice to guide her. You forget that here in California she was exposed to the dangers of corrupt society; that she was beautiful and innocent; and, being too confiding, she fell. But, Edith, she was our sister; and though the cold and heartless world might condemn and cast her from them, still she was our sister—no matter how low she may have fallen, or how degraded, she was all the same our sister; and it is not only a duty, but should ever be a pleasure, to raise an erring sister,—to raise again the fallen."

"And, you, were she to come here to-night, would receive her with open arms, and welcome her home again."

"Aye, that I would," said Mary, rising from her seat, her eyes sparkling, and her slight form tremulous with excitement—"That I would! she should find as warm a place in my heart as when she left us, and should you and father refuse her a home, and send her away, I should go with her, and share her wanderings—Heaven would bless us, and the spirit of our dead mother would watch over us."

Edith was dumb with surprise; she had never before seen Mary excited. She did not know that Mary, usually so mild and gentle and easy to be led, could speak with so much feeling, or express a will of her own with so much determination; but now she felt the full force of Mary's virtuous indignation; and, although at first angry and disposed to retaliate, yet, suppressing the words she would have uttered, merely replied by saying, "'Tis useless for us to quarrel, Mary, particularly upon this subject, and upon Christmas Eve of all others. Bertha will never come back, nor can the child be hers—she died before Eva was born."

"Yes, so we have heard; but—" at this juncture the conversation was interrupted by a heavy knocking upon the door. "Who can that be?" said Edith, rising and with some alarm; "not father, for surely he would not knock." They were spared the necessity of solving the problem, by the opening of the door. A man

closely enveloped in the thick folds of a cloak, with the collar turned up, and wearing a slouched, weather-beaten hat, entered. In height he was fully up to the standard of a man; and upon removing his hat and throwing open his cloak, displayed a form well made, and features which were at once manly and prepossessing. He was a young man, but a certain care-worn and haggard expression gave him the appearance of being much older than he really was. "Pardon me, ladies," said he, after having closed the door, "for this abrupt entrance, but the wind is so boisterous that I feared you did not hear my knock; and as my business is urgent, I over-stepped the bounds of etiquette. This," he continued, advancing and tendering a note, "will explain my errand." Edith received it, and with Mary leaning upon her shoulder, she opened it and read as follows:

"You will please deliver to the bearer of this, the child left at your door three years ago to-night. For your kindness to the child the writer will remain forever grateful, and although we may never meet, yet be assured that she will never cease to thank and bless you, and pray that God may watch over you, as you have watched over her child."

Edith, as she finished reading, looked up; she was very pale, her features were fixed, and even wore a fierce expression. Mary, on the contrary, was much agitated; she felt that her forebodings were not without cause, and that coming events did cast their shadow,—at least sometimes. "Oh, Edith," she exclaimed, "this is the substance of the shadow." Edith made no reply, but fixing those bright eyes of hers—more bright than ever now—upon the stranger, she said, with a voice so cold and hollow as to sound almost unearthly, "Who are you, sir, that demands the child?"

"I am one sent by its mother."

"Who is the mother?"

"That I am not at liberty to tell."

"And you thought that by your assurance and this piece of paper, bearing neither address nor signature, to gull us and obtain the child; we are not the fools you took us for. You can go, sir! You entered without ceremony, you can go by invitation—there is the door." She pointed with her hand to the entrance, her tall form stood more erect, and her bright eyes flashed brighter. The stranger did not move. "Do you hear, sir?"

"Yes, I hear; but I shall not go without the child. I have further proof; but first, I will tell you that my orders are impera-

tive—I *must* have the child. When you have heard what I have to say, you cannot doubt that I act by authority. The child was left at your door three years ago to-night; it was but slightly clothed, and wrapped in a white blanket, in one corner of which was a piece of blue ribbon; attached to the ribbon was a signet ring bearing the initial W. There was also a note worded thus: ‘Do not, oh, do not send this babe away, receive and adopt it as your own—give it room in your hearts and Heaven will bless you. Its name is Eva.’ Have I not spoken correctly?”

“Yes, so far as the tokens are concerned you have; but it matters not, you cannot have the child. We have done as requested; we have given it room in our hearts—aye, our whole hearts, and adopted it as our own. It knows no other parents, and it is ours and ours alone.”

“I do not doubt that your love and attachment to it is strong, very strong; yet, think of its mother—’tis her first, her only child. Circumstances compelled her to part with it, and can you not imagine how her heart has yearned for her child—how she has worked and toiled and prayed, for years; and now, finding herself enabled to support it, she asks for it—and her heart even now is throbbing in expectancy.—Would you break that heart?”

“I would break no heart. The mother who would desert her babe, and leave it upon the door-step on a winter’s night, abandoned to the tender mercies of strangers, is not capable of such feeling, and does not deserve the name of woman. A woman would beg, starve, suffer, do anything, aye, everything for her child, and nothing short of certain death could induce her to commit such an unnatural act.”

“Circumstances we cannot always govern; but we have talked enough—once for all, will you give me the child?”

“No.”

“Then I must take it.” He advanced towards the door of an adjoining room—quick as thought Edith sprang to the door, and holding with one hand the latch, confronted him. He stopped; his features became stern, his voice determined—“You force me to do that which I never did before—to lay my hand upon a woman, other than in kindness. Stand aside!”

“Never!” she replied.

He was a bold man, and in a good cause, but who dare attack Edith then? for never did the tigress over her young appear more ferocious—never did human eyes flash as did hers, and there they stood.

Without removing her eyes, Edith requested Mary to get the pistol from the table drawer. Having procured it she advanced for the purpose of giving it to Edith, when the stranger with a quick and sudden motion seized it by the barrel, and wrenching it from her, thrust it in his belt. Edith, surprised by this unexpected movement, released her hold on the latch, and the stranger seeing his advantage, threw her from the door, opened it and entered the room. The eyes of Edith and Mary met for an instant, and in that instant communications passed like lightning—each read and understood the other, and simultaneously they sprang to the doorway, and scarce had the stranger crossed the threshold when they seized him, and with their united strength hurled him back into the parlor. Edith entered the bedroom and instantly returned; in her hand she grasped the handle of a poniard. The bright steel blade glittered, and as she stationed herself against the closed door, she raised her arm. The force with which the stranger was thrown back caused him to stagger and nearly fall; upon recovering his equilibrium he saw Edith by the door with the uplifted dagger, and Mary close beside her. With the same firm and determined look he again advanced. “Back, sir!” said Edith, “or this steel shall pierce your coward heart!” For a moment he hesitated, then springing forward seized with his left the wrist of Edith’s uplifted hand, and with his right he held her left—she was powerless, and thus they stood.

Mary had been agitated and nervous, scarcely knowing what she did; but now she felt her nerves become as firm as iron—her heart had ceased its flutterings—her passions, slow to rise, were mounting on, and as they gathered strength her head grew cool and clear—Eva was in danger, Edith overpowered—now was the time for her to act. Deliberately she fastened one hand in the stranger’s cravat; with the other she grasped the poniard’s blade. “Release it, Edith; give it to me.” Receiving it, she took a firm hold of the handle, and the bright steel flashed again as she threw it up. Although calmly, it was quickly done, and it was pointed for the stranger’s heart. It would have gone there, but his eye, calm and pleading, met hers, and he held it there. That saved him; the dagger did not fall. His thoughts worked like flashes; he felt that his situation was perilous, yet he did not ask for quarter, he did not speak. True, he could

free his hands by releasing Edith, but then he would have two to cope with; so there they stood, and not a word was spoken.

"Hollo, here, hollo! What's all this?" The dagger fell, but fell from Mary's hand upon the floor; releasing her grasp with the other hand, she exclaimed—"Oh, father, you are just in time; he would take little Eva from us."

"The d—l he would! I'd like to see him try it. Look ye, sir! I've a great mind to knock your brains out with this stick. You're a villain—a scoundrel, sir! What do you mean by coming here, sir?"

"I am neither a villain nor a scoundrel; but I came here to take the child."

"By what authority, sir? who sent you to take the child?"

"Its mother; I brought with me a note, and also gave verbal proof as to the identity of the child; my course was smooth and gentlemanly, until compelled to use force."

"Gammon, sir, gammon; the child has no mother but my girls, no father but me; she is ours, ours, sir, ours! Leave this house, or I'll cudgel you anyhow, and if you ever show yourself about here again you'll get cold lead, sir. Why don't you go, sir?"

"I will go, but I do not fear your cold lead, and shall return immediately, bringing with me the mother."

"Very well, sir, bring the woman, and if she really be the mother, and is poor, she can have money, but not the child—never, sir, NEVER!"

"She is not poor, and if she were, would not take your money, but wants her child, and she shall have it; I will be here with her in a very short time." Picking up his hat and cloak, which were lying on the floor, the stranger put them on and left the house.

Eva had been awakened by the uproar, and Mary was endeavoring to quiet her; having succeeded, she reentered the parlor and seated herself with her father and Edith. The girls were too much excited to converse, and the old gentleman fidgeted about on his chair, as with his foot he nervously tapped the carpet. He was not a corpulent man, but yet was pretty strong; his steel mixed hair was closely cut, and his beard shaven so as to have only a slight side whisker, also gray; his face, more round than oval, wore at most times a pleasant, good-natured expression; his age, although exceeding fifty, he bore well; always professing to be as "sound as a

mackerel"—in short he was a good specimen of a fine old gentleman.

"Well, girls," said he, still tapping with his foot upon the floor, "this is a pretty how d'ye do. I should have been home sooner, but wanted to get some books and notions for you and Eva; and I thought that when I got home what a nice Christmas Eve we'd have; that while the wind and rain were cutting up so outside, and hundreds were roaming about exposed to the storm without a home or shelter, we would be here all snug, and enjoying a pleasant time by ourselves. As I passed the saloons down town I heard shouting, singing, glasses clicking, and everything that betokened joy and hilarity; and when I had walked a little further a woman stopped me and asked for charity—yes, a woman, here, in San Francisco, on Christmas Eve, and in such a storm, begging! Bless my soul, I never heard of such a thing; she had a little girl with her, too, a sweet little creature, but covered with rags. I thought she might be an impostor, one of those who make a business of begging, and so offered to go home with her—*home* did I say? why, bless me, it was only a 'crib!' Why, girls, 'twas a shanty up here on the hill, and such a one that I wouldn't keep my horse in it; the hinges to the doors were broken off, and there wasn't a whole square of glass in the window; there was no fire, no wood, no provisions; and there, lying upon an old mattress on the ground floor, was a little boy, sick. I could hardly believe what I saw; I did not think it possible for anything of the kind to exist in San Francisco. The woman said that they had had neither fire nor food for two days; her husband, she said, had been unfortunate in some business matters; had taken to drinking, then to gambling, and she had not heard of him for several months. She managed to support herself and family by washing, until first she was taken sick, and then the boy; her little stock of money was soon gone, and her credit exhausted; she was not able to work; in fact is far from being well now, but she could not see her children starve, and to-night, for the first time in her life, went out to ask assistance. Well, if they're not comfortable to-night, it's their own fault. After that I started for home again, and felt so happy that I laughed all the way here, and promised myself a glorious Eve with you; and then, after anticipating so much, to find that infernal scoundrel trying to take Eva away—take her away! I'd like to see him do

it—I'd like to see any one do it—there he is again!" An impatient knock upon the door occasioned the latter exclamation. "Brought the woman, I suppose; well, we'll see," as he went to give them admittance.

As the door opened, and the bluff "come in" was given, the stranger entered, followed by a female, who, beside wearing the usual wet weather habiliments, was closely veiled. "This," said the stranger, after closing the door, "is the mother." The old gentleman put on his sternest look, and, addressing the latter, said:

"So, young woman, you claim to be the mother of our Eva?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, suppose you are; don't you know that when you left the babe upon the door-step, here, you also left a note beseeching us to receive and adopt it as our own? and now that we have done so, and for three years loved and doted over it until it has become part of our existence, why do you come and demand it?"

"'Tis true, sir, that I made such a request, but if you knew how, during those three years, this heart has ached and yearned, how I have worked and prayed that I might be able to reclaim it, you would not refuse to give her up. Oh, sir, you cannot refuse a mother's prayer; by your sympathies as a father, I entreat you; here upon my knees I plead a mother's love.—I entreat you—you can not refuse to give her to me. Heaven will bless you for what you have done, and I—I will never cease to thank and bless you. You can not, you will not refuse to let me have her."

"Get up, young woman—don't kneel before any one but your God; and if the child is yours, you'll have enough to answer for, to Him. You talk very well, but why seek to keep so closely veiled? The mother of Eva should be a very handsome woman: come, let's see what you look like. What—ashamed to show your face? I thought there was some fooling about this." For a moment there was an awful silence in the room: the rain came down in torrents upon the roof, the wind moaned and whistled about the house-corners, the windows trembled in their casements, and the door rattled in its frame. The old gentleman sat with a half smile upon his lips; Edith and Mary hugged each other closer—the young woman stood erect upon the floor like a statue, while the stranger's gaze was fixed intent upon her. Suddenly she raised her hand to the veil, hesitated for an instant, then tore it hastily away——

"Bertha!" exclaimed Mary, as she sprang forward to embrace her sister.—"O, Bertha, Bertha! is it really you? But you will not take Eva from us: oh! no, no; you must stay with us. You will not go away again, Bertha; you will not. We will all love you, and this shall be your home again." Bertha returned her sister's warm embrace, but she could not speak; her heart was too full, her emotion too great—and leaning upon each other, the sisters wept and laughed by turns.

The old gentleman during this outburst of affection exhibited a great deal of nervousness; he coughed a little, pulled up the point of his shirt-collar, used his handkerchief to his nose, endeavored to appear easy and calm, winked both eyes excessively, and finally turned around and faced the wall. Perhaps it was a speck of dust which he was endeavoring to take from the corner of his eye: it must have been something serious, or his great chest would not have heaved so terribly.

Edith stood there erect, cold, and haughty; not a muscle of her features moved; and there she stood, like a mass of ice—cold, cold, cold.

"Father," exclaimed Mary, freeing herself from the embrace of her sister, "'tis Bertha come home again." He turned from the wall; it was not dust in those eyes, oh, no; 'twas something wet, for his cheeks were stained. Holding out both arms, he said, with a voice broken with emotion: "My child, my child!" In an instant Bertha's arms were about his neck; and she, sobbing upon his breast, "Forgive me, father, forgive me." "I do my child, I do—so like your mother, I would forgive you if only for her dear sake."

And Edith, how was it with her? Mary, laying one hand on that mass of coldness, said: "Edith, you will forgive Bertha, wont you?" Edith made no reply; her features did not change—the ice was hard. "She is our sister, Edith, and little Eva's mother; will you not for Eva's sake forgive her? you cannot refuse for little Eva." The features changed a little; her eyes met Mary's.

'Tis wonderful what power is in the eye, that monitor of the soul; power to subdue, power to control, power to make the guilty feel their guilt, the innocent to confide, to give the despairing new hope, and to soften the sternest will.

When Edith's eyes met Mary's, so warm and pleading, the ice began to melt; that heart, before so cold, now growing warm, commenced to throb; that rigid bosom to

heave ; there was a choking in the throat—the ice was melting. And when Mary, taking Bertha's hand, and drawing her up placed it in Edith's, the ice had melted into tears, and thick and fast they fell on Bertha's neck.

"Oh, father, sisters!" exclaimed Bertha, "this is too much, too much, more than I can bear; but Edward," she continued, turning towards the stranger who was standing by, a silent and not unmoved spectator, "'tis for you too, you will share it with me. But—I did not think, excuse me Edward; father, this is my husband."

"Your husband! when were you married?"

"Nearly four years ago."

"Four—years—ago, and Eva——"

"Is our legitimate child."

The old gentleman shook his head as though in doubt; then, speaking in a very slow and thoughtful manner, said: "There is something very strange about all this; I don't understand it.

"Allow me to explain," said Edward, as we will now call him, coming forward, with Bertha leaning upon him, "but, be seated; 'tis a long story and I will be as brief as possible. Four years ago you had not left your home upon the Atlantic side; at that time Bertha was attending school at W——; I was at that time also a resident of W——, and engaged in the study of my profession. 'Twas there that Bertha and I first met, and our acquaintance ripened from friendship into love. When you sent for Bertha to return home and prepare to leave for California, no declarations of love had been made, no vows exchanged, but I then thought it incumbent upon me to speak; I did so, and found that my feelings were, as I expected, reciprocated; and which, under other circumstances, would have rendered me unspeakably happy, but as it was, there was much of sorrow mingled with my joy. I knew that she was to leave me, and go to a strange country, far away; I feared that absence might diminish her love for me, and meeting with others who might be gay, fascinating and rich, might forget her pledge to me. I hinted as much to her; she rated me for the insinuation, and proposed that I should return home with her, be married there, and come out with you. To that I would readily and gladly consented, but, alas! sir, it could not be. I told her so, and frankly, too, told her why. I was betrothed to another, one whom I could not love, and for whom I entertained a thorough dislike, and by whom the an-

tipathy was returned with interest. The match was not of our making; but our parents, years before, in order to accomplish certain ends, agreed that it should be so, and we when very young tacitly obeyed. At first we looked upon it as a matter of course, and, as boys and girls, were contented enough; but as we grew older, the bond became irksome, then disagreeable, and then each pledged to the other never to consummate that bond. I told my father of our determination; he became angry and threatened if I did not marry her, to disinherit me, commanding me at the same time to go back to W—— and complete my studies, and when master of my profession to return home and fulfill the engagement. When I told Bertha of this she was much grieved, and asked how I expected to avert my father's will. I then proposed that we should be married at once, but secretly; that she should go on with you, and I, remaining for a few months to complete my studies, would follow; and, in California claim her as my wife. For some time she persistently refused. I begged and pleaded until she reluctantly consented. We went to the city, were married, remained there a week, and then she returned home, and shortly after came with you to California. Some months after, I received a letter from her saying that I must come out immediately, or my absence would bring upon her ruin and disgrace. I was not a little alarmed at the nature of the letter, and determined to start at once. I had already been making preparations to follow; the money received from my father for incidental expenses, I had carefully hoarded, and upon the receipt of the letter I sold my books, room-furniture, watch, and every thing available; with the proceeds I started for New York, without intimating to any one my further intentions. Upon reaching New York I found it impossible to obtain a steamer ticket, and meeting with a party about to leave for California *via* Mexico, I joined them. Our journey was tedious, and attended with many delays and much sickness. Arriving at Mazatlan we took passage on a brig, and were four months on the voyage to San Francisco. Almost the first person I met after coming ashore was an acquaintance from W——, who left there but a short time previous to myself; he was also an acquaintance of Bertha's, and 'twas he who first told me of her disappearing from home. The intelligence filled me with the greatest distress; I made further inquiries and found that it

was only too true; all my endeavors to find her were fruitless. At the post-office I found a letter, written a long time previously, which stated that I would find her residing with a family in Happy Valley. With a heart fluttering 'twixt hope and fear I hurried there; the occupants of the house designated, knew nothing of her, they were new comers, and all they knew of the former occupants was that they had gone to the mines; thus was my last hope defeated. My means, small at first, were exhausted, but borrowing of my friend, I went to the mines. As a miner I was fortunate, but never happy. To discover Bertha was my constant aim, and never from my mind. I used every endeavor; even advertised, stating where I could be found, hoping that by chance she might see it and come to me, but it availed nothing. Three months ago, while traveling, I was taken sick and obliged to stop at a way-side house. Judge of my surprise and joy in meeting Bertha there. She was officiating as house-keeper, and during a long and serious illness I was nursed by her. We determined upon my recovery to come directly here, and with explanations ask forgiveness and claim our child. Night before last we arrived in town, and yesterday learned that which induced us to pursue a course other than first intended, and the result of which you already know."

"Well," said the old gentleman, with a long breath, "it looks better, but you have acted from the first like a pair of fools. Bertha, why did you not, instead of running away, confide in and rely upon us for sympathy and assistance?"

"I could not, father, for I made a solemn promise to Edward never, under any circumstances, to reveal our marriage without his consent. By every steamer I expected him, and rather than have broken my word to him I would have died. As steamer after steamer arrived, bringing no news of Edward, I became alarmed; I knew that my situation would soon be discovered, particularly as Edith had already questioned me; but, I determined that if disgrace and shame would come, it should not be beneath this roof; I concocted many plans, but none feasible; until, one day when walking alone through Happy Valley, I stopped at a cottage for the purpose of resting, and there I found an old acquaintance in the form of a lady who was at one time an assistant teacher at our Seminary in W——, and with whom I was ever an especial favorite; she was so glad to see me that she fairly cried with

joy; I made her my confidant as far as possible without compromising my promise to Edward; she kindly offered me a home and protection, which I accepted; and, fearful of being discovered, caused the report of my death to reach you. Then was Eva born. Words further will not express the kindness I received from both my friend and her husband; after Eva's birth they were, if possible, more kind. Eva was six weeks old and Edward did not come. Have I been deceived? and am I really lost? I asked myself—but no, I could not think it—he will surely come some time, was the ever ready answer. I felt, too, that I was a burden to my friends; who, besides their own and mine, had two little mouths to feed. They talked of leaving San Francisco for the mines; for me to go with them would be only an useless expense, as Eva demanded all my time and attention; and I could not possibly render them any assistance; I thought that were it not for me they would leave immediately, and what course to pursue puzzled me much. One evening, as I sat watching over Eva and thinking of the future, I suddenly remembered 'twas Christmas Eve, and I thought of you, of the good home I had left, and of the many happy Eves we'd passed together. I had sometimes thought of leaving Eva with you, and sitting there, I thought of it again, and asked myself 'Why not to-night?' It was the best possible time, for I knew that on Christmas Eve all your finer feelings and sympathies were awakened; I determined to do so, and with the assistance of my friend, everything was soon prepared. With a throbbing heart I started on my mission, and reaching here, placed the basket upon the door-step, and taking one last look, knocked quickly and sped around the house-corner, there to stop and listen. The few moments which expired while waiting for my summons to be answered were full of intense anguish, and seemed an age; my heart had ceased its flutterings and was motionless—I could scarcely breathe. The door opened, and I heard an exclamation of surprise; then there appeared to be a conversation; but, so low, I could not catch the words; and then, father, I heard you say: 'We *will* rear it, no matter whose it was, it shall be ours now; and if its parents can abandon it, never shall it be said that we turned a helpless babe away at any time, much less on Christmas Eve.' The door closed, and Eva found a home; I kneeled there upon the ground and thanked you with my whole

heart; I prayed that God would pardon me and bless you, and that the spirit of our mother pitying me, would guard my child; the bright stars looked down, and twinkling, seemed to say, 'Your prayers are registered, and shall be answered.' With a lighter heart than I had felt for months, I hurried home. But where was Edward? 'twas strange, very strange; yet I still had faith that he would come. Before leaving for the country I dropped a letter in the Office for him, stating, as near as possible, our destination; that letter he did not get. Upon our arrival in the mines, I was offered a situation, which I accepted, in the house where, as Edward has told you, we met. I should have come with him to-night, and, making myself known, sought your forgiveness; but yesterday Edward met the friend, of whom he has spoken, and who told him that nothing had been heard of me, excepting a rumor of my death, and that you had sworn that, dead or alive, I should never darken your door; Edith, he said, disowned ever having such a sister. When I learned that, my courage failed me, and I was afraid to come. Edward offered to come alone, and make the first trial; if successful, I promised to return with him; but we hoped with the note, together with his pleadings, and the holy influence of Christmas, to accomplish our desires; and at some future time, with Eva to plead for and with us, to obtain your forgiveness and be enabled to explain as we have now done. How successful Edward was, you already know; he told me that he became excited and was rude, but he did not intend to be."

When she ceased to speak her father was sitting with his elbows upon the table and his face buried in his hands; rising, he extended his hands to Bertha, and with big tears starting from his eyes, said, with tremulous voice: "Forgive me, Bertha, forgive me."

"But, father, I have nothing to forgive."

"Yes, you have; for I did—I did say it, and a great deal more; but it was not from the heart. Heaven knows that I could not have kept such an oath—I have done you much wrong; forgive your old father."

"No, father, I have nothing to forgive; all that you have said, and all that I have suffered I deserved, in just punishment for my sin and folly; it is Edward and I who ask forgiveness—but I know we are forgiven, so let us say no more about it."

"Yes, my child, freely—freely you are forgiven. You must not leave us again—

we can make room to-night, and afterward arrange for the future. But, girls, why don't you bring Eva out? Strange you didn't think of it."

Eva was brought and introduced, and although shy at first, her timidity soon passed away, and she sat in Bertha's lap, appearing quite at home, but couldn't very well understand how it was she had another mother, or why that tall and handsome man should be her father.

The rain came rattling upon the window-panes and upon the roof; old boreas was out in all his strength; he played all kinds of pranks, and proved to his own satisfaction and the great consternation of many people that he was indeed a "blower," and on a *bust*. The unroofing of houses appeared to be a favorite sport of his that night; and many a house that never leaked before was that night rendered uninhabitable; many there were that night houseless and homeless in San Francisco; many there were sighing for their good old homes on the other side of the Nevadas, and many contrasting the present Christmas Eve with that of other years; but to those beneath one roof, at least, the storm came unheeded; heart beat in unison with kindred heart, and in the Christmas rejoicings, the past, with all its sorrows, was lost, and a happy future promised.

Never was there a happier gathering; Bertha sat beside her father, whose big heart thumped and thumped upon his ribs; ever and anon he would break out in a perfect shout of laughter, declaring he never was so happy in all his life, and that that one night was worth a lifetime. Edward chatted and joked with Edith, and Mary, who thought there never was such a fine young man, really felt proud of her sister's selection.

"Bertha," said her father, just recovering from a laughing fit, "what became of your friends?"

"I don't know; for some little time after parting we corresponded, and then my letters were not answered; about six months since I heard that they were again living here in San Francisco, and that, having been very unfortunate, Mr. Scott became discouraged and very dissipated."

"Scott!" exclaimed the old gentleman, taking a memorandum book which he hastily opened, "was the woman's name Elizabeth Scott?"

"Yes; what of her—do you know her?"

"No—that is, I mean yes—only a slight business acquaintance! but if you'd like to see her, I think I could find her to-morrow."

As the old gentleman spoke he endeavored to appear very serious and wise: carefully closing his memorandum, he returned it to his pocket, coughed very faintly, looked at Bertha, and then exploded with another roar. Holding up for a moment, he exclaimed, "This is too good! Why, girls, it's the very woman I told you about to-night." His good old head bobbed up and down again, and his sides shook until, for want of breath, he could laugh no more.

Bed-time came at last, though very late: the house was small for so many, with such expanded hearts, but the old gentleman insisted that Bertha should take his cot, while he and Edward slept upon the parlor floor. After retiring, it was some time ere Bertha fell asleep, and when she did, sweet visions were hers: She dreamed of being in a garden luxuriant with fruit, and flowers, of every hue; crystal streams flowed through it, sparkling as they rippled on; the air was laden with music rich and full; myriads of sylph-like forms were hovering over and about her, and among them, one she knew to be her mother. This one, when Bertha saw it, smiled, and settling down, imprinted upon her brow a kiss. She awoke—a form was bending over her, and a voice she recognized as Edith's, said:—

"Do not speak. I could not sleep, Bertha, until I had seen you alone. I have wronged you more than all the others. I know that I am cold, proud, and passionate—sometimes, I think, heartless: but I I can not help it. Can you, will you forgive and love me? Teach me how to live, that I may be like you and Mary!"

"O, Edith, I do forgive, I do love you; and we will pray God to teach us how to live."

"Thanks, Bertha, now I can sleep;" and again kissing her sister, she left the room.

There was not one sorrow beneath that roof. The lost was found, the wanderer had returned: pride was humbled, and love was triumphant.

Some of our readers may have to try a second time before they see the point contained in the marriage notice below:—

"At Paskenta Ranch, Oct. 4th, WILLIAM ALLEN to ELIZA ———, both of Squawhill, Tehama county. The bride's maiden name does not appear in the certificate of the justice, though, we understand, she is an old resident, and is the person in honor of whom the aforesaid hill received its name.—*Red Bluff Beacon.*

A DESULTORY POEM.

BY W. H. D.

CANTO IV.

I.

Dear friend, I joy to greet thee once again;
I hope it is the evening's quiet hour
Brings us together, for I then shall reign
More gently o'er thy heart; and as the flower
Welcomes the dew, its freshness to regain,
So may the gems of thought I on thee shower,
Be welcomed for the influence they impart,
To charm thy mind and purify thy heart.

II.

I know thee not, but this I surely know,—
Thou hast at least a kindred heart and mind,
In which my sympathies may freely flow,
And find a stream as friendly, pure, and kind,
Which mingling, may produce a brighter glow
On our hearts' flowers, there to be entwined,
As sweet mementos of a blissful time,
Born of the pleasing melodies of rhyme.

III.

I ne'er may grasp thee by thy friendly hand,
Nor see the welcome beaming from thine eye,
With the sweet smile upon thy lips so bland;
All musical with the tones of sympathy;
But yet our hearts shall fully understand
And know we love each other tenderly;
For there's a sweet mysterious charm, must bind
Together each congenial heart and mind.

IV.

Deep calleth unto deep within our souls;—
Have we not there a secret inner life,
Whose silver stream o'er golden sand still rolls,
Its peaceful tides far from the world's dark strife?
There thought all pure, affection sweet, controls,
Each budding flower, with promised bliss all rife;
And there a few invited guests we tend,
Whose inmost lives with ours most sweetly blend.

V.

We call up spirits from that vasty deep,—
We call them up, they answer to our call;
We send them forth to rouse the world from sleep,
We picture the vile passions that enthrall
The souls of those who in the senses steep
The life within: like beasts within the stall,
They eat and drink and sleep, and then arise,
To do the same, while God's fair image dies.

VI.

Blesséd are we who know those joys all pure,
And thrill with all the raptures of the mind,
When thought and feeling with their charms allure
Us on, to soar and leave the world behind,—
The world of sin and sense, which can endure
But for a time, while that bright world we find,
Sheds glories on our reason's feeblest ray,
And brightens ever to the perfect day.

VII.

O, who would dwell amid the things of sense,
After enjoying treasures such as these?
They can but seem but a weak, a vain pretence,
A shadow in the light, a passing breeze,

That goes we know not where, nor yet from whence
It came, so restless o'er the land and seas;
A thing of naught, a meteor in the air,
That vanishes before we say, "Tis there."

VIII.

But yet the crowd is pressing on to seize
These fleeting phantoms of a fleeting day,—
These bubbles in the air—wild phantasies,
Like the mirage that on the deserts play
Deceitful tricks: like fair realities,
Before the travelers' eyes the waters lay,
A pure, refreshing, cooling, placid lake,
Which turns to sand their burning thirst to slake.

IX.

Such are the prizes that attract the world,—
Ambition, fame, wealth, power, and slothful ease;
These are the mottoes which we see unfurled
On many a banner floating on the breeze,
When armies swift are to destruction hurled;
Defeat is death, and worse their victories;
When all is grasped to which they would attain,
How bitter is their cry: "In vain, in vain!"

X.

"Was it for thee, the fatal die was cast?
For these that faith and honor, both were lost?
I sowed the wind to reap the whirlwind's blast,
I've gained the prize, but what a fearful cost
For such a toy, a bauble,—life was passed
Upon a sea forever tempest-tossed,
Whose billows filled my soul with sickening throes,
And now no haven woos me to repose."

XI.

"My youth, my manhood, energies all gone,
Affections hardened and the mind a waste,
Talents perverted, conscience turned to stone,
The sweetest fruits now bitter to the taste,
O, what can for a misspent life atone,
In which we onward to destruction haste?—
Great God! we cannot from Thy presence flee,
Our Father, thou! and yet we seek not Thee!"

XII.

Why, why should man forever be perverse?
Why will weak man with the great God contend,
And turn this life, a blessing, to a curse,
Grieving His Saviour and Eternal Friend?
O, impious wretch! ungrateful! thou art worse
Than fiends that to eternal ruin tend;
No Saviour died with woe's despairing cries,
Upon the cross before their mocking eyes.

XIII.

Thank God, there are a few, a chosen few,
Those saints of His, so faithful in His sight,
Whose pleasure is their Maker's will to do,
Forever battling nobly for the right;
They raise up virtue's standard and subdue
The wrong; they triumph in the might
Of the Eternal One whose aid they seek,
Knowing their strength alone is vain and weak.

XIV.

All honor to the brave, the nobly brave,
The great of earth, who labor for the good
Of all mankind; striving, through love, to save
The weak and erring, who have not withstood
Temptation's lures;—the only boon they crave,
That an approving God and conscience would

Bring peace within; they seek no earthly fame,
But they a higher glory still may claim.

XV.

Are not Christ's blessings from the mountain theirs,
Where from his lips those heav'nly doctrines come,
Of bright beauties; each follower shares
In all his deep affection's sacred flame,
Which heals their wounds, and soothes their anxious cares;
They joy, in suffering for his cause and name,
They seek no pleasures of a fleeting day;
"A crown of thorns, which fadeth not away."

XVI.

In spirit poor, they heavenly kingdoms own,
And if they mourn, do they not comfort find?
While this fair earth is for the meek alone,
And for each hungry, thirsty heart and mind,
That has a yearning, fervent spirit shown,
Seeking for righteousness; God's hands most kind
For such the purest, choicest bounties spread,
And they are filled with life's immortal bread.

XVII.

And for the merciful shall mercy flow,
The pure in heart shall see the living God;
They who bring peace, shall here be named below
The children of that Father, for they trod
The paths of love, whose blissful joys they know.
They buried war and strife beneath the sod,
Where now the olive tree's green branches wave,
While doves are cooing o'er that silent grave.

XVIII.

If persecuted, striving for the right,
Theirs is heaven's kingdom dwelling in the heart,
Founded most firm in an eternal might,
Whose promised blessings never can depart,
But ever flow a stream all pure and bright;—
Reviled? falsely accused? that shall impart
A greater joy, for great is their reward, [bard.
When ranked with God's own prophet, priest and

XIX.

Most sacred theme! well might the angels sing,
"Glory to God on high!" in strains sublime,
When Christ was born, who surely came to bring
Peace and good-will to every land and clime,
And give immortal life, killing death's sting;—
O, all unworthy is my feeble rhyme,
To hymn the praises of God's only Son,
That holy, blessed, pure, and suffering One.

XX.

I close my theme while sinks the golden sun,
Midst splendors in the glorious western sky;
My task is finished, and the day is done,—
I lift my soul in prayer to the Most High,
In faith that we in spirit may be one,
And Christ be ever to my heart most nigh;
And as he's cherished in this heart of mine,
Even so I trust he finds a place in thine.

(Continued.)

COULDN'T DO IT.

In one of our interior mountain towns lives a man whose name is Bowers,—some very distant connection, I am told, of old Mr. Joseph Bowers,—

and who by his friends is familiarly called Maj. Bowers. The major is about forty-five years of age, measures just five feet seven inches in height, and weighs exactly 213lbs by the steel-yards. He has—and who has not?—some little eccentricities, one of which is thinking aloud. He has also a bad habit, a habit acquired in those days by very many,—that of taking a glass too much: but for all that, the major is “one of our first men,” and goes not a little upon his dignity.

One day the circus came to town, and the major determined to go to the circus; and as a preliminary, as well as to pass away a little spare time, he imbibed several times, and between the acts of the performance imbibed several times more. After the exhibition he joined company with one or two “old boys,” and went “round” for a couple of hours or so,—and at precisely one, A. M., he started alone for his home in the “outskirts.” During the performance the major had been particularly pleased with the “ground and lofty tumbling;” also the vaulting and summerset acts. He was thinking of this as he walked towards home, and thought how easy it would be to turn a summerset. He believed that he could do it, and our informant overtook him just in time to hear the following soliloquy, and to witness the overturn.—“Bowers, you can do it, and there is no better place to try it on than here.” Divesting himself of coat and hat, he took a short run and threw himself forward; but, alas for human expectations! his hands striking the ground, the huge body slowly ascended until it attained an altitude of exactly 46°—for an instant it poised there, and then fell heavily back upon the ground.

As the major gathered himself upon his haunches, supported with one hand upon the ground, and with the other rubbed his damaged body, solemnly wagging his head, he muttered in very broken accents: “*Bowers, my boy, you can't do it—you can-not-do-it—you're not sufficiently experienced!*”

THE YANKEE URCHIN'S REPLY.

Few men there are with real Yankee grit,
And fewer still with ready Yankee wit;
And would-be “chaps” at others poking fun,
Oft find themselves most delicately “done.”
One of this class, a city blood, of late
Was traveling in the rough old Granite State;
Lacking in brains, he tried to cut a dash,
By sporting whiskers and a huge *moustache*.
In passing where an old black farm-house st'd
He saw a yankee stripling cutting wood;
Dressed in an old and tattr'd home-spun frock
He looked a real “chip of the old block,”
His hat—a “steeple” o'er his eyes fell down
And now was minus half its wooly crown.
In days gone by, in good old-fashioned time,
When his old hat was new and in its prime,
In spite of fashion's frequent alterations
Is passed at least two curious generations.
Once it was worn for “go to-meeting” hat,
To weddings, parties, balls, and ‘like o’ that,’
Until, in the old garret stowed away,
Upon the urchin's head it chanced to stray.
His scanty *trowsers*, made of home-spun tow,
Refusing with the yankee's limbs to grow.
His slender legs projected far below
As if in wonder which way they should go.
The exquisite, with smile upon his phiz,
The little stripping thus began to quiz;
“Hullo! young Jonathan, hullo, I say,
Have you seen any beggar pass to-day?”
Said Jonathan “I hardly know now, I declare:
How did he look, sir, and what did he wear?”
“He was a raw-boned yankee, tall and slim,
And you in fact, look very much like him.
Through his torn pants his feet stuck down
About a foot; his hat had lost its crown,
His hair was red, his forehead very low,
And he was cross-eyed, squinting so-and-so,”
“Mister, you must feel bad, I reckon, *rather*,—
I guess you must be huntin' for your father!”
S. * * * *

THE LAST MATCH;

Or, the Recollections of a Snow-Storm.

BY ALICE.

It became late in the fall before we thought of leaving our mountain retreat for winter quarters, and the still, sober days of autumn were chased away by surly winter, ere we apprehended any danger of the trail being blockaded by an early snow-storm. The days heretofore had been twined together by pleasant sunshine until the 12th of November, which was ushered into existence by a frightful storm, such as the oldest mountaineer had rarely met with in his rambling among

the Sierras. We had not supplied our larder for the coming rigor and severity of the season. Therefore we had only this alternative left us : to saddle our mules and take a dreary march over the unbroken trail of the nearest mining town, lying some twenty miles distant. All preparations were made for an early start in the morning, as we must go, sunshine or storm, hail or rain.

Morning came ; and such a morning could scarcely be seen once in a century. I felt so much anxiety about the day's journey, that my coffee at breakfast was scarcely tasted, for the snow was drifting in every direction. We were at last in our saddles, quite ready for a start, when Ned Prescott and Kentucky Joe came out of the cabin to bid us good-bye, with faces portraying a look of uneasiness as regarded our safety on such a hazardous undertaking. They were two noble-hearted miners, who felt sincere regret at parting from us. I thought I could detect tears standing in Joe's big blue eyes, as he pressed my hand and said "good-bye" for the last time. But the snow was falling so fast and thickly, that it might have been a pure flake melting upon the honest, sun-browned face, instead of the pearly tear-drop. He bade us God-speed on our journey as we started, and on we went, or rather crawled, for the drift of snow prevented our making very rapid progress. I turned my head for the last time in the direction of the cabin, and could only see the blue smoke curling up amid the mist and storm, when all else was lost to sight, or dimmed by distance. The wind blew piercingly as I drew my thin habit about me ; and which was but a scanty protection from the wild fury of the storm that raged in every niche of the cold Sierras.

I could not drive from my mind the thought of those two honest-hearted ones we had left behind us ; neither could I divest myself of the thought that we might never see them again. It was the last time, the last "good-bye," the last friendly grip of the cal-

loused, labor-hardened, hand : for, in mid-winter, when the storm-god raged the most frightfully and piteously, an avalanche came thundering down from a neighboring mountain, and covered up the two long-bearded and warm-hearted miners, Ned and Joe, at the noon of night, when all was hushed save the fearful howling of the infuriated blast.

Then the swollen Yuba came in early spring-time and carried the cozy cabin down, down, into the foaming, lashing torrent, which swept away every impediment in its reckless haste. None knew that Ned and Joe were buried alive, save a few miners who lived in the ravine below, and who had found their frozen forms upon the rocky banks of the stream, after it had subsided, and its mad waters ran again in their usual channel. I afterwards learned that they were buried by their brother miners, who straightened their disheveled locks and rigid limbs, and placed them in the grave, where the night of darkness and unbroken solitude shall hover around their wasting forms, and the deep seal of death shall only be broken when the good angel of the resurrection shall come to earth to swear that time shall be no longer.

Then the eager miners went on as before, in search of the worshipped metal. The clattering noise of pick and shovel resounded in the rocky ravine in the niche of the mountain, and poor Ned and Joe were alike forgotten in the hot pursuit of wealth. No heart will ever feel the sadder for two lone graves upon the hill sides, save the old widowed mother of Joe, and the young blushing bride that belonged to Ned. They still hope for their return, and watch at the cottage gate till night, with its sable mantle of darkness, drops its heavy folds of darkness about them.

Dear me ! I am digressing from my story by speaking so often of those who are beyond earth's sorrows, and the world's commiseration ; forgetting that I myself figured rather conspicuously in the drama of that sad event which I

promised to tell you. We travelled till nearly sunset in deep snow-drifts; the snowing ceased, and the great orb of day favored us with a glimpse of his smiling face and his whereabouts for the first time since our departure for the cabin. Its rays looked cold and frozen, and the north wind occasionally swept by in fitful gusts, leaving a biting sensation, and drifting the snowy flakes in little hillocks on either side of the trail. My better half had maintained a strict silence on his part for the last two hours, and I could plainly discover a change stealing over his countenance. His long, dangling beard was frozen in icicles, which now and then jingled together like drooping pendants of a chandalier. I imagined his face looked uncommonly blue, and must be quite frozen. His black eyes had now become changed to a lack-lustre look; so much so, in fact, that the truth, for the first time, dawned faintly upon my bewildered mind that he might be freezing. Oh! what a painful conviction to reach one's heart! I then felt my own life-current congealing in my veins, as this dreadful truth flashed upon me. Drawing the serapa from my shoulders I handed it to him, that he might ward off the piercing cold, regardless of my own comfort; but he insisted upon my wearing it, as "he did not feel the cold," whilst every moment grew more intense and biting. In straightening out his arm to receive it he found his fingers so numb and frozen that it fell from his grasp. Seeing this, I stopped my jaded mule and frankly refused to go another step, as we were then six miles from our place of destination, which I plainly saw could not be reached that night; and, if the snow continued to fall it would obscure the moonlight, when nothing awaited us but to loose the trail, and death by freezing was our inevitable doom. My husband urged the necessity of pushing through that night, as the morrow might make the trail impassable. We were already upon the low bench of the mountain, and it was but the work of a moment

for me to dismount, which my husband found great difficulty in doing, as his limbs were quite benumbed and stiffened. I disengaged myself of my long riding habit, which now lay on the deep snow, and began to look about me to see what might be done. My hands were quite limber, made so by repeatedly slapping the sides of the mule, to urge it along. But my feet were so frozen they did not seem a part of my body. After I had unsaddled and tied them to a small pine, there to eat "fast-meat" for the night, I began to consider what could be done, and where fuel was to be procured. I saw my husband sink down into the snow with the blank look of discouragement in every feature. After a moment or so he raised himself into a sitting posture, and faintly drawled out these never-to-be-forgotten words: "Carrie, we must prepare to die, for if you get wood we have no matches; and it will be a fruitless attempt for you to think of building a fire; do come here and lay your head in my lap where the blankets are warm. Come quick; my sight fails me, and I can hardly see either you or the mules."

At this I gave a faint scream—"Oh, my God! I cannot let him die thus and not make an effort to save him." I felt the blood rush quickly through my arteries as I pondered upon death. The thought was maddening and my sight failed me; heaven and earth swam together; I looked about me and saw the cold-looking sun was just then going down behind a mountain-like mass of snow-colored clouds that lay piled up in the west.

I cast my eyes in the direction of an old pine tree, and saw a few dry limbs that could be easily reached from the bank of snow that was heaped around its trunk: I broke off as many as I could conveniently carry in my arms, then scraped the snow slightly with my hands from the roots of a pine and piled the boughs about it for a fire. I scarcely knew what I did, my brain was so wild; I ran to my satchel that hung upon the horn of my saddle to find, if possible,

the much-needed match, but alas! not one was to be found. Why had I been so dilatory, and careless, and thoughtless, as to forget that which would preserve life amid the ice and storm? Why so negligent? The one thought of getting through that night had absorbed our whole attention, and the matches had been left, in our hurried preparations.

In the twinkling of an eye I reached the side of my freezing husband and found, to my infinite joy and delight, that *three* matches were in his right-hand pocket. How my heart leaped and bounded at the glad discovery! I then had something that would thaw his poor freezing limbs to life. Snatching them more eagerly than I would the hoarded wealth of Croesus, or all the glittering rubies of the East. To build a fire upon snow looked preposterous. I hastily tore a silk apron from my waist, laid it down and placed the dry sticks upon it which I had whittled with my penknife.

Then came the inspection of the matches. Two were already too damp to burn, caused by snow drifting into his pocket; and the third only remained to seal our fate. Our lives hung upon it; and oh! what if that should not burn? I felt a fainting at heart for a moment, and all looked dark and despairing around me. I saw the shavings were damp from the snow drifting upon them. What could I do? Death was peering right into my face; I bent my throbbing temples upon my cold hands, to arrange and collect my scattered thoughts, when a new idea struck me. I had a daguerreotype of my mother in my satchel; and, quicker than it takes to write it, I cut the dry wood that encased it into many fine pieces, as I thought what a glorious idea! And now, what if the *last* match would not burn?

I struck it lightly, covering it, partly with the folds of my dress, to prevent the wind from blowing it out. All of a sudden my heart stopped beating

with frenzied joy; for, it had caught the dry resin, and the tiny flame grew more bold as it communicated with a sister stick. I then placed it upon the apron, and piled on all the splinters; then my embroidered handkerchief, to make sure that the boughs and all were well protected, and every fresh gust of wind fanned the flames into a more ruddy glow, until we both felt inspirited and warmed, and in a thawing condition.

What would I then have given for a warm ray of sunlight, such as used to play on the meadow at home, where I had often romped in childhood? or see the amber light that used to linger in the little patch of flowers in the front yard? Then came again the remembrance of that steaming cup of coffee that mother used to make. The happy recollection visited me as an angel of hope to cheer us in this sad mocking deluge of sorrow. By the assistance of the moon we gathered boughs enough to last until morning. I would start out as the moon would suddenly appear from behind a fleecy cloud, converting the tall pines into hobgoblins and spectre-like forms, as the shadows of their extended arms fell aslant upon the snow. The Winter King seemed to exercise his power over us while in his dominion, for the shrieking of the blast, mingled with the howling of the hungry wolves, made it hideous beyond description.

The blue dome of Heaven seemed to shake, and the bright stars to tremble away up in the blue ether, until at last the morning star appeared, which heralded the approach of daybreak. Soon it came over the eastern hills, infusing new life and hope into our drooping spirits; and, about noon, we reached the nearest settlement, where kind hearts administered to all our wants. But the unpleasant recollection of our suffering there will ever make me more mindful to prepare for future emergencies, so as not to be caught again in a snow-storm with THE LAST MATCH.

THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY J. D. BORTHWICK.

CHAPTER VI.

HANGTOWN—FIRST IMPRESSION OF "THE DIGGINS"—IDEA OF A MINING TOWN—GAMBLING HOUSES—THE STREET—THE STORES—JEW SLOP-SHOPS—THE JEWS: THEIR PECULIARITIES—HANGTOWN ON A SUNDAY—BOWIE-KNIVES AND REVOLVERS—GOLD-DEPOSITS—METHOD OF WASHING—LONG TOMS—ROCKERS—PROSPECTING—MIDDLE-TOWN—OUR MENAGE.

The town of Placerville—or Hangtown, as it was commonly called, [now the county seat of El Dorado,] consisted of one long straggling street of clapboard houses and log cabins, built in a hollow at the side of a creek, and surrounded by high and steep hills.

The diggings here had been exceedingly rich—men used to pick the chunks of gold out of the crevices of the rocks in the ravines with no other tool than a bowie-knife; but these days had passed, and now the whole surface of the surrounding country showed the amount of real hard work which had been done. The beds of the numerous ravines which wrinkle the face of the hills, the bed of the creek, and all the little flats alongside it, were a confused mass of heaps of dirt and piles of stones lying around the innumerable holes, about six feet square and five or six feet deep, from which they had been thrown out. The original course of the creek was completely obliterated, its waters being distributed into numberless little ditches, and from them conducted into the "long toms" of the miners through canvas hose, looking like immensely long slimy sea-serpents.

The number of bare stumps of what had once been gigantic pine trees, dotted over the naked hill-sides surrounding the town, showed how freely the axe had been used, and to what purpose was apparent in the extent of the town itself, and in the numerous log cabins scattered over the hills, in situations apparently chosen at the caprice of the owners, but in reality with a view to be near to their diggings, and at the same time to be within a convenient distance of water and firewood.

Along the whole length of the creek, as far as one could see, on the banks of the creek, in the ravines, in the middle of the principal and only street of the town, and even inside some of the houses, were parties of miners, numbering from three or

four to a dozen, all hard at work, some laying into it with picks, some shoveling the dirt into the "long toms," or with long-handled shovels washing the dirt thrown in, and throwing out the stones, while others were working pumps or baling water out of the holes with buckets. There was a continual noise and clatter, as mud, dirt, stones, and water were thrown about in all directions; and the men, dressed in ragged clothes and big boots, wielding picks and shovels, and rolling big rocks about, were all working as if for their lives, going into it with a will, and a degree of energy, not usually seen among laboring men. It was altogether a scene which conveyed the idea of hard work in the fullest sense of the words, and in comparison with which a gang of railway navvies would have seemed to be merely a party of gentlemen amateurs playing at working *pour passer le temps*.

A stroll through the village revealed the extent to which the ordinary comforts of life were attainable. The gambling houses, of which there were three or four, were of course the largest and most conspicuous buildings; their mirrors, chandeliers, and other decorations, suggesting a style of life totally at variance with the outward indications of everything around them.

The street itself was in many places knee-deep in mud [now kept very clean] and was plentifully strewn with old boots, hats, and shirts, old sardine boxes, empty tins of preserved oysters, empty bottles, worn-out pots and kettles, old ham-bones, broken picks and shovels, and other rubbish too various to particularize. Here and there, in the middle of the street, was a square hole about six feet deep, in which one miner was digging, while another was baling the water out with a bucket, and a third, sitting along the heap of dirt which had been dug up, was washing it in a rocker. Wagons, drawn by six or eight mules or oxen, were navigating along the street, or discharging their strangely-asserted cargoes at the various stores; and men in picturesque rags, with large muddy boots, long beards, and brown faces, were the only inhabitants to be seen.

There were boarding-houses on the *table d'hôte* principle, in each of which forty or fifty hungry miners sat down three times a day to an oilcloth-covered table, and in the course of about three minutes surfeited themselves on salt pork, greasy steaks and pickles. [This was in 1851.] There were also two or three "hotels," where much the same sort of fare was to be had, with

the extra luxuries of a table-cloth and a superior quality of knives and forks.

The stores were curious places. There was no speciality about them—everything was to be found in them which it could be supposed that any one could possibly want, excepting fresh beef; (there was a butcher who monopolized the sale of that article).

On entering a store, one would find the storekeeper in much the same style of costume as the miners, very probably sitting on an empty keg at a rickety little table, playing "seven up" for "the liquor" with one of his customers.

The counter served also the purpose of a bar, and behind it was the usual array of bottles and decanters, while on shelves above them was an ornamental display of boxes of sardines, and brightly-colored tins of preserved meats and vegetables with showy labels, interspersed with bottles of champagne and strangely-shaped bottles of exceedingly green pickles, the whole being arranged with some degree of taste.

Goods and provisions of every description were stowed away promiscuously all round the store, in the middle of which was invariably a small table with a bench, or some empty boxes and barrels for the miners to sit on while they played cards, spent their money in brandy and oysters, and occasionally got drunk.

The clothing trade was almost entirely in the hands of the Jews, who are very numerous in California, and devote their time and energies exclusively to supplying their Christian brethren with the necessary articles of wearing apparel.

In traveling through the mines from one end to the other, I never saw a Jew lift a pick or shovel to do a single stroke of work, [we have] or, in fact, occupy himself in any other way than in selling slops. While men of all classes and of every nation showed such versatility in betaking themselves to whatever business or occupation appeared at the time to be most advisable, without reference to his antecedents, and in a country where no man, to whatever class of society he belonged, was in the least degree ashamed to roll up his sleeves and dig in the mines for gold, or to engage in any other kind of manual labor, it was a remarkable fact that the Jews were the only people among whom this was not observable.

Almost every man, after a short residence in California, became changed to a certain extent in his outward appearance. In the mines especially, to the great majority of men, the usual style of dress was

one to which they had never been accustomed; and those to whom it might have been supposed such a costume was not so strange, or who were even wearing the old clothes they had brought with them to the country, acquired a certain California air, which would have made them remarkable in whatever part of the world they came from, had they been suddenly transplanted there. But to this rule also the Jews formed a very striking exception. In their appearance there was nothing whatever at all suggestive of California.

During the week, and especially when the miners were all at work, Hangtown was comparatively quiet; but on Sundays it was a very different place. On that day the miners living within eight or ten miles all flocked in to buy provisions for the week—to spend their money in the gambling rooms—to play cards—to get their letters from home—and to refresh themselves, after a week's labor and isolation in the mountains, in enjoying the excitement of the scene according to their tastes.

The gamblers on Sundays reaped a rich harvest; their tables were thronged with crowds of miners, betting eagerly, and of course losing their money. Many men came in, Sunday after Sunday, and gambled off all the gold they had dug during the week, having to get credit at a store for their next week's provisions, and returning to their diggings to work for six days in getting more gold, which would all be transferred the next Sunday to the gamblers, in the vain hope of recovering what had been already lost.

The street was crowded all day with miners walking about from store to store, making their purchases and asking each other to drink, the effects of which began to be seen at an early hour in the number of drunken men, and the consequent frequency of rows and quarrels. Almost every man wore a pistol or a knife—many wore both—but they were rarely used. The liberal and prompt administration of Lynch law had done a great deal towards checking the wanton and indiscriminate use of these weapons on any slight occasion. The utmost latitude was allowed in the exercise of self-defense. In the case of a row, it was not necessary to wait till a pistol was actually leveled at one's head—if a man made even a motion towards drawing a weapon, it was considered perfectly justifiable to shoot him first, if possible. The very prevalence of the custom of carrying arms thus in a great measure was a cause of their being seldom used.

They were never drawn out of bravado, for when a man once drew his pistol, he had to be prepared to use it, and to use it quickly, or he might expect to be laid low by a ball from his adversary; and again, if he shot a man without sufficient provocation, he was pretty sure of being accommodated with a hempen cravat from Judge Lynch.

The storekeepers did more business on Sundays than in all the rest of the week; and in the afternoon crowds of miners could be seen dispersing over the hills in every direction, laden with the provisions they had been purchasing, chiefly flour, pork, and beans, and perhaps a lump of fresh beef.

There was only one place of public worship in Hangtown at that time, a very neat little wooden edifice, which belonged to some denomination of Methodists, and seemed to be well attended.

There was also a newspaper published two or three times a-week, [now there are three—one tri-weekly and two weeklies,] which kept the inhabitants "posted up" as to what was going on in the world.

The richest deposits of gold were found in the beds and banks of the rivers, creeks and ravines, in the flats, on the convex side of the bend of the streams, and in many of the flats and hollows high up in the mountains. The precious metal was also abstracted from the very hearts of the mountains, through tunnels drifted into them for several hundred yards; and in some places real mining was carried on in the bowels of the earth by means of shafts sunk to the depth of a couple of hundred feet.

The principal diggings in the neighborhood of Hangtown were surface diggings; but with the exception of river diggings, every kind of mining operation was to be seen in full force.

The gold is found at various depths from the surface; but the dirt on the bed-rock is the richest, as the gold naturally in time sinks through earth and gravel, till it is arrested in its downward progress by the solid rock.

The diggings here were from four to six or even seven feet deep; the layer of "pay dirt" being about a couple of feet thick on the top of the bed rock.

I should mention that "dirt" is the word universally used in California to signify the substance dug, earth, clay, gravel, loose slate, or whatever other name might be more appropriate. The miners talk of rich dirt and poor dirt, and of "stripping

off" so many feet of "top dirt" before getting to "pay dirt," the latter meaning dirt with so much gold in it that it will pay to dig it up and wash it.

The apparatus generally used for washing was a "long tom," which was nothing more than a wooden trough from twelve to twenty-five feet long, and about a foot wide. At the lower end it widens considerably, and the floor of it is there a sheet of iron pierced with holes half an inch in diameter, under which is placed a flat box a couple of inches deep. The long tom is set at a slight inclination over the place which is to be worked, and a stream of water is kept running through it by means of a hose, the mouth of which is inserted in a dam built for the purpose high enough up the stream to gain the requisite elevation; and while some of the party shovel the dirt into the tom as fast as they can dig it up, one man stands at the lower end stirring up the dirt as it is washed down, separating the stones and throwing them out, while the earth and small gravel falls with the water through the sieve into the "riffle-box." This box is about five feet long, and is crossed by two partitions. It is also placed at an inclination, so that the water falling into it keeps the dirt loose, allowing the gold and heavy particles to settle to the bottom, while all the lighter stuff washes over the end of the box along with the water. When the day's work is over, the dirt is taken from the "riffle-box" and is "washed out" in a "wash-pan," a round tin dish, eighteen inches in diameter, with shelving sides three or four inches deep. In washing out a panful of dirt, it has to be placed in water deep enough to cover it over; the dirt is stirred up with the hands, and the gravel thrown out; the pan is then taken in both hands, and by an indescribable series of manœuvres all the dirt is gradually washed out of it, leaving nothing but the gold and a small quantity of black sand. This black sand is mineral (some oxide or other salt of iron), and is so heavy that it is not possible to wash it all out; it has to be blown out of the gold afterwards when dry.

Another mode of washing dirt, but much more tedious, and consequently only resorted to where a sufficient supply of water for a long tom could not be obtained, was by means of an apparatus called a "rock-er," or "cradle." This was merely a wooden cradle, on the top of which was a sieve. The dirt was put into this, and a miner, sitting alongside of it, rocked the

cradle with one hand, while with a dipper in the other he kept baling water on to the dirt. This acted on the same principle as the "tom," and had formerly been the only contrivance in use; but it was now seldom seen, as the long tom effected such a saving of time and labor. The latter was set immediately over the claim, and the dirt was shoveled into it at once, while a rocker had to be set alongside of the water, and the dirt was carried to it in buckets from the place which was being worked. Three men working together with a rocker—one digging, another carrying the dirt in buckets, and the third rocking the cradle—would wash on an average a hundred bucketfuls of dirt to the man in the course of the day. With a "long tom" the dirt was so easily washed that parties of six or eight could work together to advantage, and four or five hundred bucketfuls of dirt a day to each one of the party was a usual day's work.

I met a San Francisco friend in Hangtown practising his profession as a doctor, who very hospitably offered me quarters in his cabin, which I gladly accepted. The accommodation was not very luxurious, being merely six feet of the floor on which to spread my blankets. My host, however, had no better bed himself, and indeed it was as much as most men cared about. Those who were very particular preferred sleeping on a table or a bench when they were to be had; bunks and shelves were also much in fashion; but the difference in comfort was a mere matter of imagination, for mattresses were not known, and an earthen floor was quite as soft as any wooden board. Three or four miners were also inmates of the doctor's cabin. They were quondam New South Wales squatters, who had been mining for several months in a distant part of the country, and were now going to work a claim about two miles up the creek from Hangtown. As they wanted another hand to work their long tom with them, I very readily joined their party. For several days we worked this place, trudging out to it when it was hardly daylight, taking with us our dinner, which consisted of beefsteaks and bread, and returning to Hangtown about dark; but the claim did not prove rich enough to satisfy us, so we abandoned it, and went "prospecting,"—which means looking about for a more likely place.

A "prospector" goes out with a pick and shovel, and a wash-pan; and to test the richness of a place he digs down till

he reaches the dirt in which it may be expected that the gold will be found; and washing out a panful of this, he can easily calculate, from the amount of gold which he finds in it, how much could be taken out in a day's work. An old miner, looking at the few specks of gold in the bottom of his pan, can tell their value within a few cents; calling it a twelve or a twenty cent "prospect," as it may be. If, on washing out a panful of dirt, a mere speck of gold remained, just enough to swear by, such dirt was said to have only "the color," and was not worth digging. A twelve-cent prospect was considered a pretty good one; but in estimating the probable result of a day's work, allowance had to be made for the time and labor to be expended in removing top-dirt, and in otherwise preparing the claim for being worked.

To establish one's claim to a piece of ground, all that was requisite was to leave upon it a pick or shovel, or other mining tool. The extent of ground allowed to each individual varied in different diggings from ten to thirty feet square, [now it is more than double that size,] and was fixed by the miners themselves, who also made their own laws, defining the rights and duties of those holding claims; and any dispute on such subjects was settled by calling together a few of the neighboring miners, who would enforce the due observance of the laws of the diggings. After prospecting for two or three days, we concluded to take up a claim near a small settlement called Middletown, two or three miles distant from Hangtown. It was situated by the side of a small creek, in a rolling hilly country, and consisted of about a dozen cabins, one of which was a store supplied with flour, pork, tobacco, and other necessities.

We found near our claim a very comfortable cabin, which the owner had deserted, and in which we established ourselves. We had a plenty of fire-wood and water close to us, and being only two miles from Hangtown, we kept ourselves well supplied with fresh beef. We cooked our "dampers" in New South Wales fashion, and lived on the fat of the land, our bill of fare being beefsteaks, damper, and tea for breakfast, dinner, and supper. A damper is a very good thing, but not commonly seen in California, excepting among men from New South Wales. A quantity of flour and water, with a pinch or two of salt, is worked into dough, and,

raking down a good hardwood fire, it is placed in the hot ashes, and then smothered in more hot ashes to the depth of two or three inches, on the top of which is placed a quantity of the still burning embers. A very little practice enables one to judge from the feel of the crust when it is sufficiently cooked. The great advantage of a damper is, that it retains a certain amount of moisture, and is as good when a week old as when fresh baked. It is very solid and heavy, and a little of it goes a great way, which of itself is no small recommendation when one eats only to live.

Another sort of bread we very frequently made by filling a frying-pan with dough, and sticking it up on end to roast before the fire.

The Americans do not understand dampers. They either bake bread, using saleratus to make it rise, or else they make flapjacks, which are nothing more than pancakes made of flour and water, and are a very good substitute for bread when one is in a hurry, as they are made in a moment.

As for our beefsteaks, they could not be beat any where. A piece of an old iron hoop, twisted into a serpentine form and laid on the fire, made a first-rate gridiron, on which every man cooked his steak to his own taste. In the matter of tea I am afraid we were dreadfully extravagant, throwing it into the pot in handfuls. It is a favorite beverage in the mines—morning, noon and night—and at no time is it more refreshing than in the extreme heat of mid-day.

In the cabin two bunks had been fitted up, one above the other, made of clapboards laid crossways, but they were all loose and warped. I tried to sleep on them one night, but it was like sleeping on a gridiron; the smooth earthen floor was a much more easy couch.

INTERESTING INCIDENT.—A little girl with bright eyes and gentle countenance, was a daily visitor at the San Francisco Washington Market, for the purpose of picking up any cast-away flowers she could find. A lady, seeing her thus employed, who had noticed the punctuality of her morning visits, ventured to ask—"Jenny, what do you do with the beautiful bouquets, which you daily gather and arrange here?" "Oh, ma'm," she replied, "I once had a little sister, who is an angel now, and when she was dying she said to me, 'Jenny, will you please put flowers on my grave when I am dead?' and I said 'Yes, Lela, I will.' So I gather up such a nice bouquet, and every morning I place it on her grave."

STANZAS.

BY JOE.

The Moon comes up with her starry train,
Like a vision of unrest;
She stirs the floods of the far-off main,
And, by bringing memories back again,
Stirs the founts of the human breast.

For something in her placid glow
Wakes a longing deep in me,
Whose ceaseless thrills, as they come and go,
Have a restless surge, like the ebb and flow
Of the tides of the mighty sea.

I'll let the silent waves of thought
Flow back, and each shall bring
Their treasured memories, all fraught
With the varied hues which each has caught
From the Past, with its joy or sting.

The waves roll back, and what appears?
On Memory's shore of golden foam
The images of our early years,
The beings of youthful smiles and tears,
Arrayed in light and darkness, come.

A small boy kneels by a dying pet,
The thing of his tenderest love;
His gaze is fixed on the eyes death-set,
His heart is full and his cheek is wet—
And the Moon looks cold from above.

He bends o'er the pet in his speechless woe,
And raises its drooping head;
The life in the wasted form runs low—
A struggling comes—a quivering thro—
And the noble pet is dead.

He sends to Heaven a piercing cry,
And prays, in his wild despair,
That the heart so press'd with grief may lie
Still as the pet he's kneeling by—
But Heaven heeds not his prayer.

For the ceaseless throb to this heart will stay,
Tho' it swell till seem 'twould break;
And the Spirit clings to its home of clay,
Though the sturdy Will bids it away,
Nor the brain is consumed by its ache.

Years pass'd away, and 'twas ne'er forgot,
Till thou brought it back again,
Like a stone that marketh the resting-spot
Of one we might doubt had lived or not,
But for a secret pain.

O Moon! haste on—thy brilliant glow
Lights this waif on the stormy sea,
That tells of the hopes wreck'd long ago,
Of the heart's fond treasures lying below,
Which nevermore shall be.

O Moon, O Moon! why wane so slow?
It draweth nigh to day;
And these troubled memories of long ago
Come back till the heart, when the ebb and
Would fain be worn away. [flow

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

NO. III.

MILTON, "L'ALLEGRO" AND "IL PENSEROSO."

The first great English poet who concluded to engraft the learning and poetry of antiquity on the improved and improving language, was Milton—a poet (is it not strange?) but little read. He is one who is wondered at, and whose name raises in the mind some such idea as that of Newton—one who is looked upon as out of the ordinary class of mortals, and consequently altogether too good for common use. Besides, many entertain the idea that Milton is dull and heavy reading—something like the Bible, for instance, that may be read out of a principle of duty, but not from choice. But such people have neither soul nor sentiment. There is in the Bible and in Milton a sublimity and beauty, and natural attraction, which is enough to engage the attention of humble shepherds on the steepest and most remote of the Highland mountains of Scotland, or any land; where

"Up among the clifty rocks,
Among the bonny blooming heather;"

they attend their "fleecey charge" day after day, and cultivate their minds at the same time. And that singular, sentimental, thoughtful lassie, who,

"Of melody age held in thrall,
From the rude gambol far remote reclines;"

who is so different from everybody besides, and who,

"With looks commercing with the skies,"

is sitting with book in hand under that big tree, with only the garden between it and her mother's neat rustic cottage, in one of the loveliest nooks of merry and domestic England—that "tall ancestral tree," that throws its branches across the stream as if it loved to shelter it with its kind embrace. What book is that with which, as she sits

"The quiet waters by,"

she seems so much engaged, and which has carried her soul so far into Dream-land, that we doubt whether she is conscious of the admiring look with which she is regarded by the pale young man, who has made a hurried visit to his friends in the country during the Oxford vacation, and who with stealthy step has got close beside her without being perceived? "Milton's Paradise Lost." I am glad to hear it—glad that any one should read Paradise Lost in these degenerate days; and espe-

cially so winning a maiden, who, if we had time to follow her in her history, we should doubtless find in due time married to that pale young man, and that pale young man gradually wending his way up—up—up—till at last he reached the top of the ladder of promotion, as Archbishop of Canterbury and primate of all England, the first prelate of the holy and apostolic church, of which Queen Victoria (God bless her!) is the head.

But before I invite the reader to accompany me in a perusal of that wonderful poem, let us try to make a little acquaintance with the author. It has been said that some one asked Dr. Johnson, "Why it should have happened that Milton, who composed such a sublime epic, should have been so unsuccessful in his minor poetical productions?" and that Johnson's answer was, "He was an artist that could cut a colossal statue from the rocks, but could not carve heads on cherry stones." A truce there—I have scarcely read his sonnets—Wordsworth excepted I do not like sonnets—or his psalms; but if among his minor productions Dr. Johnson, or his friend Boswell, or all his friends together, mean to tell me that Comus, and Lycidas, and L'Allegro, and Il Penseroso, are not well written, I tell them that I shall summon a jury on the subject before I make any such admission—a jury of free and enlightened Americans, "male and female," as God made them, and not as man in his ungentlemanly exclusiveness would, from his selfish motives, distinguish and separate them. For—God be praised—woman has still the admitted right to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the inspirations of the Muse, and the inspirations of the Spirit, and form her own free and unbiassed opinions.

It may be a peculiarity of mine, but when any great work of a master mind is first put into my hands, it is invariably my practice, after reading the title page, to cast a look towards the latter part of the volume, to see whether there are not some little pieces on ordinary subjects by the author, on reading which I may get some insight into his mode of writing and thinking, before I proceed with the great work for which he is principally conspicuous. This is what I propose to do on the present occasion; partly on such account, and partly because if Dr. Johnson made such libelous remarks concerning Milton's *gems*, as some people would call them, I want to show that my opinions are widely different from his, and if need be, have a

rattle at him, merely to try my hand, and break myself in for the hard task-work which I have undertaken—just as Bishop Warburton tells us: "In his early days every young aspirant to metaphysical honors would be trying his lance on Hobbes' steel helmet."

"Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn"—

Hence! thou offspring of such hellish parentage! for Milton is in a merry mood to-day—let us hear him speak of thy more winning rival, Mirth! Yet with what beauty and classical elegance does the poet here introduce Melancholy, as a proper contrast to show more brilliantly the charms of the happy divinity in whose favor he means to speak! but proposing to banish herself to

"Some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings"

—jealous of all the sweet attractions of Day, and the rich and varied colorings of Nature, as well he might—in which congenial company she may

"In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell,"
in some villainous place

"As ragged as her locks."

We catch, as she is hurried off the stage, a glimpse of her forbidding aspect, quite sufficient to convince us that she is no fit companion on such joyous occasions, when all Nature shall be put under contribution to minister to our delight, as we mean, like Seged, Lord of Ethiopia, to be superlatively happy.

"But come, thou Goddess, fair and free,
In Heaven yclep'd Euphrasyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirths,
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore."

These were more suitable associates—these who waked by the touch of soul-inspiring Hope, according to Campbell, a poet as true to Nature and to Greece as ever Milton was:

"On tip-toe watching, start at her command,
And fly wher'er her mandate bids them steer,
To pleasure's path, or glory's bright career."

But it is not glory that we care about to-day. We will think of that to-morrow. Now we want enjoyment; so let Mirth bring along with her

"Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleep."

One cannot help thinking, by the way, that Milton must have been a perfect ladies' man; and that Hebe, after going a Maying with him, had she thought fit to confess, might have made the female deities of Elysium jealous of her influence over the mighty master of the Muse, by telling them in the words of the Scottish maiden:

"He praised my een sae bonny blue,
Sae lily-white my skin, O,
An' syne he preed my cherry mou',
An' swore it was nae sin, O."

That he was a sterling man—no counter-feit, but one of the right sort, we find:

"In thy right hand bring with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty."

Hear that, ye sons of ancient Caledonia, and of more ancient Helvetia! "Bonny Lizzie Liberty" is admitted by the greatest of all the poets to be more exclusively your own! And he is right. It is not on the rich alluvial plains, where Luxury holds her court, that Liberty finds a congenial home, or an atmosphere of sufficient purity. She cares not for wealth that must be earned by servitude, or so-called honor, which, on the reverse side of the medal which confers it, bears the impression of humiliating degradation.

"God gave her reverence of laws,
Yet stirring blood in her own good cause,
A spirit to her rocks akin,
The eye of the hawk and the fire therein."

Seged proposed to have ten days' happiness; to active business folks of the cities of San Francisco and Sacramento,

"One long summer's day of indolence and ease"

one *whole day* entirely devotable to pleasure, is all that they can reasonably ask for at once. So let every man of us begin early and be up by times, like a good Allegro:

"Ere the lark begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull Night
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled Dawn doth rise."

This is what every young man, who has any gallantry about him, ought not to neglect; and how pleasant,

"Then, to go in spite of Sorrow,
And at her window bid good-morrow
Through the sweet briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine!"

For a regular family party has been got up, and a resolution come to only the evening before, and all things got ready for a picnic in the country, and "an hour in the morning is worth two in the evening" for enjoying the fresh and exciting pleasures of rural life, any day:

"While the cock with lively din,
Scatters the rear of Darkness thin,
And to the stack, or barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

Who would not take a morning excursion to witness such scenes as these? is the first question which presents itself; the second—Who says that Milton is a dull poet? I do not think it would be possible to condense more of domestic life in so small a compass, or furnish a truer picture, or give a more vivid and chaste description of it.

Would our town beauties like to cultivate the acquaintance of those who live so naturally, and so happy?

"Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyasia met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses."

"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith," said King Solomon; but as well as the "herbs and country messes," which, like the rosy lips of "neat-handed Phyllis," by whom they have been prepared,

"So sweetly tempt to taste them,"

there is no want of good roast beef, and plum pudding too, or something as good, or better; for the farmers of California are not poor people, we must recollect, but the very bone and sinew of the country. The times are different now from what they used to be in Milton's day. The country people here live on better fare, and are better informed and more intelligent. But even in the olden time, there was a bliss in the ignorance of country folks, of which the impression still remains, and Milton has embalmed it.

"With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
And how the dredging goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set;
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail had threshed the corn
That ten day-laborers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend.
When done such tales to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep."

After enjoying such unsophisticated pleasure from country scenes, and country reminiscences, we have less relish for "towered cities,"

"And the busy hum of men;
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold;

With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize."

Such people we can read about in any trashy novel, any day; but a poet, like Milton is a rarity. I would rather wind up the proceedings of our little excursion party, just returned, by sitting quietly down beside our own Louisa, and turning over the leaves of her music for her, while she gives us some old tune in unison with the happy state of mind in which we all feel,

"In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
Her melting voice through mazes running,
*Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.*"

Such is L'Allegro, and it is a glorious little poem, and not in any respect unworthy of the author of *Paradise Lost*. But Milton is not content with urging the claims of Mirth, and all those accompanying innocent enjoyments, which compose her train. He wishes also to plead the other side; like the supple lawyer in that famous case reported by Cowper, when

"Between eyes and nose a strange contest arose,
As to which the said spectacles ought to belong."

Perhaps he may have had some compunctions of conscience about having treated Melancholy with unnecessary severity, and supposed that to retrieve his own character he must be impartial, and submit Mirth to equal indignity to appease her. Perhaps he thought that he was a man of such talent that to him either side was alike. I believe he meant his L'Allegro to represent the opinions of the world, and Il Penseroso those which were more befitting a philosopher.

"Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!"

So he proposes to banish all silly suppositions of terrestrial enjoyment, desirable merely through the senses, to "dwell in some idle brain," and occupy "fancies fond with gaudy shapes,"

"As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams;
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train."

And such, after all, is the language of Wisdom. It is, as he elsewhere expresses it, from the "Cynic tub" that true philosophy comes. The fewer of ordinary pleasures that men can learn to live with and be happy, so much the more do they make themselves independent of contingent circumstances. But let us proceed. Now,

the poet is advocating the case of Melancholy, and he wants her to come forward and show herself; but now he speaks to her, and about her, in a very different manner. One would think he had got a retaining fee.

"Hail, thou Goddess sage and holy,
Hail divinest Melancholy,
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight!"

However, notwithstanding such dazzling brightness, he describes her as well as circumstances will admit, and makes her regular Tragedy Queen, such as Mrs. Stark, or Mrs. Siddons if she were alive, might take a pattern from:—

Come pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait
And looks commercing with the skies;

* * * *

Forget thyself to marble till,
With a sad, leaden, downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.

After having given the good lady herself an invitation, he next desires her to bring her train along with her (as he asked Mirth to do before), namely, Peace and Quiet—names very congenial, as Shakspeare would have said "to a married ear;" and

"Spare Fast, who oft with Gods doth diet,"

(apparently as bad as dining with Duke Humphrey,) and "mute Silence," and "the Cherub Contemplation;" but candor compels me to say they do not by any means form so interesting a group as those whom he proposes as suitable companions for Mirth, leaving out that boisterous fellow Laughter, whose vulgar bearing seems altogether indefensible. The truth is, although Milton is said to have himself preferred *Il Penseroso* to *L'Allegro*, the subject does not admit of so rich and natural imagery, and no one who judges the merits of the two pieces according to their poetical recommendations only, would hesitate a moment in awarding the palm to *L'Allegro*. But *Il Penseroso* is also superlatively beautiful. Shakspeare tells us of charms "so strong as could control the moon;" Milton attributes a similar power to the music of the Nightingale, whom he represents as a hair-dresser and toilet-woman for "homely-featured Night," as Cowper calls her—or does he mean that the old lady has got into the sulks, and that the gentle Nightingale is trying to put her in a better temper?

"Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night;"

and the notes of that song are so sweet, and its music so irresistible, that the Moon brings her team to a walk for the purpose of listening, as we are told in the next line,

"While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the accustomed oak."

The poor Moon apparently gets quite bewildered. We know she is but a lunatic; but, like Sterne's Maria, there is an attraction about her which is irresistible:

"the wandering Moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the Heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud."

This is extremely beautiful, but it is also quaint and curious. The following idea (though an in-door one) is fully as much in accordance with my taste. After proposing to seat himself "on a plat of rising ground," where he

"May hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar,"

he recollects that the weather may not exactly coincide with such an arrangement, and being in a compromising mood, concludes that

"Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach Light to counterfeit a gloom."

And what could be more elegant than his apostrophe on the power of music (in the minor key)?

"But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes, as warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek."

The English used to talk of the "Iron Duke of Wellington;" a title which was thought peculiarly applicable, as expressive of his character, his constitution, and his firmness; and he was without doubt a big man in his way; but we feel convinced he was a mere nobody compared with old Pluto, who was iron even to his tears. We know it was not everything that would make him cry. But the powerful influence of Music even he could not resist. Yet who does not realize, in the congregating consonants in the last line,

"And made Hell grant what Love did seek,"

from the very difficulty we experience in reading it, with what reluctance he complied with the petition of the bereaved Or-

pheus? It is a line which labors as meaningfully as Pope's

"When Ajax strives some rocks, vast weight to throw,"

or Virgil's

"Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam."

Thus Milton endeavors to make every thing harmonize. He even wishes to have weather to match the melancholic frame of mind in which he pretends to be. He wants to have "civil-suited Morn,"

"Not tricked and frownc'd as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud."

One cannot help smiling at such a very English prepossession, only equalled by that of the British tar, who having left his Poll of Wapping behind, for several years had been cruising in the Mediterranean. As he sailed up the Thames into that peculiar atmosphere which continually hangs over London, and through which the sun does not penetrate his heart became exultant with the delights of "home-born happiness," and he could not help exclaiming, "This is the atmosphere! None of your flaring suns and clear blue skies for me, but the regular gray mist of the Thames River!"

The following fancy is very much to my mind. He supposes the sun to have broken out after a shower:

* * * "Me Goddess bring
To arch'd walks of twilight groves,
* * * * *

Where the rude ax with heaved stroke
Has never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt;
There in some covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's gairish eye."

We fancy we see the old man taking to his boyish ways again, and now that like another Horace he has got away from the "*profanum vulgus*," having fine times with the Nymphs,

"Sporting with Amargilis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair."

Such is not only "a fit retreat for wooing," but also, if we may credit Burns, the very place for a poet to go to. Says he,

"The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till, by himself, he loved to wander
Down by some burnie's sweet meander,
An' nae think lang."

From "the arch'd walks of twilight groves," the transition is natural to

* * "the studious eloister's pale.
And the high embow'd roof,
And antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim religious light,"

such as he found in the colleges of his own Alma Mater. We are carried in imagination to Westminster or Saint Peter's; and look around with wonderment and surprise, that it should be possible merely by human craft so to induce religious feelings. But when the organ peals

"To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high, and anthem clear,"

the effect is so overcoming as to

"Dissolve us into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before our eyes!"

But even from such holy scenes and their inspirations, the poet longs to be again with Nature.

"And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that Heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain."

Had Milton only written these two short poems, I should have been disposed to look upon him not only as a great poet, but as a benefactor to society.

AGRICOLA.

ERRATA.—In No. 2 of this series, in the first column, line 30 from the top, for "since the days of Hume," read "since the days of Homer." In column 3, line 39, for "Assian," read "Os-sian." In column 3, line 58, for "heralds," read "heroes;" and in column 5, line 10, for "to make them *dii minorum genitum*," read "to make them other than *dii minorum genitum*."

My friend Butler is a very loquacious young gentleman, and often puts a word in out of time—but he was taken down a day or two since after the following manner:—Maj. M., in conversation with a friend upon the merits or demerits of the Rev. Kulloch case, chanced to remark that when young, the Rev. gentleman was expelled from College—"Well, supposing he was?" chimed in young Butler, "my father was turned out of College for stealing a goose, but that don't prove any thing." "No," said the Maj., "it don't prove any thing, but it goes to show that your father had an early and continued predilection for the genus of aquatic fowl generally known as "geese."

Our Social Chair.

It requires at the present time the impurtable good humor of Mr. Mark Tapley who, when "jolly," wished to be so under creditable circumstances; or in other words only took credit in being jolly when in the deepest of trouble; inasmuch as he thought that anybody could be good-humored when every thing around them was sunny and prosperous; therefore, we say that it requires good-humor equal to his, at the present time, to keep people "jolly" and raise them above the remembrance of their bereavements and losses by the Central America, and the oppressive financial difficulty of brethren and friends at the east. Each of us suffer from sympathy; besides from our being members of one common body-politic.

Amidst all, it is well to read of such a case as the following from our ever-welcome exchange, the spirited and witty Picayune—the *Punch* of New York—under the editorial direction of Doesticks and Triangle, (an inimitable pair of large-souled and witty fellows):—

HARD TIMES AND SOFT SPOTS.—Proclaim it in Wall Street; cry it aloud in State Street, and announce it in Third—that there is at least one rich man who has a soft spot, not in his head, but in his heart, and that he lives—where do you think?—why, in Chicago—the place of which St. Peter is said to be entirely ignorant, according to the story. His name is James Ward—he is the owner of many houses; and the other day, when the pressure came, he spontaneously went around to his tenants and reduced their rents twenty per cent. Verily, Ward will be re-warded hereafter—for though we know how hard it is for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven—yet we think the difference between the camel and the needle-eye will be less in his case than in that of any less feeling capitalist.

From the same source we take pleasure in stealing and confessing—like the *gint* with the bacon—the pointed

MOTTO FOR THE BANKS—*By the Spirit of Ben Franklin.*—Hang together, or you will each have to suspend separately.

As one reads the sad narrative of the loss of the Central America and four hundred of our brethren, on the twelfth of September last; and mourns at the self-sacrificing nobility of nature displayed on that occasion

meeting with such a disastrous reward, he still feels a glow of pride that so many Californians should present to the world such a glorious example of manly self-possession and commendable fortitude, in the hour of danger and of death, as to see that the weak and helpless, the women and children, were first saved, even though they themselves should be lost—the unfortunate and painful result, with but few heart-gladdening exceptions.

We remember no example in history which presents a parallel to it: but then, history tells of no school for the heart's education in self-sacrifice like that of California, with all its beauties and advantages. From the first day of the first pioneer to the present, it has been one long, long day of personal sacrifices to her people. How could it be otherwise, cut off as we have been from almost every social tie, and shut out from every spirit-invigorating influence, derived from communion with personal friends? Uncheered and alone, to labor, to forego, to suffer and to wait, until fortune should favor us to visit our friends, or bring them to us, how could we become other than self-sacrificing? But the reward will come—wait.

Distressing as are the facts, yet how much of life-experience would often be excluded from the world's eye but for such events. For instance, read the following:—

A STRANGE AND AFFECTING STORY.—Some time during the year 1837—twenty years ago—when the inhabitants of the Pueblo of San Francisco dwelt in adobe houses, a couple of English sailors, belonging to a whale ship, determined to abandon sea life for the less arduous vocation of raising vegetables. They accordingly enclosed a small piece of ground with a fence of raw hides, and applied themselves to agricultural pursuits with such vigor that they soon had secured means to afford them a comfortable living. They lived quietly by themselves, and having no other object whereon to place their affections, loved each other, and resolved to pull together for the balance of their life-voyage; and so they might have done but for the discovery of gold in California, an event which has disappointed the intentions of many others besides the two old "matelots," and has caused many old friends to part company who never thought of parting before. Dave Morgan and Bob Levick were

happy and contented with their lot, and in their friendship for each other; but the times changed. It would be needless to repeat the story of the rise and progress of San Francisco. It is sufficient to say that Bob and Dave found themselves suddenly rich.

The vegetable garden was surveyed into town lots, and a portion sold, placing Bob and Dave in the possession of more money than they knew at first what to do with. They retained the best portion, comprising fifty varas of the north-west corner of Dupont Street and Broadway, and covered it with buildings. At one time the property was worth over \$100,000, and even under the present depression of real estate its value is estimated at \$50,000 or \$60,000. The sudden improvement of their fortunes effected no difference in the feelings of one toward the other, but they were becoming old, and it was a cause of mutual regret that neither had knowledge of the whereabouts of their kinsmen, nor indeed whether they had any relations living who might be benefited by their wealth. Dave became a citizen of the United States, and made a will of all his possessions to Bob and Bob's heirs forever. Bob did the same, and then they had a document drawn up in favor of the heirs of the one who lived the longest. Still, neither was satisfied with the prospect of leaving their wealth without a certainty regarding the manner of its disposition after their death. If either could have obtained a perpetual lease of life, the other would have been but too well pleased at the thought of surrendering all to the survivor; but, under the circumstances, it was necessary that an heir should be found. So it was determined upon that Dave should visit England in search of "kith and kin." Dave was among the passengers for the East who left here on the 20th of August, and consequently he was among those who went down on the ill-fated *Central America*. No doubt he was among the lost. The brave old "salt" was not of the kind of stuff likely to be saved under such circumstances. He was not one to seek safety by endangering the chances of women and children. Bob no sooner learned the intelligence of the disaster, than he became like one lost to all hope. He took to hard drinking; and at the expiration of five days joined his old shipmate. Heaven grant that they both found safe anchorage.—*San Francisco Globe*.

From the Hon. John B. Weller, with much pleasure and many thanks, we acknowledge the receipt of several valuable and beautifully illustrated quarto volumes of public documents—"Of Explorations and Surveys of a Railroad Route from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean,"—an epitome of which

we shall endeavor to place before our readers at no very distant day.—The *United States Japan Expedition*, under Commodore Perry; and several volumes of the Patent Office and Smithsonian Reports.

It would be money well spent, in our estimation, if government were to establish a rule of supplying every editorial room in the United States with such volumes. It is much to be regretted that the valuable information gathered by such expeditions should not be widely diffused, especially as the additional cost, after the type is set up and the plates made, would be comparatively trifling; and the advantages to the public would be beyond all price.

FAST EATING.—Considering the time consumed in growing the food, the care used in preserving it from decay, the anxiety often required to find the means to buy it, the skill and time and trouble required to cook it, and the commendable pride with which good wives see that it is placed upon the table, are strikingly suggestive to our mind that due time should be taken to eat and to enjoy it. Frenchmen say that a good dinner should be enjoyed three times—in anticipation, in action, and on reflection. Besides, after the pains taken to make it inviting to the palate, it is not very complimentary to the cook or host, or even to your own good wife, to swallow it in haste, as though it were so much medicine. Fast eating, moreover, as every body knows, lays the foundation for dyspepsia and many other diseases; and those who have to find time to be sick, might as well save time and sickness too, by TAKING TIME TO EAT.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.—As I was passing through Suisun Valley, not long since, I met a man, a perfect stranger to me, carrying several very large bunches of grapes. "Hold on," said he, as I drove past in a hurry. "Hold on, there, if you please; you would not pass a man in distress, would you?" "I would not," said I. "Well then," he replied, "help me to eat these grapes, will ye?" Of course I did not pass him. G.

The statement is contradicted that a Yankee has invented a machine for taking the noise out of thunder!

There are but few persons on this round earth who feel not at times the inspiring influence of a kindly spoken word of approbation or encouragement; and none more sensitively than members of the editorial profession. In a land like California, where the population is not as yet sufficiently large to support a paid literature—apart from advertising;—and where the all absorbing idea is how to get rich; at the neglect, if not at the sacrifice of literary tastes and attainments, it becomes a task somewhat difficult invariably to meet the wishes of the reader under such circumstances. While ruminating somewhat on the latter theme a friend entered our sanctum and placed upon our table the following notice from the *London Art-Journal*, and which while reading had the effect (in imagination at least) of adding a couple of inches to our stature! Knowing that we had constantly given “the best the market afforded,” it gave us no small pleasure to see that our efforts were appreciated at such a distance from home, and by so good a judge as the editor of that journal without doubt the finest illustrated periodical in the world.

“HUTCHINGS’ CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE. Published by J. M. HUTCHINGS & Co., San Francisco, California.

Amid the clang of the pickaxe of the gold-finder, and the echoes of a multitude of loud, discordant voices that sometimes one fancies he hears sweeping across the waves of the Atlantic, there come now and then softer and sweeter sounds, denoting that gentle and soothing influences are also at work among the strange community located in the regions of California. We have on our table the first four parts of a monthly magazine, the publication of which commenced in July last.

We have looked very carefully through these numbers, and can safely say that in matter, illustrations, paper, and printing, the California Magazine would be creditable to a London publisher; facts and fiction are pleasantly told; and occasionally a graceful poem gives evidence of gentle spirits mingling with the rough and stern workers out of the realities of life. Here and there we find sentiments and expressions which would scarcely pass current in a periodical circulating among a more refined people; but as a whole the publication pleases no less than it surprises.”

Thank you, Mr. Art Journal—an encouraging tap on the shoulder never hurts a man much, if he is made of the right kind of stuff.

We hope that the suffering and disappointed will remember the gentle lesson inculcated in the following stanzas, which have found their way to the Social Chair:—

A SIMILE—HOPE.

Of-times within the heart, despair
Will hold its sway despotic, there,
And with stern rigor reign;
Then to us life is dark and drear
As winter, with no hope to cheer,
To comfort, or sustain.

But Winter cannot ever last,
’Tis here to-day—to-morrow past,
And Spring—bright Spring appears.
Storms rage not ever in the breast,
The troubled soul will yet have rest,
Disburdened of its fears.

Ere scarce despair hath ceased to reign—
The future to look bright again,
Thus early, hope will bloom;
A tender flower of the heart
Most cherished, nor will it depart,
Till frosts that chill it come.

Thus we behold ere scarce the snow
Hath disappeared—storms cease to blow,
The early violet bloom;
We love the modest, fragile flower,
That comes to mark for us the hour,
Winter receives its doom. C.

San Francisco, Nov., 1857.

[Sister May’s letter was unavoidably crowded out last month, but it will be but little the worse for keeping.]

LETTER TO MINERS.

NO. III.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 7, 1857.

Dear Brothers:—Of course you have grown tired of hearing about the beautiful processions and eloquent orations of the 7th and 9th ult., but the Fair! oh, you don’t know what you missed by not visiting it. I am now speaking of those who did not do so. I saw every thing there, from *perpetual motion!* to the little jack-knives. But I suppose that many of you waited to go to the Agricultural Fair in order to see and ascertain who made the best bread. Right—am I not?

Ladies were requested to not wear hoops of the largest dimensions when they visited the Mechanics’ Fair, (so the papers said,) as they could not accommodate near as many visitors; but they were not to be imposed upon in that way, and therefore did as they pleased, and had it not been for those crin-

olines, I believe that many persons would have suffocated or been run over.

We've had other pleasure than that since I last wrote you, brothers. You know nothing about our pretty, moonlight rides, nor of the fashionable weddings of some of our fashionable friends, nor of our private parties, pleasant dances, &c.

Then we've feasted on such delicious fruit, and had such *good times*.

How lonely you must be in your mountain homes, with no home pleasures. No mother's fear — no brother's voice — no sister's smile. How your hearts must ache when you think of those so far away; how welcome must every letter from them be.

Then you dream of them too, return their kind kisses, walk with them, laugh with them, sing with them, and live with them; but soon as the gray dawn breaks the sweet dream you do not find it "a sweet reality." And perhaps since you last saw them an angel mother, or sister, or some dear one has gone to sleep 'neath where the daisies bloom, and the long grass waves, and the green vines twine. And the old homestead may be sold, and the giant tree in the meadow cut down, and the good hunting dog grown old, and the brook where you used to fish on Saturday gone dry, and the great mill be still, and faces and hearts that were sunny now clouded with sorrow.

Perhaps some of you, and may be many, have gotten to like your mountain cabins in California so well (at least you imagine you do) that you do not want to return home, or send for your friends to come here; but, ah! brothers, is there any place like *home*? Are not your hearts with the loved? Are a few miners sitting round their fire in their cabins with dirt floors, rough logs, and nothing particularly pleasing to look at, and no woman's gentle face beaming kindly upon them, as happy as they would be were they brothers at home in the old sitting-room with its warm carpet, heavy picture frames, the pictures of which you have admired from the time that you could first remember, and the great rocking-chair, and the bright blazing fire and social talks and frolicking games?

Now which is the brightest picture? which the more preferable?

Then just think of Christmas, with its genial enjoyments! The little stockings of little brothers and sisters, that, hanging about the chimney corners, await Santa Claus's visit—and on Christmas morning those little velvety cheeks receive a kiss from you, and you slip up the back stairs with some large curly-headed dolls, and little guns and books, and hang them on the Christmas tree, and in the evening comes the merry dance. Then comes New Year's, then May-day with its greens and flowers, and many more pleasant times which here you know little of.

I don't speak in this way to you in order to make you (if such a thing were possible) dislike California, for I think it the fairest and loveliest land in America, and probably in the world; but I want you to remember those at home, write to them, and not do as many miners have done, break mothers' hearts by becoming reckless and forgetful of their love, and of the happiness that with and through them you have enjoyed.

But I hope that few are so, and that none will be hereafter, although what I write amounts to very little; but if you were here at my home I could talk a great deal about it to you.

But I'm afraid that I'll fill the "Social Chair," if I continue in this way, so I'll stop writing as soon as I say a few words to—

DEAR BROTHER FRANK,—I don't know what to say to you this time, for I suppose that you are looking for a poetical reply to your "Invitation," but it will be in vain. I had just written one stanza of one and laid it on the table, when Fred ran off with it, saying that he knew it was something containing "sentimentalities" to a gentleman. Of course I wasn't going to let him read it, so I ran after him. He flew up the stairs, and I ditto; down again through the hall, and that time I caught him and recovered the slip of paper, but finding that he was about to regain it I twisted it up and secured it in my mouth! Fred vowed that had it not been for *that* he would have had it *sure*, and sent it to the next Fair. *Sic transit gloria*.

After telling you that, I can say a great deal to you.

Many thanks, brother, for your beautifully composed and cordial Invitation. but withal I'm afraid that I can't come. Then I don't know where it is, nor what it is like. Can't you tell me something about your "Mountain Home"? Is it situated in a pleasant and pretty place, and how do you pass away your leisure time? Do you prefer that life to one in the city?

I never lived in the country, but, like most young persons, had a dear, good grandfather and grandmother in the States who resided on a fine farm. A lovely spot it was, too. I always tho't it the prettiest on earth. Not only because its bubbling springs and running brooks were so fresh and clear; not only because the flowers there were so delicate and smelled so sweet, nor because their great oaks and tall, graceful, waving elms were prettier to me than any other, but because of the loving hearts that dwelt there.

Borne in triumph into the house in grandfather's arms, pelted by grandmother, and tormented almost to death by witty and mischievous uncle Frank. That's his name—uncle Frank.

Although in the winter he would put my mittens and muff on and carry me over the snow to the great woods where he had his quail trap set, and would, perhaps, frighten

a rabbit out of his burrow, as he said, "to show me how it could run," yet as soon as we arrived home he would hold my hands and black my face with a coal, making what he was pleased to call "an Ethiopian Princess" of me; then promenade with my bonnet and cape on; and, if it was in the summer, he would probably take me into the great orchard, climb a tree like a squirrel and sit perched on a limb feasting on cherries, giving me none; but before long he would come down with a hat full of delicious ones.

Oh! how time changes all things! I'll never again sit on grandfather's knee and hear him sing "Hail to the Chief," "Bonnie Doone," or any of his good old songs, that fell sweeter on my ear than did Jenny Lind's world-famed songs as I sat in Castle Garden!

But grandmother—God bless her—her loving eyes still brighten the old place, and her gentle voice is yet heard there. I hope again to see her here on earth; if not, I know I shall in heaven.

But my thoughts are leading me away from any thing that would interest you.

I am glad to see you express your views in regard to *pretty gentlemen*, or *exquisites*, as you do, because it makes me know that you are a *man*. I spoke of that in Letter No. 2, partly for the sake of *punning* a little, but principally to see what you would say about it. I have some *pretty gentlemen acquaintances*, but no such *friends*.

Now, Brother Frank, I confess candidly that I laughed outright when I read that you believed I was a fairy; for how do you know that I am not the greatest *old maid* in San Francisco! But excuse me—perhaps you are particularly fond of elderly maidens.

Wouldn't you be delighted to see a real old maid, with great curls round her cheeks, and a big reticule on her arm, coming up to your cabin, and when she arrived there, introduce herself as *Sister May*! You'd look at her and think of that poetry, and your friend Harry would pinch your elbow, and with a *long face* say: "Sweet fairy Sister May," and ask you about that *Aiden*, and all that. Ah, you rogue! you may just say what you like; but I know what you'd *think* and *wish*.

We have had a few showers of rain, and the heliotrope, roses, verbenas, and mignonne are much more fragrant than they were before, and the rain-drops are still hanging on the madeira vines.

Oh my! what a long letter!—isn't it? But of course I'll get such a one in return. I like to read long letters, and therefore you need not think that I am speaking so on account of yours. Such an interesting letter could never have been too long—therefore, write so again.

Good-night, brothers; the rain is pattering on the roof musically, and I hope that I, as well as you, will have a happy night's rest.

Affectionately,

SISTER MAY.

We have found room for Sister May's epistle, although it is long; but in future all our friends who write for our Social Chair, we wish to be as brief and as much to the point as possible. The "Chair" is for all kinds of fun, and for the promotion of sunny-hearted good feeling among us all. Let us have it so, every body.

Editor's Table.

DARKNESS.—The overwhelming sorrow which fell upon California when the heart-rending tidings were received, and echoed across every valley, and borne into every mountain glen throughout the State, that the Central America steamship, with four hundred of our own stalworth and noble-souled brethren—the very bone and sinew of the State—were lost, off Cape Hatteras, on the twelfth of September last; every heart was filled "with lamentation, and mourning, and woe;" California—like Rachel—was weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they were not.

And, as though the truthfulness of the

adage that "misfortunes never come single," was still to be verified, with this sad news came that of a wide-spread financial difficulty; and, by the succeeding steamer the intelligence that it was extending from one end of the Union to the other—California excepted (with heartfelt gratitude we record the encouraging fact)—fully equal in extent, if not in severity, to the fearful financial panic of 1837. To increase the intensity of this business calamity, Winter, with his cheerless and unfeeling footsteps, is upon the very heels of the sufferers—so that now their circumstances send earnest pleadings to us, saying "brethren in California send

over and help us;" and we confess to knowing nothing of Californians if they hesitate for a moment when they know that "there is plenty of more where that came from."

THE CAUSE.—For steamship and other disasters we are all ready enough to censure officers and owners for their reckless risks and sacrifices of life and property; and yet, however much they may and do deserve it, if we think the matter quietly over, perhaps you and I, reader, may find ourselves somewhat implicated in their cause, and we should not seek to shirk the responsibility. That steamship and steamboat disasters, directly, result from their cheap (!) and unsubstantial construction, or from the inefficiency or great neglect of their owners or officers in charge, but few persons will entertain a doubt.

Looking, however, a little beneath the surface, we may find that you and I have never taken the trouble to look into the matter for ourselves; or, to see that persons are appointed—and such only—who are competent judges of what is right and what is wrong, in any and every department where the preservation of life and the protection of property may depend upon it. How many weak and rotten ships, steamships and steamboats; how many worn out and rusty boilers; how many unsubstantial bridges and suspension bridges, with numerous other causes have been permitted in these United States to hurry our fellow-men into eternity? More, if we mistake not, than in the whole world beside. Before our mind at this moment a long and ghastly array of steamboat burnings, boiler explosions, railway accidents, vessels foundering at sea, shipwrecks, &c., &c., are passing, almost *ad infinitum*.

The neglect must certainly be somewhere—Where? let each of us in future make it a portion of our individual business to inquire; and not place our lives in the hands of the soulless speculator, and conscience-wanting money worshipper.

The financial difficulty of course every man knows must have a cause, and each one is directly and personally interested in discovering it. At the risk of censure from our lady friends and readers, we shall make

a few extracts from Frank Leslie's New Family Magazine and Gazette of Fashion, for November; and, with but little comment, allow them to speak for themselves. On page 271, under the head of "WANT TO BUY AND WHERE TO BUY IT," we find the following:—

The business world this season, owing to a strong combination of circumstances, presents the most curious anomaly. Notwithstanding the high price of materials, especially those composing foreign fancy goods, the preparations in France and England, and the importations into this country, were never so extensive and costly, each of our merchants vying with the other in the splendor and magnificence of their selections.

The unexampled pressure in the money market which followed obliged a sacrifice of many of the finest fabrics at less than half their value, thus affording an opportunity which ladies are not slow to take advantage of, [!] buying rich goods at exceedingly moderate rates.

Owing to this circumstance, in the midst of suspensions and failures, and a feeling of general depression, the retail trade has continued active, extensive sales being made, from which probably very little profit resulted to the dealers.

Then comes a description of the most approved pattern and style of goods for "representing a more ladylike appearance" on the street, in the ball-room, &c., &c., with the names of prominent dry goods houses, well puffed! A few samples will suffice.

GEORGE A. HEARN, in Broadway, exhibits a superior quality of black bayadere silk at two dollars per yard, very rich India shawls at seven hundred dollars each, new and striking in pattern, and superb sable capes at three hundred dollars, very graceful in shape, and exquisite in color and quality.

[ONLY *seven hundred dollars* for a shawl, and *three hundred dollars* for a cape!—Enough to make many a man out west a fortune.]

At Stewart's, corner of Broadway and Chambers street, we found the new shade of lavender called the "Ophelia," which has been lately introduced in moire antique, with charming effect. It is a pale color, with a silvery tint, which it retains by gaslight, and will not spot or change. The price is four dollars per yard.

[Which, at thirty-seven yards for a dress, makes \$148 for the material for one garment—and if only three of this and other patterns are required per month, with making and trimming included, the cost would

not perhaps exceed \$520 or \$530!—a mere trifle!]

Here also [Stewart's] are superb black silk robes with rich velvet flounces in tartan plaid, alternating with flounces of plain silk. These are a hundred dollars each. Others in purple, drab, and brown, have plaid velvet flounces in fancy colors, dark and bright, alternating with plaid flounces of silk shaded in all the different tints of the plain silk centre. These are suitable only for carriage dress, and are also sold at one hundred dollars each. [Of course not including the making and trimming.]

The bonnet for this season is no slight subject of anxiety. Milliners are in despair at the high prices they have been compelled to pay for their materials, the terrible depression, and consequent inability to realize anything upon their outlay. Many families, anxious to keep up appearances, [there lies the secret,] and alarmed at the advanced value of fashionable hats, have procured their materials and supplied themselves, [how distressing!] if not with the most stylish coiffure, with an excellent substitute, until the panic permits them again to have recourse to a professional artist.

[So you are going to wait until this panic has subsided, and then commence again to make another? Well, it is all right, we suppose!]

Then comes a delicious and tempting description of a bonnet:

Madame R. Harris & Son have the credit of first introducing a distinguished novelty, and entire change in the form of the chapeau, fresh from the hand of Madame Alexandrine, of Paris. The shape is broader at the top, with a round open face of the Marie Stuart type. The material is black imperial velvet, lined with China blue velvet, the edge at the sides slightly turning back. Round the crown is a wreath of blue ostrich feathers, the ends curling at the sides; one of which is enriched by a graceful Marie Stuart coiffure. Inside a plain bandeau crosses the front, terminating at the commencement of small side ruches, which form the only decoration with the exception of the curling tip of a small ostrich feather. The open front and slender inside trimming adapt it specially to the new mode of wearing the hair in clustering curls, besides being much more comfortable upon the head. The effect is also becoming, and perfectly *distingue*. The first cost of this bonnet was one hundred and twenty-five francs, exclusive of duty, so that at thirty-five dollars it hardly pays the price of importation. [What then would the cost be "in the flush times of (New York or) Alabama"?]

Next is given a glowing list of an almost endless variety of costly sleeves; dress-caps; "sets comprising only collar and sleeves are twelve dollars—including handkerchief, *thirty*"; ribbon velvets at *ten* dollars the piece; real point lace veils at *eighty* dollars; cloaks and basquines at from *fifty* to *one hundred and twenty* dollars; fancy furs, ermine and chinchilla, at very reasonable prices.

Now, we should be the last to place any blame upon the ladies, (God bless them!) but if they have not by their extravagance in dress and household appointments, and by their apeing the dress-loving aristocracy of Europe; if they have not been *directly* the cause of the present financial crisis we will make confession that in thought we have wronged them. Even the principal cities of our own glorious California are but just emerging from the financial struggle of 1851, '52, '53, and '54, brought on in a great measure by the extravagance of the fair sex. Men have earned fortunes here, women have spent them. Who can deny it? Of course there have been many heart-gladdening exceptions to that rule—to the honor of those noble wives and daughters be it spoken; and to those who stood by their husbands and fathers in the day of trial, and cheered them on by their presence and self-sacrificing economy, to renew the struggle with fortune, even though fire or any other cause should sweep away the competency that might otherwise have been theirs, there is a reward that vanity, or pride, or show can never give. These are our guardian earth-angels, and who does not love and do them honor?

It is very true that men have rushed into wild ventures and speculations, making haste to be rich—in many instances with no better motive than to surpass or support a false outside to their neighbor's eye; or, to spend it on their own or wife's extravagance; but—for the true conviction must be expressed—has not women really been at the bottom of it? Men are generally content with aught which gives pleasure to their wife or daughters; no matter how humble, if they are satisfied.

A false—aye! how false?—an estimate

has been put upon fine clothes, fine dwellings, large establishments, and much display to appear great (!) in the world's eye; and the more quiet and unassuming, but substantial happiness resulting from intelligent contentment by living within the means, has been discarded as old-fashioned and undignified.

DAYBREAK.—Not in the east, according to the laws of nature; for there, as yet, all is as dark as the last hour before day-dawn; but, in the west, according to the course of circumstances. The eye of Faith as well as Hope is steadfastly fixed towards our far off, but golden horizon, as they wait for the first streaks of light and help to fall on their storm-spread sky, that it may assist to dispel the financial night which now hangs over them with its heavy and sorrowing veil.

Well, be it so; in their day of trouble we will not remember their sins of slight which they have committed against us; and when

the two millions seven hundred thousand dollars, shipped from California on the steamer of the twentieth ult. shall arrive, it will no doubt be an acceptable proof that our hearts are in the right place, and that at this moment our position is better than that of any other State in the Union, as it unquestionably is.

We can moreover assure them that if they wish to join us in the gold land, and come "with their sons and their daughters," "their flocks and their herds," to make to themselves a comfortable and prosperous home, with just and limited expectations—and not with the idea so extensively cherished in former days of getting our gold quickly, to go somewhere else to spend it;—then, to the industrious, moral, and unemployed, California can become a second and goodly Canaan: yet, remember that hard and earnest labor will be needful to possess it.

Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

M. D. S.—What county?

W. T. G.—It is all right—we shall see. Not having had sufficient leisure this month to examine it well, we have laid it aside for next.

Old Salt, Del.—Twice have we received your letters, but each time have they been unaccompanied with the prepared wood. We shall take great pleasure in placing it where the timber worm will be sure to test it thoroughly—should it ever come to hand.

A Tale of Sutter's Butte, with the accompanying sketches, are received.

W. H. D.—We feel ashamed of ourselves for not answering your kind good letters, but we know that you will forgive us.

A. D., ditto.

C. Omega.—We have not forgotten it.

A Subscriber—Roach Hill.—All right, please send us one and we will engrave it with pleasure—get a good Ambrotype taken if possible.

Pick and Shovel.—Could'nt you find some

more poetical (!) cognomen to such an artistic "pome."

H., Oroville.—Photographs, &c., of the Cape Claim came safely. Many thanks.

Dr. C.—Don't forget your promise.

G. F. N.—R. G., under the circumstances, might renew unpleasant associations—in your own mind.

Ellenwood.—Yours will be found a place, as the sentiments are very pretty.

S. T., (a Subscriber), Yreka.—Bless us! don't get angry, vexed, excited, riled, put out, put about, wrathful, agitated, mad, violent, choaky, irritated, perturbed, raging, ireful, exasperated, passionate, vehement, or even threatening—about nothing; inasmuch as you might afterwards think (and very justly too) that you were certainly very foolish, and the result might be, you know, in your feeling so.

Received.—The Step Beside the Door—Murmurs of the Storm-Spirit—The True History of Hoops, and several other favors. We beg our friends to have patience with us, as they will all appear in due season.

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

JANUARY, 1858.

No. 7.



THE STEAMER HAS ARRIVED.

THE HISTORY OF A LETTER.

Language is incapable of expressing the thrill of feeling which passes through the mind, when, from the outer telegraph station at Point Lobos, a telegram announces in San Francisco that "the mail

steamer — is in sight, — miles outside the heads." To almost all "expectation is on tip-toe," and the welcome intelligence is rapidly passed from lip to lip, and recorded on the various bulletin boards of the city, that the "— steamer is telegraphed." After an hour or more

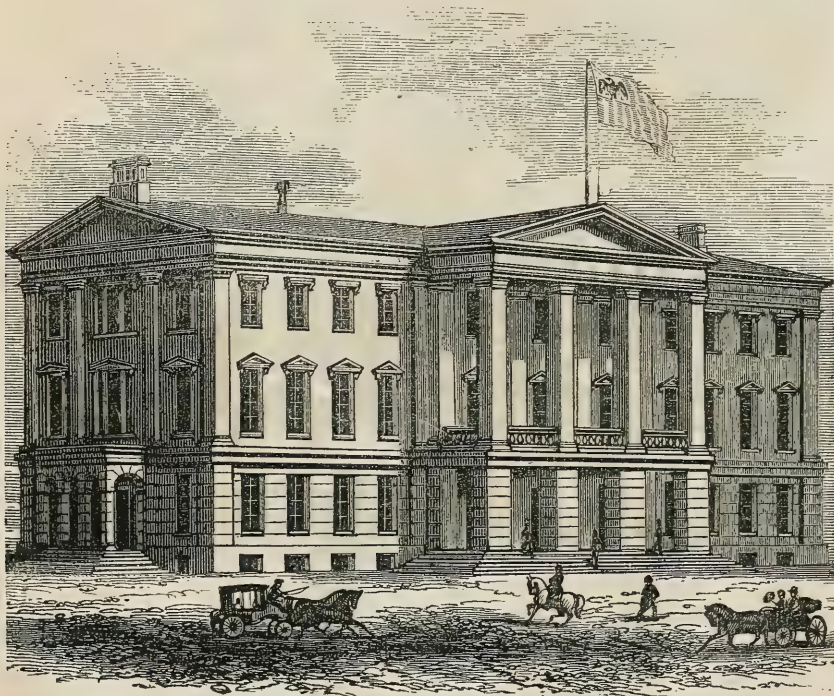
of suspense, the loud boom-oom-oom-o-o-o-o-m of the steamer's gun reverberates through the city, and announces that she is passing between Alcatraz Island and Telegraph Hill, and will soon be at her berth alongside the wharf.

Almost simultaneously with the sound of the steamer's gun, the newsboys are shouting the "arrival of the steamer," and the "New York Herald," "New York Tribune," "Fourteen days later news from the Eastern States." Meanwhile, all the news depots are crowded with eager applicants for the latest news; and, in order to obtain it as early as possible, small boats have been in waiting off Meiggs' Wharf, to receive the bundles of "express" newspapers thrown them

from the steamer as she passed; and the moment these boats reach the dock, fast horses, which have also been kept in waiting, speedily carry the bundles to the city.

Carriages and other vehicles now begin to rumble and clatter through the streets, in the direction of the steamer's wharf; men commence walking towards the post office, or gather in groups upon the sidewalks, to learn or discuss the latest news. Interest and excitement seem to become general.

On the dock, awaiting the delivery of the mail-bags, mail wagons and drays are standing; and as fast as the mail matter is taken from the vessel, it is removed to the post office.



SAN FRANCISCO POST OFFICE AND CUSTOM HOUSE.

While the loaded wagons and drays, with mail matter, are hastening to the general delivery, and the passengers who have just arrived are seeking the various hotels, in carriages or on foot, after hiring a porter to carry their baggage, or



DISTRIBUTING THE MAILS.

becoming their own for the time being; let us, while all this is going on, make our way to the post office, there to see what we can.

Men we find are hurrying to and fro, and gathering in front of their letter-boxes; some, with the doors open, are waiting to see when the first letter finds its way there, that they may not lose one moment before the contents are enjoyed.

At the various windows—alphabetically arranged, with about as many letters to each window as, in all probability will make the number of applicants at each about equal—men are congregating in single file, forming long and crooked lines, and patiently awaiting the time when the little window will be opened, from which the treasured letter from some dear and absent one is expected. Who can tell the hope and fear, the joy and sorrow, the love and (perhaps) hate, the good and evil, that occupy the minds of those who thus stand watching and waiting for the little missives.

Further on, too, at the end of the building, and apart from the rest, is the

ladies' window; and here stand a row of ladies and gentlemen, waiting as patiently as at the others. The gentlemen, who form part of the line, do so to obtain letters for their wife, or sister, or perhaps sweetheart, or other lady friend; and, if they are there first, they invariably give precedence to the ladies, no matter how many may come, or how long they may be thus detained.

At the centre of the building, mail-bags are being carried in from the mail wagons and drays, one after the other, to the number of from two to three hundred and upwards; we wonder how, out of that mass of apparent confusion, order will be restored; or how, in the course of a few hours, thirty-five thousand letters and newspapers will be properly arranged for distribution to the various boxes and delivery windows. Have patience, and we shall see.

Before entering the post office with the reader, we wish most sincerely to express our thanks to Mr. Charles L. Weller, the Postmaster, Mr. John Ferguson, his assistant, and the other gentlemen belonging

to this department, for the courtesy and promptness with which they placed the various and interesting particulars concerning this important branch of the public service, at our command.

While the mail-bags are being examined, to ascertain their contents, whether letters or papers, for San Francisco or the interior cities, let us read over the rules of the office, for our especial entertainment:

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

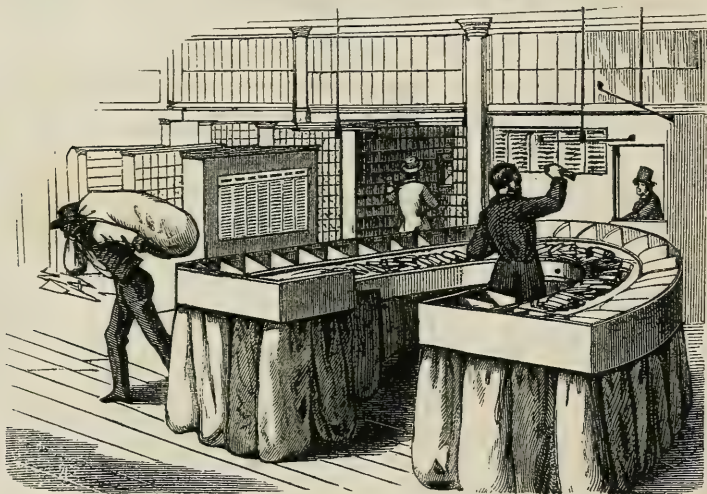
- I.—General office hours from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M., Sunday excepted, on which day the office will be kept open from 9 to 10 A. M.
- II.—The mailing clerks will be at their posts at 6 A. M., the box clerk at 6½ A. M., and all other clerks and employés at 7½ A. M.
- III.—No clerk will absent himself from the office during office hours, without the knowledge and consent of the Postmaster, or, in his absence, the Assistant Postmaster.
- IV.—Courtesy and forbearance, and a spirit of accommodation, being requisite to efficient services, they should be extended to everybody with whom clerks may have business intercourse.
- V.—Memory must not be trusted to, but when an applicant presents himself for a letter or paper, thorough search must be made in the appropriate place, and care will be taken to let the applicant see the search made.
- VI.—When an applicant shall exhibit a disposition to aggravate, or insult, or even abuse, he should be met with forbearance and gentlemanly conduct, recollecting that the contact is of a business nature only, and that personalities should be adjourned to outside the office entirely. If a clerk fail to satisfy an applicant, let him be referred to the Postmaster.
- VII.—Angry or excited discussions upon any subject must not be indulged in during office hours.
- VIII.—Clerks will not carry from the office, letters for their outside friends and acquaintances, nor receive letters from such out of the office for mailing.
- IX.—Each clerk will confine his delivery of letters to his own alcove, except when he may be acting as a relief for the time being.
- X.—None other than delivery clerks will disarrange, handle, or deliver letters, at any alcove, at any time.
- XI.—If application be made for letters inside the office, when deliveries are not open, the applicant will in all cases be referred to the Postmaster or his assistant.
- XII.—No person except sworn clerks and employés must be permitted to handle mail matter, or come within reach thereof.
- XIII.—During any absence of the Postmaster, his whole authority over the internal affairs of the office rests with his assistant, and that officer will be respected accordingly.

Now the scene around us is becoming interesting. The bustle and exciting life that first presented itself on the outside, by the arrival of the mail-bags, seems to have extended within; for on all sides great activity—systematic activity—is the order of the time. It appears that the Postmaster, on the arrival of each steamer, engages a corps of from fifteen to twenty-five extra assistant clerks, in order to facilitate more rapidly the distribution of the mail; and these, with the regular force, are all busy in the departments assigned them.

While all this is going on in one department, the mail-bags containing packages of newspapers for the different newspaper firms in the city, are being opened, checked, and removed, in another. Every part of the office is literally alive with active business; slow coaches would be at an immense discount here at all times, especially when the mail has just arrived, and when it is about to depart.

The bags containing the letter mail for distribution in San Francisco, are rapidly selected from the others, and passed to the "examining table," where they are opened, and the contents compared with the "post bill" which accompanies them; after which they are deposited in "alphabetical cases" in the following manner: A letter, for instance, addressed "John Adams," is placed under the division A; those addressed "Timothy Brown," under division B; and so forth, to the end of the alphabet. From thence they are taken to the different alcoves, to which they belong alphabetically, and where each delivery clerk has cards placed, upon which is written the name of every

box-holder, commencing with letters belonging to his alcove, with the number of the box; and, as each letter is examined, it is marked with the box number to which it belongs; it is then sent out to be placed in a case, and distributed according to number, thus: Letters from 1 to 100 are placed in one division; from 100 to 200 in another; and so on, to the highest corresponding number of the box; and from this case they are taken by clerks to the boxes of the parties to whom they are addressed. If it is not a box letter, it is put up in its proper place in the alcove for general delivery, which is generally opened immediately the whole of the letters are assorted and arranged.



THE NEWSPAPER DISTRIBUTING TABLE.

This being a distributing post office, and the only one on the Pacific coast, a great amount of mail matter is sent here for distribution to other points. Newspapers for the interior, and for Oregon and Washington Territories, are taken to the newspaper distributing table, rapidly to be distributed in accordance with their address. Bags of newspaper matter are made up for Sacramento, Marysville, Benicia, Shasta, Stockton, Columbia, Martinez, Petaluma, and other places; and

all newspapers addressed to points in these respective districts, are placed in those bags.

At the same time, another division of the forces is engaged in assorting the letters addressed to offices on this coast other than San Francisco. To facilitate this, a letter-case, with apartments for all the offices in this State and Oregon and Washington Territories, respectively labelled, is used, in which are placed all letters for those points, and mailed as usual.

The following Table will give the name, day of arrival, and number of days out from New York to San Francisco, of each Steamer, from August 31st, 1854, to December 16th, 1857; also, the number of bags of mail matter brought to the San Francisco Post Office:

NAME OF STEAMER.	DATE OF ARRIVAL.	TIME FROM N. Y.	NUMBER OF MAIL BAGS.	NAME OF STEAMER.	DATE OF ARRIVAL.	TIME FROM N. Y.	NUMBER OF MAIL BAGS.
Sonora,	Aug. 21, 1854	26	315	Golden Gate,...	April 13, 1856	24	339
California,.....	Sept. 19, "	29	323	J. L. Stephens, May 1, "		27	348
J. L. Stephens, Oct. 2, "		27	293	Golden Age,...	May 22, "	31	329
Golden Age,...	Oct. 16, "	26	303	Sonora,	June 1, "	26	298
Sonora,	Nov. 1, "	27	291	Golden Gate,...	June 15, "	25	354
Golden Gate,...	Nov. 13, "	24	292	J. L. Stephens, July 1, "		26	336
J. L. Stephens, Dec. 1, "		25	317	Golden Age,...	July 14, "	25	331
Golden Age,...	Dec. 14, "	24	296	Sonora,	July 29, "	24	318
Sonora,	Dec. 30, "	25	268	J. L. Stephens, Aug. 14, "		24	313
J. L. Stephens, Jan. 13, 1855		24	249	Golden Age,...	Aug. 28, "	23	337
Golden Age,...	Jan. 29, "	24	277	Sonora,	Sept. 16, "	27	359
Oregon,	Feb. 17, "	28	317	J. L. Stephens, Sept. 29, "		24	309
Sonora,	March 2, "	25	286	Golden Age,...	Oct. 14, "	24	299
J. L. Stephens, March 17, "		25	266	Sonora,	Nov. 1, "	26	296
Golden Age,...	March 28, "	23	295	Golden Gate,...	Nov. 14, "	24	277
Golden Gate,...	April 12, "	23	317	Golden Age,...	Dec. 1, "	26	321
Sonora,	May 1, "	26	333	Sonora,	Dec. 16, "	26	302
J. L. Stephens, May 16, "		26	300	J. L. Stephens, Dec. 30, "		25	290
Golden Gate,...	May 30, "	25	274	Golden Gate,...	Jan. 15, 1857	26	307
Sonora,	June 16, "	26	306	Sonora,	Jan. 30, "	25	286
Golden Age,...	June 30, "	25	242	J. L. Stephens, Feb. 14, "		25	267
J. L. Stephens, July 13, "		23	268	Golden Gate,...	March 2, "	25	342
Golden Gate,...	July 28, "	23	303	Sonora,	March 17, "	25	295
Sonora,	Aug. 18, "	29	326	J. L. Stephens, March 29, "		24	282
J. L. Stephens, Sept. 1, "		26	294	Golden Age,...	April 12, "	23	327
Golden Age,...	Sept. 12, "	23	314	Golden Gate,...	April 29, "	23	357
Panama,	Oct. 2, "	26	257	J. L. Stephens, May 15, "		25	310
Golden Gate,...	Oct. 16, "	26	234	Golden Age,...	May 29, "	24	318
Sonora,	Oct. 29, "	24	279	Golden Gate,...	June 15, "	26	316
J. L. Stephens, Nov. 14, "		25	323	Sonora,	June 30, "	25	319
Golden Age,...	Nov. 29, "	24	291	J. L. Stephens, July 15, "		25	295
Sonora,	Dec. 15, "	25	316	Golden Age,...	July 31, "	25	294
J. L. Stephens, Jan. 1, 1856		27	322	Sonora,	Aug. 14, "	25	295
Oregon,	Jan. 12, "	*	37	J. L. Stephens, Aug. 30, "		25	295
Golden Age,...	Jan. 15, "	26	289	Golden Age,...	Sept. 14, "	25	306
Sonora,	Jan. 30, "	25	274	Sonora,	Oct. 1, "	26	318
Golden Gate,...	Feb. 14, "	24	301	Panama,	Oct. 22, "	31	294
J. L. Stephens, March 1, "		25	295	J. L. Stephens, Nov. 2, "		26	290
Golden Age,...	March 14, "	23	278	Golden Age,...	Nov. 17, "	28	315
Sonora,	March 28, "	23	322	Sonora,	Nov. 30, "	25	276
Oregon,	April 12, "	*	22	Golden Gate,...	Dec. 16, "	26	344

* Only from Panama.

Now, hoping that the reader has received very interesting correspondence from his friends, and digested the contents, let us see what is done with those large piles of bags that are as yet unopened. Some we see are marked "Sacramento Dis.," others "Stockton Dis.," others Marysville, Placerville, Nevada,

Sonora, or some other "Dis." in the interior; and are placed upon the mail wagons, conveyed to the steamboats plying nearest to those places, and sent away as speedily as it is possible for them to be. No unnecessary delay is allowed to detain them, nor are they in the general bustle, by any means lost sight of. One



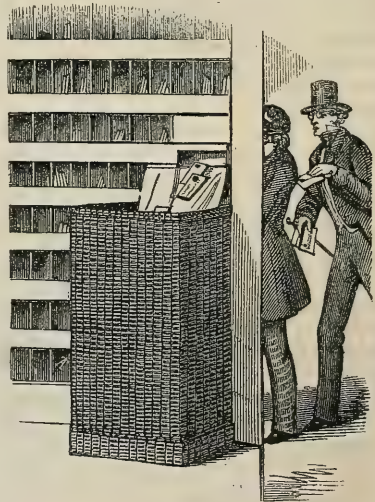
ALCOVE OF THE GENERAL DELIVERY.

would suppose that Argus, with his hundred eyes, would find opportunity fully to employ them all, were he post-master at such a time as this. Every part is worked by system which experience has so far perfected; and this is the secret why so much is accomplished in so short a time. Those who ever feel desirous of complaining of delay, might do well to remember how matters went some four or six years ago.

Supposing that the mail which has arrived is all distributed, we should like the reader's company to see how the letter and newspaper mails are made up for Eastern conveyance and distribution.

Of course we take it for granted that you have written your letter; and which, being prepaid *in stamps* if it is for any portion of our Union, and *in money* if for foreign distribution, has found its way into the "drop basket" within the office. From this they are first taken to the "facing up table," that they may all be "faced" with the address before you: they are then conveyed to the "sorting case," for the purpose of weighing and ascertaining that the full amount of postage due on each letter is paid: after this is satisfac-

torily settled, they are passed to the "stamping-block," that the office-stamp, with the date of mailing, may be imprinted upon them: they are then placed in the "distributing case," that they may receive proper distribution according to their address. The letters are now ready to be entered upon the "post-bill"—similar to the one received with the letter-mail on the arrival of the steamer at this port—which is done in this wise: say, for instance, the mail is now made up for "New York Distribution," which includes all letters addressed to the following places: New York State, Rhode Island, Connecticut, eastern and northern counties of New Jersey, northern counties of Pennsylvania and Ohio, Michigan, and Lower Canada. Letters thus addressed are laid upon the "mailing table," when all letters of the same rate of postage are placed together, and their number and rate of postage is entered on the "post-bill." After this is done, they are put up in convenient-sized packages (gener-



THE DROP BASKET.

ally about eighty letters in one package) and stamped "New York Dis." They are then put in a mail-bag labeled "N. Y. Dis.," and are then ready to be dis-

patched over their route of destination. The same process is adopted in the making up of all the mails to every portion of

the Union; and all this is done with the view of securing dispatch, and avoiding unnecessary labor and consequent delay.

Register of Departure of the Mails for the Atlantic States, via Panama, &c.; names of the Steamers, date of sailing, and number of bags of mail matter:

NAME OF STEAMER.	DATE OF DEPARTURE.	NO. BAGS MAIL MATTER.	NAME OF STEAMER.	DATE OF DEPARTURE.	NO. BAGS MAIL MATTER.		
John L. Stephens,	Sept. 1,	1854.	108	John L. Stephens,	May 21,	1856.	129
Panama,	Sept. 16,	"	89	Golden Age,.....	June 5,	"	149
Sonora,	Sept. 30,	"	101	Sonora,.....	June 20,	"	150
Golden Gate,.....	Oct. 16,	"	116	John L. Stephens,	July 5,	"	142
John L. Stephens,	Nov. 1,	"	100	Golden Age,.....	July 21,	"	147
Golden Age,.....	Nov. 16,	"	114	Sonora,.....	Aug. 5,	"	121
Sonora,.....	Dec. 1,	"	91	John L. Stephens,	Aug. 20,	"	141
John L. Stephens,	Dec. 16,	"	93	Golden Age,.....	Sept. 5,	"	140
Golden Age,.....	Jan. 1,	1855.	107	Sonora,.....	Sept. 20,	"	114
Sonora,.....	Jan. 16,	"	98	Golden Gate,.....	Oct. 6,	"	129
John L. Stephens,	Feb. 1,	"	108	Golden Age,.....	Oct. 20,	"	113
Golden Age,.....	Feb. 16,	"	99	Sonora,.....	Nov. 5,	"	115
Golden Gate,.....	March 1,	"	102	John L. Stephens,	Nov. 20,	"	122
Sonora,.....	March 16,	"	85	Golden Gate,.....	Dec. 5,	"	99
John L. Stephens,	March 31,	"	95	Sonora,.....	Dec. 20,	"	112
Golden Age,.....	April 17,	"	103	John L. Stephens,	Jan. 5,	1857.	120
Golden Gate,.....	May 1,	"	89	Golden Gate,.....	Jan. 20,	"	96
Sonora,.....	May 16,	"	80	Sonora,.....	Feb. 5,	"	121
John L. Stephens,	June 1,	"	100	John L. Stephens,	Feb. 20,	"	119
Golden Gate,.....	June 16,	"	102	Golden Age,.....	March 5,	"	103
Sonora,.....	June 30,	"	92	Golden Gate,.....	March 20,	"	119
John L. Stephens,	July 16,	"	97	Golden Gate,.....	March 23,	"	6
Golden Age,.....	Aug. 1,	"	95	John L. Stephens,	April 6,	"	115
Golden Gate,.....	Aug. 18,	"	94	Golden Age,.....	April 20,	"	102
Oregon,	Sept. 5,	"	93	Golden Gate,.....	May 5,	"	122
Sonora,.....	Sept. 20,	"	96	John L. Stephens,	June 1,	"	116
John L. Stephens,	Oct. 5,	"	82	Sonora,.....	May 20,	"	104
Golden Age,.....	Oct. 20,	"	95	Golden Age,.....	June 20,	"	96
Sonora,.....	Nov. 5,	"	93	Sonora,.....	July 4,	"	109
John L. Stephens,	Nov. 20,	"	96	John L. Stephens,	July 20,	"	108
Golden Age,.....	Dec. 5,	"	101	Golden Age,.....	Aug. 5,	"	121
Sonora,.....	Dec. 20,	"	113	Sonora,.....	Aug. 20,	"	102
Golden Gate,.....	Jan. 5,	1856.	89	California,.....	Sept. 5,	"	112
John L. Stephens,	Jan. 21,	"	125	John L. Stephens,	Sept. 21,	"	109
Golden Age,.....	Feb. 5,	"	101	Golden Gate,.....	Oct. 5,	"	91
Sonora,.....	Feb. 20,	"	106	Golden Age,.....	Oct. 11,	"	23
Golden Gate,.....	March 5,	"	95	Sonora,.....	Oct. 20,	"	96
John L. Stephens,	March 20,	"	107	Golden Gate,.....	Nov. 5,	"	125
Golden Age,.....	April 5,	"	126	John L. Stephens,	Nov. 20,	"	110
Sonora,.....	April 21,	"	116	Golden Age,.....	Dec. 5,	"	110
Golden Gate,.....	May 5,	"	92	Golden Gate,.....	Dec. 21,	"	94

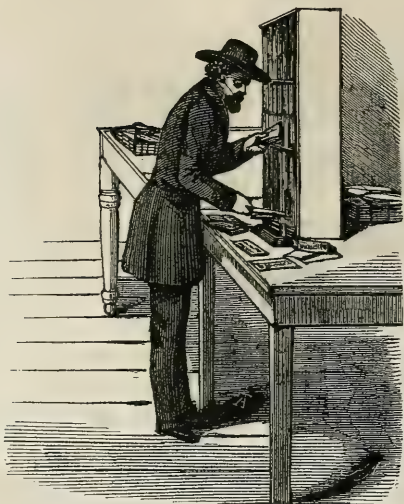
RATES OF FOREIGN POSTAGE ON LETTERS.

(PER $\frac{1}{2}$ OUNCE.)

SOUTH PACIFIC.—Ecuador, Bolivia, and
Chili, 34 cents; Peru, 22; Panama, 20
cents; and Mexico, 10 cents. Spain, 78

cents; West Indies (not British), Cuba
excepted, 44 cents; Cuba, 20 cents; West
Indies (British), 20 cents. Payment re-
quired for all the above.

Great Britain, 29 cents; Canada and
Provinces, 15 cents; France, 15 cents per



"EATING" THE LETTERS.

quarter oz.; Germany, 30 cents; Russia, 37 cents; Norway, 46 cents; Sweden, 42 cents; Italy, 33 cents; Switzerland, 35 cents; Holland, 26 cents; Aus-

tria 30 cents; and Prussia, 30 cents. For the above, prepayment is optional.

All ship letters, prepaid, are one cent.

The number of stamps and envelopes sold monthly at the San Francisco Post Office will about average—of one cent stamps, 45,000; three cents, 27,000; ten cents, 32,000; twelve cents, 500. Of stamped envelopes, three cents, 120,000, (of which Wells, Fargo & Co. use nearly 100,000 per month); six cents, 500; ten cents, 12,000. This statement, it should be remembered, is principally for the city of San Francisco alone; inasmuch as the principal interior offices obtain their supplies of stamps and envelopes direct from the General Post Office, Washington.

The U. S. postage on letters for each half ounce is, if under three thousand miles, three cents; over three thousand miles, ten cents. For newspapers the postage is one cent to any part of the U. S. Magazines not exceeding one and a half ounces one half cent; not exceeding



"STAMPING" THE LETTERS.



MAKING UP OF THE MAILS.

three ounces, one cent; over three ounces, one and a half cent.

On newspapers sent to foreign places, the following are the rates of postage: To the West Indies, 6 cents; South Pacific Coast, 6; German States, Denmark, Holland, Prussia, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, and Italy, 6 cents; Great Britain and France, 2 cents; British North American Provinces, 1 cent.

SCHEDULE OF MAIL DEPARTURES FROM SAN FRANCISCO POST OFFICE.—Atlantic States, via Panama, 5th and 20th of every month.

San Diego and Salt Lake, 3d and 18th of every month.

Oregon and Washington Territories, taking mails also for the Northern Coast, 1st and 21st of every month.

San Jose, 8 A. M. every day.

Northern Mail via Sacramento, 4 P. M. every day, Sundays excepted.

Southern and Eastern Mail via Stockton, 4 P. M. every day, Sundays excepted.

Mails are kept open until ten minutes before the hour of departure, except for the Atlantic, in which case thirty minutes before the time of departure is required for closing the mails; though it would be

better for the convenience of the Post Office, as well as for the safety of the correspondence, if letters were mailed during the night previous.

Ship Mails are despatched by every opportunity for the Sandwich Islands, Society Islands, Australia, and China. Postage on letters to all parts of the Pacific, by ship, to be prepaid.

DEAD LETTERS.—Letters technically termed "dead," are such as have been advertised, and have remained on hand three months; including letters refused; letters for foreign countries which can not be forwarded without pre-payment of postage; letters not addressed, or so badly directed that their destinations can not be ascertained; and letters addressed to places which are not Post Offices. All the dead letters are returned to San Francisco at the middle or end of each Post Office quarter, which is on the last day of March, June, September, and December. Refused and dropped letters are not advertised. Every dead letter, before its return to San Francisco, is stamped or postmarked on the sealed side, with the name of the office and the date of its return.

Here the letters are opened, and such as contain articles of value are registered in a book made for that purpose, as shown

in the following page, which we have transcribed—of course omitting the names of the parties writing and written to:—

A PAGE FROM THE DEAD LETTER REGISTRATION BOOK.

Statement from the San Francisco Dead Letter Office, showing the valuable Dead Letters.

BY W'M WRIT'N	NO.	TO W'M ADD'ED	CONTENTS.	WHERE SENT.	WHEN SENT.	REMARKS.
—	1	—	4 Raffle Tickets,.....	San Diego, Cal.,	Mar. 29, '55	Rec't Apr. 1
—	2	—	1 Daguerreotype,.....	Metamora, Ind.,	Mar. 31, '55	Returned to Dead Letter Of- fice at Washing- ton.
—	3	—	1st ex. on Adams & Co. for \$50,	Milton, Mass.,	June 1, '55	
—	4	—	2 cancelled notes, one for \$2760 27, the other for \$2759 26,....	New York, N.Y.	"	
—	5	—	Power of Attorney,.....	Brattleboro', Vt.	"	Ret'd J'e 27
—	6	—	Satisfaction of Mortgage,.....	Buffalo, N. Y.	"	
—	7	—	American Gold Dollar,.....	Campo Seco, Cal.	May 26, '55	Rec't J'e 26
—	8	—	Daguerreotype,.....	Geneva, —	June 1, '55	
—	9	—	1st and 2d of exch'ge, for \$330,	Honolulu, S. I.,	May 29, '55	Rec't June 9
—	10	—	A note for \$140,.....	Sacramento, Cal.	June 8, '55	Rec't June 9
—	11	—	1st of exchange for \$50,.....	S. Francisco, "	Nov. 7, '55	Rec't Dec. 25
—	12	—	Deed to Land,.....	Georgetown, "	Jan. 22, '56	Rec't Jan. 25
—	13	—	Marriage Certificate,.....	S. Francisco, "	Feb. 8, '56	Rec't Feb. 9
—	14	—	1 bank bill on State Bank of Ohio, value \$3; 1 on State Bank of Indiana, value \$2, }	Cincinnati, O.,	Oct. 5, '56	Rec't Nov. 8
—	15	—	46 three-cent Postage Stamps,...	S. Francisco, Cal.	Nov. 7, '56	
—	16	—	1 gold Breast-pin,.....	Lewiston, Me.	Nov. 5, '56	Rec't June 6
—	17	—	1 Will,.....	Nevada, Cal.,	June 2, '57	
—	18	—	2 Pocket Handkerchiefs and two pairs of Woolen Socks,.....	Wash'gton, D.C.	June 30, '57	Rec't July 27
—	19	—	Bill on Bank of England for £5,	New York, N.Y.	"	
—	20	—	Gold Specimens,	Bidwell's Bar,	July 20, '57	
—	21	—	1 pair of gold Ear-rings,.....	Salem, O. T.,	July 30, '57	Rec't Aug. 7

Efforts are again made to deliver these valuable dead letters to the parties addressed, or to the writer; and if unsuccessful, they are forwarded to Washington, there to be filed away and preserved, subject to the order of the owner; and where, also, an "Application Book" is kept, for the purpose of registering the name of each and every person applying for the letter.

Letters from Europe and the British possessions of North America are returned monthly, unopened, to the respective Governments, according to treaty.

There are but two "dead letter offices" in the United States—one at Washington, the other in San Francisco.

Refused letters; dropped letters; letters from foreign countries, including the

British possessions in North America; letters for foreign countries which cannot be forwarded; and letters not directed, or addressed to places unknown, are returned to San Francisco semi-quarterly—that is to say, at the middle and end of each post office quarter.

When a letter is refused, the word "refused" is written or stamped upon it; and if the seal of a letter be broken by accident, or by being delivered to the wrong person, the facts are noted upon it.

The following table will give the number of dead letters received at the San Francisco Dead Letter Office, quarterly; also, the number of valuable letters found amongst them, and preserved, since Mr. C. L. Weller received the appointment of Post Master:—

QUARTER ENDING	WHAT STATE.	NUMBER OF LETTERS.		VAL'BLE LETTERS
Mar. 31, 1855.	From California,.....	41,466		
	“ Oregon and Washington Territories,....	1,382		
	Express Letters,.....	6,000		
			48,828	53
June 30, 1855.	“ California,.....	44,229		
	“ Oregon and Washington Territories,....	1,830		
			46,059	207
Sept. 30, 1855.	“ California,.....	34,620		
	“ Oregon and Washington Territories,....	1,285		
			35,905	136
Dec. 31, 1855.	“ California,.....	31,903		
	“ Oregon and Washington Territories,....	1,095		
			32,998	134
Mar. 31, 1856.	“ California,.....	27,561		
	“ Oregon and Washington Territories,....	841		
			28,402	133
June 30, 1856.	“ California,.....	21,887		
	“ Oregon and Washington Territories,....	621		
			22,508	88
Sept. 30, 1856.	“ California,.....	22,044		
	“ Oregon and Washington Territories,....	703		
			23,747	76
Dec. 31, 1856.	“ California,.....	23,158		
	“ Oregon and Washington Territories,....	506		
			23,664	89
Mar. 31, 1857.	“ California,.....	21,150		
	“ Oregon and Washington Territories,....	507		
			21,657	94
June 30, 1857.	“ California,.....	22,474		
	“ Oregon and Washington Territories,....	755		
			23,329	94
	Total,.....		306,997	1,104

NOTE.—Of the valuable letters preserved, four hundred and twenty have been delivered by the San Francisco Post Master, and the residue sent to Washington City Dead Letter Office.

ATLANTIC & PACIFIC RAILROAD.

It is not that we present our readers with an engraving of a railroad train, about to start for the Mississippi River, as an advertisement that such an event will transpire on the first day of January, 1858; but it is to call your attention to the fact that such ought to be the case, and that, though prospective, the time is rapidly approaching when our illustration will be remembered as a prophetic truth.

National events are about transpiring, possessing an interest no less than that which pertains to the fealty of a portion of our people to the government, that

will be likely to hasten to some extent the consummation of the great work, long since so imperatively demanded.

The accelerated strides that civilization is making over our great central domain, with the rapidly increasing commercial necessities consequent thereon, will ere long create a necessity for the road that must be provided for. But to wait for the full peopling and improvement of every portion of the route over which the road must eventually pass, before it can be commenced, in order to make the necessity for it continuous, would be to wait for the world's dissolution.

The deserts of Asia and of Africa in the times of the ancient patriarchs, are



THE PACIFIC AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD, THE IMMEDIATE WANT OF THE AGE, AND OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Reg. #24665

the deserts of those countries still; and they are rather encroaching upon the fertile and inhabited portions, than receding from them. We should not wait, therefore, for the sterile portions that lie between the east and the west of our continent to be peopled and made fertile, before the connecting iron track is laid. But we should use those portions, as the swamps and marshes of the Eastern States are used, for *railroads to pass over*.

It is true, the construction of such a road as the real want of the nation demands, would be a mighty enterprise; but the results that would flow from it would be mightier still; for had we but now a railroad from either side of the continent to Salt Lake City and Valley, not so much as the first breath of rebellion would have been whispered by a people who now, in consequence of their very isolation, are actually defying the whole powers of the government; with a fair prospect of being the cause of a governmental expenditure—before tranquillity will be fully restored between the contending parties, or the rebellion crushed out—perhaps fully equal to the actual cost of building a railroad from California to Salt Lake City, or from the Missouri river to Salt Lake City or Valley.

We deem it a short-sighted policy on the part of recent past administrations, that some mode of rapid communication with the very centre of our continent, or country's domain, has not long since been projected, and by this time half if not wholly consummated—even without California's exposed position, or of her social and commercial wants being taken into consideration.

The consequences of our past morbid policy are now before the world—a rebellion in the most central, and yet most inaccessible portion of our country. But for this very remissness on the part of the government, in neglecting to lend its aid in the construction of such railroad, we should not have been the witnesses of the rebellion of a portion of our people; who, in consequence of this very neglect,

have become powerful from their isolation. If no other argument can be advanced in support of the position that government ought to build the road, this alone would be sufficient.

Private enterprise puts forth its energies in advancing its own interests; and government could not do better than to adopt a like policy. Private enterprise *could* build the road, but whether it would prove to individuals a paying investment, in dollars and cents, is quite another thing. Government, in acting for the interests of the nation, in the construction of harbors, and breakwaters, and light-houses, does not, or should not, ask whether this or that project will be likely to prove a paying investment; it should be a sufficient argument, that the wants of the nation demand the expenditure.

In the neglect of government to construct harbors or light-houses, millions of dollars may be lost to individuals, and no recourse had upon the government; it loses nothing. But when it neglects to provide a mode of intercommunication adapted to the wants of the country, millions of dollars must be lost to the treasury of the nation, in quelling a rebellion that never would have occurred, but for the neglect and short-sighted policy of our rulers, in not providing for the construction of this—as it ought to be—great national thorough-fare.

It is unquestionably an enterprise legitimately belonging to the government, and ought to have an immediate beginning. The Central Railroad of Illinois is seven hundred and thirty-one miles in length, and cost fifteen millions of dollars; it is more than one-third the length of a railroad that would connect California with the State of Missouri; and whether built by private capital or not, or whether the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad would cost three times fifteen millions, or one hundred millions, the government is able to build it.

The growing enterprise and commercial interests of the world demand it; the grandeur that attaches to a government

expanding in every part and department, and yet with an overflowing treasury, demands it; and calls upon that government to make a mark upon its history's pages, by some grand physical achievement, that shall be in keeping with and worthy of the genius and ability of its people.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY W. H. D.

Let the joyous smiles play
On our faces to-day,
While we banish all sorrow and fear,
And with kindly words greet
All the friends that we meet,
And wish them a Happy New Year.

The Past like a dream,
Has gone by on Time's stream,
With all that could grieve us or cheer;
But to-day let the hours,
Like sunshine on flowers,
Bring joy to the Happy New Year.

To our friends we'll be true,
Be they many or few,
And faithful to loved ones more dear;
And if we can rest
On some fond bosom blest,
We'll rejoice in the Happy New Year.

Let kindness and love
In all homes, like a dove, [revere,
Bring the bliss that all hearts should
And like sunshine and rain,
Which forever remain, [Year!
Crown with blessings the Happy New

QUARTZ CLAIMING.

"Sic iter ad—oro."

I am not certain that the above phrase is entirely unobjectionable; indeed, I have an idea that, like our own English, it partakes of the medley of Babel. The sentence is rich in its signification, and will bear being Anglicized; which is, using a little freedom, "The route to gold is via quartz." Via! well, I won't trans-

late again. A little Latin is often considered effective; as, for instance, when Gen. Jackson, towards the close of a speech, electrified his audience by exclaiming, "Multum in parvo!" "E pluribus unum!" and using a few other common phrases from the dead tongue. Nor do I think the Latin can with propriety be called a dead language, when so much of it lives in the words of modern nations. Strip the Spanish of its Latin and Latin roots, and how much would be left? And the same question may be asked of the English, where the residuum would be Greek, Saxon, French, Spanish, German, and I had almost said ("hear me for my cause"), Hottentot; though by this I mean nothing disrespectful to our mother tongue. Language, like society, is progressive; and our own has been improved and rendered efficient, notwithstanding the variety of its ingredients.

The gold mining of California has been transferred in a great measure from the ravines to the hills, where the gold lies deeply imbedded; and its further and ultimate destination seems to be to the quartz veins which abound in the gold regions. Recent efforts in this direction are unearthing some very rich deposits; and, as in 1852, an excitement is rife, which seems destined to more permanence. Now, as then, innumerable quartz veins are claimed and prospected, and many a castle has been erected in the air, when it has been impossible to erect its counterpart upon the ground. By the laws of this county, the discoverer may claim two hundred feet in length of the vein; and other persons, forming a company, one hundred feet each; but, by a species of *shenanegin*, the finder and a friend or two set up a claim for as many hundred or even thousand feet as their greediness demands.

One sees in the notices of claimants, which are being multiplied, some interesting specimens of literature sometimes. Strolling out a few days since, my eye caught a notice on a tree near by; and

curiosity led me to examine it. It read thus:—

"Notice is hereby given, that we the undersign Claim on this quartz lead ten claims of one hundred feet in length or square as the Case may be, with the dips and Angles thereto."

This was written in a stiff hand, upon the upper part of a half sheet of post paper. The large space left below had moved some one to "caricature" it, and so we found underneath the following:—

"Notice is hereby given that the undersigned claim by location, on this quartz lead four miles square running North 2 miles, South 2 miles, East 2 miles, and West 2 miles from this tree; or at Right angles or *tryangles* as the case may Be: and we warn all men from locating or trespassing on said 4 miles of ground; for if we catch a man stopping or even wishing to stop, locate, or Buy, we the undersigned will consider it an insult to her Britannic Majesty."

The extent of the real claim indicated the desire of H. & Co., and the expression, "or one thousand feet square, as the case may be," their utter ignorance of the position of quartz lodes; though it has the merit of being on the safe side. Another notice, found in a ravine, concludes with—

"We also give notice that we claim the above described *extend* of this *quarz lead*, with all its dipths, angels and variations."

All its dipths and angels! Rather a singular claim, but possibly an extensive one. A reader of this notice, possessing a poetic turn of mind, might suppose this to be a claim upon the nymphs, and that Naiads and Dryads who may hold their festivities in this mountain ravine were among the objects coveted. But stern truth makes sad work with such mythology, and reduces the angels to a misspelling of the word angles.

While many have been successful in the quartz enterprise, more have failed to realize their desires. Not a half mile from the place where I am writing, a company sunk a shaft and took out ten tons, the yield from which was just six

dollars; but the cost of getting out the same, with cartage and crushing at the mill, exceeded one hundred dollars, leaving a large minus quantity. This dampened the ardor of the company amazingly; and the consequence was, the abandonment of two thousand feet, with any number of "dips and angles," and castles in the air. One of them, however, was not so easily driven off. He by some means prevailed upon a couple of *gintlemen* to perform the muscular work while he supplied the head-work and a modicum of the muscular; and then sunk another shaft deeper than before. Arriving at the lode, some of the quartz was panned out, when the young man distinctly avowed that he saw a *color*, though he soon lost it. This induced the gentlemen to proceed in the enterprise.

A few days after, the young man passing near me, said: "If you know of any body that wants to buy a quartz lead, send him to me. We've struck it."

"Ah!" said I, rather calmly, under the circumstances.

"Yes; if everybody was like me, this country would be worth more than it is now. I have been at work on the lead more than two weeks, and haven't made a cent." I thought of his landlord, with some commiseration. He added: "I have a piece with me. Come and see it."

"Bring it here, sir."

Coming up, he said: "There, sir; there's gold;" at the same time handing me a piece of quartz and a lens, first taking the precaution to look at it once more himself. I looked rather hastily, ventured a remark which might be regarded as slightly unfavorable, though I am aware that any thing savoring of advice, under such circumstances, is of doubtful utility. His quartz yielded but a trifle more than before, so there has been a final abandonment of the enterprise; and the country is not much the better for it, after all. Other veins are paying largely; and we still venture to say: *Sic iter ad—oro*

N. K.

Nevada, Dec. 21, 1857.

TEHUANTEPEC.

NO. I.—THE PIONEER VOYAGE.

I promised to write you, on my arrival at this place, and tell you something about our trip, and about this part of the world. I am happy that I am now able, and have the opportunity; though there is so much here to divert and interest me, the scene so novel, and the disastrous termination of our pleasant voyage so annoying, still haunting me, I am fearful that I am not able to collect my thoughts sufficiently to give you a fluent and interesting description of

OUR TRIP TO TEHUANTEPEC.

On Monday, March 16th, 1837, we found ourselves embarked on the schooner Mary Taylor, in company with eleven other passengers, bound for the port of Ventosa (air-hole). As we parted from the foot of Long Wharf, loud cheers went up, encouraging the first vessel bound for the above-mentioned port, from those who came to see us off.

With a sense of the enterprise at heart, our spirits were buoyant with hope and pride that we were the pioneers to this strange land: but we did not get out to sea that evening, for, on arriving opposite North Beach, we again dropped anchor, where we remained until the 19th March, much to our displeasure. This detention was caused by some negligence of the captain.

On the 19th we again set sail. The morning being fine, and the wind favorable, we soon cleared the Heads, and were running along handsomely far out to sea. Towards evening the shores of California had gradually faded from view, and nothing broke the monotony of the vast expanse of waters, save a few *Feligula Colimbos*, and the graceful sailing, dusky albatros. As night closed around us, I retired below to think about the future, ponder on the past, and attend to my dear wife, who was very sea-sick. From this time forward we continued sailing beautifully before a fair wind and smooth

sea. Each one had recovered from sea-sickness, and all felt as though on a pleasure excursion. Nothing of interest occurred, worthy of remark, until the 29th, when we sighted Socoro Island, immediately in our course, and up to which we were making with a fair breeze. I had prevailed on the captain to permit some of us to go ashore, to see what might be discovered; to capture turtles, and procure some game, if any could be found. As we neared its bold and rugged cliffs, upon which the sea foamed and dashed with violence, we could distinctly discern the truly barren aspect of the island. No signs of animal existence could be seen. A few scrubby-looking bushes were scattered here and there, and its general appearance was inhospitable. Nature seems to have destined this lonely isle for the home and resting-place of the far wandering sea birds, numbers of which we saw resting upon its craggy rocks, and flying about its vicinity. A large school of porpoises came bounding and darting beside us, followed by a large troop of sea-fowls catching up the small-fry disturbed by them. Several large old hump-backed whales were besporting themselves quite near the shore: the whole scene was exciting and novel. After sailing round a portion of the island, and finding no safe landing, we again stood out to sea, with a light breeze. The latitude of this island (according to the captain's chart) is 19°, longitude 111, altitude 200 feet, and is nearly opposite the Gulf of California.

On the 30th we found ourselves all well and in good spirits, wafted along by a gentle and balmy breeze over a lake-like sea. Several tropical sea-fowls came around us, many of which were strange to me, I shot one, which proved to be a frigate pelican. A porpoise was harpooned last night, and a *Bonito* was caught this morning with a hook, giving us a good fresh-fish breakfast. We were now truly in the tropics, and all felt and enjoyed the change. I never experienced such delightful nights; the moon

shining brightly, the sea so smooth, the air just sufficient to move our little schooner along at a fair sailing rate, making it perfectly delightful. We had not the inclination to go to bed, so pleasant were those nights. On the 1st day of April we saw the British bark "Early Bird," from La Paz, bound for Panama. We passed quite near, and spoke her. The captain, a red-faced, fat-looking Englishman, answered our questions very politely; but we were provoked at his not asking us a single question. Therefore we had to tell him our vessel's name, where from, and a number of other (to us) interesting facts, without being interrogated. Perhaps he was afraid of being April-fooled.

On the 4th of April, in lat. 15.56, lon. 100.55, we passed over streaks of red water, about the color of brick-dust, and eighty or 100 yards wide, extending from north-east to south-west, which were perceptible a great distance off. There were no discernible particles in the colored water, and neither the captain or any of the crew had ever witnessed a similar appearance of the sea. We will leave this phenomena to be explained by Lieut. Maury; and will enjoy the sweet morning breeze, as it wafts us on to the happy land of our destination.

Sunday, 5th.—Land in sight this morning, a little north of Acapulco. About noon we passed abreast the harbor. The land was scarcely discernible through the hazy atmosphere. Three beautiful tropic-birds visited us to-day. This being Sunday, instead of a sermon, we had a good lecture delivered by one of the passengers, (a young man from Missouri, a Mr. S——ls,) upon the pleasures of traveling, dwelling largely upon the *comfort of sea-traveling in particular*, and the great ocean in general. This was his first *sea-voyage*.

This lecture, very well prepared, was received with approbation and close attention, serving to while away the hours—and thus we passed the time, merrily singing, reading, jesting, telling stories,

eating, sleeping, and speculating upon what we would do when we arrived at our new homes.

On the 8th, we were in the Gulf of Tehuantepec. Unexpectedly, the gulf was smooth, the wind fair, and we sailed along in fine style. On the morning of the 9th we discovered land ahead, in which the captain said lay our port. As we neared the land, high and rugged old mountains began to rise up before us like spectres through the hazy atmosphere, lifting their stern old heads far above the clouds—in comparison to which our California mountains, to appearance, are mere pigmies. Our pulses beat high with anxiety and expectation, as we neared the dark and frowning shores of Southern Mexico. My pen can not describe to you the terrible grandeur that Nature here presented to our view. You who are so fond and such an admirer of her works, can well sympathize with me, and can perhaps even feel as I did when I gazed with awe upon those stupendous works of God. Though you have seen wild places in California, they are but play-house scenery, compared to these mountains—assuming every variety of form, with a dense chapparel from their tops to the sea-beach. No indication of a port could we find here, and, as it afterwards proved, the captain had made a mistake of a hundred miles in his reckoning! Consequently, with a fair breeze we sailed along by the coast in search of Ventosa. This sailing was very pleasant, giving us a good opportunity of seeing the mountain scenery, which I never tired of looking at, through my glass. Running close to shore, we scrutinized every little indentation or bay, in hopes of finding the desired spot.

At length, on the second day's coasting we discovered a small indentation, with a fine beach, upon which the surf was but lightly breaking. Our captain determined this to be the place, but we all felt otherwise, as appearances did not indicate a possibility of a pass through such high mountains as stretched along

the coast in an unbroken chain, and which here presented themselves; but the captain was positive, and had the little boat launched in order to send ashore and ascertain: but when the boat was put in the water, it leaked so badly that nothing could be done with it: it was therefore hauled up again, and we went on our way, peeping into all the little nooks and corners for Ventosa,—the captain occasionally discerning large cities, which proved to be only rocks and hills,—and thus we sailed along with a pleasant breeze, enjoying the scene.

In proportion as we draw near to an object we have long had in view, its interest seems to augment. These uninhabited shores along which we were sailing, covered with forests, without memorials of time past, the beautiful beach extending for many miles, rendered doubly interesting, as it could not be far from our future home,—gave us a longing to be among them. The novelty of the sea-voyage had worn off. The confinement upon our vessel was irksome, and the sweet breath of the forest increased our anxiety to arrive at our destination.

When night came on, our little schooner lay to, within hearing of the breakers, in order that we might the more clearly inspect the shore in quest of our bay in the day-time. As day dawned we renewed our search for Ventosa Bay, sailing along the land as on the day previous. Towards evening we discovered quite a large indentation, into which we sailed; but discovering no indications of its being Ventosa, we tacked ship and sailed out again. This little bay contained a beautiful little valley with a fine beach, and cocoanut groves, among which we saw cattle standing, but no signs of habitation, and completely walled in by a dark range of mountains.

After proceeding along the coast a few miles farther, we discovered another beautiful bay, whose open portals guarded on either side by two sugar-loaf shaped rocks, and its smooth appearance, seemed to say, "Come in." We accepted the

invitation, glided over its quiet waters, and anchored within one hundred yards of the beach. The scenery around this elegant little bay was beautiful; with a large valley, covered with a forest, extending from the beach to the mountains, and about two miles in width, which gave it a charming aspect. A party of the boat's crew was sent ashore in the little boat, (which had been repaired), to seek for some one from whom we might inquire the way to Ventosa. After remaining on shore till dark, they returned without having discovered any person, or any signs of habitation. They reported having seen plenty of wild cattle and game, among which they said were wild turkies; but these turkies afterwards proved to be the *Carasau*, a gallinaceous fowl, somewhat resembling the wild turkey, but smaller; the natives call them "*chachalaca*."

We remained at our anchorage all night, and it was agreed that the gentleman from Missouri (he who gave us the lecture) and myself, should go ashore early next morning with our guns, and make further search, in hopes of discovering our whereabouts if possible; also, to shoot some game. Our fresh water, too, was requiring our particular attention, as that necessary article was about failing us, and the little that remained was intolerably putrid, it having been put up in lager-beer casks! without their being cleaned. Indeed, our hitherto pleasant voyage had become distressingly wearisome; impatience and discontent was stamped upon all, except the two that were going ashore. I had laid in a good supply of cider and claret, which I used as a substitute for water, therefore suffered less than the rest. On Sunday, the 8th, by early dawn, my companion and myself, together with a boat's crew, were embarked in the little boat, and a few strokes of the oar landed us safely on the beach.

You are aware, I know, of the sensation one feels when first stepping upon a strange land; there is an indescribable

excitement that completely possesses one; every thing is so novel, every shrub is so new; even the sands and shells upon the beach impart peculiar interest to the inquiring mind.

We loaded our guns, and were soon in the woods, whilst the boat's crew went in search of water. As we penetrated this dense tropical forest, a thousand objects of interest were around us on every side. We plucked the beautiful flowers that grew in our way, we inhaled the fragrant perfumes of the mimosa, we gazed with wonder upon the huge fluted cacti, and the strange birds that came around us, as curious as ourselves, particularly interested me. We were now among the "chachalacas," which were quite abundant and tame. Beside blue-wing teal, which we found in a brackish lagoon, we also shot other game, and after two hours' sport we had bagged as many as we could carry. Every thing seemed very tame, having never perhaps seen a white man before, or heard the report of a gun! During our excursion we met with a Mexican and a negro, with two of our boat's crew. They imparted the pleasant intelligence that we were only two leagues from Ventosa, and by sailing round the next point of land we would see the bay. After receiving this much desired information, we hastened back to our vessel, and, with the game we had secured, and a fine bouquet of flowers which I had gathered for my wife, we were once more on the decks of the *Mary Taylor*.

As the anchor was hoisted up, and a gentle breeze wafted us out of this lovely little nook, each one again wore a cheerful face. The day was fine, and the delicious air, coming from the land as it did, laden with the fragrance of a thousand flowers, accompanied too with the sweet songs of birds, gave new hope and a fresher feeling to the passengers of this ill-fated vessel; for no one anticipated the sudden and frightful change that soon overtook and nearly overwhelmed us in total destruction.

We had but just reached the point of

land which commences the entrance of our long-looked-for haven, when a terrible gale from the land struck us broadside, and before all sail could be lowered, came very near capsizing our brave little schooner. There was no alternative but to run under bare poles before the wind, and put far out to sea again. As night came on, the gale increased; the moon shone brightly upon a scene too terrific for my pen to give you an idea of it. Not a cloud was seen; waves mountain high rolled over us, and threatened to swallow us beneath the angry waters; the winds shrieked and howled around us; fish were thrown upon our decks by the wind and sea. For three days and nights we were at the mercy of the gale. Many were sick, sea-sick; nothing could be cooked for those that could eat; and worse than all, our water, bad as it was, had failed. We were at length becalmed far out of sight of land; suffering threatened us in awful pangs caused by thirst.

But at last kind Providence guided us safely into the now boisterous port of Ventosa. A southern wind, coming from the sea, carried us straight into port, and by the time we had dropped anchor, it had increased to such a gale that we were again threatened with destruction, by our anchor chains breaking, and thus risking our being dashed upon a point of rocks, too near our neighborhood to be pleasant, and upon which the breakers raged higher than I dare mention.

All night we lay in this predicament, in awful suspense. No one dared attempt to land, for our little boat, which was very frail, would have been dashed to pieces the instant she attempted to pass through the waves which broke with fury upon the only safe landing in Ventosa. When morning dawned, I made up my mind to persuade the captain to effect a landing. The bay was still very rough, and I felt our situation to be very critical from the danger of drifting upon the rocks. Being a good swimmer, I felt I should be able to save my wife and my own life should we be capsized in passing

through the surf. The captain had the boat manned by the best oarsmen; and taking the helm himself, they made the first trial. As they neared the breakers we watched them with intense interest. Soon the boat was in the surf, at times lost to our view, then again rising high upon a huge wave. At last she capsized, but near enough the shore to allow her crew to stand upon the bottom. This enabled them to rescue themselves and the boat, which fortunately was not damaged. After searching for water, in a few hours they again launched the boat, and by the assistance of some Indians passed safely through the breakers, and were soon alongside with a keg of water. I was determined to risk our chances next in endeavoring to gain the land; for my wife, who had become much enfeebled from sea-sickness and anxiety, with a courage and coolness for which I give her much credit, determined to run the risk with me. After getting a good crew, with the mate at the helm; also, a carpet bag of clothing, some ammunition, my fowling-piece, and a few other articles, we launched out upon the rough waves, and were soon among the breakers.

By the good management of the helmsman, the oarsmen and myself jumping out up to our necks in water to steady the boat, we managed to make the beach without being capsized, with my brave wife all safe and wild with delight; she having remained steady in the boat, and obeyed orders. Though the scene was calculated to frighten away one's wits, yet she seemed delighted that she had accomplished the feat; and amid the loud roar of the surf through which we had passed, and the strange aspect of surrounding objects, we stood once more upon terra firma, and manifested our feelings by loud shouts of exultation and joy.

The next thing that engaged our attention was the want of some habitation to which to go. It is true there was a palmetto hut a mile off, occupied by some Indian soldiers, with a white captain,

employed by the custom-house at Tehuantepec; as look-outs; with this exception there was nothing else in Ventosa but the wild woods and sandy beach. We soon found a good camping ground, beneath a lovely bower of mimosa and acacia trees, and made ourselves comfortable for the night. The air being very pleasant, we needed nothing but a blanket to lie on, which I had taken the precaution to bring on shore. Soon some Indians visited us, bringing us some fish and tortilla, and they gazed with wonder upon the first white woman they had ever seen.

It being too late for the boat's crew to hazard an attempt to return to the schooner, they remained with us, and by bright torches held by the kindly Indians we ate our supper, producing a scene in those wild woods sufficiently picturesque to satisfy any lover of the romantic.

I had forgotten to state that a small Mexican schooner lay at anchor, on the day of our arrival, near the beach, and her boat assisted some of our passengers to land, soon after we had done so, among whom was our captain and a custom-house officer. The boat capsized in coming through the surf, nearly drowning the officer of customs.

Our captain with two of the passengers proceeded to the city of Tehuantepec that evening, to make arrangements with the proper authorities to land our freight and baggage, a great deal of unnecessary formality being required before even the most simple article could be landed.

Saturday, 18th, the other passengers were enabled to land, the boat having capsized only once in making three trips. No one was hurt. I spent most of the day in the woods with my gun, and in company with an Indian boy as game-carrier, succeeded in killing plenty of game, and with the fish, tortilla and fruits the Indians brought us, we fared sumptuously on wild chickens, ducks, curlew, rabbits, peccary and pigeons, shot by myself.

Soon after retiring for the night, about

eight o'clock, we heard shrieks that rose wildly above the roar of the sea, and the Indians came running to tell us that the schooner was coming ashore. With a part of the crew that remained with us that night, I hastened down to the beach, and found it to be, alas! too true; she had already drifted in and grounded in the surf, which was completely deluging her decks. The cries of the affrighted ones on board for help were truly appalling. Unfortunately it was out of our power to aid them, further than to build large fires on the beach, and wait for time and the tide to send her nearer the shore; which was done before morning, and all on board were safely rescued; but the schooner became a total wreck.

The day following was spent in trying to recover some of our baggage, in which we partly succeeded, but every thing was ruined except a few light garments. All my books, drawings, drawing paper, colors, and other articles to aid me in my ornithological pursuits, were completely demolished. This I regretted more than all, for heaven only knows when I shall be able to replace them; there is nothing of the kind here.

Sunday we nearly spent in drying what articles we had saved from the wreck. The beach and woods presented a confused scene of trunks, boxes, wet books, dry goods, shirts, pants, ladies' apparel, and downcast individuals. Those who had come to commence business on the new route, expecting to find it nearly completed, and seeing no indication of such being the case for any definite length of time, felt of course sorely disappointed, and had a great desire to return as soon as possible.

One of my traveling friends having gone up to the city, obligingly procured us horses and a cart for transporting us thither, and early on the 20th they arrived. We sent the cart on with our baggage, and waited till the cool of the evening to proceed ourselves. At three o'clock P. M. we departed, in company with our young friend from Missouri, for

the city of Tehuantepec, with a retinue of Indians following, who seemed to take pleasure in waiting on us; attracted, perhaps, by my wife, probably the first white woman they had ever seen; they seemed to compete with one another in doing us kindnesses.

We found the road excellent, level and solid; the scenery beautiful; and my wife astonished the natives (having a spirited horse), with her horsemanship. They were much alarmed at times for her safety. By twilight we reached the city, a distance of twelve miles from the port. We were much pleased with the picturesque appearance of the place. The river Tehuantepec runs in front of it; this we forded, it being quite shallow at this season of the year. A portion of the city is on the opposite side. The houses are far better than we had any idea of seeing; each house is a fortification within itself; the walls are solid masonry four feet thick; the floors paved with brick, the roofs covered with tiles. The rooms are unnecessarily large, which makes them very cool. Each house contains a court-yard, handsomely paved with brick, shaded with trees and flowering shrubs; a large and elegant corridor extends around the interior of the court-yard, which is the best feature of the houses in a climate as warm as this; with a well of water, and stone tubs annexed for bathing. Such is the house we now occupy, and it is a pretty fair sample of the better class.

In conclusion, I will say, we are well pleased with the country; it is remarkably healthy, and the climate perfection itself. Its people have received us with the greatest kindness, and its ornithology, which interests me most, is indeed splendid. But there is very little business doing here. The native productions are cheap, but imported articles very high. There is no telling when the transit route will be completed; it seems to be at a stand-still; but in my humble opinion, whenever it does take place, it will be *the* route on one account in par-

ticular—the exceeding healthiness of the climate. The Bay of Ventosa is bad. A breakwater will have to be constructed before there can be a safe landing-place, which, however will be easily done, as every thing is there to do it with, and labor is very cheap.

I hope to make the next sketch more interesting than this, hurriedly written as it is; and as it has to pass through the uncertain mails of Mexico, perhaps you may never even receive it from—

WANDERER.

O, CANST THOU FORGET ME?

BY MRS. S. N. DYDEN.

O, canst thou forget me? the day is declining,
The sea-bird has dipt its dark wing in the sea;
The violet has closed its sweet eye 'till the morn-
ing,

And my spirit is wandering in visions to thee.
The twilight is deepening, O, canst thou not linger
In some lonely path where we often have met?
Methinks every shadow which 'round thee would
tremble

Would tell thee of me; then, O, canst thou forget?

O, canst thou forget me? the stars are all shining,
Their beauty is mirrored within the cold sea;
Ah! must I not think in my loneliness pining,
That thou in the starlight art musing with me.
How dear is the thought, when sadly my spirit
Has echoed the low winds and waves which we
love,

That thou art now gazing, far off in the zenith,
On stars which are shining on me from above.

O canst thou forget me? the wildwood is breathing
The perfume of flowers upon the soft air;
How often I think of the hours we have wandered
Among the spring roses and violets there.
Dost thou trace the dim path in the dark forest
shade,

Dost thou pause at each favorite spot?
To think of the scenes, and the friends, which
have made
Them so sacred, they can ne'er be forgot?

O, canst thou forget me? the words I have
spoken;
Have they passed from thy heart like a shadow-
less dream?
Has the pencil-trace gone near the passage in-
tended
In our favorite books, by thee to be seen?

The thoughts I have breathed from the depths of
my soul

That were penned for thine eye with pleasure
and care;

O, hast thou forgotten, or hidden the scroll
'Mong dusty old papers, to never appear?

Thou canst not forget me, past scenes will
awaken,

When mem'ry shall breath o'er the sweet silent
years;

And a thought of regret in thy bosom will tremble,
And thine eye for a moment will sadden with tears:

But sorrow comes over my weary heart now,
When I think of the change which *may* be,

That thy heart will feel less, and thy brow grow
more cold,

When mem'ry shall speak to thee often of me.

Nevada, Dec. 1857.

LIFE PICTURES.

STEAMER LIFE.

On the following morning, having a call to make up town, I left sister Attie and brother at the hotel, they agreeing to meet me at the wharf an hour before the sailing of the steamer. Being detained somewhat longer than I anticipated, it was nearly two o'clock when I reached the foot of — street, where the steamer lay. Eagerly I scanned the vast crowd collected there for my sister and brother, but in vain; they were not to be seen. What could have detained them? Must I then go without one word of farewell? The moments passed on, but they came not. I was already on board the steamer, where from the deck I could view the whole crowd, unheeding the many curious glances, which amid all the bustle and confusion were directed toward me as I stood there alone. I cared not what people might think; all my mind was intent upon this one thought, I *must* see my sister once more. Only twenty minutes remained. Already the cries of "all aboard," "no more baggage received," "clear the gang-way," were heard, and hope was fast ebbing from my heart, when I caught sight of a flushed, anxious face, away at the farther side of the crowd, and a familiar figure, which

made me fairly scream with delight. Yes, there she was, dear sister Attie, and brother Charlie, too; but could they ever make their way through that dense crowd? I had seen them, that was something, though I never heard their voices again.

At last, after great exertion, they reached the side of the steamer. The first word was, "Oh! Mary, what will you do, your baggage is still at the railroad depôt!"

I had given directions that morning to have it conveyed to the steamer, and supposed of course it was safely on board, but it appeared that the railroad agent—one wearing the form of a man—had, upon some miserable pretext, detained it, refusing to give it up to sister when she called for it an hour before. In vain she plead; tears, remonstrances or indignation had no effect upon his important agentship; here was an opportunity to show his power—his *manhood*. It was too late to resort to other means to obtain the trunks, so she was obliged to leave them, and hasten to the steamer. Here was a fresh trouble. I must either give up my baggage, and start on a long journey with little or nothing save the clothing I then wore, or relinquish all idea of going by that steamer. The case was stated by a gentleman to one of the officers of the ship, who told me my ticket might be transferred to the next steamer, and advised me to wait until that time. One moment I hesitated. How could I, a young, inexperienced girl, who for the first time in her life must depend upon *herself* alone, start on a journey like this so unprepared, and among strangers too? Why, the thing was impossible! Then came another thought, and that was of an expectant face far away darkened by disappointment when the eye sought in vain for the face and form of her who had so positively said, "I will come." True, two weeks would make no great difference, but this was the day on which I had promised to start, and on this day I *would* go, too.

That difficulty was past. I said firmly,

"I am going, and on this steamer, too." "Mary, are you mad?" exclaimed my sister, "do listen to reason." "Attie, I *am* going. Do not say any thing of this to mother to increase her anxiety. Good bye, sister, darling sister—brother Charlie one more kiss. Ah! where is your manhood in those tears? God bless you—good bye! good bye!"

Now the monster ship begins to move; the huge wheels commence their revolutions; the space widens between us and the wharf; I hear the splashing of the water; the hum of many voices; the tread of many feet; I know there are hundreds of people passing around me; I know that we are speeding away—away over the dark water; the city begins to look dim in the distance, but still I stood gazing toward it, until a sort of dream-like stupor came over me; I felt alone; like one small speck floating silently, slowly, dreamily over a vast ocean, neither knowing or caring whither the tide might carry me. This feeling gained entire possession of me, until I was lost to every thing around me. How long I remained in that state I know not, but I was finally aroused by a kind voice near asking if I needed assistance. I looked up and saw a gentleman standing by my side regarding me with mingled sympathy and curiosity; probably he thought me a fit subject for an insane asylum; perhaps recently escaped from such an institution. With his question, consciousness returned, and I began to remember where I was, and *who* I was. Thanking the gentleman for his kindness, but declining his offer of assistance, I directed the waiter to take my traveling bag—by a fortunate chance I had one containing a few articles purchased that morning in the city—to my state-room. As we were proceeding toward the room the idea of starting to California, with that amount of baggage, struck me as being so supremely ludicrous that I laughed outright. However, I was determined to make the best of it, trusting to Providence, or good luck, for the future.

After reaching my room I sat down quietly to *think*, but had scarcely commenced that agreeable employment when the door was unceremoniously opened, and a stout, rosy-faced man stood before me. I started to my feet at this unexpected intrusion, and awaited an explanation. The gentleman seemed no less embarrassed than myself, asking to be excused if he had disturbed me, but saying that he had "only came to take a look at his state-room." "*Your* state-room?" I exclaimed, in surprise, "excuse me, sir, you must be mistaken; this is *my* room." "There certainly must be some mistake about it," said the intruder, "but I believe this is No. 36?" "Certainly," said I, and to prove my claim I produced my ticket, which plainly told that Miss M—— had taken "state-room No. 36, berth No. 2." Here the gentleman consulted his ticket. "Mr. McD——," it said was possessor of state-room 36, berth No. 2, for that trip. Here was a dilemma which exceeded any thing I had heretofore experienced! Was I, then, in addition to my other difficulties, to be deprived of a place to rest my weary head? I had kept up good courage through all my previous trials, but this was rather too much to bear, and there was nothing left for me to do but sit down in despair and have a real heart-sick "cry," which I did.

The gentleman, whose name I at once recognized as belonging to a somewhat famous ex-Governor, told me to give myself no uneasiness, as he would willingly resign all claim to the room, and begged that I would consider it my own, at least until he could seek an explanation of the affair, and make some other arrangement.

This kindness was gratefully accepted, for, from some cause, the room began to turn slowly around; the berths seemed about to exchange places with each other; ceiling and floor ditto; and strangely enough my brain seemed keeping time to the rotary movement of the room. Could it be possible that I was *sea-sick*? The question was most positively and effectually answered a few minutes after, and

I was glad to throw myself into that little coffin-like recess, designed to answer for a bed, where I remained for about two hours, in quite an unenviable frame of mind.

Twilight had faded into darkness, and the lamps had been for some time lighted in the saloon, before I received any tidings from the Governor, or the success of his errand to the purser.

I was beginning to grow anxious, when there came a knock at the door, and a waiter appeared, with the announcement that he was "to conduct the lady to state-room No. 2."

I arose and followed my ebony guide, and found, upon reaching the room, a note from the gentlemanly agent of the line, stating that, as I was traveling alone, he had, to make my trip more agreeable, exchanged the room first assigned me, for this, which was more convenient and pleasant. This note had, in the hurry and confusion of starting, been overlooked or neglected.

Pass we in silence over those days and nights of discomfort, when sea-sickness in all its horrors seized upon its helpless victim, for even a remembrance of that interesting time is every thing but agreeable; so we will drop the curtain over the past, and raise it again, when, with strength and spirit returning, we make our first appearance on the promenade deck. To be sure the deck seems a rather unsteady footing, although the sea is calm and smooth as a mirror; and a glance at the rows of pale, distressed faces around, recall sensations we would fain forget; but, with a determination *not* to be sick, a look at the broad expanse of water glittering so beautifully in the sun-light, we seat ourselves, and, for the first time, take a look at the inhabitants of our steamer world.

If there is a place perfectly calculated for the study of human nature in all its varieties, that place is certainly on board a California steamer. Here one can see "society" in all its different grades, from upper-ten-*dom*, and its attendant "snob-

bery," down to the miserable "lowest class steerage passenger."

Yonder comes a lady, whose name we soon learn is Mrs. —r, just from a season in Washington. How she sails along the deck! Take care, poor girl in the calico wrapper; one sweep of that magnificent robe, one glance from that haughty eye, must certainly annihilate you. What? you do not shrink away abashed from so queenly a presence? See, the lady seats herself in an easy chair, which three gentlemen have been preparing for her. What stately grandeur! How she gathers her ample skirts around her, as if fearing contamination! Well, in this thing she shows good sense, for *gentlemen* (?) on board this steamer have full liberty to deposit their tobacco on the decks. Occasionally a miserable looking lad passes around with the remains of what was once a broom in his hand, upon pretext of removing a portion of the orange peel and pea-nut shells scattered about, but with no request to abstain from that filthy practice, which, in the present style of ladies' dresses, is so peculiarly annoying.

Here is a pompous public official, strutting about in all the glory and dignity of his high position, but looking more like the representative of a grog-shop than the representative of an intelligent people.

There are several of the U. S. military on board, but who seem remarkable for nothing but a profusion of brass buttons, and great skill in tossing off glasses of brandy and champagne.

Just before us is a newly married couple, who seem perfectly oblivious of every thing outside themselves. The bride languidly reclines upon the breast of her lord, while his arm is affectionately thrown around her waist. They heed not the mischievous glances cast upon them; they see not the smile of derision; they hear not the words of ridicule from their fellow-passengers. Oh! no, into their world of bliss such trifles as these come not!—"Thrice happy pair, the happiest of their kind"!

Then there is Miss P——t, or who, as

report says, can lay claim to the more dignified title of Mrs. —s, with "stage" and "actress" stamped upon every movement. She is neither young, pretty, or natural, but seems greatly admired by some of the gentlemen on board, perhaps on account of the really fine voice she possesses. She certainly sings very sweetly.

It is astonishing how rapidly acquaintances are formed on board the steamer. Where all are strangers to each other, of course acquaintances are often made without the ceremony of a formal introduction. A few moments' conversation usually suffices to determine the "caste" of parties, and if considered on an equal standing, friendships are formed, often to close with the voyage, but sometimes to remain the friendship of a life-time. We had not been a week from New York, before little circles were formed, and a familiar sociability established, which on land might have taken months of ordinary intercourse to produce.

My room-mate was Miss S——g, from the Sandwich Islands, who kindly offered to share with me her wardrobe, and in many ways displayed a kindness of heart which will be gratefully remembered by me.

One evening, not many days after we left port, I was sitting on deck, watching a lovely sunset: indeed, it was the first sunset at sea I had ever witnessed; but as I saw its brightness quenched beneath the western wave, a sadness which I could not repress filled my soul, as I thought of home, and those dear friends from whom every revolution of that great wheel was leaving me farther and farther. Just then a sweet, plaintive voice commenced singing:

"Shades of evening close not o'er us,
Leave our lonely bark awhile,"

accompanied by a melodious alto, and rich bass voice. I listened like one entranced. The song, so familiar, had often been sung by me, but now it had a new, a deeper meaning: it was the embodiment of the intense feeling of my

heart. I scarcely breathed until again that sad, mournful "Isle of beauty, fare thee well," trembled and died away upon the evening air. Then I burst into tears and retired hastily to my room, where I could unobserved weep over the remembrance of that dear island home I had left. I have listened to the notes of earth's famed singers—I have drank in soul-melting strains from opera and concert-room—but never, never did music seem like that simple song. I could have fallen at the feet of her who sang it. Dear little Nellie J——! from that hour I loved you. Your gentle spirit seemed to come to mine with more than sisterly greeting in those plaintive tones.

And we became friends: friends, though we may never meet again. Nellie went to her own sunny isle, I to this new home of mine; but we are *friends* still.

One day I was enjoying the cool air and a pleasant reverie on deck, when I was startled by a shrill voice at my elbow, asking, "Be you in the first cabin?" Looking up, I saw a little sharp-featured, slovenly-looking woman, holding by the hand a little boy, four or five years of age, a perfect counterpart of his mother, only that he was uncommonly *fat* looking, and having a pair of eyes which made the word "cat" rise involuntarily to one's lips. The young gentleman was trying, by sundry kicks and yells, to attract his mother's attention; but she, all unheeding, again repeated her question. I regarded her coolly a moment, and turned away with a single word which I hoped would dismiss her; but it only served to arouse a fresh outbreak. "Well, now, I do declare, it's too bad! Every body as is any body, but me, could git a first-cabin passage; but here, I and this little innocent child here, must be cooped up in that nasty place below. I never was used to sich things, now; I never was. I've lived at Saratogy Springs, and had *every* thing I wanted, and my little boy here too; he can't git along without his playthings. I used to git him *every* thing he cried for. May be you've heerd

him grieve." Here the little "innocent" set up such a "grieving" that I felt strongly inclined to choke him. "I bleeve I didn't tell you how I come to be in the second cabin," again broke forth the lady. "I didn't git into New York till *every* first-cabin ticket had been sold"—— "Excuse me, madam," said I, rising. I could stand such a tirade no longer, and sought refuge in my own room.

After a pleasant trip of eleven days, including a day at Kingston, we arrived at Aspinwall. After a delay of about an hour we crossed the isthmus, the ride on the railroad making an agreeable contrast to the sea-voyage. Arrived in Panama without accident, and were immediately hurried on board the miserable old hulk, dignified by the name of "steam ferry-boat," which, by the time the passengers were all on board, seemed ready to deposit its burden in the sea. It was impossible to gain a firm foothold, much less find a seat; so there we remained, standing closely packed like so many slaves, or beasts being sent to market. The steerage passengers, having been put on board first, took possession of all the seats, which they retained with a defiant look, and not a few words of exultation at the advantage they had gained. I remember one miserable-looking creature, by whose side I had the misfortune to stand, who constantly annoyed me by giving me a rude push every time I chanced to come in contact with an old handbox she carried. At first I looked upon the poor creature with pity; but soon her insolence found vent in words, as she again pushed me aside, exclaiming: "Oh! you cabin passengers think yer everybody, don't yer? But we've got the best of it this time, any how. Don't yer wish yer could sit down?" Here Lizzie ——d, with characteristic abruptness, turned to the insolent speaker, with "There, madam, that is the only and last thing of the kind you are allowed to speak here. Now, you understand what I say." The woman caught the sparkle of Lizzie's eyes, and the determined look on her face, so

wisely kept silent the remainder of that tedious trip to the steamer. I do not know how long we were making the trip, but to me it seemed like many hours. When we were really on board the commodious John L. Stephens, we could scarcely restrain our joy at having plenty of "elbow room."

After all the confusion of exchanging steamers was over, the state-rooms appropriated, and all the other arrangements made, our voyage again proceeded as quietly as before. My room companion was Miss W——s, whose lady-like manners, and thoughtful kindness toward myself, will not soon be forgotten.

Mrs. ——r had a world of trouble because she had "only a common state-room, like any *common passenger*. It was really a shame that she, the wife of ——, could not have the bridal chamber!" But Mr. S. and his beautiful young bride quietly kept possession of the coveted room, and Mrs. ——r was obliged to submit, like a "common passenger," to her narrow berth.

It is amusing, as well as disgusting, to observe what means some vain creatures take to gain attention and admiration. There was Mrs. B——, who met the ship's surgeon, Dr. S., one day, with a request that he should prescribe for her fingers, which she said had been badly hurt in closing the door. The doctor, after examining the delicate little hand which the lady extended, and finding no bones broken, or serious bruises, merely replied, "Well, madam, come to my room and I will give you something to bathe it in." Oh! what a flush of indignation overspread the lady's face! She deigned no reply, but swept angrily away from Dr. S., who stood petrified with astonishment at her singular conduct. Shortly after, word came from the captain that Mrs. B. had entered a complaint against the doctor, for insult, in asking her to come to his room! Poor Mrs. B——! her plan for captivating the gentlemanly doctor had entirely failed, and this was her revenge!

The woman from "Saratogy" was constantly annoying me with her disagreeable presence. She seemed to be everywhere present, with that "grieving" little boy of hers. I shall never forget one evening, after the company had been applauding the performance of a magnificent opera-singer, a sharp voice at my elbow exclaimed: "Well, for *my* part I can't see no beauty in sich screechin'. I like something a body can understand—something sensible; and I guess I'll sing a song fittin' the occasion." After several attempts at "clearing her throat," she burst forth:—

"O, Californy, you are the land for me;

I'm bound to Californy, my true love for to see."

What a scream that was! Before the first verse was completed the company began to move off in an opposite direction to save their ears and tempers.

The days passed on until there remained but two or three before we expected to reach San Francisco. It was Sabbath evening, the last we were to spend on board, but there was nothing in our little world to remind one of the holiness of the day. The gay laugh, the merry song or jest went round as usual, but to me the air seemed full of Sabbath music. I leaned back in my seat, closed my eyes, and fancied I could hear the chiming of the old church-bells at home: to my ear was borne the swelling notes of a grand old anthem, and familiar hymn. I was sitting in the family pew, with father, mother, brothers and sister, and our voices all blended together in the worship. But when I unclosed my eyes the vision fled, and I knew that thousands of miles lay between me and that dear place, and that I was fast hastening towards a new, untried home, and for the first time anxious thoughts, dim forebodings filled my mind. The sun had gone down. I had watched the last red gleam fade, and die away. Great masses of black clouds began to assume terrible, threatening forms, where an hour before was light and glory: the water beneath, seemed the image

of despair, of unfathomable night: the splashing of the waves seemed full of treacherous voices, and weird shapes seemed to peer up from the depths beneath. I gazed long at the water and black sky, and asked: "Is this, then, an image of life? Will all its brightness and glory thus fade, grow dark, unlovely, and finally sink into gloom and despair?" I looked up, and there above the blackest cloud was one great star shining, casting a line of light far out upon the deep water, and its rays stopped not there, but fell down into my soul, making a lightness and beauty where had been cloud and darkness. I thought of the ever-watchful Father above; of the assurance, "Lo I am with thee, even to the end"; I felt that *He* was near, and every doubt fled away.

The last night on board some of the *gentlemen* determined to celebrate by a "grand spree." There was Judge —, whose reading of *Childe Harold* the evening before had so entranced his hearers, calling in half-tipsy tones to the elegant Mr. — to "come and have one more drink," which they accordingly did; but it proved just one glass too many, for a while afterward, one of the gentlemen in passing round the saloon fell to the floor, and was carried to his state-room. Alas for poor human nature!

Morning soon came, and with it the first glimpse of San Francisco. With what emotions I gazed upon the city I will not attempt to describe. As soon as the steamer touched the wharf, commenced those joyful meetings, inquiries after absent friends, and all the confusion which usually attends the arrival of a steamer. An hour had passed, nearly all my acquaintances had left, yet still I stood *alone*. I do not know why it was that I felt no anxiety, no fear; but I was as calm as though surrounded by old friends. I stood at the entrance of the saloon, looking out on the wharf, when a light hand was laid on my shoulder, and a voice I well knew whispered "Mary!" — I was *at home*.

A DESULTORY POEM.

BY W. H. D.

CANTO V.

I.

Dear friends, we meet once more; once more I
A loving heart and sympathetic mind [bring
To greet you while my tuneful lays I sing;
And may my Muse her sweetest strains now find,
Clear as the song of birds in early spring,
Sweet as the fragrance of the flowers we bind
Upon the lovely brow of the young bride,
Or strew upon the forms of infants who have died.

II.

I want a pure and an inspiring theme,
Worthy my efforts and my noblest song;
One that can bring a more than earthly dream
Of beauty to the heart, and bear along
Its purest visions, such as we still deem
Oft fills the soul when aspirations throng
Fond bosoms in the days of early youth,
Bright as the glories of some great eternal truth.

III.

WOMAN!—that word shall now inspire my lays;
I'll twine my laurels o'er thy lovely brow.
My heart was thine in early youth's bright days,
And still thou art its idol, still I bow,
Almost in worship, while in joy I gaze
Upon thy charms, which thrill me, even now,
With rapture as I bend before thy shrine—
A heart that lonely sings, for no fond heart is mine.

IV.

Behold the prattling child upon the knee,
With all its innocence and beauty rare;
How sweet its laughter and its joyous glee!
We look into its eyes, and heaven is there;
We think of angels and of seraphs fair,
And wonder if in heaven there can be
A sight more blessed than this little child, [mild.
With all its winning love, so pure, so sweet and

V.

Behold that mother bending o'er that child,
See what a love is beaming from her face,
'Tis not the flashing of a rapture wild—
In vain the pen or pencil tries to trace
Its heavenly beauty, as in peace it smiled
Upon its jewel,—naught shall e'er efface
That deathless love, or tear it from her heart;
Of her own life and being 'tis a part.

VI.

Behold the maiden in her early youth,
See all her graceful, artless, winning ways;
Her voice is music and her heart is truth,
Her mind dwells not on Fashion's vain displays,
Her thoughts flow free as those of ancient Ruth,
Her loveliness beams brighter than the rays
Of sun, or moon, or stars, from out the skies,
For in her soul a deeper beauty lies.

VII.

Behold that maiden in maturer years ;
Behold how fair those budding beauties bloom
In their unsullied purity,—no tears
But those of joy or sympathy assume
To moisten eyes in whose pure depths appears
A world of love and innocence,—no gloom
Can dwell around that seraph form so fair, [there.
Where every virtue dwells and makes a heaven

VIII.

O, Sister, what an influence divine
Beams from thy love, so sacred, pure and sweet !
A sister's love ! yes, that indeed is mine,
All hallowed in my heart, and if we meet
No more on earth, that love shall still refine
Each thought and feeling, till at last I greet
Thy spirit blest on that eternal shore,
Where all is bliss, and partings come no more.

IX.

And Mother, who can fathom all thy love ?
Intense, absorbing, holy, steadfast, pure,
It follows us, like that of God's above,
O'er all the earth, and must through death endure
In other worlds, and even there will prove
An influence to make our calling sure.
Its deathless constancy by prayer will win [its sin.
Her children from the world, and save them from

X.

My sainted mother ! now in those bright skies,
In God's own mansions of eternal rest—
I know that there thy fervent prayers arise
For us, thy children. O ! may we be blest
In these sweet memories, and while time flies,
We never can forget the one who prest
Us with a deathless love unto her heart—
A love that did such sacred joys impart.

XI.

And Daughter, how thy sweet affections beam,
With bright effulgence, in the happy home !
Thy love is pure, and, like a spirit's gleam,
It sheds a holy light, nor seeks to roam
From its first loves. The world's delusive dream
Upon thy heart's pure joys should never come,
To lead where dance, and revelry, and song,
Allure thee on to join the worldly, heartless throng.

XII.

And Wife ! that nearest, dearest name of all,
Born of a tie that blends two hearts in one ;
A love that seems from the pure heavens to fall,
And gives a brighter radiance to the sun,
And moon, and stars. O ! ye that can recall
That first deep love—a bliss that seemed to run
Through all your being—are ye not still blest
In that dear joy of home, the holiest and the best ?

XIII.

Woman, behold what lovely names are thine ;
And are there holier, here upon the earth ?
Why should thy heart insensate o'er repine

At thy condition ? See thy priceless worth.
Is not thy influence here almost divine,
Over immortal souls ?—e'en from their birth
Thou canst begin to fashion them for heaven,
If thou wilt wield the power that unto thee is given.

XIV.

O ! crown thyself with jewels from the throne
Of the Eternal, in the heavens sublime ; [own,
Make faith, and peace, and righteousness thine
And thou shalt triumph o'er the things of time,
And sing immortal songs ; and not alone
From me shall flow thy praise in feeble rhyme ;
Thy children, too, shall rise and call thee blest,
And thro' thee find God's mansions of eternal rest.

XV.

Behold thy destiny ! Is it not great ?
And powers sublime now unto thee are given.
Arise, and let thy heavenly charms create
An influence sweet to lead us up to heaven.
We almost worship thee in thy pure state,
And grieve that vice and sin so oft have driven
Almost an angel to a depth of woe,
Despair and shame, that only fiends should know.

XVI.

O ! let not worldly follies fill thy soul ;
Not the things of sense call thee away
From those pure joys which may thy heart control,
And lead thee onward to the perfect day,
Whose silver streams o'er golden sands still roll,
Where God's effulgence is the only ray
That shires upon the pathway of the just, [trust."
And makes them say with peace, "In God is all our

XVII.

Say, what is Fashion but a tyrant's chain ?
And what are wealth, and luxury, and ease ?
The heart that seeks them soon will find how vain
It is to hope for happiness in these.
Such pleasures soon will pall, and leave a stain
Upon the soul. Do they not almost freeze
Thee to an icy coldness, and impart
A death-like stupor to their votary's heart ?

XVIII.

Woman, in words of song I've sought to show
How bright thy charms in virtue's ways may shine,
And what unsullied joys thou canst bestow,
When love all pure and constancy are thine.
Thou also canst produce a hell of woe,
When passions vile with will perverse combine
To desecrate a home which once was dear,
Bringing o'er all its bliss a desolation drear.

XIX.

Fair California, may thy homes be pure,
And with all sweet domestic joys be blest ;
May mothers, daughters, wives and sisters lure
All hearts to find a bliss wherein to rest
Their earthly hopes of pleasure, and endure
All trials that may ever come to test

The strength of all those virtues which combine
To make their lives give forth a radiance all divine.

XX.

O! may these blessings renovate our State
From those accursed evils which are found
To mar the public good, and re-create
Society all pure, and spread around
That influence sweet which only can abate
The dreadful vices that so oft are found
To desolate our homes, where peace and joy
Should dwell secure, and free from ev'ry base alloy.

XXI.

And now I close my theme, and say farewell
To those kind friends who dwell upon my song;
'Tis joy to other hearts our joys to tell,
And feel our sweetest sympathies prolong
Our hours of bliss, which never, never dwell
Within our breasts, or others', e'er too long.
Adieu—a sadness comes with each adieu—
Till I again these humble lays renew.

(Continued.)

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

NO. IV.

TIMES OF MILTON—"PARADISE LOST."

The doctrines of the Reformation did not stop with exercising an influence on the religion and language of the people of England. The Catholic Church had taught authoritatively as the representative of Christ upon earth, and had at least a time-honored warrant for doing so. But the novel dogma of Henry the Eighth, that the king was the head of the Church, was one which the commonsense of Englishmen was not willing to submit to. Hence we find, that although the doctors of the Protestant faith were content for a while with joining *en masse* against the adherents of Rome—so long as they discovered any chance of that party succeeding in reinstating itself as the established church of England—the free spirit of inquiry, and right of private judgment, which they had set up as primary truths by which ecclesiastical teaching and polity ought to be regulated, began to exercise an influence which they did not anticipate. All classes, unlearned as well as learned, soon claimed the right to exercise their judgment in a question of such momentous importance

as the salvation of mankind, and the most effectual means of securing it. But the claim set up by Henry, and insisted on by his successors, of acting as pope in England, stood in the way of effecting those further changes, which, in the reign of Charles the First, (when

"The oyster-woman locked her fish up,
And trudged away to cry, 'No Bishop')"

every tinkering reformer considered he, or she, had a right to prescribe; and thus the religious disputations of the time began to affect the civil government. The claim of being head of the Church proved a very inconvenient and dangerous acquisition to English royalty. But the claim once made could not well be receded from. The people of England were almost exclusively Protestants, but Protestants dividing every day into additional sects. If the king meant to do any thing to establish a uniformity of faith, he must offend one party before he could please another; and his firm adherence to the Episcopal Church, was an excuse for the turbulent becoming disaffected, and disowning all allegiance to a sovereign who was determined to maintain, to the fullest extent, the privileges of the crown, both civil and ecclesiastical.

Let protestants deride catholics as much as they may in regard to the intolerance of their religion, those who pay the slightest attention to history are aware that mere toleration was denounced by the fathers of protestantism. The king wished to do nothing more for the Episcopal Church, than others would have done for the Presbyterian, or Independent. The struggles of those days were not so much for liberty, as for supremacy. Each party maintained it was right; and in consequence, not only entitled to regulate itself according to its own notions, but to put down all other parties which differed from it.

One of the most honest of those who opposed the high claims put forth by the royalists, was Milton; who, though originally educated for the established church, had become early disgusted with

the vices and ambitious projects of many of her prominent leaders, who professed to be actuated solely by religious motives. His sarcastic pen spared none. It was equally indifferent to him whether the obnoxious individual was the archbishop of Canterbury, or the king himself. He only seized on the prominence of his position, to mark him out more conspicuously as the object of his bitter invective.

Happily those troublous times have passed away; and we are surprised to find a man of such elegant refinement, as Milton's poems prove him to have been, giving way to such abusive language as his prose works occasionally exhibit. Johnson refers this to his irritable temper, and the world has found fault with Johnson for saying so; but I believe him. We find it bursting out on several occasions in his *Paradise Lost*, as if he could not help it. Let us pity him as the victim of his feelings, rather than look too harshly on his infirmities,

I congratulate myself that I do not feel called upon to maintain the reputation of Milton as a polemical, or political writer, but as an English epic poet, in which position he stands unrivalled. Deeply-read in Grecian lore, and capable of appreciating the noblest flights of the Grecian Muse, he came to the daring conclusion of enlisting, as freely, the Theology of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures in his service, as the poets of Greece and Rome had done in regard to their Mythology. Of the war in Heaven, the chronological date of which, and

"What they fought each other for,
We can not well make out,"

he formed a theory of his own; or so worked up the common belief into a harmonious system, that most christians would be as willing to subscribe it as the Confession of Faith of the Kirk of Scotland, or the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England. No one since Milton's time seems to have any doubt about the matter. He then takes as the groundwork of his poem, the wonderful story of

the fall of Man, and its sad consequences; the conversations of Adam with the messengers of Heaven, which visitings, though afterwards "few and far between," he had the testimony of Scripture were of usual occurrence in earlier times; and the story of the garden of Eden, planted for the especial use of the progenitors of the human race by the Lord himself. He describes Heaven and he describes Hell; and shows undeniably that the Devil is by no means so black as he is painted. In fact, without his meaning it, he becomes the real hero of his Romance. We become spell-bound as we read of his dauntless courage. He enlists our sympathies in his favor; and with a perversity of feeling, only equalled by some of our American-Irish co-patriots of the East, for the ruffians of Hindostan at the present time, we prefer him, vanquished and in distress, to the legitimate Monarch of Heaven! There is but one occasion in which we falter in our opinion. If anything could surpass the majestic soarings of Milton's heroic Muse, it is Milton's Muse employed pastorally. We forget Satan, his sufferings, and his wrongs, and his deeply-cherished revenge, when we read the poet's description of primeval bliss in Paradise.

"Delicious is the lay that sings
The haunts of happy lovers,"

be it the lay of poet, or poetaster. Love and innocence find a harmonizing chord in every human bosom, which it takes but little to attune. But when Milton, the matchless Milton, undertakes the task, and shows us Adam, uninformed but happy,

"With one fair spirit for his minister,"

we have not a thought to spare, nor a feeling unengaged, for the Devil, or any one else; and when he, bent on his hellish purpose, succeeds in arriving, we feel ashamed that we should, for a moment, have allowed ourselves to become sympathizers with such an infamous blackguard. But we can not help such things. When reading Milton we do not wish to help them. It has been said, that before

any stage-performer can become a great actor, he must for the time identify himself with the character of the ruffian whom he represents. I believe it.

"At the royal feast, when, Persia won
By Philip's warlike son,
Aloft, in awful state,
The god-like hero sate
On his imperial throne,"

how did old Timotheus, by his bewitching lay, triumph over the mighty conqueror—now kindled to "soft desire,"

"Now melted to sorrow, now maddened to crime,"

as

"With one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hands the strings!"

Such victims to some extent are we all—mere playthings in the hands of Poets and Orators, who mould us at their will. Perverted from our honest sentiments of justice, we only regret that Milton did not make Satan more his hero than he has done. Why did he not show him triumphant to the last? Let the angel point out to Adam as he chose, though he had forfeited his right to Eden and his life, in after times,

"How He who bore in Heaven the second name,"

would descend upon earth, and as a man endure the same hardships to which he had become exposed; that he would travel about disowned and disregarded,

"A weary man and full of woes,
Oppressed by power, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene, the crucified;"

and how for his sake, and for his sake only, offended Deity would be melted into forgiveness, the punishment due to his own thoughtless transgression cancelled, and should mankind obey his benevolent instructions, and live in faith, and unity, and love, the consequent forfeiture of Heaven entailed upon his luckless progeny, be removed. It must have been a joke in Hell. In the conditions lay Satan's hopes. That the descendents of that simple pair, whom he had so easily beguiled, would be able to withstand his wiles, or choose to renounce the pomps and vanities of the world, was absurd.

"The Lord himself now forming them
With passions wild and strong,
And listening to their witching voice
Would often lead them wrong."

And would He, who in stern justice had deemed it right for the mere eating of an apple to punish the whole human race, feel the smallest reluctance in condemning individuals for their own unforgiven transgressions, for whom, on the same principle, before they could be saved, it would be necessary to "crucify the Lord again?" Most certainly not. What a gratifying conclusion of Satan's revenge, to think that on

"That day of wrath, that dreadful day
When Heaven and Earth shall pass away,"

the great Judge himself, according to orthodox belief, would feel constrained to

"Send one to Heaven an' ten to Hell,
A' for his glory!"

and that this novel project, this experiment in creation, of peopling Earth with residents, half-animal, half-god, who, after being schooled and trained

"Per varios casus, et tot discrimina rerum,"

so as to secure their fidelity in the service of the King of Heaven, (and who eventually, as Milton states, were intended to be removed to Heaven, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the banishment of himself and his trusty adherents,) he would be able so far to defeat, that nine tenths of the race, instead of going to Heaven, would be legal subjects of his own to all eternity, even though the Son himself would be crucified to prevent it!

Methinks I see the fallen arch-angel standing in the Halls of his own Pandemonium, with his faithful chiefs around him, proudly showing how useless would be that "sacrifice for sin," which Omnipotence deemed it necessary to exact, to recover even a moiety of the human race, or induce men to subdue their angry and sinful passions—predicting the horrors of inquisitions and persecutions among the followers of Christ, for the sake of doctrines which the torturers would not understand, and for precepts which they would not follow—exhibiting the wars of

Christian nations with each other for their own glorification; now the carnage of Waterloo, now the carnage of Sebastopol! Or, changing the scene, displaying in naked deformity the crimes and vices of private life, even in the most refined circles; and proving his right in reversion to many who would be recognized as ornaments of Upper Ten society, including merchant-princes and their ladies, "wearing purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day," and belles and dandies admitting no rule of life but Fashion!

It is hard to say what has been his success in other worlds, but in our planet, we get half-convinced that the poet might have given Satan credit for having accomplished his object. AGRICOLA.

TO MARIA LOUISA.

Dear Coz., it often makes me sigh,
To live so far away
From the bright glances of thine eye,
Which turns the night to day;
I long to see the pleasant smile
Light up thy face so sweet,
And hear thy gentle voice beguile
Away the cares I meet.

Upon the memory of the past,
I often love to dwell,
Though now they seem but shadows cast
From pleasure's sunny spell;
Yet shadows must be born of light,
And when joy's sun is set
Above the darkest shades of night,
Hope's star is shining yet.

And though I see and hear thee not,
That star shines ever bright,
To tell me I am not forgot,
And cheer me with its light;
And o'er the future sends its rays,
When we again shall meet,
And find again as happy days,
As those we once did greet.

And till those happy days shall come,
May every blessing rest
Upon thy head and heart and home,
And peace dwell in thy breast;
May no dark clouds of sorrow fall
O'er thy life's devious way,
And when life ends, O, may we all
Find Heaven's Eternal Day.

W. H. D.

Coon Hollow, Cal., Nov. 5th, 1857.

ADVENTURES OF A CALIFORNIA PHYSICIAN.

MR. EDITOR: In presenting myself for the first time to your readers, it may be well to tell them who I am, and why I came to California. My name is Fe Nix—Dr. Fe Nix—and I was born in the State and town of——, in N. E. I say I was born, for I had a birth, or at least I have seen the event, which was considered of no ordinary interest, registered in the "old family Bible," where all good things are mentioned—and also in the same book is recorded the birth of one of the greatest physicians of mankind—although I do not mean to say there is any very great similarity in the two events, but simply present the facts, as I am a matter-of-fact sort of man. Well, I was born, and under the laws of progression, and without any previous arrangement or effort on my part, I continued to grow until I assumed much the appearance of a man, when my parents thought it advisable to send me to a boarding-school. Now it happened that my parents were poor, and of course I was the son of poor parents; but as the choice of parents was not left to me, and I had no control over the time and place of my nativity, I do not blame myself because they were not rich. They used to say: "Surely, the boy will make something." Well, so I did. I went to school and made some confusion in the neighborhood, and towards the close of the term became somewhat noted for my sundry innocent exploits—such as tying a rope around the timbers of an old house, (though it might

have been a barn,) and pulling at the opposite end, for no other purpose of course than trying the strength of the twisted hemp, when, to my great *surprise*, the building fell, with such a tremendous crash as to arouse the slumbering dead (of night) and make the night air tremble. To cut the rope and run away was but the work of a moment, and for many weeks it was the marvel of the neighborhood what caused the building to fall. My next innocent amusement was to set fire to a little house, the patrimony of the wife of my preceptor, who was always kind to me, and who would often come to my room and give me lectures upon politics, religion, and marriage—never forgetting to say she had an *excellent* daughter, just suited, et cetera. On one occasion I took hold of a wheelbarrow, which *accidentally* slipped from my hands, and fell into a deserted well, where it remained, to be discovered sometime afterwards.

Sometimes pudding was found in the pockets of my comrades, and none were more surprised at the mischief than myself, and none more ready to censure the *meanness*; and whenever I went fishing, late at night my room was sure to smell fishy, and the frying-pan and sundry other kitchen fixtures were sure to be “found missing” in the morning; and if I went gunning, it most unluckily happened that the feathers of a *barn snipe* were found in the vicinity of my ambulations. But notwithstanding all this, I managed to gain the confidence of my preceptor.

His house was but a few rods from a popular female seminary, and he used to request me to see that the girls did not steal any of his fruit. This mark of his special favor I most readily accepted, as it afforded me a convenient opportunity of pruning the lower limbs of the mellow fruit, and of accusing the innocent fair, with whom I was not on the most intimate terms of friendship. Being an awkward grammarian, I never could *de-cline* fruit, when it came in my reach;

so the trees and the girls suffered while I flourished; and thus things went on during my first term at the boarding-school, until near the close, when I was found out, and my game was up. But, to the great delight of my friends, the following term I became more studious; and, so rapid was my progress, the next August I entered as freshman at Cambridge, where I graduated in 18—. Then my head was full of the wildest schemes for the future. Virgil and Horace for a time were laid aside, and I entered into all the gay amusements of a fashionable life with a zeal that few possess. But this did not last long: “*res mutamus atque res mutantai.*”

The joys and delights of the married life were mirrored upon the retina of my imagination, and the slumbers of night were the solace of love, and I felt my place on earth would be an Eden, if with the lady of my affection, whom I could call my wife. But I had no means of gaining a livelihood, and could not indulge in the heaven-born hope of marrying soon. To select a profession was a difficult task,—much greater than to have selected me a wife at that time; but I finally determined to prosecute a course of medical studies, and enter upon the practice of medicine.

During the term I was a student of medicine, somehow I got the reputation of visiting the churchyard late at night, for no very good purpose, and I often heard the good people speak about “robbing the burying-ground,” “writs,” “fine,” “sheriff,” “jail and prison,” but to no effect—my mind had a downward tendency, and my body was obliged to succumb to the laws of gravitation, even though it might sink a little beneath the flowery surface of the earth upon which we tread. Now I have always had a sacred horror for ghosts, and so I blamed the pious people thereabouts for shocking my timid nerves, and they began to think me ally as honest as I was. It often happens, when one gets the name of indulging in any kind of mischief—whether false or

true—that it follows him through life, and it has been peculiarly so with me in this case, for even in California I have been accused of disturbing *le repos des les merts*.

At the expiration of three years and two months I graduated, and commenced the practice of medicine, i. e., I put out my “shingle” to let people know I was prepared to cure their many ills, feeling sure they would not pass me by, and was not disappointed, for in a few years I had acquired an extensive practice.

In the fall of '48 the gold fever “broke out,” and its attack upon me was most violent. I received an invitation to go to California as surgeon of a company, then fitting out, which expected to leave in a few days. The adventure pleased me. I at once accepted; sold out my effects, and, at the appointed time, was ready to leave, and biding an affectionate farewell, got on board the noble vessel, feeling willing to go any where, (and this calls to mind the anecdote of the man “out west,” who, being inquired of if he would not like to go to heaven, replied, “Yes! I should as leaves go there as *any where*, but the rest of my family want to go to Missouri.”)

Our ship made a good passage, and early in the summer of '49 we cast anchor in the Bay of San Francisco; and, kind reader, I am now before you as a narrator of the “Adventures of a California Physician.”

The incidents, as I shall relate them, will be strictly true; but the dates, names and places cannot wholly be relied upon.

Soon after our arrival in San Francisco our vessel was removed to Benicia, and as all things mundane have a beginning as well as ending, I will date the first of July, '49, as the commencement of my adventures in this land of modern Ophir—the great El Dorado of the Pacific; where the golden dew sparkles in “morning’s rosy light,” as the first rays of the sun come dancing over the snow-capped hills of the distant Sierras, to kiss the valleys into newness of life and clothe them with the verdure of perpetual spring. This

mirrored imagery, however truthful, seemed far too blissful for mortals long to enjoy.

On the first of July it was determined that a part of our company should leave for the mines, and, having heard there was much sickness, it was proposed I should go out with the first party, which met with my ardent approval, for I had always supposed I was born to be a hero, and this seemed to be the beginning of a golden climax that would ultimately place me among the first of the heroes of California.

The small boats were loaded with provisions, and such tools as were considered necessary for mining—among which was an auger about three feet long, with three inches bore, brought along by a *soi-disant* geologist from Vermont, who told us that gold was often found *amalgamated* with the “oxide of copper,” and he intended to bore for it. Where he got this idea, or what he expected to gain by boring, I could never learn. (Gold, silver and copper are sometimes *combined* in the ore—as is the case in the “Buena Ventura” lode, back of Los Angeles—and then is said to be alloyed, but never amalgamated.) At precisely nine o’clock A. M. we left the ship, full of life and animation—confident of returning soon, Astors in wealth, to enjoy the reward of our adventure.

Strong and merry we pulled the oars; and, although it was not required of me, I took my turn at them, and long before night the cuticle upon my hands presented the appearance of split cranberries—but what to me were a few blisters to the glory of a hero! Just as the last rays of twilight died away, we entered the mouth of the slough, and rowing one hour longer, concluded to lay up for the night.

Accordingly, we made fast our tow-lines, and scrambled on shore. The thick growth of trees on both sides of the river made it quite dark, so that we were unable to make a selection of our landing, and found ourselves among the bushes and underbrush, so thickly entangled

that it was difficult to move about until we had built a fire and cut the bushes away with the axe.

Then arose the question about getting supper, for we had eaten nothing since we left the ship. But who should cook the supper, and who was to do the cooking in future? This was what had not occurred to us before. It was finally agreed that we should make some tea, and each cook for himself. The fire having been built, two crotched sticks were driven into the ground; a pile laid across them, on which was hung a bucket of water dipped from the river, into which we poured a large quantity of Bohea or Choo-chong, to cook, so that our tea presented more the appearance of a dish of greens than a beverage. This, however, we managed to strain into our tin dishes, and although it was somewhat smoky, it tasted far better than the sapid water of the river. We each cut a large slice of salt pork, (for the Jews were not among us), which we stuck on sticks and held in the blaze until it was pretty well crisped and smoked, and perchance had fallen not a few times in the ashes; and this we ate, with hard bread we had taken from the ship, and which constituted our supper.

This meal being over, we began to think about laying ourselves out for "tired nature's sweet restorer" to breathe her balmy influence upon our wearied limbs, and prepare us for the fatigues of another day. But as the fire died out, and the smoke blew away, the mosquitos came about us in such swarms that it was impossible to breathe without their obstructing themselves into our mouths and windpipes, to our great discomfort; a wag declared they had bills "three inches long." As I had heard of mosquitos growing so large, on the lower Mississippi, as to be able to lift a horse by his back and shake his shoes off, I tried to console myself that I was among the Lilliputians.

Shaking my blankets violently, I hastily threw them over my head, and laid down

to sleep—no, not to sleep, but to be annoyed; for, notwithstanding my precaution, I had wrapped a host of these tormentors in my blankets, and they began to present their bills, and sing a lullaby that to me was most unwelcome. I uncovered my head that respiration might be more free, when instantly my face became covered with these vigilant intruders.

I sprang hastily to my feet, brushed them away, built a fire, and placed myself in the smoke, until my face became blackened, and my eyes resembled the bleary eyes of an Irish cook while preparing a dish of raw onions. Again I laid me down, but could not long remain *decubitus in modo*; the condition of Dante's Venedico Caccianimico was not more wretched; "*se le fazion che porti non son false*"—for if the features were not false, they were so bleared and swollen as to deny a friendly recognition.

During this time some of my companions were suffering with myself, while others, overcome by the fatigue, were loudly snoring, as if anxious to drown the hideous hum, and lull themselves to a sweeter repose. I proposed to leave, in preference to doing penance through the weary hours of night. A part of the company being of my mind, one boatload started, leaving the others to follow in the morning.

We left the *slough* just as the first rays of the sun fell upon the silver bosom of the Sacramento, and a more beautiful scene I have never gazed upon; my bosom was filled with transports of joy, and for a time the fatigue of the night was wholly forgotten. As far away to the east as the eye could scan, I beheld the blue hills skirting the horizon, save where an occasional peak, rising high above the rest, glistened with eternal snows, that melting rush down the mountain gorges, and along the smiling valleys, to commingle with the waters of the mighty deep. Along the banks of the river stood old oaks, with their pendant vines and mistletoe; the valleys stretched far away, wher

the wild ox and deer fed together, and the wild birds made the morning glad with their early songs; all conspiring to make the scene one of unequalled beauty, interest and delight. Most willingly would I undergo the fatigues of that night to enjoy the scene once more. But 'tis changed; the river wears not that quiet, and the banks are bereft of the old oak—the "woodman's axe" has laid it low—and all is changed, to bear the impress of thrift and civilization; thus teaching us the lesson, that all atomic and vitative existence is changing and passing with an unobserved stealthiness away, and soon will leave no trace whereby the attention of future generations may be called to the beauty and grandeur of the earth's present sublimest renown. This is my first adventure. Yours,

FE NIX.

Lonely Dale, Nov. 1, 1857.

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF HOOPS.

It was in the past month, of the year 1709, that Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, gave to the world, through the columns of the *Tatler*, a luminous account of the fashion which then prevailed, of wearing hooped petticoats. That fashion has returned again, and as the writings of Bickerstaff are already old, and may not last a hundred and fifty years longer, I propose to follow his illustrious example, and give a new account of the same old fashion, for the benefit of the people of January, A. D., 2005. I hope thus, by warning posterity of the evils of enlarged petticoats, to confer a favor (my fortune hardly amounts to that) upon my great, or little, as the case may be, great-great-grand-children.

Fashion, like every thing else, is the creature of circumstance; in illustration of which fact it is related of the enormous ruffles of Queen Elizabeth's time, that they were at first only large enough to conceal a deformity of her ladyship's neck. And so, of hooped petticoats, when they first made their appearance,

or rather, I should have said, when they first became manifest, were no larger than requisite to hide the deformities of young misses and maidens; if, indeed, they came up to that standard. So rapid, however, is their growth at the present time, as to bid fair, in the course of the coming year, to rival in dimensions the new dome on the Capitol at Washington.

It is but just that I should attribute, to some extent, the blame of their expansion to the character of the material out of which they were originally constructed. Every body is aware that whalebone has a natural tendency (taken as it is from a large animal), to dilate whatever may chance to enclose it. At all events, the women have enough to endure, under these great garments, without having to bear also the faults of others; and besides, the monster of the deep, though scarcely larger than a fashionable lady, is more able, and at the same time, I trust, willing, to retain his portion of the responsibility. But a sense of justice equally forbids that I should make of him a scape-goat to bear off all the sins of large petticoats. The expansive quality of whalebone affords no excuse for hoops of brass and steel. These are no device of the leviathan; on the contrary, their tendency is (a thing he cannot be supposed to encourage), to supplant him as the largest of moving things. Nor is the responsibility of the change from bone to brass to be forced unconditionally upon the fair sex. Future generations will entirely exonerate them, when it comes to be learned, as presently it will, that the dry goods dealers were the parties chiefly interested in the movement; and in view of the dishonor it must cast upon that large and respectable class of citizens, it grieves me to be obliged to record the fact; nevertheless, history demands it, and it must be written, that they procured metallic hoops to be invented for the benefit of trade, rather than the gratification of female vanity. There was a limit to whalebone, the best specimens measuring only twenty-seven feet; but

to metal there was no such limit. While yet the former was in use, it required only three and a half ordinary patterns to make one dress or petticoat; but now five are readily sold for the same purpose. A careful calculation will show the persons for whom this is written, should they still retain our system of figures, that during the fore part of the month of December, in the year 1857, the difference in favor of metallic hoops was just a pattern and a half.

The merchants will undoubtedly realize large fortunes out of this fashion, but those who furnish hoop-money (in Bickerstaff's time it was called pin-money), have observed a strong inclination in their pockets to collapse, and are becoming extremely anxious for a collapse of the fashion itself. It has already brought upon the country a financial crisis of a most alarming character; and it is the settled opinion of Bates, Rowe, and other skilful financiers, that when petticoats finally obtain their greatest tension and explode, a convulsion will be produced in the business world, compared with which that from the bursting of the South Sea bubble was trifling. This, however, is no time for speculations. Dame Fancy, owing to her natural bent for extravagant flights, might possibly puff up these nether garments to the full size of inflated balloons; but with the unreasonable dame this account has nothing to do. History should deal alone in facts.

Among the most deplorable, or, strictly speaking, heart-rending consequences flowing from the use of these enormous circles, is the separation of families, and the constant alienation of husbands and wives. This might be supposed to be sufficiently effected by the waste of money upon skirts; but in addition to that annoyance, the fashion itself maintains a most respectful distance between them. They are no longer able to cherish one another, and kissing is entirely out of the question, though many a husband would gladly embrace an opportunity. Indeed, to such a strait are men driven in these

times, that they are about to apply to the legislature to reduce the size of petticoats to a moral social standard. It is believed that the bachelor members may be enlisted in the measure, and that a petticoat clause can be tacked on to the bill for the reduction of fees, it being only for the reduction of fee-males.

But though inconvenient in these several respects, hoops are not without their uses. They serve a like purpose with guard-ropes in a menagerie, which prevent too great familiarity with the animals; and, in so far as they serve for the protection of the weaker portion of humanity, the wearing of them may well be esteemed a virtue.

From what the future reader has acquired, he will be prepared to learn that hooped petticoats have quite broken up the custom of dancing. This amusement, as likewise social parties, have been rendered impracticable, since not more than two or three well-dressed ladies can occupy the same drawing-room. Healthy out-door exercise, also, and especially in cities, is trespassed upon in the same manner; in consequence of which, the women of this town have petitioned the mayor to have the sidewalks cleared for the space of eleven feet; the more fashionable agreeing among themselves, in that event, to pass up on the right and down on the left of streets, to avoid jostlings. It is thought his honor will refuse the request, in-as-much as it is opposed by all such of his constituents as have no feelings in common with the sufferers. Should their prayer be denied, it is proposed, as a last resort, and for revenge, to adopt the Sacramento custom of appropriating the entire street, to the exclusion of teams and vehicles.

The in-door workings of the fashion are somewhat peculiar, and I shall doubtless relieve the curiosity of the female portion of posterity by informing them, that when a hooped lady calls upon another, she neither takes a seat upon the sofa, nor upon a chair, for that were impracticable; but she is furnished with

an ottoman in the middle of the floor, and when seated thereon, the ottoman being surrounded by the hoops, is no longer visible.

The most remarkable incident connected with this subject, was the appearance in the streets the other day of a Chinese girl, dressed, in the height, or rather, the breadth, of fashion. Like all her country-women, she was small of stature, but so vast was her latitudinal measurement, that she was properly likened to a great China tea-saucer, inverted. She was the first of her race to discard the more

graceful Bloomer costume, and I "venture the assertion," that the expected comet, if no larger, would have excited less attention. Several gentlemen came near splitting their sides with laughing at her civilization, and at the next meeting of the bachelors' club, the question was warmly discussed, whether, if petticoats continued to swell and radiate, it would not be necessary for the gentlemen also, to hoop themselves to prevent any disastrous splitting of the sides from laughter.

C.

Our Social Chair.

Does it not, gentle reader, appear as though some wrong had been done somewhere, or by some one : or, that some great omission had been made in some quarter : that at this holiday season, we should, by necessity, be precluded the pleasure of dropping in to make one in the dear old circle of friends at the fondly-cherished homestead of our early days, or pay our New Year's visit to our eastern acquaintances ? It does to us ; although we are at a loss where to lay the blame, while we feel very desirous of placing it on the shoulders of some one. How much do we miss the Railroad — *The Pacific and Atlantic Railroad* ! now, when our hearts would be jubilant in merry-makings with our friends !

Who would not, to-day, feel delighted, aye, overjoyed, if the great highway across the continent were opened, and the iron horse had come, with sonorous puffs and snorts, to publish the bonds of matrimony between the East and the West ? From Eastport in Maine, to the Golden Gate, and from Cape Sable to the British possessions, the whole Union would be willing, joyously, to become bridesman. Then why should we not have it so ?

There is one blessing left us, that, although that great boon, for the present at least, is denied, we can become mentally present to chat away the pleasant hours, play all sorts of games in love or friendship, sing songs that will renew our youth through memories of other days ; and, how naturally do

we ask ourselves if we, the absent, will be remembered

"At morning, at noon, or at night ;
And lingers one gloomy shade round them
That only my presence can light ?"

This reminds us that before us lies a copy of a neat and prettily-illustrated little volume from Dr. G. M. Bourne, entitled "The Snow-Storm," written by his daughter, and which, in imagination, takes us "away down east," among frost and ice and cold ; sleigh-rides and mishaps ; juvenile snow-balling and snow-house-building ; and is suggestive of comfortable firesides and pleasant indoor amusements. We shall be much mistaken if Santa Claus does not call at the various book-stores for some of these choice little books, to stow away in his capacious pockets, for Christmas and New Year's presents to his little friends.

"LAST OF THE FILLIBUSTERS," is the title of a new book of eighty-five pages, published by H. Shipley & Co., Sacramento, and written by W. Frank Stewart, Captain of the "Red Star Guard," the Banner Battalion of Walker's army. It is a straightforward recital of the actualities and experiences of Fillibustering in Nicaragua, and gives to the reader a more life-like impression of matters and things there than all the newspaper reports yet published. There are too some fine thoughts interspersed throughout ; such, for instance, as the following :—

"After a careful inspection of arms and

and an ample distribution of ammunition, at an hour earlier than usual we all retired to bed—(heaven help us! we had no *beds* but the brick-paved floor!)—and I thought, as the poor fellows lay snoring around me, that man should be more grateful to Providence for casting an impenetrable veil over the future than for any blessing which God has vouchsafed to us."

Who does not say "amen" to such a sentiment? This was the night preceding the battle of San George.—The book is well worthy of being read by those who, like ourselves, are opposed to the principles of Fillibusterism.

A PRETTY GOOD JOKE.—An artist and member of a publishing firm in this city, who, for many months, has been engaged taking sketches of the various towns in the interior of the State, for the purpose of presenting them to the public in a series of lithographic views, recently visited a town in Placer county, (the name of which, perhaps, we may as well not mention), with this object in view. After finishing his sketch, and receiving the names of a number of persons as subscribers, he placed his valise upon the stage, and paid his fare, to journey to an adjacent town; and, as the morning was cool, he concluded to walk slowly on until the stage overtook him. In this, however, he was somewhat disappointed, as he arrived at his destination some time before the stage made its appearance there. When it at last stood in front of the ——— Hotel, he went out for his valise, when to his great surprise he found the driver in a dreadful state of wrathly excitement, and using words that were not the most refined that could be found in "Webster's unabridged," and who demanded of the artist indignantly that his name be struck from his list of subscribers. Upon inquiring the cause of all this, the artist found to his astonishment that he was the unintentional sinner for having *traveled faster than the stage!*—the driver considering it in the light of "a reflection upon himself and horses!"

LONGFELLOW beautifully and poetically calls Sunday the golden clasp which binds together the volume of the week.

GOODNESS is *beauty*. Ladies, make a note of that.

The most discontented of men could scarcely ask for greater variety in climate than is found in California. At the time we are writing this, strawberries and green peas are growing near San Francisco, and the hill-sides around are already putting on the bright attire of early spring; yet from the correspondence of a friend residing in Sierra Valley, we learn that snow has already fallen to the depth of several feet on the mountain tops and sides which girdle in their dwelling.

From the Placer *Herald* we give the following extract, which tells its own tale:

A CURIOSITY.—We received this week from Mr. John R. Gwynn, of Lauraville, two apples pulled from a tree in his garden in the month of September, and two taken from the same tree on the second inst., the last being from a second crop. In September, one hundred and twenty-four apples were plucked from the tree, which blossomed again in a short time, and is now bearing a second crop. The specimens sent us are as healthy as spring fruit. They are of the golden pippin variety. Truly, California has a fruitful soil.

There is more *read* than is *remembered*.

The following beautiful and truthful sentiment we clip from the chaste and cheerful pages of The Lady's Home Magazine—an excellent monthly, that should be found upon the table of every lady in this State; and we commend it (we mean the sentiment, or the magazine, whichever the reader chooses) to every mother in California:

MOTHERS THAT ARE WANTED.—It is a blessing and advantage utterly incalculable, to have for a mother a woman of sense, superiority and goodness; with force of character; with talents and cleverness of solid information; with tact, temper, patience and skill fitted to train and mould the mind, to implant principles, and awaken a lofty and laudable ambition; and all this presided over and purified by religious faith, deep piety, and earnest devotion. These are the mothers that the church and the world alike want. The destinies of the race depend more on its future mothers than on anything else; that is to say, on the sort of women that young girls and young ladies are to be made into, or into which they will make themselves; and the sort of wives that young men will have the sense to prefer, the judgment to select, and the happiness to secure.

Among our exchanges this month we most cordially welcome the *Atlantic Monthly*, a new magazine, published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. The pleasant "first impression" which it gives, is fully sustained when the contents place the author and the reader upon more intimate acquaintance with each other. Besides, the long and able list of contributors to this work, many of whom are especial favorites in the world of literature, while it gives the assurance that it will be sustained by more than ordinary ability, and become the exponent of "Freedom, National Progress, and Honor, whether public or private," it endorses the just and generous sentiment that "Literature, like Science or Art, knows no country"; and that, though in the main it will be sustained by American talent, it will also receive and welcome it from other lands. This has been repudiated by some, who, we are sorry to say, have shown no reluctance to pilfer, without the least pay or credit, from such sources.

We give two extracts to our readers. From one of its divisions headed Music, read—

"What will the Muses do in these hard times? Must they cease to hold court in opera-house and concert-room, because stocks fall, factories and banks stop, credit is paralyzed, and princely fortunes vanish away like bubbles on the swollen tide of speculation? Must Art, too, bear the merchant's penalties? or shall not rather this ideal, feminine element of life, shall not Art, like women, warm and inspire a sweeter, richer, more ideal, though it be a humbler home for us, with all the tenderer love and finer genius, now that man's enterprise is wrecked abroad? Shall we have no Music? Has the universal 'panic' gripped the singers' throats, that they can no longer vibrate with the passionate and perfect freedom indispensable to melody? It must not be. The soul is too rich in resources to let all its interests fail because one fails. If business and material speculation have been overdone, if we are checked and flung down in these mad endeavors to accumulate vast means of living, we shall have time to pick ourselves up, compose ourselves to some tranquility and some humility, and actually, with what small means we have, begin to live. Panic strangles life, and the money-making fever always tends to panic. Panic is the great evil now, and panic needs a panacea. What better one can we invent than music? It were the very madness of economy to cut off that. Some margin every life must have, around this everlasting sameness of the dull page of necessity,—some

opening into the free infinite of joy and care-less ideality, or the very life-springs dry up."

An article entitled the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table contains many beautiful sentiments—for instance, the following :

When Eve had led her lord away,
And Cain had killed his brother,
The stars and flowers, the poets say,
Agreed with one another

To cheat the cunning tempter's art,
And teach the race its duty,
By keeping on its wicked heart
Their eyes of light and beauty.

A million sleepless lids, they say,
Will be at least a warning ;
And so the flowers would watch by day,
The stars from eve to morning.

On hill and prairie, field and lawn,
Their dewy eyes upturning,
The flowers still watch from reddening dawn
Till western skies are burning.

Alas! each hour of daylight tells
A tale of shame so crushing,
That some turn white as sea-bleached shells,
And some are always blushing.

But when the patient stars look down
On all their light discovers,
The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown,
The lips of lying lovers,

They try to shut their saddening eyes,
And in the vain endeavor,
We see them twinkling in the skies,
And so they wink forever.

All those who read Graham's spicy and spritely Magazine know that since Meister Karl's occupation of the chair editorial he has one department entitled "The Cabinet of Kisses," but how he manages to fill that cabinet every month with such as the following, which we take the liberty of stealing for the especial benefit of our young readers at this holiday season—and which, perhaps, like all kisses, are all the better for being stolen—we do not pretend to tell :—

Different people have different ways of writing about kisses. Ben Perley Poore describes the operation in a plain, straightforward way, with no more rapture about it than the trundling of a wheel-barrow. Witness the following from one of his tales :—

"Lizzie's eyes had been filled with tears, but they were tears of joy ; and now through their crystal prisms came a smile so eloquent, that Norton caught her in his arms, and imprinted a kiss upon her rosy lips.

" 'That's it,' exclaimed Mr. Dalton, rubbing his hands, 'it may not be the fashion-

able way of sealing a contract, but it is the best one.”

Such a kiss must have been very nice, of course—but only a plain baked-apple kiss, after all—nothing like the fruit of Paradise, such as Alexander Smith goes wild over—or the luscious bananas of Stoddard—or the bewildering peach-bites of Johannes Secundus.

THE ESSENCE OF BLISS.

GENTLEMAN.

The essence of bliss,
Is an exquisite kiss—
Sweet lady, can you deny it?

LADY.

To convince me 'tis true,
You have nothing to do,
Dear sir, but simply to try it.

Variety is the spice of kissing, as it is of life, and Alexander Smith appears to know it, for, meeting a lovely being, whose sweet lips have never yet “divinized” his own, he exclaims in a bound-to-have-a-kiss-and-no-mistake sort of style:

“Oh, untouched lips!

I see them, as a glorious rebel sees
A crown within his reach. I'll taste their bliss,
Although the price be death.”

To the Meister, greeting:—Allow me to make a few additions to your “Cabinet of kisses,” by extracts from the poems of Alexander Smith, who, of all poets that have ever sung the praises of a kiss, is entitled to “rake down the persimmons.” Just listen to him, and see how he enters into the luxury of kissing:

“I clasp thy waist, I feel thy bosom's beat—
Oh, kiss me into faintness, sweet and dim;
Thou leanest to me as a swelling peach,
Full-juiced and mellow leaneth to the taker's reach;

Thy hair is loosened by that kiss you gave;
It floods my shoulders o'er—
Another yet! Oh, as a weary wave
Subsides upon the shore.

My hungry being, with its hopes, its fears—
My heart, like moon-charmed waters, all unrest;

Yet strong as is despair, as weak as tears,
Doth faint upon thy breast!
I feel thy clasping arms—my cheek is wet—
One kiss, sweet, sweet, another yet!”

What thinkest thou of that, dear Meister?
And then again he says—

“Give me another kiss, and I will take
Death at a flying leap.”

Which fully proves that he rightly estimates the value of a kiss. The following, I think, exhibits in all its fullness the feeling of ecstatic all-overishness one feels after pressing the ruby lips of the one he loves—

“My soul leaped up beneath thy timid kiss—
What then to me were groans,
Or pain, or death? Earth was a round of bliss;
I seemed to walk on thrones.”

But I will leave Alexander Smith for the present, although extracts from his poems to prove that he fully understands the science and art of “kissing divine” might be greatly multiplied, and conclude with the following

STORY OF PROMETHEUS APPLIED. UPON STEALING A KISS FROM A FAIR MAID ASLEEP.

“This, this is Life! all else a dream—
This is the true Promethean flame,
From heaven by daring theft conveyed,
Tho' by the prize the risk's o'erpaid.
But if to steal those heavenly fires,
An equal punishment requires,
Whilst recent from the theft I glow,
Oh! fix me on that breast of snow;
Well pleased to languish life away,
Love shall upon my vitals prey—
Nor will I wish, while there I'm laid,
Alcides near to give me aid.”

FASHIONABLE CALLS.—“Oh! what a perfect love of a baby!” burst in rapturous tones from Mrs. S.'s room, which was directly opposite mine. “Do, Miss G., look at those wee taper fingers! and then that little strawberry mouth! Little darling! precious angel baby!” Here a perfect explosion of kisses echoed through the room, mingled with the most extravagant praises of the little three-months-old Miss S. To be sure, the babe was as pretty and interesting as most young ladies are at that age, and one could not but love its helpless innocence; but praises so extravagantly lavished seemed to me rather more than was really necessary to convey to the proud young mother the visitor's appreciation of her darling.

“What a beautiful cloak you have on, Mary!” exclaimed Mrs. S.; “one of those elegant new styles. I declare I never saw any thing half so becoming! I must go directly and get me one.”

“Don't you think it an elegant thing, though?” chimed in visitor No. 2. “So genteel and graceful; beside, there are not half a dozen like it in the whole city.”

“That is the charm of it,” said No. 1; “I had to coax a long time to get it; for Pa, like all fathers, talked of ‘extravagance,’ and pleaded the old story of business losses and the like. Poor Pa! to be sure he has lost considerable lately; but I knew fifty dollars would not make a bit of difference in his affairs, so I coaxed, cried and pouted, until I got it. I vowed I'd never wear that old velvet of mine again, after that odious Amy Weston appeared out in one precisely

like it. I declare I would not have stepped my foot inside a church again, if I must wear that thing. Do you blame me, girls?"

"No, indeed!" indignantly exclaimed both voices.

"By the way," said No. 2, "did you see Mrs. G.'s new bonnet last Sunday? If it isn't provoking to see her ugly face inside such a sweet bonnet, then I don't know what is. Did you *ever* see any body put on the airs she does? I had to laugh right out when she sailed up the aisle last Sunday. Why, one would think she had always been used to the position she now occupies; but *we* know that not six months ago she was nothing but a poor dressmaker!"

"Oh! Laura," here interrupted No. 1, "we almost forgot to tell Mrs. S. the very thing we called for! If that is n't strange! Who do you suppose is married, Mrs. S.?" Here was the shortest possible pause; then both visitors fairly shouted, in their eagerness to be first to tell the news—"Oh! you *never* could guess! it is that old beau of Helen M.'s—Mr. Willie K.!"

"You don't tell me that?" said the petrified Mrs. S. "Why, I cannot believe it. I thought he and Helen were just ready to be married. What broke off that match?"

"That is what we can't find out," was the reply; "but they say she feels dreadfully at losing him. She don't get much pity, though, as folks think it will do her good to have her self-conceit brought down a little."

"The best of it is, that Mr. K. has married an *old maid*, ugly as a hedge fence, prudish, precise, and dresses so old-fashioned!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" chimed in all the voices; "pretty good for the fastidious Willie H.!"

For half an hour the above strain continued. Gossip of dress, fashion, slander of the absent, compliments to the *present*, all mingled in the wildest confusion. Not one sentence to remind one that the talkers were rational human beings, possessed of soul and intellect; nothing but a stream of senseless prattle, such as might be supposed to proceed from one of the wax figures in a milliner's show window, could it be endowed with speech.

Finally, with many ridiculous expressions of attachment to the lady of the house—many invitations, and promises "to call often," and another explosion of kisses—

the ladies left the room. The last I heard was an expression of indignant feeling against "the men who made such fools of themselves by ridiculing ladies' hoops!" Then the street door closed, and the fashionable callers were gone to seek a fresh field for gossip.

I again took up the book I had been reading, but all interest in its contents had gone. I could but dwell upon the folly of which, alas! too large a portion of our sex is guilty, in thus lending themselves to fashion, dress, and frivolity.

Oh! when will woman learn her dignity? When will she rise, unsatisfied with the worse than nothingness which now so engrosses her faculties? I am no advocate for "woman's rights"; she *has* her rights—aye, more than stern *right* would give—now. I am no brawler for "woman's superiority"; but I *do* like *common sense*. I *do* want to see woman, not a mere pretty toy, a beautiful ball-room flower, but just such a being as God intended she should be, when he gave her as companion to that great master-piece of creation, man. I *do* want to see her stand in all the glorious perfection of *mind*, as well as person, with which the great Creator endowed her. I would have her know herself; her own capabilities for higher enjoyments. She would be none the less gentle, none the less lovely, none the less *womanly*; but every true, noble man would love yet more dearly, cherish yet more tenderly, as wife or friend, one to whom he could look as his equal in mind and cultivation. I believe it is *woman's own fault*, if men regard her as their inferior in intellect. She takes that place, then rails at the other sex for allowing her to keep it. I do not believe, with some, that man would deprive her of a place at his side in intellectual pursuits; but if she refuses to take that place, is not she alone to blame? If she is satisfied with the fashion and folly of the day, is she not alone in fault?

I look upon "fashionable calls" as the greatest farce in existence. How much real friendship or good feeling are in those unmeaning compliments? *Compliments* are often but another name for *falsehoods*—yes, downright falsehoods. How often does "Oh! I am delighted to see you!" proceed from a heart full of envy, jealousy and dislike toward the person addressed? "I shall

be most happy to call" is *not true*, when it is tiresome and disagreeable to make that call.

"But society demands it." No, indeed! "Society" would be far better if those calls only were made where real friendship and esteem exist. Throw aside this keeping up appearances, and there would be less ill-will, less *back-biting* and slander, more genuine friendship among our sex, and a higher tone to society in general.

MARY MORRIS KIRKE.

RESPONSES FROM THE MINES.

NO. III.

IN THE MINES, Dec. 1, 1857.

DEAR SISTER MAY,—I find I must be brief, for that *Social Chair* I see was not provided entirely for our comfort; and however pleasant it may be for us to sit in it and hold sweet converse together, we must not be selfish, but resign our seat to listen to others, as well as talk ourselves.

You thank me for my cordial invitation to you to visit me in my cabin, "but are afraid you can't come," and then "you don't know where it is, or what it is like," and several other questions you have asked, from which I begin to think you really don't care much about seeing me, unless my surroundings are all of the right sort—pleasant and agreeable. Now, dear May, had you really desired in your heart to visit me, I believe there are no difficulties which might not have been surmounted; for what cannot woman do when she determines to accomplish what she has in view, particularly when *her heart* is in the work? I threw all my heart into that "invitation," dear May, for I wanted to bring *yours* out into the mountains; but I fear it has had the effect of making it cling closer to home; and you have not received it with the *heart only*, for I find you have examined it critically, and you say "it is beautifully composed." That is the "*most unkindest* cut of all." O! how my poor heart bleeds!

How do I know that you are not the greatest old maid in San Francisco? That was very easily known when I penned my last letter, but now assurance is doubly sure. Do old maids imagine themselves to be fairies, sister May? The idea is preposterous. But may not the maiden of sweet

sixteen have such ideal visions? and has she not a fairy's witching influence? Would an old maid select four frolicsome young girls to accompany her on a proposed visit to a lonely miner? I think not, sister May. But, above all, could an old maid fly about with the agility which you displayed when you were chasing up Fred, to regain that stolen stanza of poetry? Verily, no. The thing is impossible, May, and I think I begin to know a little about you. Besides all this, I think I can discover a shrinking maiden timidity in your last letter, which seems to say, "Brother Frank is growing too warm; I must not encourage him till I find out something more about him; he is rather too plain in some of his hints." Now, I don't think elderly maidens would be quite so particular and fastidious. Speaking about elderly maidens, I once, in New York city, had the good fortune to be introduced to an elderly maiden from a far country—one not unknown to fame. When I first saw her, I thought she was the homeliest woman I had ever seen; but I had not conversed with her fifteen minutes, before she began to appear beautiful. Her intelligence, her refinement, her kindness of heart, her goodness, and the sympathizing tones of her voice, were to me the only characteristics of her person, and they seemed to clothe her with a beauty which could not be dispelled. That elderly maiden was Frederika Bremer; and a few such I have known, who I must confess were not without their charms. So you see, dear May, there is some chance for you with me, even should you be an old maid, provided you are of the right kind. Suppose I adapt a stanza of my last invitation, to meet such a contingency:

Come to me, elderly maiden,
Come with a heart all free;
Come and create an Aiden
In my cabin home for me.

Our editor has kindly informed us that the Chair is for all kinds of fun, and so I hope, dear May, that you will excuse me for poking a little fun at you this time. I have lots more of the same sort left; but then the chair should not hold me any longer, for others are waiting for a seat. So adieu!

Sincerely and affectionately yours,

BROTHER FRANK.

P. S. I suppose you did not visit me because you were apprehensive that you might

find me a rusty, crusty old bachelor ; and then in common courtesy you would be bound to invite me to return your visit ; and then—and then——but you can imagine all the rest. Yours ever,

BROTHER FRANK.

A CHALLENGE.—Some fair lady, without name, (that is, she left no name with us,) placed this on our counter, and, without word or sign, immediately walked away. Now if some "honest" gentleman of "honor" does not make a post-office of our Social

Chair, by sending an answer to the following, why—well, we shall see.

I would fain look upon an honest man,
And mean to do it if I can—
So keep trying—and when I've found him
I will not fail to throw around him
Humanity's garb—the stamp of honor—
Hoping he will not forget the donor,
Nor fail to send me back an answer,
Post-paid, of course, if he is a man sir.

M——.

Editor's Table.

THE SEASON.—We hold this as a time when the balance-sheet of human feeling should perfectly tally ; and, whether debtor or creditor, that we should be willing to make our accounts in matters of friendship (and business, too, if possible) come out square. It is a time when hard thoughts against those who may have offended us should be softened ; and as, for His sake, in whose remembrance we gratefully commemorate the day and season, we hope to be forgiven ; that we (who, at best, are but mortal and very imperfect) should be not only willing, but anxious to extend the heart and hand to our sinning brother. May God help us, reader, if *we* feel less forgiving than our Maker. In lives of three score years and ten, if we cannot feel the heart's yearning and relenting towards all, at least once a year, what ought we, in fairness, to expect ?

In gratitude for favors so generously bestowed upon us, let us now and throughout the year keep perpetual holiday in our hearts by our God-like humanity to our brethren. Let us seek out the hungry, that we may feed them ; the naked, that we may clothe them ; the exposed, that we may shelter and protect them ; the suffering, that we may soothe and comfort them ; the troubled, that we may cheer and relieve them ; the embarrassed, that we may aid and gladden them by our counsel and assistance ; and, above all, inasmuch as it requires a greater effort than all, that we take even he who has injured us (if such there be) by the hand, and say, "Let us now be friends, and forgive

each other, and learn in the future to know and do better than in the past," and thus, according to the good book, "Thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head," and throughout the year upon which we have just entered you can become indissoluble friends.

The poor outcast, even, must not be forgotten or excluded, now, or ever, from our sympathies, for she is our sister, and he is our brother, however much the well-remembered image of their childhood and innocence may be effaced. We may yet be like them : then, who shall pity us ?

It was a wise law of the All-wise that man should be the most happy on the surest and best of all principles, namely : that of increasing his individual happiness just in proportion as he became the instrument of happiness to others. Think of and do that, brethren all, throughout the year : then we predict for you a happy and a prosperous one, for God and man will unite to bless and help you.

FRIENDS, CONTRIBUTORS, SUBSCRIBERS, READERS, and WELL-WISHERS, we wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

To Friends. We owe a large debt of gratitude for your personal sympathy and assistance in our enterprise throughout the year. By the gentle breezes of your kindly wishes and words, our skiff has been wafted prosperously along on her California voyage ; and, we trust, has been the means of bearing love and good-will to all—for such

indeed in our heart of hearts have we desired it to do—while making the port of public favor. Our assorted cargo of literary merchandise we hope has proved acceptable to all—unitedly we have sought to make it so. We earnestly hope that for the year before us she may be freighted with yet more costly gems of thought, with still greater earnestness of purpose, and with much higher and more ennobling aspirations; that her voyage may this year be still more propitious unto all; and our wares become so acceptable to the public, as to justify, and create the necessity for, an increase in her capacity, without extra freight charges to the charter-party—the reader.

To Contributors. Without other wages of reward than that arising from your labors of love for and in the cause of literature to our own California, you have stood by our vessel through the whole year's voyage; a brave and noble crew, manfully—the ladies included—doing duty; and we thank you. If you are satisfied with the officers, craft, and shipping articles, (and we hope you are,) we invite you to join us for the new year's cruise; with the earnest wish that it may prove yet more prosperous and agreeable than the last, both to ourselves and the passengers—our subscribers and readers. May we be spared to finish the voyage through the year together; and when we arrive in port, and drop our anchor, on the last day of December next, may we feel that by God's blessing this year has been spent to some purpose, in having increased the wealth of human hearts, by making them feel happier and nobler for the intercourse held between us.

To Subscribers, Readers and Well-Wishers. There is an essential bond of sympathy between writers and readers in a work like ours, that should be ever fondly cherished. One is happily dependent on the other. However stout, fast, and well found may be the ship; however brave and self sacrificing may be the men; however rich and varied may be the cargo; without appreciating purchasers, all commercial intercourse between individuals and nations is at an end. On the other hand, all the pleasures arising from the possession of articles; all the enjoyments springing from refined and eleva-

ted relationships; all the happiness enjoyed and diffused by commercial, intellectual, or social communication, would be excluded but for the former. We hope that in this all have been satisfied. One thought, alone, may have repaid the full investment; inasmuch as one thought enjoyed will become the medium of more true pleasure and advantage than ten or even fifty times the cost of the whole. Intellectual enjoyments are too often undervalued. Many persons, for instance, will prefer to give twenty-five cents for something to smoke, drink, or eat, the pleasure from which is lost in but a few brief minutes; while the same amount invested in a newspaper, magazine, or book, not only would give a higher and nobler pleasure, but one that is much more beneficial and lasting.

A GENERAL INVITATION.—We shall be happy to receive original pieces of excellence from all persons and sources. They should be short, comprehensive, entertaining and instructive, and as spirited and lively as it is possible to make them. There is much slumbering talent in the State; we should like to awake it up. We have but one magazine here; that one should be excellent. Will the educated and the intellectual assist us to make it so?

MEETING OF THE LEGISLATURE.—On the first Monday of the present month the Legislature will convene. It will be an important day for California, inasmuch as a vast amount of invaluable business requires to be well done during the ensuing session. We hope that a high and ennobling standard will regulate the thoughts and actions of this body, that our past disgrace may be taken away; and that every Californian may hereafter point with pride to our Legislature as an equal with the best; and, like our State, be the brightest in the glorious galaxy. While every citizen with anxious eye may keep vigilant watch over every member and measure, we hope it will not be with a spirit of abusive find-faultativeness or suspicion; but with a high-minded and straightforward confidence in the honor, integrity and ability of the man, that the measure may be worthy of the confidence reposed, from the highest of all motives.

Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

G., Placerville.—We have most of the particulars of that A. W. B. black sand story; but as you may perhaps furnish something additional, we shall wait to hear from you.

B. F.—Yours is e-x-c-e-l-l-e-n-t.

H. J.—Ditto, yet not sufficiently condensed.

P. T., Montezuma Hill.—We give it up. Once we foolishly thought that we could read any thing—at least in English; but we don't now, for yours beats us. If six German (or any other kind of) herrings, with some hieroglyphics thrown in—not omitting by any means a few crabs or lobsters for capitals—make one stanza, then yours is all right. To make the matter still worse, (if that were possible), it is written on both sides of the paper—a species of economy, believe us, never appreciated by the editorial profession.

G. W. R.—Thank you. The same please accept. The lines sent are not quite suitable for a magazine.

B. B.—All right.

C. A., Goodyear's Bar.—Yes, just now, especially. Mount Guengola is about sixteen miles northwesterly from the city of Tehuantepec, and is remarkable for the immense heaps of ruins covering almost every part of it; showing it to have been at some greatly remote period, and before its present forests existed, thickly inhabited, where now not a soul lives. There is still a massive wall of stone, several miles in length, along the very verge of several precipices, and across numerous ravines. The mountain is said to contain a remarkable cave. A few years hence, and that country will astonish us.

J. K. L.—Will be welcome. We shall try next month to give some of the opinions of correspondents about what our magazine should contain. This much we may now say, that it would be something like the weather could every person have it made to suit his individual tastes and wishes—simply no kind (and yet all kinds) of weather.

T. B.—The Chinese question is now very complicated, and will be much more so

before it is done with, or we lose our guess. We differ with you very much, as we do with many others whose articles we publish—but that would make no difference, providing your piece showed that the right spirit had dictated and defended your views. Declined.

Emily A., Santa Rosa.—It is a great and by far too common an error in writers for the press—they think too little, and write too much. We shall be pleased again to hear from you, in some piece for this magazine. One thought, clothed in suitable language, seldom suffers from being briefly and concisely expressed.

Joe B.—Are you a member of the old Joe B., "Major B—agstock" family?

M.—"My Ideal" has either four lines too few, or four too many. Was it an oversight?

D. T.—Then don't buy it.

DECLINED.—"I saw her in the merry dance," (the only passable line in it is the first, and that is borrowed)—"The Pope's Gift," (soft as well as sectarian)—"The F. F.'s of S. F.," (too personal)—"California Morality," (is too prosy)—"Expressiveness," (in the title, only)—"The Natural Diseases of different Countries," (you only mention two, and your views on those *we know* to be incorrect. It is an excellent subject "skipped," not treated.)—"My blue-eyed" (is it pig? or) pet"? You might possess more personal respect than to send such silly, commonplace sentences, worn threadbare many years ago, to any publication.

T. N.—We know you must be a funny fellow to write such spicy lines. We shall be pleased to publish them, if you will carefully revise them, removing all the coarse language. That spoils all.

General Remarks.—We should like all good friends who favor us with articles this year to make them better, if possible, than the past. Write carefully, and as carefully examine what you have written before sending it for publication. That is our advice; and, should you take it, you will at the end of this year thank us cordially for it.

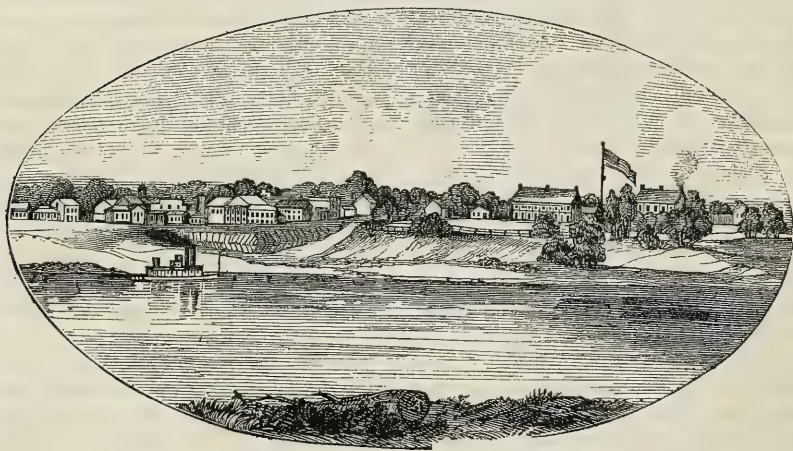
HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

FEBRUARY, 1858.

No. 8.

OVERLAND, FOR A RAILROAD,
FROM THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN.



PORT SMITH, ARKANSAS.

The reader will doubtless remember that during the years 1853 and 1854, Acts of Congress were passed, authorizing and providing for the exploration and survey of the country lying between the Mississippi river and the Pacific Ocean, for the purpose of ascertaining the most practicable and economical route for a railroad across that portion of the American continent. In accordance with the provisions of that Act, expeditions were

fitted out and dispatched on that mission, from various starting points, and on different parallels of latitude.

One, under Gov. J. J. Stevens, left St. Paul's, at the head of steamboat navigation on the Mississippi river, in latitude 45°, and explored from thence near the forty-seventh and forty-ninth parallels of north latitude, to Seattle, on Puget Sound, Washington Territory, a distance of 2025 miles.

Another, from Council Bluffs and Fort Leavenworth, on the Missouri river, to Fort Bridger, on a tributary of Green river, was examined by Col. Fremont and Capt. Stansbury; and the examination and exploration continued from Fort Bridger to the Pacific, under Lt. Beckwith, near the forty-first and forty-second parallels of north latitude, by way of the Madelin Pass, in the Sierra Nevadas, to Fort Reading, on the Sacramento river, a distance of 1980 miles.

A third, under Capt. J. W. Gunnison, (who, with seven others, was barbarously murdered on the 26th of October, 1853, said to be by the Pah Utah Indians, on the Sevier river, and near the lake of that name in the Territory of Utah, while engaged in the performance of the duties committed to his charge,) with Lt. E. G. Beckwith as his assistant, (and upon whom, after the lamented death of Capt. Gunnison, devolved the command,) left Fort Leavenworth, to explore the route near the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth parallels of north latitude, through the Rocky Mountains in the vicinity of the head waters of the Rio del Norte by way of the Huerfano river and Coo-che-to-pa Pass (Col. Benton's route) to Grand river valley, Blue, Green, White and San Rafael rivers by the Great Salt Lake Valley to Fort Bridger, and from thence on the forty-first and forty-second parallels, to California, as mentioned above.

A fourth, under Lt. A. W. Whipple, from Fort Smith, Arkansas, started up the valley of the Canadian river and explored the country lying near the thirty-fifth parallel of latitude, to Los Angeles, California.

A fifth, under Capt. John Pope, from Preston, on Red river, to the Rio Grande; continued from thence by Lt. J. G. Parke to the Pimas villages on the Gila river, and from that point to the Gila's mouth the reconnoissance was made in 1846 by Maj. Emory; from the mouth of the Gila to San Francisco the exploration of Lt. R. S. Williams has furnished the data; the line of survey being near the thirty-

second parallel of latitude. The whole distance from the navigable waters of the Mississippi to the Pacific on this route being 1600 miles.

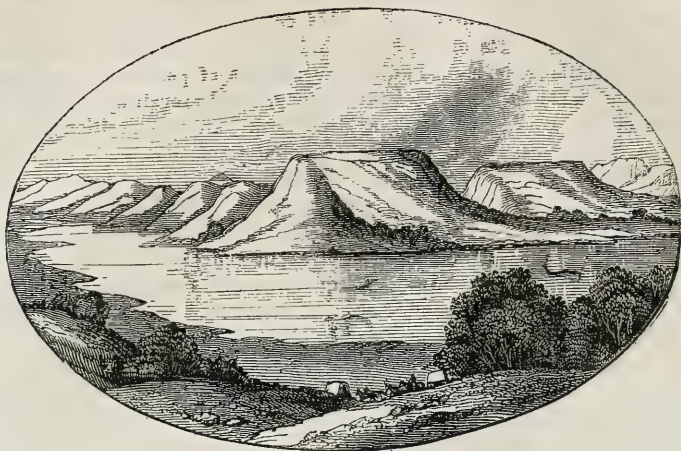
In this connection we might mention the one from San Antonio, Texas, to San Diego, California, known as the Arizona route, on which, (according to the President's Message,) between the western boundary of Texas, on the Rio Grande, and the eastern boundary of California, on the Colorado, the distance does not exceed four hundred and seventy miles, and the face of the country is in the main favorable.

These form the principal routes surveyed by the U. S. Government for the purposes named.

It is less our intention at the present time further to explain the various routes surveyed, or to advocate any particular one, than to present to the California public a brief outline of *one* of those routes, and which, although among the most interesting, is perhaps, upon the whole, less generally known than either of the others, and deserves a better acquaintance; we allude to that lying near the thirty-fifth parallel of north latitude, extending from Fort Smith, Arkansas, to Los Angeles, California, surveyed under the direction of Lt. A. W. Whipple, of the Topographical Engineers, in 1853 and 1854; in giving which the language of his report will be preserved as much as possible.

This expedition consisted of a surgeon and botanist, geologist and mining engineer, physician and naturalist, principal assistant railroad engineer, topographer and artist, assistant astronomer, two assistant meteorological observers and surveyors, assistant astronomer and secretary, assistant engineer, assistant astronomer and computer, and an assistant surveyor, with the necessary outfit, escort, etc., and all other accompaniments to such an expedition.

The party made their place of rendezvous at Fort Smith, (a military post of the United States on the Arkansas river, 100 feet west of the boundary line of the State



SCENE ON THE CANADIAN RIVER.

of Arkansas;) and proceeded with their labors up the heavily timbered and fertile bottom lands of the river, adjacent to the Fort, and ceded to the Choctaw Nation, (where no white man can, in his own right, acquire a land title or residence without the permission of the Indians and their agents,) when after passing through forests of oaks to an elevated plain, known as Ring's prairie, covered with rank grass, upon which herds of cattle were feeding, they arrived at Scullyville, (*Iskuli-fehna*, Indian for money,) the seat of the Choctaw Nation Agency, fifteen miles from the Fort. This place consists of about thirty buildings, mostly stores, where the Indian can purchase such articles as he pleases for use or ornament. A pretty brook flows through the centre of the place, bearing the same name as the town.

Leaving Scullyville the road traversed a country of well wooded hills, with gentle slopes and fine grassy prairies intervening, upon which farm-houses, surrounded by corn-fields and gardens, were thinly scattered; through dense forests, occasionally somewhat broken, and across numerous rivulets; everywhere around the scenery being as beautiful, and somewhat resembling an English park.

The route of the expedition lay principally up the main valley of the Canadian river—one of the large branches of the Arkansas—to ascend which, a number of its tributaries, and several points of elevated ridges, with occasional patches of undulating prairie were crossed. Upon the rich and well timbered bottom lands of nearly all of these streams evidences of semi-civilization were visible in the many cultivated farms, gardens, and homes of the Choctaws, Shawnees, and other Indians who occupy this beautiful, exceedingly fertile, and well watered domain. It is a fact somewhat singular that among these Indians are many Mexican captives; which once purchased from the Camanches, who had stolen them, are kept for the most part as slaves, many of them possessed of considerable intelligence.

For a distance of over one hundred and twenty miles from Fort Smith carboniferous formation is distinctly visible, and believed to be rich in bituminous coal. On Coal Creek, as its name indicates, large veins crop out in many places; and the Indians speak highly of it; and from its use in the blacksmith's forges belonging to the survey, it proved to be of excellent quality. Sandstone, and lime-

stone, suitable for bridges and viaducts, is also found in large quantities.

When near the outskirts of the half-civilized Indian settlements, a good guide became indispensable to the successful prosecution of the work; inasmuch as the streams were unusually low, water scarce, and the country before them almost unknown; to obtain this was a matter of much difficulty, as those who were the best qualified to fill such an important position, could not be prevailed upon to take it; and even when one had consented (John Bushman, a Delaware,) to accept it at \$2 50 per day, on

the following morning he receded from his engagement, saying—"Maybe you find no water; maybe you all die;" and no amount of persuasion, argument, or money, could prevail upon him to accept the post. In this position they determined to press on and take their chances; but fortunately Mr. Chisholm, a Shawnee trader, placed at their disposal an intelligent Mexican boy named Vincente, of about sixteen years of age, well acquainted with the Indian character, and who understood Comanche, Spanish and English.

This difficulty met in some degree, the



COLUMNS OF SANDSTONE, ON THE SOUTH BANK OF THE CANADIAN RIVER.

party struck out upon the vast western prairies, where the Indians, untamed by civilization, roam at will. Now crossing a wide and gently undulating ridge, resembling an extensive plain, that is watered and fertilized by streams fringed with trees; now descending the difficult crossings of those streams; now, again, climbing the ridges, and crossing points of land broken up by ravines; still keeping as their main route the southern side of the Canadian valley—of course entertained with the usual variety of traveling and camp life, such as the upsetting and breaking of wagons and instruments, tents hurled down by the wind, clothes saturated with rain, coffee or camp-ket-

tles tipped over in the fire; washing clothes, standing guard, and fifty duties which each individual has to perform, and which cannot be shirked; it being fully as much as any one person needs, at such a time and place, simply to discharge his own, without being burdened with the duties of others.

About three hundred and twenty-five miles distant from the Fort, large quantities of gypsum were discovered, in every variety of form—fibrous, laminated, and crystal.

By the opposite and north bank of the river, some four hundred and eighty miles on their journey, stood or rather laid the adobe ruins of an old trading

post, large, and finely situated in a grove of trees, and well-supplied with water from an excellent spring. Desolation seemed to sit upon the whole scene. It appears that, several years ago, whiskey was here sold to the Indians; who, in a fit of wild intoxication, murdered the in-

habitants, and set fire to the establishment. We commend the lesson which it teaches to every low, base-hearted and inhuman seller of spirits to the Indians in California, or elsewhere, upon any pretext whatever.

A short distance above were seen over



A CAMANCHE INDIAN CAMP.



ZUNI INDIAN SACRED SPRINGS.

three hundred deserted Comanche Indian lodges, or huts, covering many acres, but which are very temporarily constructed of branches planted in the ground, and shaped to resemble a horse-shoe. A short distance above, on a creek known as Rocky Dell, is a cave, which the Indians have converted into a gallery of the fine arts; the rocks forming the floor are very elaborately carved, and the sides of the cave ornamented with paintings.

It is astonishing how many small Mexican traders risk their lives and property, by travelling among the wildest Indians; several small parties being met by the survey.

About seven hundred miles from the Fort, upon the head waters of the Canadian, is situated a district called the Plaza Larga, famous for its beautiful scenery, fertile soil, and charming climate, and which of itself would make an excellent centre for a large and flourishing State.

A few miles above here, on the Laguna Colorado, is a singularly-shaped hill, resembling a pyramid, five hundred feet in height.

Having reached the head of the valley of the Canadian, the expedition proceeded up the valley of Tucumcari Creek, (one of the highest branches of the Canadian,) the sides of which were composed of red sand-stone, worn into many curious shapes, resembling monuments, vases, and caves. Less timber was seen upon the line of travel for the last few days, although sufficient for camp purposes. Occasionally, however, large groves of cedars were passed. Numerous villages of prairie dogs were visited—old, familiar friends to those who have crossed the plains.

The party having ascended to the divide between the Canadian and Pecos rivers, a distance of seven hundred and fifteen miles from Fort Smith, found that the elevation was 5,034 feet above the sea; the attainment of which was generally so gradual, that nothing in the least was discoverable that could possibly stand in the way of a railroad; while plenty of timber, rock, coal and water were found very convenient for such purposes. Besides, such a road passing through so fine and fertile a country,

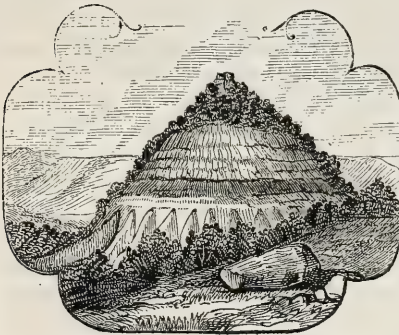
whether it becomes *the* way or not, would open up vast tracts of land for agricultural, grazing, and mining purposes, that will become invaluable to the people of the United States.

Near the top of the divide is a formation of sandstone, much of it broken, and lying in irregular shapes, among which are several enclosures resembling fortresses, where it is more than probable that some of the New Mexican shepherds protect themselves and their sheep from Indians and wolves.

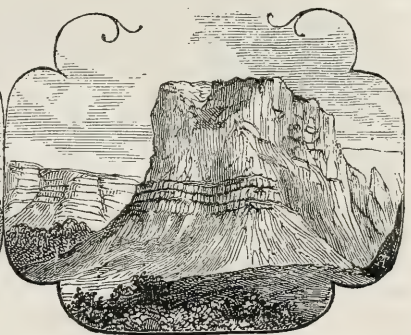
It may be mentioned that no evidences whatever were found which could suggest that the district lying upon the upper waters of the Canadian, or any of its tributaries, has ever been in the possession of semi-enlightened tribes, such as exist on the Gila, and in several other sections of country west of the Pecos and Rio del Norte.

The line of travel now laid over a somewhat broken and elevated table land, resembling an undulating prairie, until the crest of a hill was reached, from

which could be seen the valley of the Pecos, at Anton Chico, a town of New Mexico, and which was gained by an easy descent. The principal part of the town itself stands upon the west bank of the river, upon the first rise of ground above the irrigated fields. The houses, as usual in New Mexico, are built of adobes, and are singularly festooned in front with strings of red peppers—the much prized *Chili colorado*—intended less for ornament than use. The entrance to the town was guarded by wolfish-looking dogs—which, by-the-by, are celebrated for their sagacity in guarding sheep—and a large number of children; the latter dressed in loose cotton robes, generally torn from the feet to the very neck, and gracefully flowing behind. Having no other covering, they looked cool, if not comfortable. At this town resided an English and an American trader; the latter, Mr. Kitchen, entertained the officers of the expedition at his mansion with great hospitality during their brief stay there.



CONICAL HILL, 500 FEET HIGH.



LAVA BLUFF, ON BILL WILLIAMS' FORK.

The general surface of the country here seems to have been, originally, an elevated table-land, through which has been worn a deep chasm, with bluff banks five hundred feet in height, which, above the town, rise directly from the river, and form a narrow cañon; but on descending

the valley, the bluffs recede, leaving a strip of valley, and the fertile basin in which Anton Chico is situated. The river Pecos, which courses through this valley, rises and subsides very rapidly, occasioned most probably by heavy rains in the mountains near its source.



VALLEY OF LA CUESTA, RIO PECOS.

After a day or two spent in exploring the vicinity, recruiting of stock, and refreshing themselves, the party left the beautiful rich meadows and fields of ripening grain on the Pecos, to climb the steep bluff before referred to, and proceed upon their way. In order to explore two routes from here to the Rio Grande, the party was divided; the main portion proceeding with the survey directly to Albuquerque.

Their course now laid over a hilly prairie to the entrance of Cañon Blanco, a district comparatively level, and sparsely wooded with small cedars and pines:

The pretty valley and town of La Cuesta, on the Pecos, a couple of miles to the north of the road, was visited and sketched; and where, as the party descended the hill on foot and somewhat in a hurry, they were taken for Comanches, and consequently were the cause of some unnecessary alarm to the resident Mexicans; but who, after the mistake was discovered, treated them civilly.

Proceeding through the gorge at the entrance of Cañon Blanco, they traversed the valley to Laguna; where the party was again divided, the main part contin-

uing to Albuquerque, and the other towards Galisteo, a snug-looking adobe-built village on the river of that name. The country traversed was through a succession of pleasant valleys, almost like an extended plain, with occasional hills and spurs; yet scarcely a tree was to be seen, although grass and water were abundant.

From Judge Baird—who was met in company with Major Weightman, on their way from Albuquerque to the county court at San Miguel—they learned that there were beds of good coal in the cañon between San Antonio and Albuquerque. Continuing a north-west course, they arrived at the village of Cienega, situated in an extinct volcano, where the gaily clad Mexican rancheros were sunning themselves. On leaving this village, the road lay through a deep arroyo—on the sides of which were cultivated fields, lava, scoria, and smooth-faced rocks covered with hieroglyphics representing the sun, animals, foot-prints, &c.—until they reached an open country, extending to the base of the Gold Mountains, and over which they traveled to the valley of the Rio del Norte, which they entered at Peña Blanca; and which, though the de-

scent to it was almost imperceptible, was found to be one thousand feet below Galisteo. Passing the corn-fields, gardens and vineyards of the Indian pueblo of San Domingo—a town of striking contrast to most of the Mexican, exhibiting at a distance considerable architectural effect—an Indian came forward and offered the hospitalities of his home, supper and a bed; at the same time showing a field where, well protected, the mules could graze for the night. Such hospitality is said to be no way uncommon among them.

As it will be impossible, in a brief outline of this expedition, to describe every

object of interest and curiosity that was seen, we must pass the various towns comparatively undescribed, and proceed with the main object of the survey of the country—a railroad. As no obstruction to such a road has yet been found, let us accompany them by Covero and San Felipe, up the left bank of the Rio del Norte—or Rio Grande, as it is more generally called by Americans, past Algodones, Bernardillo, (celebrated for its excellent wine,) and Zandia, to Albuquerque, one hundred and two miles from Anton Chico. One portion of the surveying party report passing from the generally level country through a deep



SAN FRANCISCO MOUNTAIN.

and narrow cañon at Carmel, and through which a road could easily be made to the valley of the Rio Grande.

Albuquerque contains a smaller population than Santa Fe. Its situation, however, is more central to the inhabited portions of New Mexico. The number of inhabitants, including the rancheros, is estimated at 2,500, exclusive of Atrisco, a town of some importance on the opposite bank of the river. Nearly the whole valley of the Rio del Norte is capable of yielding good crops; and between Bernardillo and Albuquerque are

the finest ranchos and vineyards to be found in the Territory. As Indian depredations, and anticipated trouble on the Mexican frontier, had created considerable excitement, a day or two of delay was the result.

Fording the river at Atrisco, the journey was continued westward, by gradually climbing the ridge which bounds in this great valley, at the average of about eighty or ninety feet to the mile for about six miles, when the country was again found to be comparatively level; until by a ravine they were gently led to the val-

ley of the Puerco, three hundred feet below the summit of the dividing ridge. In this valley a ledge of coal crops out, apparently of good quality.

From the Puerco the fine wide valley of Rio San José was easily reached, the border of which was followed, occasionally crossing some low hills, to Laguna.



VALLEY OF BILL WILLIAMS' FORK.

"As we approached the town," says Lieut. Whipple, "the Germans of the party almost imagined themselves in 'Father-land.' The western sun shone upon the place through a haze, which softened the outlines, and rendered the view strikingly similar to pictures of Dutch cities." This is an old Indian pueblo, containing about one thousand persons; and where Mr. Gorman, a missionary of the Baptist persuasion, has established himself, and opened a school, which is well attended; and where even the adults listen respectfully to his instructions. In the centre of the pueblo is a plaza, surrounded by houses facing inwards. Here the Indians collect upon certain festivals, which no Mexican is allowed to witness; although Americans are freely admitted, because, say they, facetiously perhaps, we are of the same race and people as themselves. Here the ancient buffalo dance is performed, as well as other superstitious rites regarding Montezuma.

For the greater distance from Rio Puerco to this place, although the soil appears to be good, it is little cultivated, for want of moisture. The country, however, seems favorable for artesian and other wells.

From Laguna the party proceeded westwardly, up the valley of San José, till opposite Covero; then leaving the river-side, turned north two and a half miles to the town, where they encamped. This town contains about sixty families; and, being a frontier Mexican settlement, has suffered greatly from the incursions of the Navajoes. While here, a singular old custom of Mexican peonage was illustrated. A fandango was interrupted in the evening, when people rushed to see what was the matter, in a state of great excitement. Menacing words were bandied, knives flourished, and pistols drawn. The whole town was in an uproar, and no one seemed to know what it was all about. At length it was ascertained that one of the herders belonging

to the survey, named Torrivo, had been recognized as a peon, and some man wished to seize and imprison him, till he could be restored to his original state of servitude. Torrivo had tasted freedom, and was manfully defending it. The claim was only fifteen or twenty dollars; so the money was advanced, and order immediately restored. Had it not been paid, this little debt might have kept the poor fellow bound to his master for life; and of all the Mexicans who accompanied the expedition, no one was more efficient than Torrivo. In New Mexico the system of peonage has been abolished by law, though not its practice.

When preparing to start on the following morning, there was great delay, which, upon inquiry, was found to be due to a lot of herders and packers belonging to the survey. It appeared that

this was the home of the greater part of them, and that their female friends were begging them to stay. It seemed doubtful for a while which would prevail—love or duty; but at length, a month's pay being advanced for them to leave behind, their families became somewhat reconciled, and allowed them to depart.

All things being satisfactorily adjusted, the surveying party continued their course up the Rio San José to a short distance above Hay Camp—so called by Americans, and where hay is sometimes obtained for the military posts. Here the roads divided; when they continued westwardly to the head of the valley, towards Zuñi, until they reached the base of the mountains, where the road turned gradually towards the south and south-west, rising at the rate of about sixty feet to the mile, along the smooth slope which



CAMP SCENE IN THE MOJAVE VALLEY OF RIO COLORADO.

bounds the valley; and near a forest of spruce and pine trees, that were tall, straight, and sound, and for railroad-ties would be very suitable.

From this valley their course lay up a gradual rise, at the rate of about ninety feet to the mile, through a beautiful pine forest, to Agua Fria—the last stream upon their route which finds its way to the

waters of the Atlantic. Its source is near the summit of the Sierra Madre, seven thousand nine hundred and forty-six feet above the level of the sea. Leaving Agua Fria, they turned around the point up a ravine to the foot of a bluff ridge, about two hundred feet high, leading to the summit of the Sierra. Here, by a deep cut of a few hundred yards, or a tunnel



MOJAVE INDIANS—MALES AND FEMALES.

of about three-quarters of a mile in length, communication for a railway could be opened to a similar ravine on the other side. The rock would be easily excavated, being a soft, compact limestone. Descending the ravine, at about fifty feet to the mile, they reached a beautiful valley, in which stands the singular rock called "El Moro" by the Mexicans, but which was christened "Inscription Rock" by Mr. Simpson.

This rock at its north-east corner is rectangular, one side of which is vertical and smooth to the height of nearly two hundred feet. Here are found numerous Spanish inscriptions and Indian hieroglyphics. In the distance, from the singularity of its shape, it appears like a large Moorish castle, and from which its Spanish name is evidently derived. Scattered about in great profusion were fragments of pottery, painted in bright colors in checks, bands, and many stripes, similar to those found upon the Gila. Here were also found obsidian arrow-heads, stone axes, and numerous other evidences of connection with the founders of the Gila cities. East of the Rio del Norte, it

has before been stated, none of these has ever been found.

Upon leaving this interesting spot, the road lay over a low ridge into a long valley, whose bed was upon lava, now mostly covered with a grassy soil; thence to another charming valley named Ojo Pescado, and where also an endless quantity of relics were found. It is by no means improbable that in this district once were the celebrated "seven cities of Cevola;" which Coronado says stood within four leagues of each other. Here a few thin veins of bituminous coal were discovered cropping out from the bluffs; the specimens of which were good, although the quantity is supposed to be small.

After gathering many curiosities of the singular people once occupying this district, the train moved down the Rio Pescado, past another Indian village, to its intersection with Rio de Zufi; the wide valley of which sweeps westwardly, with precipitous cliffs apparently encompassing it, which rise proudly from the plain to the height of a thousand feet. In the valley are numerous ranchos and gardens, and just at the foot of the moun-

tains stands the large and sombre city of Zuñi, the governor of which, on the day of its arrival, paid the expedition a complimentary visit.

On the following morning, as the party were journeying towards this place of odd interest, and when near it, a most revolting spectacle met their view. Small-pox had been making terrible ravages among the people, and yet they surrounded the visitors in great numbers—men, women, and children—exhibiting this loathsome disease in various stages of its progress.

Arriving at the city by an arched way, they entered a large court, which was consecrated to the Montezuma dances. These dances are in imitation of beasts with horns, at which the dancers dress in beast-like costume, when they appear as wild and fantastic as can or need be imagined. This court was surrounded by houses of several receding stories, which were attained by ladders on the outside, from one story to another. From the top of the fifth and highest story, a view of the pueblo reminded them of an immense ant-hill, from its similar form and dense population. The number of its inhabitants is estimated at about two thousand.

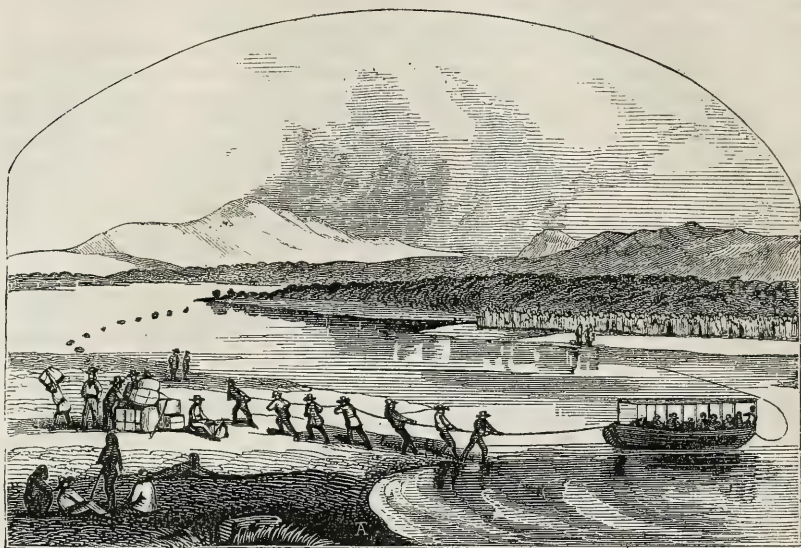
There are said to be Zuñi white Indians, with fair complexion, blue eyes, and light hair; but the prevalence of the small-pox among them prevented their being seen. A sort of tradition among the Mexicans thus accounts for their presence there: "Many years ago, centuries perhaps, a company of Welsh miners with their wives and children emigrated thither, when the Zuñians killed the men and married the women." This story, however, the people themselves deny. One fact is somewhat singular—the words in the Zuñi language very much resemble the English. "Eat-a" is *to eat*—"Eat-on-a-way" signifies *eaten enough*. To express admiration of a thing, they exclaim "Look-ye!" or "Look-ye-here!" "Hachas" are *stone axes*.

On a singular legendary table-land, about a mile in width, and bounded upon all sides by perpendicular cliffs, were seen the ruins of another city, and near which were two immense stone pillars or statues, nearly five hundred feet in height; carved pieces of wood, and other interesting objects, the description of which, with the country around, would fill an interesting volume. From some cause or other, it was an especial favor to be allowed to visit this curious spot.

We must not further linger here, however temptingly strong may be the inducement, but continue on with the train, as the Zuñi war-chief had arrived, and informed the officer in command that a council of the caciques had been held upon their affairs, at which the objects of the expedition had been discussed and approved, and they were willing to place any assistance in their power at his disposal. Accordingly, Indian guides were procured, for which no recompense was accepted, to accompany the train by a new and better route than that generally known, to the Rio Colorado Chiquito.

The guides having arrived according to promise, the train moved a short distance further down the Zuñi River, and entered a wide and fertile ravine, which led westward for about twelve miles from the pueblo. Rising gradually to a plain, they traversed a country moderately level to the crest of a sand-stone ridge, which was abruptly descended some forty feet; thence, at a fall of four hundred feet in six miles, they entered a fine large valley called Wáh-nùk-ái-tin-ái-è. From this valley they crossed a prairie country, intersected by open valleys—passing once quite a forest of petrified trees, the largest of which was ten feet in diameter and a hundred feet in length, yet where now but very little wood could be found—until they entered the valley of the Colorado Chiquito.

From this point eastward, the route for a railroad, says Lieut. W., should ascend



RIO COLORADO, NEAR THE MOJAVE VILLAGES.

(From an Island, looking North.)

the Puerco to near its head at Ojo del Oso; thence, turning the heights of Sierra Madre by Campbell's Pass, pursue Agua Azul to Rio San José. The country travelled is probably superior in richness of soil and abundance of water; but as regards the grades, the other would be preferable.

The valley of the Colorado Chiquito resembles that of the Gila, and is very wide, with a good soil. Here the Zufi guides left; the survey proceeding down the right bank of the river, in a course a little north of west, towards the snowy peaks of San Francisco Mountain, which for several days had been visible, and of which, after passing a net-work of river channels bordered with alamos and cottonwoods, they commenced making a reconnaissance westward towards its southern slope, which they found to be nearly level, with the exception of a short distance through a cañon, which they named "Cañon Diablo."

Now thickets of cedar and forests of pine and *Douglass spruce* were passed. Following up a wide, valley-like opening, and ascending 200 feet in five miles, they reached the divide between the waters of the Colorado Chiquito and those flowing into the Gila. Thence appeared a smooth grassy valley, sloping towards the south; and beyond, a magnificent view of a vast forest, extending as far as the eye could reach, probably over fifty miles. Tufa, volcanic scoria, and sandstone, are here abundant.

San Francisco Mountain, so often referred to, is a huge volcanic pile, with several conical peaks near the centre; its steep slopes covered with a dense growth of timber, spruce and pine, extending nearly to the summit. The height of this mountain is given as twelve thousand feet above the sea.

Some considerable time having been spent in exploring the country lying at the base of San Francisco Mountain, and

other hills and cañons in that vicinity, they turned their backs upon it, and making across a tolerably level district, arrived at the Cosnino Caves. Here Christmas was celebrated with much éclat, when a magnificent display of fire-works was made by setting on fire a large number of isolated pines standing around their camp. A fall of snow, too, gave them Christmas weather, and changed and perhaps improved the landscape. With a slight cutting at the summit of a dividing ridge here, the road across this district would be nearly level.

The march was continued through a long prairie, surrounded by pine forests and volcanic hills, in a south-west course towards Bill Williams' Mountain, over a country appearing beautifully smooth at a distance, but cut up by ravines; the party having to depend much upon pools of water for their animals, until they reached Cedar Creek, down and by which they traveled westwardly, by a gradual descent into the great basin of the Black Forest. Here, as in nearly every other portion of the route, wild game of all kinds was in very great abundance. Here, too, it appears were found "part-ridges with tufted plumes, like those of California." Coal is supposed to exist in this basin. The volcanic hills and streams of lava passed here, put the magnetic instruments out of order.

The country around the Black Forest is somewhat uneven, although not difficult for road or railroad, and is the pleasantest region which the party saw since leaving the Choctaw Territory; and inasmuch as there are clear rivulets, fertile valleys, and fine forests extending from the Black Forest, down the Rio Verde to the Salinas and Gila, there is every indication of its being able to support a large agricultural and pastoral population; the mountains and streams, too, show signs of mineral wealth.

On, on they journey, over a country similar to that described above, until they reach Aztec Pass.

In the general summary of the various routes, it is said of this one—and these remarks, from the necessarily limited space of this magazine, must for the time being embrace the remaining observations to be made upon it—from the Aztec Pass the descent to the Colorado of the West is made by a circuitous route, northward along the valleys of its tributaries, the largest and last being Bill Williams' Fork; the mouth of which, on the Color-

ado, is 1,522 miles from Fort Smith, and at an elevation above the sea of about two hundred and eight feet.

The Colorado is now ascended thirty-four miles, the route leaving it at the Needles. The supposed mouth of the Mojave River was examined; by the valley of this stream it was expected to ascend to the Cajon Pass in the Sierra Nevada. This proved, however, to be the valley of a stream, dry at the time, whose source was in an elevated ridge, which probably divides the Great Basin from the waters of the Colorado. It is not yet ascertained that the valley of the Mojave River is continuous to the Colorado, though Lieut. Whipple is sanguine that it will be found to be so. From the summit, 5,262 feet above the sea, the descent is made to Soda Lake—the recipient, at some seasons, of the waters of the Mojave River—1,117 feet above the sea, at an average grade of 100 feet to the mile for 41 miles; the steepest grade yet required on this route. The ascent to the summit of the Tunnel, elevation 4,179 feet, in the Cajon Pass in the Sierra Nevada, is made by following the valley of the Mojave river. The summit of this pass, by the line of location, is 1,798 miles from Fort Smith, and 242 from the point of crossing the Colorado. Here, according to Lieut. Whipple, a tunnel of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles is required. But according to Lieut. Williamson, who spent more time upon it, it would be 3 4-10 miles. The Tunnel descends to the west with an inclination of 100 feet per mile, which grade will be the average for 22 miles, into the valley of Los Angeles, by side location, and thence to the port of San Pedro, one thousand nine hundred and eighty-two miles distant from Fort Smith.

Should it be desired to reach San Francisco by the Tulare and San Joaquin valleys, the route should leave the Mojave Valley some twenty miles from the entrance to the Cajon Pass, 1,708 miles from Fort Smith, elevation 5,555 feet, and proceed across the south-west corner of the Great Basin, towards the Tah-e-chay-pah Pass, reaching its entrance at an elevation of 2,300 feet, in a distance of 80 miles.

An examination of the profile of this route shows that in respect to grade it is not only practicable, but that the heaviest grades that will probably be required do not equal those in use on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

TABLE

CONTAINING THE DISTANCES AND ALTITUDES OF EACH CAMP, FROM FORT SMITH TO
THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

Camp No.	Name of Station.	Miles. From Fort Smith.	Altitude above the Sea.	Camp No.	Name of Station.	Miles. From Fort Smith.	Altitude above the Sea.
0	Ft. Smith, Camp Wils'n	460.3	56	Lagunas.....	16.75	784.30 6995.5
1	Ring's Prairie.....	10.00	564.7	57	17.25	801.55 6471.9
2	Choctaw Agency.....	5.00	558.5	58	San Antonio.....	22.50	824.05 6624.1
3	8.82	336.3	59	Albuquerque.....	18.75	842.80 5032.8
4	4.94	432.4	60	Atrisco.....	0.88	843.60
5	8.60	677.9	61	Isleta.....	12.16	855.84 4945.1
6	2.74	595.9	62	Rio Puerco.....	22.78	878.62 5372.0
7	San Bois Creek.....	9.33	595.9	63	Rio Rita.....	18.30	896.92 5675.7
8	do.....	7.50	643.8	64	Covera.....	13.77	910.69 6280.4
9	do.....	8.75	698.2	65	Hay Camp.....	14.66	925.34 6440.4
10	17.50	650.4	66	Sierra Madre.....	17.71	943.05 7330.9
11	Near Gaines' Creek....	2.75	688.9	67	Agua Frio.....	8.06	951.11 7946.6
12	Near mouth Coal Creek	13.50	625.8	68	Inscription R'k (el Moro)	17.49	968.60 7413.9
13	do.....	5.25	614.3	69	Ojo del Pescado.....	14.23	982.83 6774.5
14	Head of Coal Creek....	10.25	720.1	70	Zuñi.....	11.74	994.57 6354.9
15	Near Shawnee Villages.	10.00	752.5	71	Arch Spring.....	3.83	1003.40 6485.4
16	Near Shawnee Town....	8.50	771.3	72	10.77	1014.17 6329.7
17	Branch of Boggy Creek	11.60	765.5	73	Jacob's Well.....	19.69	1033.86 6064.7
18	Boggy Creek.....	13.00	889.9	74	Navajo Spring.....	7.04	1040.89 5665.7
19	Branch of Topofki Cr'k	14.50	1072.2	75	Rio de la Xara.....	12.13	1053.02 5557.6
20	Topofki Creek.....	12.25	1172.4	76	Rio Puerco of the West	10.87	1063.89 5537.6
21	Beaver's Town.....	14.00	1211.2	77	Lithodendron Creek....	11.59	1075.48 5212.5
22	Br'ch of Canadian Riv'r	18.00	1338.2	78	First camp on Col. Chi...	11.99	1087.47 5014.1
23	Road from Chouteau's..	10.50	1294.7	79	On Colorado Chiquito..	14.42	1101.89 4775.5
24	Walnut Creek.....	6.00	1130.6	80	do.....	8.63	1110.52 4747.5
25	Branch of Walnut Creek	11.95	1431.5	81	do.....	4.94	1115.46 4934.6
26	Branch Creek.....	16.00	1436.5	82	do.....	1.35	1116.81 5225.3
27	Near Deer Creek.....	15.00	1331.3	83	do.....	4.90	1121.71 4981.9
28	do.....	13.00	1668.0	84	do.....	10.99	1132.70 4836.2
29	19.50	1728.5	85	do.....	15.88	1148.58 4775.3
30	Gypsum Creek.....	15.50	1832.8	86	do.....	4.44	1153.02 4875.3
31	Washita River.....	11.50	1750.7	87	Last camp on Col. Chi...	1.51	1154.53 4928.6
32	Comet Creek.....	15.25	1950.6	88	11.11	1165.64 5518.1
33	Washita River.....	14.50	1893.0	89	Cohnino Caves.....	14.61	1180.25 6298.2
34	Near Canadian River...	20.00	2343.2	90	Near S. Francisco Sp'g.	11.81	1192.06 6859.5
35	First camp on Canad. R.	12.25	2392.5	91	Leroux's Spring.....	10.46	1202.52 7450.6
36	On Canadian River....	19.00	2302.7	92	8.23	1210.75 7336.7
37	do.....	15.50	2391.1	93	6.17	1216.92 7216.9
38	do.....	17.50	2500.6	94	New Year's Spring....	8.54	1225.47 6767.7
39	do.....	11.75	2224.2	95	Lava Creek.....	9.77	1235.23 6246.0
40	do.....	14.50	2676.6	96	Cedar Creek.....	9.89	1245.12 5753.6
41	Last camp on Can. R...	19.25	2865.3	97	Partridge Creek.....	13.26	1258.38 5189.2
42	Antelope Creek.....	18.37	3396.5	98	do.....	3.89	1262.27 5182.5
43	Arroyo Bonito.....	19.88	3528.8	99	do.....	13.52	1275.79 5056.6
44	Beautiful View Creek..	20.75	3718.6	100	Picacho Springs.....	0.87	1276.66 4867.8
45	Arroyo Amarillo.....	19.75	4128.0	101	7.45	1284.11 5241.3
46	Llano Estocado.....	102	Turkey Creek.....	8.69	1292.79 5548.6
47	Rocky Dell Creek.....	27.50	4207.0	103	Pueblo Creek.....	5.71	1298.50 5107.7
48	Near Halt Creek.....	23.50	3980.5	104	do.....	6.67	1305.17 5661.2
49	Branch of Fossil Creek.	22.25	4093.3	105	Cañon Creek.....	5.98	1311.15 5750.1
49	Tucumcari Creek.....	20.00	4191.8	106	do.....	5.80	1316.94 5293.4
50	Laguna Colorado.....	19.00	4541.6	107	do.....	12.16	1329.10 4640.9
51	Pajarito Creek.....	16.00	4701.8	108	do.....	0.30	1329.40 4680.1
52	Hurrah Creek.....	13.75	5034.3	109	White Cliff Creek.....	11.29	1340.69 4711.0
53	Sheep Springs.....	23.00	5425.7	110	Cactus Pass.....	9.64	1350.33 5182.0
54	Anton Chico.....	6.25	5414.3	111	White Cliff Creek.....	7.97	1358.30 3511.9
55	Cañon Blanco.....	22.75	5603.3	112	Big Horn Springs.....	11.60	1369.90 2760.9

Table of Distances, (concluded.)

Camp No.	Name of Station.	Altitude above the Sea.			Vander distance from Fort Smith.	Vander distance from preceding Station.	Camp No.	Name of Station.	Altitude above the Sea.			Vander distance from Fort Smith.	Vander distance from preceding Station.
		Miles.	Miles.	Feet.					Miles.	Miles.	Feet.		
113	Mouth of Cañon Creek.	12.83	1382.73	2116.3			132	Mojave villages.....	1.02	1532.21	326.1		
114	Bill Williams' Fork....	9.21	1391.94	1845.4			138	Crossing of Colorado R	9.46	1541.66	368.5		
115	...do.....	4.35	1396.29	1722.6			134	On Colorado River....	0.33	1541.99	415.7		
116	...do.....	6.21	1402.49	1563.3			135	Last c. on Colorado R..	2.78	1544.77	350.4		
117	...do.....	4.08	1406.56	1501.6			136	20.71	1565.48	2109.3		
118	...do.....	6.10	1412.66	1433.1			137	Pai-ute Creek.....	9.06	1574.55	2745.8		
119	...do.....	5.56	1418.22	1343.4			138	13.38	1587.93	4377.4		
120	Mouth of Big Sandy C'k	6.44	1424.66	1218.2			139	Rock Spring.....	6.66	1594.59	4938.8		
121	First camp on Bill Williams' Fork.....	6.52	1431.18	948.0			140	Near Marl Spring.....	17.65	1613.23	3959.9		
122	On Bill Williams' Fork.	8.97	1440.15	851.0			141	16.41	1628.64	2220.1		
123	...do.....	6.83	1446.98	881.0			142	Soda Lake.....	13.34	1651.98	1116.8		
124	...do.....	7.22	1454.20	674.2			143	On Mojave River.....	12.31	1654.29	1239.3		
125	...do.....	3.90	1458.10	414.1			144	...do.....	12.94	1667.22	1700.9		
126	Last camp on Bill Williams' Fork.....	8.69	1466.79	325.2			145	...do.....	11.18	1678.40	1980.6		
	Mouth of Bill W. Fork.	4.33	1471.12			146	...do.....	19.48	1797.38	2225.7		
127	First c. on Colorado R..	4.74	1475.86	272.0			147	...do.....	22.37	1720.25	2555.4		
128	On Colorado River....	5.02	1480.88	224.7			148	North of Cajon Pass...	24.47	1744.72	3539.7		
129	...do.....	9.06	1484.94	270.0			149	South of Cajon Pass...	19.43	1764.15	2623.4		
130	...do.....	11.39	1501.32	370.0			150	Coco Mongo Creek....	19.72	1783.87	1307.9		
131	...do.....	29.87	1531.19	250.2			151	San Gabriel Creek.....	24.16	1808.03	354.5		
							152	Los Angeles.....	14.26	1822.27	457.1		
							153	San Pedro.....	23.00	1845.27		

VALENTINE.

To S * * * * M * *.

BY W. H. D.



dearest my heart is ever
 Fondly yearning for thee;
 Naught shalt my bright hopes sever
 From thy goodness and purity.
 Where Sacramento's river
 Is flowing so rapid and free,
 'Midst scenes of beauty forever,
 Unto the glorious sea;

There where the birds of heaven,
 Soar and so sweetly sing;
 While unto Nature is given,
 That bride of earth, the Spring;

There where the distant Sierras,
 In dazzling beauty glow,
 Towering into the heavens,
 Robed with eternal snow;

There where all Nature meets us,
 With beautiful gifts so free,
 And each lovely wild flower greets us,
 Love proffers a home to thee.

Come from all other pleasures,
 For Love brooks no delay,
 Come for his precious treasures,
 Call thee away, away.

Come with a faithful promise,
 Come with a loving heart;
 Come with thy beauty and goodness;
 They shall never depart.

Come with a heart all lightness,
 Come with thy mirth and glee;
 Come to a heart whose brightness
 Shall never find clouds with thee.

Come to the love that greets thee,
 Come to the heart that is thine;
 Come and make happy forever,
 Thy faithful Valentine.

MARY MORTON.

A LIFE SKETCH.

Nobody knew Mary Morton but to love her. Wherever she dwelt, the house was flooded with sunshine. Her silvery voice rang the loudest and sweetest in the merry laugh, and filled the dwelling with music so rich and melodious, as to make one forget for the moment that there was aught else in the world but beauty and gladness.

It is a duty I owe to the memory of Mary, to give the reader some description of what she *once was*. Her complexion was not exactly a blonde, but it was much too fair for a brunette. Her forehead was high and smooth; her features regular and impressive, tending somewhat to the Grecian, and when in repose there was an air of languishment about them that was perfectly bewitching, and yet at the same time entirely exempt from affectation. Her hair was black and glossy, and she wore it either in long, rich curls, or braided bands, that set off the beautiful contour of her features to the best possible advantage. Her eyes were of the same jetty blackness as her hair; and full, round, large, lustrous, and fringed with the most beautiful silken lashes, they evinced a depth of feeling that is much easier imagined than described, which gave a singular charm to the whole countenance, and made you love her whether you were in a good humor or not.

We had both exchanged the boarding-school for home, during a month's vacation, and were to return at the expiration of that time. At all the little parties and merry-makings could the petted Mary be found, and a report was soon rumored that Gilbert Cleaveland was the accepted lover. And so he proved; for Mary never returned to the seminary of L—, to con over the much dreaded "French lesson," or her daily routine of studies.

Bright and beautiful was the morning

that the young and promising lawyer bore Mary, the only daughter and child, to his cot of love; and for five long years life had been to her one sweet dream of wedded bliss. Who then could not say that the horizon to her was rose-colored, and that her small feet were destined to tread the future upon the silver sands of love and hope? Time to her, thus far, had been measured off in golden hours. A change, alas! was yet to come over the spirit of her dream, and the bitter chalice of sorrow drained to the dregs. The cup overflowing with happiness was soon dashed to the earth, ere she had scarcely poised it at her lips.

In 1849, Gilbert gained the consent of Mary to visit the gold region of California, that her future years might be made happy, and her sky cloudless from want or care. That moment of her life had come when she saw Gilbert for the last time bend over the cradle of their two smiling cherubs, and invoke a father's blessing upon his darling ones. "Good bye!" was at last spoken, between sobs and tears, and the cottage home was now desolate and lonely, where had ever been a long, protracted day of love.

Like all castle-building of the mind, before the dome is properly shaped, the whole structure falls to the ground. Gilbert Cleaveland was unsuccessful in his hurried attempt to gain a rapid fortune in the golden placers of the mountains. After a little, his letters, once overflowing with love and kindness, became more and more unaffectionate and unfrequent, until he had altogether ceased to remember the absent wife and children, except with the bitter pangs of a remorseful conscience.

He soon dipped deep in the prevailing vices of the day, and could be nightly found among the devotees of chance in the gambling-houses, or in other foul dens of iniquity, and the Lethean draught from the wine cup was now his daily potion. Mary, broken hearted at home, had received the startling and sad intelligence of his shame, and of heartless deser-

tion. It was even said that he had taken to his home and heart a Spanish wife, and, with their child, lived somewhere upon the slope of the Nevadas.

Mary now began to feel the need of kindly protection from some one, though her heart still clung to the absent with all its wonted love and tenderness. Could it be that Gilbert had forgotten her and the little ones, and left them to battle single-handed with the ills of life? Sometimes she would hope for his return, or for a letter, or something that would whisper words of comfort, and say, "My Mary, thou art still the remembered and loved." In this the poor bleeding heart was doomed to a bitter disappointment; and hateful taunts about him, from her friends, had reached her sensitive ear.

One proud and firm resolve she had now fostered in her bosom; that was, to seek him in that land, at that time, of cards and gold. To be near the idol of her heart would be a consolation, even if she was denied the privilege of his society—and though his love was given to another.

Now look in upon the inmates of that once happy home, and witness the misery that is brooding there! There is a being pacing the floor, whose hollow eyes fully attest the sleepless vigils they have kept. How she gazes into vacancy, as her pale countenance speaks of the mind's agonizing bewilderment. There in that room, where the lamplight and moonlight are struggling for the mastery, are three pure beings that dream not of their future desertion, and which is as yet untold, though written in the sealed and mysterious book of Fate. Why does she now and then falter and hesitate for a moment, as she adds another to her household gods, while making up the small bundle that is to go with her on the long, long journey to the El Dorado? Yes, she has it now; she will take her babes with her, to be with him, near him. She kissed the worn and rumpled letter—his first; put a little dear and tear-stained miniature in her bosom, and she was gone. "My destiny,"

she soliloquized, "was linked with his, and why should I stay when duty calls me? What if he should reject and scorn me? cast me upon the cold charities of the world? If he does, revenge then would be sweet!"

From that moment the demon of distrust crept into her guileless heart, and she began to doubt the integrity of her kind—ofttimes doubting, in her madness, the love and goodness of her Creator, who had thus meted out with an unerring hand the bitter wormwood and gall, as her greatest portion.

After a few short months of dusty travel across the plains—for she had prevailed upon a friend to allow her a place in the train with his family—she at last arrived in Sacramento. In the fall of 1852, the reader perhaps will remember seeing a woman playing upon the violin in one of the gambling-houses of that place, and who afterwards was engaged at the Union Hotel at Placerville. Do not be startled, dear reader, when I say it was none other than the once faultless Mary Morton!

She accidentally met Gilbert, who saluted her, in the house where she dealt monte. She soon found, to her soul-withering sorrow, that it was too late; he was lost to her, and to the little ones that still said, in artless ignorance, "My Pa," and wondered why he did not come. The first piercing gaze she had of his bloated features told her that he had been stung by the still-worm, that lay coiled by the way-side, and could be no more the idol of her poor broken heart.

In the fall of the same year, the wily tempter wove his meshes firmly about her, and upon the lofty pinnacle of soul-agonizing despair she saw love's guiding star set in a night of darkness. Her ill-secured feet slipped from the dizzy height, and like a shattered temple, the fragments looked beautiful amid ruin and decay. Goaded to desperation, she sank deeper and deeper in the slough of dissipation. Ofttimes Mary was heard to revile the name of the Creator; and she

felt to her heart's core the blighting curse of gold, and the loss of womanly virtue—as the sequel will show. * * * * *

One evening, we were startled from a pleasant chat at the supper table by the entrance of Dr. Rodolph, who visited the dining-room of the Iowa House at Placer-ville, and said to us, in an under-tone, that our assistance was needed in laying out the corpse of a young lady who had suddenly died a few moments before. It had been raining most of the day, and the streets were now muddy and dark, as we wended our way to the house of death, which stood at the foot of the hill before us. As we reached the steps of the lonely-looking hovel, we could see no light burning at the window. We stood with mute expectation in the dark, until Mrs. L. brought us a light, which soon revealed to us the sad spectacle before us. Oh! how can I write it? There, partly reclining upon the bed and floor, lay a beautiful creature, and—could I trust my eyes! When the light fell full upon her face, I discovered, to my infinite horror, my old school-mate, Mary. There were to be seen the same dark, lustrous eyes, staring deep in their sockets—eyes that had once beamed with tenderness upon me, in days the remembrance of which only embittered the present. There lay the long curls, partly shading the face, and falling down over the long attenuated arm and hand—looking much like a sleeping angel, save that calm look of despair, and the compressed expression of the lips, looking bitter at the world in the last struggle with the grim monster. It needed no far-fetched theology to convince me that I was in the room of vice and lewdness; but she could not harm me now, as the soul had left the beautiful casket that lay so icy and rigid before me.

Oh! what a weight of sinking misery I then felt creeping into my heart. Laying my head upon her throbbless bosom, I mingled her dark tresses with my own. The misery of an eternity was crowded into the space of an hour. How could I

still the wild agony that now deluged the soul with all the fury of a tornado? Vainly did I call upon her name; she heeded not my wild lamentations. Yet at that moment I felt the angels of heaven to be lifting the gates of paradise; for how could I believe her to be anything but that pure being, Mary, my school-mate?—she was not the denounced the world had made her.

I then knew why the tall woman who played in the gambling-house had passed upon the other side of the street, and pulled her thick veil over her face—it was the fear of recognition. In one corner lay a hideous looking creature, who was her partner in crime, and who was a mass of corruption. We gleaned from her, however, that Mary was called to the door by somebody rapping, who, upon opening it, proved to be none other than the perfidious Gilbert. She articulated, “Oh, my God!” and fell a corpse upon the floor. Her husband dragged her to the bed where we found her, and immediately fled to parts unknown. Her children both died from want and negligence, while the mother nightly played in a gambling-house.

The next day, a few gamblers and women from the dens of shame followed poor Mary Morton's remains to the hill-side. I felt glad when the clods fell with a hollow sound upon the coffin lid, and rejoiced with her freed spirit that the mother, earth, had hidden away so much sorrow, and guilt, and wretchedness.

ALICE.

BUTTER MAKING IN THE VALLEYS OF THE SIERRAS. Last summer, when the feed became scant in the Sacramento Valley, a friend of ours took his stock, including some sixty-five milch cows, into one of the many grass-covered valleys of the Sierras; and during the season, such was the heavy richness of the cream, was enabled to make *six thousand two hundred pounds of butter*, of the finest quality, and which netted him sixty-five cents per pound.

THE STEP BESIDE THE DOOR.

BY MRS. S. N. DRYDEN.

"Thus o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser's care,
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear."

Gloomy shadows 'round me gather ;
Weary is my heart to-day,
For I'm thinking, sadly thinking,
Of the loved so far away.
Memories come with busy voices,
Telling of the days of yore,
Like the music of the waters,
Sighing on a distant shore.

O, 'tis weary, very weary,
Sitting here for many an hour,
Of that home so fondly thinking,
Thinking of each tree and flower ;
Thinking of the smiling faces
I have seen, but see no more,
As we sat in early twilight
On that step beside the door.

Oh, that spot, how many pictures
Spread upon my heart-leaves now,
While I'm thinking, sadly thinking,
With the shadows on my brow.
There I've sat for many an hour,
Dreaming of the joys in store,
Dreaming of the future, dreaming
On that step beside the door.

Youthful footsteps gayly fleeting
O'er that step so light and free,
How their music-voices greeting,
Still like echoes come to me.
There we've stood in silence musing
When the daylight long was o'er,
And the moon and stars were shining
On that step beside the door.

But sad time has left its traces
On each eye and heart of care,
And they're scattered, widely scattered,
Hearts which lingered with me there.
Now the merry laugh is silent,
Joyful voices come no more,
And I sit so lonely thinking
Of that step beside the door.

Laden breezes 'round us stealing
From the blooming roses there,
Breathing, O, so sweetly breathing,

From their opening beauties fair.
Other footsteps now are lingering,
Other faces brighten there,
And the greetings still are precious
On that step beside the door.

But fond memories o'er them gather,
In the stilly twilight gray,
And they feel the spirit-whisperings
Of the loved so far away.
O, could I with those whispers softly
Fly the stormy ocean o'er,
And then sit me in the twilight
On the step beside the door !
Nevada, New Years, 1858.

THE SPIRIT'S LODGE.

A LEGEND OF LAKE BIGLER.

On the east side of Lake Bigler there is said to be a cavity formed in the rock, which, according to Indian tradition, sends forth a terrible voice, especially at certain seasons of the year; and on this account has been called "The Spirit's Lodge."

For half a mile along the border of the lake, and stretching back for a mile and a half, is a beautiful and fertile slope of country, in which is to be seen small groups of the fir, the ash, and pine, the ground completely netted with the mountain clover, which forms a most beautiful landscape. The shore of the lake is sandy, and at this point free from that irregular jutting of the rocks which doubtless lie in masses but a few feet below the surface. At the west end of this cañon is a lofty mountain peak, in the top of which is an open crater of considerable dimensions, of an extinct volcano, which long since ceased to send forth its volumes of burning lava. The Diggers generally assemble in the above valley in the spring, and continue to reside there until the snows of winter compel them to seek a more genial clime. The lake abounds in salmon and trout, which they take out in large quantities. Opposite the above vale is the great grotto whose hoarse voice has terrified father and son for numberless generations. A party visited this lake some time since—sailed into the grotto, and explored it thoroughly. They found that the unearthly sounds which proceeded from its huge mouth for so long a time was produced by the swells striking the rock at

its extremity, and the sound gathered force and tone as it passed to the entrance or mouth of the presiding genii's home.

The following legend, written by W. Wadsworth, as interpreted by Col. J. C. Johnson, is so very near to all others that have come to our knowledge, that we give it in full. It is related by an old blind father of his race, who has felt the chilling frosts of more than a hundred winters gathering around his shriveled form. His eyes can no longer behold the sunbeams play around the heaven-piercing peaks of these eternal hills ere it sinks to nightly rest. Those who wish to speculate upon the former situation of this wonderful country and its inhabitants, can do so by reading the tradition, and find food for conjecture for time to come.

"Long before these mountains were lifted up so very high as they now are, the Digger Indian possessed the whole earth, and was a great people. Then the little valley and lake made a part of the great river Tro-ko-nene, (or Humboldt) which at that time poured its waters into the great sea in which the sun sets. Then were our people happy, for the whole country was more level than now, and far more beautiful. The great fish (meaning the salmon) now only numerous in the lake, were plentiful even to the head waters of the Trokonene, and the whole country was filled with trees and vines that bore fruit.

"But the time arrived when a new people, unlike our fathers only in being more warlike and powerful, though speaking a different language, came down from the north and began a terrible war, destroying our homes, our wives and our children. Though unaccustomed to war, our fathers made a long and determined resistance; but after years of troublesome warfare, they were at length all driven away, or made the slaves of their conquerors, for life. Yes," said he, his sightless eyes streaming with tears, "our fathers and mothers made slaves. And for ages did their children toil on and serve their terrible masters. So hard was their lot, so deep and abject their servitude, they became *fools*, and lost all record of the moon, or time, and, like trees, knew nothing. But at length the Great Spirit put a stop to this by destroying alike our people and their oppressors. A great wave like a mountain came up

from the sea, and swept away all of them, and they were seen no more—all but a few Digger slaves and their masters. They were the great spirits or teachers of their people; and as there were no mountains then, they had to assemble on the top of a great temple that our people had been compelled to rear, and where they worshipped the column of perpetual fire; and thus was a remnant of our fathers and mothers saved, together with a few of their task-masters.

"But no sooner had the waters all gone back, the earth once more become green, and the Tro-ko-nene flowed within its banks as before, than the earth became convulsed and rolled from side to side, and then the first thunderings ever known beneath the ground were heard, and they were terrible. At length, however, all was still again; but before half a moon had passed away, terrific fire burst forth from out the ground, and showers of hot sulphurous ashes fell around. Our masters sought refuge in the great temple we had reared, *but they shut the poor fools out*. The Great Spirit was displeased; for now the heavy thunderings were heard again, the earth shook and trembled, and deep chasms were formed, that threw up vast volumes of smoke for a few moments, then suddenly closed again. And then it was that these great mountains, never before seen, were lifted up; the Tro-ko-nene was stopped, or lost in the great new sea then for the first time seen in the east, and which continued to exist for many years, but at length dried up and was lost, as the waters of the Tro-ko-nene now are, by the sands that lie under the rising sun." On being asked what became of the Great Spirit, their masters, that had taken refuge in the temple, he replied—"First let us follow the fortunes of my people. No sooner had their hated masters closed the doors against them, than our people, to escape the fires that were bursting out around them, hurried to the Tro-ko-nene, and in their canoes bounded along its now rapidly extending current to the sea; and they had barely made their escape, before these mountains, by one awful convulsive shock of the earth, were lifted up, and all the beautiful grounds and homes of our ancient fathers and their subsequent conquerors were alike wrapt in an awful chaos of fire, ashes and smoke. The Tro-ko-nene, no longer the greatest river in the western sea, coursing its entire length through

field and forest of perpetual green, but reduced to a mere mountain torrent, came hissing and boiling down among the deep volcanic gorges.

"But the pale-faces would fain know what became of the remnant of the oppressors of our people. For more than twenty moons were the mountains hid from our view, by day in a canopy of smoke and ashes, and by night great fires streamed up until they reached the stars, many of which were melted away and fell to the earth like rain-drops, and these made the oro that the white man seeks. At last, when all was still again—when the great rain had put the fires all out, and a wind greater than ever was felt before had driven the smoke away—our fathers saw how terrible had been the anger of the Great Spirit. Instead of green fields, and trees teeming with rich fruit, every vestige of vegetation had been swept away, and instead of a plain, so gentle in its descent to the sea as hardly to be perceived, all was one sterile mountain, traversed by rocky precipices and deep gorges, as you now see them, and on which the first snows ever seen by our fathers fell, and from which they have never fully disappeared, nor ever will until the children of the Great Spirit shall again displease him, at which time the whole earth will be burned, and the ashes thrown into the sea.

"It was a long time before the spot where stood the great fire-temple could be recognized; for though the mountains had ceased to tremble, and the great fires that had caused them all had gone out, yet were there five great volcanos that continued to burn, and which neither the great rains or yet the winter's snows could extinguish. One of them, and the last and greatest of them all, is the one on the top of the mountain at the head of this little vale; but even this long since has gone out; for when I was but a boy, small volumes of smoke issued from deep fissures in the rock; but while it did burn, say our fathers, it cast forth a vein of fire, which ran along the ground, filling up deep yawning chasms that lay along it. But for this little lake freezing the fiery river in its course, the spirit home of the fire-worshippers would have been filled up, and every trace of their prison-house would have been lost forever."

The question was asked, "How came they *there*, when your fathers left them locked within the temple walls?" He

replied—"The temple stood upon the bank of the Tro-ke-nene, but all trace of that deep and ancient river was lost, except this lake, this valley, and a deep ravine beyond yonder cave in the western slope of the mountain. Here, where now sleeps the lake, once stood the temple-grove of the ancient conquerors of our fathers; but when the mountains from all around were lifted up by the mighty force beneath, and raised so very high, the temple and its groves were lifted too, but its foundation was the substance that fed the burning volcano from beneath. At length a vast chasm was formed, that, when the mountain came to burn and throw up its fiery torrents from below, became filled with water from the melting snow on the mountain; but its great foundations had been weakened, and it sank down with all its altars and burned-up groves, deep beneath the level of the waters of the lake—all but the dome of the great temple, around which clung the remnant of the brutal race. Because they would thus cling to life, the Great Spirit became enraged, descended to the earth, walked upon the waters as though solid ground, and taking them one by one, hurled them, as a child would a pebble, into the deep recesses of the cavern. The waters of the lake rose to their present height, and shut them in. Since that day, to this hour, their wailings and moanings have been heard, increasing in tone and intensity as the waters of the lake are increased by the melting of the winter snows. And there must they ever remain, until the great spirit releases them, by another and the last of earth's volcanic burnings."

Nearly in the centre of the lake is a rock, whose top reaches nearly to the surface of the water, being in the form of a dome. It is supposed that reference was had to this, as being the top of the sunken temple spoken of in the above legend. It is rather a singular formation, and resembles much the shape of a tower. The cave adjoining the lake is one of great beauty; the water in it is perfectly clear. The lake and the cave adjoining it will doubtless become ere long subjects of frequent visit from those who love the contemplation of nature's works in all their grandeur and glory. Of these, no country can boast a more bountiful supply than California.—For a beautiful view and full description of Lake Bigler, we refer the reader to the second volume of this magazine, p. 107.

A LAMENT.

BY W. H. D.

I.

The Autumn winds around me sigh,
 The night-bird trills her dismal cry,
 And from the branches of the tree
 The withered leaves part silently,
 Their glory fled,
 While in my heart each mournful tone
 Finds echoes sadder than its own,
 Where Love's fair flowers of promise, all
 Too early withered, soon shall fall,
 Forever dead.

II.

O, why should sacred joys depart,
 Or pure affections of the heart,
 That throw enchantment o'er the day,
 And glorified life's devious way,
 Be doomed to blight?
 Or why should sorrow's awful power,
 In scathing tempests o'er us lower,
 And with a force beyond control,
 Drive downward the despairing soul
 To blackest night?

III.

What a dark mystery is life,
 Its solemn thoughts, its earnest strife,
 Its joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
 Its tranquil peace, its bitter tears,
 Which soon must end ;—
 Come childhood with thy joyous glee,
 Come youth with aspirations free,
 Come manhood with thy thoughtful brow,
 Come age with wisdom, tell me now,
 Where do you tend!

IV.

No more returns the silent past,
 The now and future shall not last,
 Life's quick pulsations with its breath,
 Must soon be swallowed up in death,
 That comes to all ;—
 Answer, thou dark and silent tomb,
 Where all shall meet a kindred doom ;
 Hast thou no voice from thy repose,
 To mitigate the crushing woes
 That on us fall?

V.

Say, shall we not again arise,
 And, soaring upward to the skies,
 The Father's many mansions find,

Where Jesus' love for all mankind
 Shall all restore?
 Is there no region of the blest,
 Where sorrowing souls may find a rest,
 Where troublings from the wicked cease,
 And all are tranquil in God's peace
 Forevermore?

THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY J. D. BORTHWICK.

CHAPTER VII.

DIGGER INDIANS—COON HOLLOW—COYOTE
 DIGGINGS—COYOTES—WEAVER CREEK—
 THE WEATHER AND THE CLIMATE—CHI-
 NAMEN—A CELESTIAL "MUSS."

We had a visit at our cabin one Sunday from an Indian and his squaw. She was such a particularly ugly specimen of human nature, that I made her sit down, and proceeded to take a sketch of her, to the great delight of her dutiful husband, who looked over my shoulder and reported progress to her. I offered her the sketch when I had finished, but after admiring herself in the bottom of a new tin panikin, the only substitute for a looking-glass which I could find, and comparing her own beautiful face with her portrait, she was by no means pleased, and would have nothing to do with it. I suppose she thought I had not done her justice; which was very likely, for no doubt our ideas of female beauty must have differed very materially.

We continued working our claim at Middletown, having taken into partnership an old sea-captain whom we found there working alone. It paid us very well for about three weeks, when, from the continued dry weather, the water began to fail, and we were obliged to think of moving off to other diggings.

It was now time to commence preparatory operations before working the beds of the creeks and rivers, as their water was falling rapidly; and as most of our party owned shares in claims on different rivers, we became dispersed. A young Englishman and myself remained, uncertain as yet where we should go to.

We had gone into Hangtown one night for provisions, when we heard that a great strike had been made at a place called Coon Hollow, about a mile distant. One man was reported to have taken out that day about fifteen hundred dollars. Before daylight next morning we started over the

hill, intending to stake off a claim on the same ground; but even by the time we got there, the whole hillside was already pegged off into claims of thirty feet square, on each of which men were commencing to sink shafts, while hundreds of others were prowling about, too late to get a claim which would be thought worth taking up.

Those who had claims, immediately surrounding that of the lucky man, who had caused all the excitement by letting all his good fortune be known, were very sanguine. Two Cornish miners had got what was supposed to be the most likely claim, and declared they would not take ten thousand dollars for it. Of course, no one thought of offering such a sum; but so great was the excitement that they might have got eight hundred or a thousand dollars for their claim before ever they put a pick in the ground. As it turned out, however, they spent a month in sinking a shaft about a hundred feet deep; and after drifting all round, they could not get a cent out of it, while many of the claims adjacent to theirs proved extremely rich.

Such diggings as these are called "coyote" diggings, receiving their name from an animal called the "coyote" which abounds all over the plain lands of Mexico and California, and which lives in the cracks and crevices made in the plains by the extreme heat of summer. He is half dog, half fox, and, as an Irishman might say, half wolf also. They howl most dismally, just like a dog, on moonlight nights, and are seen in great numbers skulking about the plains.

Connected with them is a curious fact in natural history. They are intensely carnivorous—so are cannibals; but as cannibals object to the flavor of roasted sailor as being too salt, so coyotes turn up their noses at dead Mexicans as being too peppery. I have heard the fact mentioned over and over again, by Americans who had been in the Mexican war, that on going over the field after their battles, they found their own comrades with the flesh eaten off their bones by the coyotes, while never a Mexican corpse had been touched; and the only and most natural way to account for this phenomenon was in the fact that the Mexicans, by the constant and inordinate eating of the hot pepper-pod, the *Chili colorado*, had so impregnated their system with pepper as to render their flesh too savory

a morsel for the natural and unvitiated taste of the coyotes.

These coyote diggings require to be very rich to pay, from the great amount of labor necessary before any pay-dirt can be obtained. They are generally worked by only two men. A shaft is sunk, over which is rigged a rude windlass, tended by one man, who draws up the dirt in a large bucket, while his partner is digging down below. When the bed rock is reached on which the rich dirt is found, excavations are made all round, leaving only the necessary supporting pillars of earth, which are also ultimately removed, and replaced by logs of wood. Accidents frequently occur from the "caving-in" of these diggings, the result generally of the carelessness of the men themselves.

The Cornish miners, of whom numbers had come to California from the mines of Mexico and South America, generally devoted themselves to these deep diggings, as did also the lead-miners from Wisconsin. Such men were quite at home a hundred feet or so under ground, picking through hard rock by candle-light; at the same time, gold mining in any way was to almost every one a new occupation, and men who had passed their lives hitherto above ground, took quite as naturally to this subterranean style of digging as to any other.

We felt no particular fancy for it, however, especially as we could not get a claim; and having heard a favorable account of the diggings on Weaver Creek, we concluded to migrate to that place. It was about fifteen miles off: and having hired a mule and cart of a man in Hangtown to carry our long tom, hoses, picks, shovels, blankets, and pots and pans, we started early the next morning, and arrived at our destination about noon. We passed through some beautiful scenery on the way. The ground was not yet parched and scorched by the summer sun, but was still green, and on the hill-sides were patches of wild-flowers growing so thick that they were quite soft and delightful to lie down upon. For some distance we followed a winding road between smooth rounded hills, thickly wooded with immense pines and cedars, gradually ascending till we came upon a comparative level country, which had all the beauty of an English park. The ground was quite smooth, though gently undulating, and the rich verdure was diversified with numbers of white, yellow and

purple flowers. The oaks of various kinds, which were here the only tree, were of an immense size, but not so numerous as to confine the view; and the only under-wood was the mansanita, a very beautiful and graceful shrub, generally growing in single plants to the height of six or eight feet. There was no appearance of ruggedness or disorder; we might have imagined ourselves in a well kept domain; and the solitude, and the vast unemployed wealth of nature, alone reminded us that we were among the wild mountains of California.

After traveling some miles over this sort of country, we got among the pine trees once more, and very soon came to the brink of the high mountains overhanging Weaver Creek. The descent was so steep that we had the greatest difficulty in getting the cart down without a capsize, having to make short tacks down the face of the hill, and generally steering for a tree, to bring up in case of accidents. At the point where we reached the Creek was a store, and scattered along the rocky banks of the Creek were a few miners' tents and cabins. We had expected to have to camp out here, but seeing a small tent unoccupied near the store, we made inquiry of the storekeeper, and finding that it belonged to him, and that he had no objection to our using it, we took possession accordingly, and proceeded to light a fire and cook our dinner.

Not knowing how far we might be from a store, we had brought along with us a supply of flour, ham, beans, and tea, with which we were independent. After prospecting a little, we soon found a spot on the bank of the stream which we judged would yield us pretty fair pay for our labour. We had some difficulty at first in bringing water to our long tom, having to lead our hose a considerable distance up the stream to obtain sufficient elevation; but we soon got everything in working order, and pitched in. The gold which we found here was of the finest kind, and required great care in washing. It was in exceedingly small thin scales—so thin, that in washing out in a pan at the end of the day, a scale of gold would occasionally float for an instant on the surface of the water. This is the most valuable kind of gold dust, and is worth one or two dollars an ounce more than the coarse chunky dust.

It was a wild rocky place where we were now located. The steep mountains, rising abruptly all round us, so confined

the view that we seemed to be shut out from the rest of the world. The nearest village or settlement was about ten miles distant; and all the miners on the Creek within four or five miles living in isolated cabins, tents, and brush-houses, or camping on the rocks, resorted for provisions to the small store already mentioned, which was supplied with a general assortment of provisions and clothing.

There had still been occasional heavy rains, from which our tents were but poor protection, and we awoke sometimes in the morning, finding small pools of water in the folds of our blankets, and everything so soaking wet, inside the tent as well as outside, that it was hopeless to attempt to light a fire. On such occasions, raw ham, hard bread, and cold water was all the breakfast we could raise; eking it out, however, with an extra pipe, and relieving our feelings by laying in fiercely with pick and shovel.

The weather very soon, however, became quite settled. The sky was always bright and cloudless; all verdure was fast disappearing from the hills, and they began to look brown and scorched. The heat in the mines during summer is greater than in most tropical countries. I have in some parts seen the thermometer as high as 120° in the shade during the greater part of the day for three weeks at a time; but the climate is not by any means so relaxing and oppressive as in countries where, though the range of the thermometer is much lower, the damp suffocating atmosphere makes the heat more severely felt. In the hottest weather in California, it is always agreeably cool at night—sufficiently so to make a blanket acceptable, and to enable one to enjoy a sound sleep, in which one recovers from all the evil effects of the previous day's baking; and even the extreme heat of the hottest hours of the day, though it crisps up one's hair like that of a nigger's, is still light and exhilarating, and by no means disinclines one for bodily exertion.

We continued to work the claim we had first taken for two or three weeks with very good success, when the diggings gave out—that is to say, they ceased to yield sufficiently to suit our ideas: so we took up another claim about a mile further up the creek; and as this was rather an inconvenient distance from our tent, we abandoned it, and took possession of a log cabin near our claim which some men had just vacated. It

was a very badly-built cabin, perched on a rocky platform overhanging the rugged pathway which led along the banks of the creek.

A cabin with a good shingle-roof is generally the coolest kind of abode in summer; but ours was only roofed with cotton cloth, offering scarcely any resistance to the fierce rays of the sun, which rendered the cabin during the day so intolerably hot, that we cooked and eat our dinner under the shade of a tree.

A whole bevy of Chinamen had recently made their appearance on the creek. Their camp, consisting of a dozen or so of small tents and brush-houses, was near our cabin on the side of the hill—too near to be pleasant, for they kept up a continual chattering all night, which was rather tiresome till we got used to it.

They were very averse to working in the water, and for four or five hours in the heat of the day they assembled under the shade of a tree, where they sat fanning themselves, drinking tea, and saying "too muchee hot."

On the whole, they seemed a harmless, inoffensive people; but one day, as we were going to dinner, we heard an unusual hullabaloo going on where the Chinamen were at work; and on reaching the place we found the whole tribe of Celestials divided into two equal parties, drawn up against each other in battle array, brandishing picks and shovels, lifting stones as if to hurl them at their adversaries' heads, and every man chattering and gesticulating in the most frantic manner. The miners collected on the ground to see the "muss," and cheered the Chinamen on to more active hostilities. But after taunting and threatening each other in this way for about an hour, during which time, although the excitement seemed to be continually increasing, not a blow was struck nor a stone thrown, the two parties suddenly, and without any apparent cause, fraternised, and moved off together to their tents. What all the row was about, or why peace was so suddenly proclaimed, was of course a mystery to us outside barbarians; and the tame and unsatisfactory termination of such warlike demonstrations, was a great disappointment, as we had been every moment expecting that the ball would open, and hoped to see a general engagement.

It reminded me of the way in which a couple of French Canadians have a set-to. Shaking their fists within an inch of each other's faces, they call each other all the

names imaginable, beginning with *sacré cochon*, and going through a long series of still less complimentary epithets, till finally *sacré astrologue* caps the climax. This is a regular smasher; it is supposed to be such a comprehensive term as to exhaust the whole vocabulary; both parties then give in for want of ammunition, and the fight is over. I presume it was by a similar process that the Chinamen arrived at a solution of their difficulty; at all events, discretion seemed to form a very large component part of Celestial valor.

TO "LITTLE MARY," DEPARTED.

A child of three years, remarkable for her ideality. "What the flowers said," and "what the birds said," was always her theme. At last she told of "what the angels said." Then we knew that voices from the unseen world had said "come up hither."

The angels called for thee, and thou didst go!
In the still purple evening, when the stars
Had set their watch in heaven, thou didst go
Up to thy home on high.
Didst thou not know their voice? Oft had they
talked [winds.
With thee in birds and flowers, and whispering
O! they were angel voices, sent by God,
Heard in the golden visions of the night,
In accents far too sweet for mortal ears,
Oft heard by thee, and now in mercy sent
To summon thee away.

The Spoiler touched thee, and thy face was
changed
Into a seraph's, for the Conqueror
Had plucked his sting away.
'Twas hard to give thee up, with thy sweet smile
Of angel beauty, and thy soft blue eye,
And locks of burnished gold.

Gone to God!
E'en in thy early dawning, ere the star
Of morn had set; gone to dwell
With the Good Shepherd, where he leads his lambs
By the still waters, and in pastures green,
Upon the hills of God. G. T. S.

San Francisco, Jan. 1, 1858.

It is a gratifying fact to record, that the John L. Stephens took away from our shores but one hundred and eighty passengers, on the fifth of January last. California has never been appreciated, even by her own sons, until now.

ADVENTURES OF A CALIFORNIA PHYSICIAN.

NO. II.

Another day awoke. The tinselled rays of morning played upon the bosom of the sleeping valley—the wild birds chanted merrily their orisons to the Great Giver of life and light, and beauty was spread on “Nature’s face,” that filled our hearts with surpassing joy and delight.

Our company was camped upon the bank of the American River, near its junction with the Sacramento, and where the two meet in liquid harmony, and proudly roll along the fertile plains—low murmuring to the breeze, as if still “amorous of the scenes” of mountain clefts and deep ravines they left behind.

The hour of breakfast came—but no breakfast was provided. Here was a hungry demonstration of the saying: “What is everybody’s business is nobody’s business.” But who was to be our *maitre d’cuisine*?

Having finished kneading, the dough was placed upon plates of tin, which were set around the fire, *backed* up by sundry pieces of wood, and other articles none too delicate for kitchen use. Somehow it slipped several times into the ashes before it was cooked, so that when it was declared to be done, it presented no very inviting appearance to a fastidious appetite, but gave an occasion for one to declare the cook had converted the “staff of life into the cudgel of death.” This, however, we managed to eat, without tea, and pork cooked as on a former occasion.

Having determined to make Vernon our rendezvous, it was agreed we should run all night, in order to avoid the scorching rays of the sun.

Accordingly, at 4 o’clock, P. M., we left, half doubting, yet hoping for success to crown our future efforts. To me, ascending the Sacramento was not less adventurous than the ascent of the Nile by Ledyard. The current was strong,

and on either bank was seen the native wildness, with here and there a few wigwams or thatched huts, that bespoke the habitations of a wild and roving people.

I was selected to pilot the party up this (to us) unknown river,—as if it were a difficult matter to tell whether we were going forward or coming back; for no one could have been more ignorant of the obstacles to be overcome than myself.

Accordingly I seated myself on the prow of the boat, and, to give dignity and importance to my station, I often cried out, with the voice of a Stentor: “Luff that starboard oar!” “Porthelm!” when it would have been better to have remained quiet. Alas! the right we too often neglect, and pander to human weakness in our ambition to gain immortal fame. Another morning came, and we were busy pitching our tents upon the banks of Feather River; and in this vicinity were most of my labors spent in the fall of 1849.

I entered largely into speculations—bought cattle, horses, and land—built houses—had boats running to Sacramento for goods, and teams carrying them to the mines—hired men to cut hay and stack it, and practiced medicine. My success in business begat a corresponding convivial spirit. I was full of life and animation. It was then I made the acquaintance of a beautiful young lady. I thought her, the “peerless empress of my affections.” Her name was Polly Ann. O! what melancholy pleasure that name brings to my memory. When I told her how dearly I loved her, she replied—“Well, that’s right purty talk, any how.” No sooner were those words spoken than a cold breeze passed over my system. The fever of my love was quenched, and I *weakened*—took my hat, bade her good night, and—left. I soon, however, became familiar with the *cant* phrases of the West, but saw no more of my Polly Ann. I have since learned to regard the difference between “mine and thine” and “thine and mine” to be equal; or, in other words, the difference between

the West and East to be mutual; and am convinced that custom is the topographical idol we unconsciously worship, and that it limits our conceptions of right and propriety to the narrowed associations of home.

During the protracted rain of '49, and while the country was inundated, I domiciled in a small *marquee*, whose dimensions were 10×8 feet, with two of my companions to this golden land. Three hammocks were hung lengthwise, while my bed was made directly under them, upon the damp ground. My friends, having somewhat of the Yankee about them, managed to take boarders, and kept a little good *gin* for sale, which we thought added much to the *tone* of society, and prevented our "taking cold." Thus our little tent was converted into a bar-room, dining-room, hall and sleeping apartment, besides serving as a storehouse for sundry articles of baggage. Thus I spent three weeks without an article of dry clothing to wear or a dry blanket to sleep under. This was the most comfortable lodging-place I could find—for not an acre of land on either side of the river could be seen above the swelling flood.

During the high water a sad and most thrilling accident occurred, resulting in the loss of several lives. One Sunday, about sunset, while the wind was blowing fresh from the north, a banter was given to cross the river in a small boat. The banter was accepted. Six of us jumped into the frail skiff, and in a few moments were borne by the wind near the middle of the river. The current bore us rapidly down: the oars were put out, and long we tried in vain to gain the opposite side. We turned, in hopes of gaining the side we had left, and were still borne rapidly down the river. But we were doomed to disappointment: night, cold and dark, came on, and we again changed our course and pulled for the opposite bank; but just as we were coming in reach of the bushes that grew along the river, a flaw of wind struck the

boat—in an instant she capsized, and my comrades went down to rise no more. Being an expert swimmer, and self-possessed, I struggled hard, and my good fortune led me to grasp hold of a limb, which enabled me safely to get upon the bank. I called to the others, but no voice answered my call—a solemn silence hovered around me. I knew they were lost. I turned away in sadness; and though unaccustomed to shed tears, my emotions were too earnest and deep to suppress their flow; and my heart was full of gratitude to that Being who is mighty to save.

After wading a long time in the water, and swimming several creeks, I arrived at Fremont, where I was warmly received and made comfortable for the night.

A few weeks prior to this, I very narrowly escaped being shot by a villain, who sought my life. I shall never forget the strangeness of the feeling that came over me, when last I saw him alive; a maniac's smile curled his lip—a feverish excitement was in every movement. O! how I shuddered as I gazed upon him; my blood recoiled upon its own impulse, my head became giddy and confused—while I stood spell-bound, with rigid muscles, like one half-waking from some horrid incubus of the night.

At four o'clock P. M. the report of a gun was heard—the cry of "Doctor! Doctor!"—and I was hurried to the spot, just in season to see one gasp, and hear the death-rattle, and behold the lifeless form of the man I had so much feared stretched out before me. The aim was too unerring—the ball had passed through the left lung—he was dead; and he who would have been the assassin became the victim, and justice was avenged. Why and by whom the deed was committed is still unknown.

On the first of January, the waters having returned to their natural channels, I determined to try my *luck* in the mines—to cease longer to be a follower of the famed Esculapius, and become an "honest miner." Our goods were to be

taken to a certain place on Bear River, and conveyed from thence by teams to the place of destination.

All arrangements having been made, we left, and rowing hard against a strong current until late at night, arrived at a little place called Oro, which was a town without any houses except one log cabin, (that was a mile out of town!) where there lived a family of bouncing girls, and an elderly lady, who, by the number of juveniles about her, was justly entitled to that very endearing name of mother, and by her incessant talking I think she had an equal claim to the title of *woman*! She delighted in telling *bar* stories, and received our jokes and jeers as high compliments and marks of our cordial approbation. She looked like one who wrought witchcraft, and her voice well would chime with a file upon a saw; but suffice it—she was hospitable and kind.

We waited here two days for the teams, sleeping at night upon the damp ground; and having no boot-jacks or hat-stands, our boots were left upon our pedal extremities, and our hats upon our heads; in short, we were not divested of a vestige of clothing, but, wrapt in our blankets, we stretched ourselves upon the damp ground for refreshment and sleep. The second night our slumbers were somewhat obtruded upon by a pack of wolves that came howling about us, overhauling our sacks of provisions. In their hurry they seized a small bundle, and carried it far away; it was tobacco, and as they were not sufficiently *refined* and *civilized* to appreciate the article, it was dropped probably as soon as discovered, and they did not return to make us another visit.

On the third day the teams arrived—the goods were loaded—“haw!” and “gee up!” and the wagons rolled on—and we followed, each with a haversack hung about his neck and dangling under his arm.

We had not gone far, before the teams, in attempting to cross a marsh that was partially covered with water, became

mired, and unable to advance. The cattle were unyoked and driven out, except one, that was mired beyond our ability to relieve, and soon sank down and died. What now was to be done? There was no alternative but to pack the goods out upon our backs; so we rushed pell-mell into the mud and water, and after several hours of hard labor, had the satisfaction of seeing the wagons once more loaded upon dry land. It was near sunset, so we concluded to camp there for the night, having made but three miles upon our journey that day. Overcoming many difficulties, we arrived, on the evening of the fourth day, at the crossing on Bear River opposite the old barracks, a distance of fifteen miles—or, at the present time, about two hours' drive.

Here we “unteamed” our “fixins,” swam the cattle, made a boat of the wagon, ferried over our baggage, and got every thing ready for a start the next morning; spent the night at Dr. O.'s; lodged in a room with three women, one darkey, four soldiers from the barracks out on a furlough, and six babies, (and it did not seem to be a very good season for babies either.) I think I should have slept soundly, had it not been for one of the soldier-men, who was very much “how-came-you-so,” and who, attempting to scratch his foot, made a slight *mistake* and scratched that of his neighbor, who happened to be one of those dear creatures to whose benign influence we owe so much for all the sunshine of our lives. The mistake was natural enough, for we were all lying on the floor together, and could not tell “which from t'other.” But she thought differently, and spoke sharply to the intruder, and, like the good lady at church, “kept speakin’,” until we were all fully aroused, and the interloper ejected from the room.

How I spent the rest of the night I cannot tell; whether in dreams, slaying fleas, or in cogitations sad; but morning came, and thanking my host for his *peculiar* kindness and courtesy, I left.

With a certain crack of the whip, such

as none but those who have crossed the plains can give, and a loud "roll up there," our teams moved on. This day we went about six miles, to a very pleasant valley, where the teamsters concluded to lay up one day to recruit the cattle. Here we met with some trouble with the Indians, who came upon us at night, and drove away two of our best oxen. In the morning, three of our company followed upon their trail about twelve miles, when they came suddenly upon their camp, and were as suddenly obliged to beat a retreat to escape the arrows shot at them from the surrounding hills.

Having a pretty good "constitution for comfort," I did not care to waste my strength hunting after Indians, that were known to be rather unfriendly; so I took a jug-full of something, said to be a very good antidote for the bite of rattlesnakes—as in those days we never failed to provide ourselves for such emergencies—and in company with Mr. P——, I started for Rose's Bar, on the Yuba River, where we arrived about noon. Here my attention was at once called to a gentleman sick with the scurvy, who had been under treatment nearly three months, and one leg was swollen from the foot to the body, presenting a very red and glabrous appearance, such as follows the bite of a rattlesnake or tarantula. As this disease often baffles the skill of the most eminent physicians, I deem it proper here to state that I invariably bound the affected part in the fibrous portion of beef, changing as often as occasion required; and in no case failed to cure my patient. At the expiration of three days, my patient had so far recovered as to be able to move about; and as I was notified that the teams waited for me on the hills, I hastened to join them, and on the twelfth of January we arrived at Nevada.

Shortly after arriving there, I discovered my body was infested with one of the plagues of Egypt. Pride and mortification made me desperate; I tore every article of clothing from my body, and burned them to ashes, and in future was

careful not to covet the warmth of any of my companions at night, lest a similar misfortune might again befall me.

I afterwards learned that I was not alone, and that the misfortune was not uncommon; and as "misery likes company," this was some consolation, although it did not wholly comport with my idea of a hero—for I never lost sight of the presentiment that I was to be a hero—and the following lines, by Longfellow, constantly rang in my ear as the sure cynosure of my future greatness,—viz.:—

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle—
Be a hero in the strife!"

How often have I reflected upon these words—wafted by some kind angel's breath to my memory; and how much have they comforted and encouraged me in times of great trouble, and made me desire more than all else to leave some "foot-print" behind, that should be worthy of imitation in the future—

"Foot-prints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's stormy main—
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother—
Seeing, may take heart again."

FE NIX.

LONELY DALE, Jan. 8, 1858.

(To be continued.)

WHILE walking across the beautiful farms on Dry Creek, Sacramento Co., on Christmas day, I observed that the young wild oats were springing up in small and irregular rows, when I inquired of my companion, "What is the cause of all these crooked and green rows running in every direction?" "Don't you know?" said he. "No." "In the dry season," he replied, "the ground cracks; and after the first rain, and before the ground swells and closes again, the wild oats, by the help of the wind and their own legs"—"Their own legs?" I remarked, interrogatively. "Yes, their own legs; for, by some provision of nature, they have a kind of leg, by which, when the rain swells them, they manage actually to crawl into those cracks, and are there saved, otherwise the fire that sweeps across the prairie would destroy them."

EMIGRATION TO CALIFORNIA— HER RESOURCES.

BY W. B. S.

There has been so much said upon emigration to this country, I do not anticipate I shall bring forth anything new upon the subject. Yet it is one that all true Californians are deeply interested in; therefore too much cannot be said, if said in the right spirit. We want a larger population. We have every thing that nature can produce to sustain a larger one; and had we a more convenient mode of conveyance, we would soon have large accessions to our already prosperous State.

There is not another country in the wide world which has more beautiful natural scenery than California. You can ramble among her woodland bowers and in her verdant valleys at midsummer day, and at the same time look upon her snow-capped mountains. You can bathe in her smooth-flowing streams, and gambol on the banks, until weary with summer sports; and in two hours you can ascend the mountain, and chase the deer over snow twenty feet deep, until amusements cease to give any pleasure; and return home the same night, to inhale the evening breeze, mingled with the sweet perfumes of flowers of every hue. A more delightful climate cannot be imagined by man than California contains. During my residence here, I have lived where there is snow the year around, and I have lived where there is no snow; so there is no difficulty in any one getting a climate to suit them in this country. To some this may look improbable, but such is the case; for here where I am now, or at least a few hundred yards from here, there is snow all the year. We have as fine agricultural land as there is under the protection of the stars and stripes; indeed, this soil appears peculiarly adapted to raising supplies for the wants of mankind. The best potatoes I ever ate in my life were raised on the

mountains, where they are subject to snow eight months in the year.

The great beacon star of the emigrant to this country is the gold mines. It is to that which leads them on to the far distant west; it is that which tempts them to leave their native land, and break loose from the bonds of childhood's associations, and seek a new home on the Pacific shores; and it is of the mines I wish to speak; for I have been, to use a common phrase, an "honest miner," and have been in different portions of the mines, and what I say is from my own observation, with some exceptions. I shall not exaggerate things, as hundreds can bear testimony. I hear men around me, every day, cursing the country, and complaining they cannot make money enough to take them to the Atlantic States; now, if those same men were there, they would not remain, if they could get money enough to return to California. I do not wish to be understood to say that all who follow mining make money, for such is not the case. There are many sober, industrious, noble-hearted fellows, who have toiled month after month—yes, year after year—and made nothing more than a living; but is there a country on the face of the globe where all men make money? make a fortune, in a few months or even years? If there is, I should be most happy to find it; but I will venture the assertion, that there is not another country on the earth where so many men make money, and in such a quantity, in so short a space of time, as California. The emigrant comes here with too bright anticipations dancing before his delighted fancy. I know this from experience. Although the idea of making a fortune in a year is fast dying away, yet it is too much believed by many at this period, and when they arrive here, they are dissatisfied, from the fact they do not find things as they anticipated in regard to the mines. Would they come to this country as they do to any other, they would think it the garden spot of earth; a climate unequalled, a soil unsurpassed

and rich gold mines combined, make the country the brightest in the galaxy of all the green spots inhabited by civilized or uncivilized man.

This portion of the mines in which I reside is known as "Sears' Diggings," and comprises a district about three and a half miles in length by two in width. There are about seven hundred inhabitants within this district, as near as I can get at the number. The principal mode of mining here is tunneling, though there are several hydraulics in operation during the water season, and would be many more, had we plenty of water; but there is only a sufficiency about four months in the year, and then not enough to supply the demand. Those who are working in tunnels drift during the winter, and wash up in the spring; and for four months here we have a lively time. We have three ditches completed, and the three will carry about two hundred sluice heads. The amount of dust taken out here last year is said to have been eight hundred thousand dollars, which would be an average of a little over one thousand dollars to each inhabitant of the district. This I do not think can be surpassed much by any district in the State.

I have taken some pains to procure as near as possible the true state of things. I do not wish to exaggerate, for it would be of no benefit to myself, as I am one of the laborers. I do not wish to mislead any one.

The mines here around Pine Grove were once almost abandoned, but now they are good diggings, and well worked; and I feel confident in saying, from what I know of them, they are scarcely prospected. It is not always the case that the mines that are puffed up are the best. This I learned from experience, and to my sorrow; therefore I would not make false representations, neither would I advise any one to come here if he has any profitable employment elsewhere; but otherwise I do not think he could lose anything in coming.

My only desire is to give your readers

a fair and impartial statement in regard to this portion of the mines. As for myself, I would not exchange it for any other that I have seen. This spring we anticipate an unusually prosperous season, for there is more snow here now than there has been since 1852, and there is a large quantity of drift dirt out, ready to wash. I think, from present prospects, we shall have water five or six months.

I know of no better place for those who have families, and wish to follow mining; for when you get a claim opened, it will last for years, and you are not under the necessity of moving about so often. And then a family is always hailed with pleasure in the mountains; it brightens the miner's heart, and makes him think the world is not so desolate, after all; it calls to mind other days, when he was gathered with loved ones around the domestic fireside in his native land. Had we plenty of ladies here, our winters would not appear so long, and time would fly swiftly away, while wealth was crowning our labors. I hope we shall have many additions to our present stock, which is small, though unsurpassed in kind. God bless them—"May their shadows never grow less."

Pine Grove, Jan. 7, 1858.

Did the disconsolate and discouraged one ever stand by the sea-shore, and while listening to the hoarse-tongued waves of the foaming brine, watch a piece of driftwood floating upon its troubled and seething surface?—now within a few inches of the beach, now again borne back several yards to the surging bosom of the deep; tossed hither and thither, now forward, now backward, apparently without aim, course, or end, for hours; until, at last, some huge swelling wave heaves it high and dry upon the beach? Let that floating fragment teach thee this lesson: that, however long and uncertain apparently may be thy lot upon the sea of fortune, bye-and-bye a wave of success will land thee with thy hard-earned wealth on the peaceful shore of Home.

THE MOTHERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

The mothers of New England!

How doth the very name

Wake up, through all the echoing heart,

As with a tongue of flame,

The voices of the buried Past—

The treasured ones of old—

As down the silent tide of time,

Above its wrecks, they're rolled.

The mothers of New England!

Who lived in days of yore,

When battle shook the startled land,

And bathed its fields in gore;

They saw the valleys and the hills

Red with their children's blood,

But shrank not, as they pledged them

To Liberty and God! [there

The mothers of New England!

Their names are garnered wide

In every land where sweeps the breeze,

Or swells the ocean tide.

Deep, deep in many an echoing heart,

Like treasured gems they lie,

Gilding with glorious beauty there

The halls of memory.

The mothers of New England!

How deep the music thrills!

The sailor sings it on the sea,

The wanderer on the hills;

The traveler in the stranger's land,

The soldier on the plain,

Starts as he hears the magic sound

Come bounding back again.

The mothers of New England!

The blessed ones of old!

They reared a noble race of sons,

In conscious manhood bold.

They taught them to defend the right,

To fear no hireling crew,

And only bow the knee to One—

The God their fathers knew!

The mothers of New England!

The name is holy there!

It mingles with the morning song,

And with the evening prayer;

It goes like sweetest incense up

Where swells the choral lays;

And thousands learn to bless their name,

And thousands speak their praise.

The mothers of New England!

They sung us to our rest,

When we were cradled in their arms,

And pillowed on their breast.

They led us all our infant days,

And watched the paths we trod;

They blessed us with their dying breath

And then arose to God!

The mothers of New England!

Their graves are scattered wide

Through every hamlet in the land,

By every mountain side.

They're watered by the summer showers,

And robed by winter snows—

Oh! hallow ye the sacred spot

On which their bones repose.

G. T. S.

San Francisco, Jan., 1858.

AN UNLUCKY DAY.

BY DOINGS.

Unlucky days, who does not have them? Who does not sometimes arise in the morning, and, however strange it may seem, commence with a trifling, or perhaps serious accident; continue throughout the day to break things, or inflict injuries upon themselves and others; feeling ill-tempered, cross and peevish towards themselves, and venting their spleen and bad humor upon unoffending persons and things?

There are various causes assigned for such days, by "old women," and also by some of the opposite sex, who are doubtless as learned and profound as their venerable authority. Such people tell us, that "*to get out of bed on the wrong side,*" or, "*to put the wrong sock on first,*" are among the primary incentives to an "unlucky day." We shall not attempt to investigate history, for the purpose of ascertaining how or when such valuable and important information was first dis-

covered; but we will not deny the theory, and thereby perhaps involve ourselves in controversy. We confess to "unlucky days." We have had experience, and purpose here to detail the adventures of one such day. We are in this instance obliged to set aside the causes given as above, for the reason that the scene is in the mountains, and the time years ago, when we had no beds save mother earth, and but one possible way to get up, and that the simple and ingenious method of *unrolling*. As for socks, the kind most in vogue were those more readily removed by water, and of a material so common that a fresh pair every day was not considered at all extravagant; and besides, the rolling-up process often-times left our feet exposed, and for their better protection during the night, we usually wore our boots, as we did on this occasion.

It was yet dark when our camp was aroused, and preparations for a start commenced. We had for some days been encamped in Grass Valley, and were now to leave, intending to go up, and, crossing Nelson Creek and the Middle Fork of the Feather, proceed westward. This had been determined the day previous, and in order to facilitate matters, a large quantity of bread had been made up and baked. One among our number was a Spaniard, Domingo by name; he having become dissatisfied with our company, and preferring to associate with his own countrymen, was to leave us that morning, and retrace his way back to the valleys.

I think I never felt better; in fact, we were all in good spirits; glad with the prospect of being so soon under-way, and full of bright anticipations. Breakfast was prepared, and sitting as usual in a circle, with the bread and pork in the center, we were about to "pitch in," when my boot in some unaccountable manner became entangled with the handle of the coffee-pot, and that utensil was capsized, and its contents spilled all over the *table*, damaging a goodly portion of our bread, and depriving us of that which the miner

ever considers his main stay in the grub line. This innocent and unintentional act upon my part, brought upon this reverential head curses without number. I meekly bore them all, for I felt very badly, and thought that for my carelessness I deserved them. Our breakfast, I assure you, was not a pleasant one. We ate and finished in silence, and as punishment for my misdemeanor, I was left to collect the culinary utensils, wash the dishes, and prepare for packing, while the others went out to find and drive up the animals. Domingo was first to return, and having fastened his blankets and other accouterments upon his saddle, touched his hat, and was in the act of saying, "Adios, senor," when I happened to notice by the fire a pan which I supposed was his; near it was a large quantity of bread, our intended supply for the day. Pointing towards the fire, I said, "Domingo, don't forget your pan." Having completed the duties assigned me, I walked off to hunt up and assist the boys. The animals were nearly packed, when Harry, our captain, said—

"Where's the bread?"

"Bread?" said I—for it just then crossed my mind that I had neglected to put it in the sack; "Down by the fire."

"Where?—I don't see it!"

I looked, and sure enough it was not there.

"Domingo must have taken it," I replied.

"Impossible!" retorted Harry; "Domingo I know would not have taken it without permission. What did he say when he left?"

"Well, he didn't say much of any thing. Just as he was going, I saw his pan, and told him he had better take it; but there it is, and he has certainly taken the bread."

"You're a fool! Don't you know that 'pan' is the Spanish for bread? That's not his pan, but one I loaned him; and understanding so little of English as he does, he very naturally supposed you told him to take the bread."

If ever a person felt cheap, I think I did then; it was one of my first lessons in Spanish, and I shall never forget it. This time, instead of curses, my ears were greeted with the loudest kind of guffaws, in which I was compelled to join; and I was notified that at the next camping there would be a nice little job for me.

One of our animals was a dark gray mule, and was called after that renowned Mexican individual, Santa Anna. He was not a large mule, but a very tough one, and could carry a good load very handsomely when he had a mind to. I don't think any harm was intended, but he often indulged in little episodes, which, however amusing they may have been to him, were to us sources of great annoyance. He doubtless considered kicking up with the hind legs, lying down and endeavoring to roll with a pack on, and a sudden halt, with a firm determination to stay there, as grand jokes, and in a mulish way enjoyed them. Somehow he had fallen to the especial protection and guidance of "Phran.," "Doc.," and myself; and we three, on this day, as usual, packed and started him off. Before reaching Onion Valley, he contrived to work his pack loose six or eight times, and upon our arrival there we were not in the best of humors, for the frequent detentions had caused us to be some distance behind the remainder of our company. Growling at each other, and unitedly heaping imprecations upon Santa Anna, we endeavored to push more rapidly ahead; but Santa Anna was opposed to such proceedings, and upon the hill, going out of the valley, came to a determined stand, and refused to go further. We whipped and coaxed, and coaxed and whipped, but he would neither be persuaded or driven, and only started when the spirit moved; and then, feeling that he had made his point, he went along very well. On the apex of the hill leading to Nelson's, his pack again required fastening; and knowing that the hill was rough and steep, we

took extraordinary pains to have it well secured, and commenced the descent. We were following a trail worn on the hillside, and were winding around a spur on the very worst portion, where the track was so narrow that it appeared almost impossible for even unladen animals to pass each other, when we heard voices, and presently a pack train came in sight on their return trip. We stopped Santa Anna; to retreat was impossible, and so we stood there. The train was moving on a slow trot, and just as the head mule came up, the vaqueros gave a shout, and with a bound he dashed by, nearly knocking Santa Anna from the trail, and the others followed in quick succession. On the hindmost was attached sundry camp utensils, and on the side towards us was an old musket, with the bayonet pointing forward. When passing, the point of this instrument caught in a sack of our flour, and tore nearly if not quite half the sack away. The flour poured out and fell upon the ground, the lashings slackened, and the pack commenced to turn; with another shout, the vaqueros themselves rushed by. We did not stop to swear, nor to speak a word, but springing to the pack, caught it as it fell, and taking off piece by piece, laid it on the ground near by; then, with the most heart-rending and woe-begone expression, looked alternately at the wreck and at each other, and then, sitting upon our "plunder," laughed loud and long. It was too much. We had been cross-grained and ill-tempered since morning; we were as irritated as we possibly could be ere this last mishap befell us, and that was so bad as to border on the ridiculous, causing a reaction which made us laugh our cross-grains smooth again.

There is no such annihilator to "blue devils" as laughter; no panacea to a mind diseased like a shaking of the ribs; no better pass-word along the road of life than laughter. Would you have health, laugh; would you be happy, laugh; would you be sure of a welcome among friends, laugh. But do not laugh out of

time and place; for there are moments when the heart is full of sorrow, then laughter is a mockery, and harshly grates upon the soul.

And so we laughed our troubles all away; and, feeling bright and gay as any given number of jay-birds, gathered as much of the spilled flour as possible into an empty sack, packed Santa Anna once more, and without further accident arrived at the mouth of Nelson Creek just after noon. We found the balance of the company at dinner awaiting us, and we congratulated ourselves that the disasters of the day were over. About 2 o'clock, P. M., being refreshed and in excellent spirits, we were ready for another start.

Across the creek was a very large log. It must at some time have drifted down the stream and lodged there, for I could see nothing to indicate its having grown near where it lay. In diameter it measured nearly five feet, and some thoughtful person or persons had hewn the top down, until it presented a level surface about three and a half feet wide, making a capital bridge, across which both men and mules passed daily. Over this log our route laid; and, as a matter of course, Santa Anna led off *in the rear*. The other animals had passed over in good style, and it came to Santa Anna's turn. Cautiously he stepped upon the log, and timidly advanced to the center, where he stopped. We allowed him a moment to collect himself, and then by coaxing endeavored to urge him on; that failing, we tried driving; and then we took a hitch over his nose with the halter, hoping to lead him; but settling himself back, he converted his fore-legs into a pair of braces, and effectually thwarted our purpose. Several miners now came to our assistance, and with poles pushed behind, while we pulled in front. That was more than Santa Anna could possibly endure, and he commenced to use his hind-legs in a most fearful manner. Now, above the bridge had collected a large quantity of logs and driftwood, bark and leaves; the latter of which, being light,

floated upon the surface, causing the whole to resemble an unbroken plot of earth. Santa Anna, doubtless considering it genuine *terra firma*, with a sudden jerk pulled the halter from our hands, jumped from the bridge, and disappeared. He soon came up, and then began a desperate conflict. Sometimes he had the best of it, and then the logs; and there he splashed, floundered and struggled. Santa Anna was becoming exhausted; his pack was heavy, and very inconvenient; the logs were round, strong, accustomed to the water, and had every advantage.

Miners came rushing up by dozens, bringing with them short poles and long poles, big poles and little poles, straight poles and crooked poles; and they pushed, pried, and shouted, they laughed and hallooed, and some of them I think used profane language. That the logs would win seemed hardly a matter of doubt—nothing but the head of Santa Anna was to be seen. The hope we had entertained of his rescue, slight though it was, had faded quite away, when most opportunely a Mexican arrived upon the opposite bank, and with precision threw his lasso over the receding head. Eight or ten able-bodied men caught hold and hauled with the Mexican; the miners in the rear pushed, pried, and shouted; the logs gave way, and great was the triumph of Santa Anna. He was drawn upon dry land, and stripped of his burden; which, consisting of flour and pork, sustained but little damage. After indulging in several wholesale rolls, he stood up, shook himself, and nodding to his brother and sister mules, with very loud and sonorous voice remarked, "Ee-ah! ee-ah! ee-a-a-a-ah!" and whistled. Experience is mighty, and Santa Anna had experience.

The Middle Fork of the Feather was fordable; we crossed it, and proceeding up the hill, camped in what is now called Long Valley, without further accident. Sitting around the fire that night, we talked and laughed over the incidents of

the day, from the capsizing of the coffee-pot to the baptism of Santa Anna, considering each as a capital joke, and worthy of being treasured up for the purpose of amusing posterity on long winter evenings, as well as to form the basis for a "yarn" to be spun about future camp-fires, but without the shadow of an idea that the details would ever appear in print.

Feeling in right good humor with myself, and with the boys, too—for they had forgotten their threat made in the morning, and Harry himself had made the bread, only asking of me to oversee the baking—I related an adventure concerning my mule experience previous to joining this company, and which I considered as first among mule stories. I never told it but exclamations of surprise and wonder interrupted me as I proceeded, and I was always rewarded in the end, by hearing it pronounced universally as "tough, but devilish good"; nor did I fail of applause this time. Yet I should have known better than to have told it while "Bluff" was about; for no one ever told a story in his presence, no matter how ludicrous, how pathetic, or how extravagant, but he would follow, relating one that was almost certain to knock the preceding into insignificance. He had a story for all occasions. I believe the fellow made the most of them up as he went along; and, although a true, stanch and honest friend and companion, he was in his way the most consummate liar I ever knew. When the applause over my story had subsided, I heard a short, dry cough. I knew it in an instant, and with an inaudible groan I mentally exclaimed, "This is an unlucky day!"

Taking another pull at a short, black pipe, he commenced—"Little more nor six months ago, I was down south on the Stanislaus. Me an' some other boys had four mules. One on 'em war white, a little bigger 'n Sant' Anna here, an' the wickedest animal I ever see; he always gut ugly an' kicked jest in the wrong time. Wal, one day we was goin' 'long

on the side-hill, steeper nor any hill up this way: 'twas right up an' down all the time, an' the trail was blamed bad. I reckon 'twas 'bout a mile nigh perpendicular from the trail to a sort of a bench, an' 'bout nigh on to thirty foot straight down on to a flat. We was right in the roughest piece of the trail, when that blamed mule—Dick, we called him—began to kick. Presently he lost his holt, an' away he went down the hill, over, an' over, an' over. I tell you, 'twould 'a' made yer har git right up, to see that ere mule go it, over rocks an' bushes; an' oncet or twicet he struck agin the trees, but it didn't make no diff'rence—he jest slewed roun', an' never let up till he went over the bench; an' then I sez to Bill Smart—him as I told yer fit that bar with me—sez I, Bill, he's a goner, d—n him; but grub's mighty scarce. I reckon the boys mout go on, an' you an' I'll go down an' git that plunder. So Bill, he an' I started out. We hed to go nigh on to three miles round, afore we struck the spot whar the blamed mule cum down; an' then, dog on my picter, ef that ar cussid mule want browzing thar jest as nat'ral as life!"

"What! was he alive?"

"Sartin he was. The tin pans was pretty much smashed; but Dick was jest as good as new, an' arter that, nobody ever had a better nor truer animal nor he was. An' ef you ever cum across Bill Smart, he'll tell you that's *so*."

He told this in a manner forcible and sincere, with nothing upon his countenance to indicate the least deviation from truth, or to carry a doubt to the mind of the listener. Having finished, he relighted his pipe, and like a man fully prepared and ready to meet any emergency, blew out dense clouds of smoke. During the next half hour, not a man of us spoke a word, and then, with side-long glances at Bluff, we retired to "roll up," and end—AN UNLUCKY DAY.

Memories of an evil past bring sadness, though all else in the present be joyous.

"Not what the potent victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change, [mind,
Though changed in outward lustre, that fixed
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of Spirits armed,
That dared dislike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse powers opposed
In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
And shook his throne. What! though the field
All is not lost—the unconquerable will, [be lost,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield.

To bow, and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire—that were low indeed!
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall!
That glory never shall his wrath, or might,
Exact from me."

Whatever doubts we may have of Satan's prudence, we cannot help admiring his magnanimous courage. It is properly appreciated by Beelzebub, who replies to him with respectful deference:

"O Prince, O chief of many throned powers,
That led the embattled Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endangered Heaven's perpetual king,
And put to proof his high supremacy."

But it is neither time nor place for referring to past exploits, or pining over the severity of their punishment. So Satan suggests the immediate assembling together of the scattered chiefs, for the purpose of holding a general council in regard to their future proceedings:

"See'st thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these vivid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbor there,
And reassembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not what resolution from despair."

They stretch out their mighty pinions. The flames roll from their wings. They leave a hollow in the waves where their huge forms have been lying. They cleave the "dusky air." Their feet settle on the solid land—

"In hue as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
Of thundering Etna,
And leaves a singed bottom, all involved
In stench and smoke."

Satan does not like the looks of the country; but while he mournfully contrasts it with "the blissful seats above," he meets his fate with scorn, undaunted:

"Is this the region? this the soil, the clime,
That we must change for Heaven? this mournful gloom

For that celestial light? Be it so; since he
Who now is sovereign can dispose and bid
What shall be right Farthest from him is best.

Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal world! and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new possessor.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.

The Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence.
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell;
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven."

We have only seen Satan grovelling on the lake, or spreading his drenched and heavy pinions in the scarcely penetrable gloom of an unnatural atmosphere, without an opportunity of examining his majestic proportions. See him now—

"His ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hangs on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolè,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, on her spotty globe;
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine,
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand."

There is nothing like it in this world, except the giants of our own California mountains, which are (to slightly alter the well-known words of Thompson, to adapt them to our purpose),

"At once the wonder, envy, and delight
Of other states and nations."

We can fancy

"The leader of those armies bright,
Which but Omnipotence none could have foiled,"
from his accouterments; but we need not. Like Saul among the Israelites, magnified a hundred times, when all were met—

"He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower; his form had not yet lost
All its original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured; as when the sun new-risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon
In dim eclipse,

Darkened, so yet shone,
Above them all, the Arch-Angel."

He calls his warriors to the council—

"Angel-forms who lay entranced
Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallambrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High over-arched embower; or scattered sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed
Hath vexed the Red Sea coast, whose waves
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry, [o'er]threw
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen."

He summons them, stunned and stupefied, and lost in amazement and terror, as only Archangel could—

"And called so loud that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the flower of heaven, once yours—now
If such astonishment as this can seize [lost,
Eternal spirits. Or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find,
To slumber here as in the vales of Heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the conqueror, who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from Heaven gates discern
The advantage, and descending tread us down,
Thus drooping; or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulph?
Awake! Arise! or be for ever fallen!"

His bitter and sarcastic words have the desired effect:

"They heard and were abashed, and up they sprung

Upon the wing, as men who want to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake—
Innumerable, as when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, up-called a pitchy cloud
Of locusts warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darkened all the land of Nile.
A multitude like which the populous North
Poured never from her frozen loins to pass
Rhine or the Danube, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.

God-like shapes and forms
Excelling human, princely dignities."

Proud of their ready obedience, Satan unfurls his imperial ensign, and marshals them with the stirring sounds of music in proper file; and

"Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient pearls waving."

To use the words of another poet—

"'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array."

He addresses them briefly, reminding them that their exile had emptied Heav-

en, and that it was by no means impossible but that they might yet repossess their native seat. He points out the necessity of caution, as they may have to use stratagem to accomplish what they had failed to effect by force; and mentions a rumor current in Heaven, that the Omnipotent was about to create a new world, where they might have many opportunities of furthering their united interest.

Meantime, Mammon and Mulciber are not idle:

"Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From Heaven, (for even in Heaven his looks and thoughts

Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine and holy, else enjoyed
In beatific vision);"

has discovered "rich diggings," the gold of which he employs liberally in all manner of ornaments for a palatial structure befitting the princely residents of Hell, of which Mulciber, who has been similarly engaged in Heaven, is the architect. There, Satan proclaims that the council will be held; and thither they all wing their way, to ascertain the result of the debates.

"As bees

In spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive,
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New-rubbed with balm, expatiate and confer
Their state affairs. So thick the æry crowd
Swarmed and were straitened; till, the signal
given,

Behold a wonder: they who now but seemed
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless; like that pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount, or fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth [dance
Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense."

Except they had possessed this power of reducing themselves within small dimensions, the courts of Pandemonium, "Though like a covered field where champions
bold
Wont ride in armed, and at the Soldan's chair
Defied the best of Paynim chivalry,"

would have been incapable of containing them. They are only inferior spirits, however, who are necessitated in this manner to concentrate their giant forms.

"Far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sate,
A thousand Demigods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began."

Thus concludes the first book, and we naturally come to a pause. We have now for the first time an opportunity for reflection, which the vividness and truth-like coloring of the story, the unnatural strangeness of the scenery, and the boldness of the language, all so different from any thing to be found elsewhere, have hitherto prevented. We have been fascinated to an extent which we could not have believed possible. We are not sure that we have not been corrupted. The nursery stories about Mother Shipton, and the Catholic legends regarding Father Dunstan, we now believe alike to be mere libels. There may be nothing wrong in this; but the flights of Milton have carried us further. We feel an honest indignation rising in our breasts at the manner in which Satan has been abused, and the way in which we have heard him vilified from Protestant pulpits. From what does this proceed? Has Milton struck a chord in our bosoms which till

now sent forth no sound? "Beware!" says Fanaticism, "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Even the Scriptures say so; and there is no denying that many of our natural impulses do not prompt to virtue. But for once that we have done wrong by listening to the heart, we have done so ten times from stifling its emotions. Beattie, the Minstrel of the North, forbids us to stifle them:

"Nor be thy generous indignation checked,
Nor checked the tender tear to misery given."

But his advice never came at a more unfortunate moment. Milton has half seduced our affections to the cause of the enemy of God and man. Even gentle ladies feel indignant that one so noble should be consigned to such soul-harrowing punishment; for as Moore says, in apology for the occasional wilfulness of Nourmahal—

"Even in the tranquietest climes
Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes,"

and Scott, the poet of a more philosophical people, admits that Ellen, "the Lady of the Lake," cherished similar feelings,

"When tale of injury called forth
The indignant spirit of the North."

The matter is beyond the jurisdiction of the heart; we must rule it out of court, and leave it to be decided at the tribunal of reason. AGRICOLA.

Our Social Chair.

DID it ever occur to the reader that, however proficient any one might be in any or every department of Science, Letters, Art, History, Politics, or the thousand and one branches of general knowledge, he could not please every body? Perhaps, even, the reader may remember some portion of his experience being itself the teacher of the fact. He may be, even, as wise as the third king of Israel, as learned as Chiron, as skillful as Archimedes, as eloquent as Cicero or Demosthenes, as devoted as Leonidas, as inspired as Pindar, and withal as persuasive

in address as Prometheus, or as illustrious in all the noble qualities of true greatness as Washington—yet shall he not please everybody. And, although we write the above as a kind of preface to what is to follow, we do not wish the reader even for a moment to suppose that we claim any relationship whatever to the illustrious personages we have mentioned.

For the reader's amusement, we will present him this month with a sample or two of the correspondence we are at times receiving—and most of it, too, in the very

best of good-humor. One of our readers at Camptonville, for instance, sends us the following:

Dear Ed.,—I am delighted with your excellent magazine, and the gloriously spirited and true California style in which it is conducted; still, I would suggest as an improvement that you put *all* the poetry into one number, and then I assure you I would buy the darned thing and immediately burn it! and all of the boys in our cabin would do the same.

Yours, C.

Now, any one can see at a glance that C. has no portion of the poetic element in his composition. A few mornings afterwards, and before we had fully recovered from the laughter which the reading and remembrance of C.'s singular and good-natured suggestion had occasioned, came the following from Petaluma:

Mr. Editor,—If it would not be intruding too much upon your good-nature, or be interpreted that I wish to find fault with your pleasing and truly California magazine, I would suggest that it would gratify myself and friends, could you possibly give us a little more poetry, [!] as the sentiments there expressed make us feel nobler and better for its reading; and such is its charm, that we watch for its coming each month with impatience. You will excuse me for these suggestions; now, won't you?

LIZZIE T.

The reader will see that Lizzie T. and C. are somewhat at variance in their sentiments, so that we hope they may never become man and wife, as in that case it might take a serious turn. We, however, concluded that we might as well not expect, even though we tried, to please every one, lest it might be all "labor in vain." Another writes us:

"It would be an especial favor to your subscribers here, if you would give us more tales, especially such as ——. Do give us more tales. Every body likes tales!"

A SUBSCRIBER.

Upon the very heels of this last, and by the self-same mail, another subscriber wishes to know if we "cannot find something a little more substantial to fill the pages of your otherwise excellent magazine than such nonsense as tales?"

Some, again, want scientific or statistical articles; others don't want any of that kind, and say, "Give us something to laugh at; we have no time up here to read anything that is dry. 'Laugh and grow fat' is a good saying, and as we work hard we are poor

enough, and if that will put any flesh upon our bones, or make us feel a little jolly during our leisure hours, why, let's have it."

It would be easy to fill many pages with well-meant and mixed-up advice, similar to the above; and which, after all, would resemble the kind of weather which every one would have, could it be made purposely to suit his or her individual tastes and circumstances. Many valuable suggestions we have cheerfully adopted, and shall continue so to do, if we think they are worthy of it; and we always welcome any kindly and well-meant advice, even if we do not see fit to take it. It has ever been our desire to make the Magazine a cheerful visitor to the cabin of the miner, as well as to the parlor of the tradesman, or the drawing-room of the man of wealth.

Before the publication of this magazine was commenced, we expended many thousands of dollars, and nearly two years of time, in visiting the many singular and beautiful objects of interest from one end of California to the other, and procured over one thousand sketches and daguerreotypes of all the remarkable scenes to be found; many of which have from time to time appeared, and others will in due course follow. We mention this to show that we were in earnest to make ours a *California* magazine; and we think that there has not as yet a single illustrated article appeared in its pages, which *alone* was not well worth the twenty-five cents charged for the number.

Of course the reader will understand that we wish to give, and do give, as great a variety and as excellent a quality of articles as we can, many of which we know the writers may never feel ashamed of; but as time and improvement roll on together, the one to assist the other, we hope that all will as now, upon the whole, be well satisfied.

The following, we think, will be a little amusing, as showing the way some folks handle an editor, and is, we suppose, a sort of retaliation for what has been some time said to some contributors; and as we have given the reader one peep into the sanctum, we will now give him another, although at first sight it may appear as though the tables were turned against us:

Quincy, Plumas Co., Jan. 14.

By my troth, Mr. Editor, one would sup-

pose, from your strictures applied to your correspondents, that you were born in a crab-apple orchard, cradled in a vinegar-vat, and suckled on a pap compounded of gooseberries and green persimmons. Ugh! I guess you got the grapes that the fox swore were so all-firedly sour. Why don't you imbibe a quart of alkali every morning, and rid yourself of a portion of your acetic qualities? How in the name of common sense do you suppose that aspiring genius is going to have a "clean nest," so long as you clip its half-fledged wings, thereby preventing flight? T. M., for instance, whom you sardonically intimate is no wit. Now we are well satisfied that he is a real funny sort of a chap, and is fully capable of setting the world in an uproar furious, would you but give him utterance. We laughed for four hours at the immensity of the fellow's fun, and swore two more at you for not "spigoting" him, thereby drawing it out. But thus perishes genius in embryo, and humanity mourns her loss in sack-cloth and ashes.

What a mighty field of accountability an editor has to plough, to sow, to reap and mow, to thresh and winnow; and if he's not a good wind-mill, [!] he's sure to let the grain go over the sieve with the chaff and tailings. Editing a journal or magazine is like plowing in a stumpy field with a yoke of young cattle; if you are n't careful, you will learn profanity, which savors of ungodliness to those who are not acquainted with the privileges given by the New Testament [!] to California editors.

By the way, did our friend, your poetical correspondent in the October number, live after that "first kiss?" 'Twas an awful affair, that—equal to the Maelstrom; two calves at one cow are "no whar." We asked a gentleman of the "cullud pussuation," the other day, what he thought about it? to which Cuffee replied, "dat he tink de gemman's sense got head ob de reason—dat suckin' raw eggs was nuffin' to dat circumstances." When we calmly think of the affair, and the great "suck"-tion used, it draws our bowels of compassion into our throat so thoroughly, that we can taste "biled" cabbage we ate a week since. His predicament, so poetically expressed, fills our soul with poetry, and we will tell you what befell us in our family—(private, you know)—2-8 time:

Her eyes with lightning were enrich-ed,
And thunder gathered on her brow,
And into us she fiercely pitch-ed,
As I will tell you how.

She kick-ed my shins with her purty foot,
She likewise bung-ed my eye,
She tore-ed my hair by the handful out,
And I thought it was time for to die.

The above is purely classical and original.
He has poetized his joys, I my sorrows. But

don't think I wish to botanize on the graves of your correspondents, whom you have slain. No such a thing. There is an intillity in your strictures—nay, worse than intillity; for your prohibition acts on genius as a productive rather than a preventive cause, and this is why I write. The more you trample and fetter genius, the more prolific it becomes!

In my next, you will get "AN ELECTION-EERING CAMPAIGN; or, *One Week's Canvass among the 'Sovereigns'.*"

OLD MOUNTAINEER.

LETTER TO MINERS.—No. IV.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 12, 1858.

Dear Brothers,—The Holidays are over, and I suppose that you have all resumed your work. That you have enjoyed yourselves I doubt not. I thought of you on Christmas and New Year's mornings, and in my heart wished you all a "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year." I thought how much I should like to tie on my hat, and slip round from cabin to cabin, and drop a pair of nicely worked slippers in at the door, or leave some other kind of a Christmas present; just such a one as you would like—just what your own sister would give you, were you at home.

I had a turkey dinner, a happy heart, and a great deal of fun, on Christmas. In the evening we had music, songs, and a pleasant dance. In the east, I generally had my Christmas dinner in the country, at grandmother's. The ground was always covered with snow; and at evening, when Jack Frost was having every thing his own way without, we gathered round the great blazing fire, ate nuts and apples, told stories, and cracked jokes. Grandfather, who was an old Revolutionary soldier, would take me on his knee, and tell some of those Indian stories, such as you all have heard; and I would place my little hand under my head and sleep,—to dream of bows and arrows, scalps, and so forth. Then on New Year's I often enjoyed myself at a little party—that was, if Willie Walters was there. He was my beau; I used to ride down the hill near the school-house on his sled—used to write him such funny little notes, done up in a triangular shape, and on the back of it made two hearts pierced with a very badly made dart—used to stop working an example in long division, turn my slate over and mark out a card, and write on it "Mr. and

Mrs. Willie," (I never did like William—Willie was the prettiest name), "Mr. and Mrs. Willie Walters," just to see how it would look, in letters that were like what I would now call—well, I don't know what; at least it was almost as badly written as Rufus Choate's autograph. But I'm now in California, and Willie is at college in one of the Eastern States. He once wrote little brother a letter, since we came here, and closed by saying that as he (brother) could not write, perhaps Sister May would answer it for him; but May didn't take the hint—at least, she pretended she didn't.

We don't have any fine sleigh-rides here, do we? Isn't it too bad that I've grown so much that I am too large to ride down hill on a hand-sled? But never mind; when I come to see some of you away up in the snowy regions of California, we'll have a great sleigh-ride? Who knows but what I'll have one with the reader?

Dear Brother Frank,—I was going to give you a scolding—but never mind, I'll let it pass this time, (that's what my good mother sometimes says)—because you wanted me to pay a visit to your cabin, and of course I very naturally inquired where it was, and propounded a few other questions, whereupon you became a little indignant, didn't you? Why, brother, I couldn't start out and march through the northern and southern mines, and rap at every cabin door, and ask if *Brother Frank lives here?* Though I don't know but what I'd like it first-rate, if those girls I mentioned would go along; but I expect that you would have to pay the mileage. But coz., we'd be so hungry when we would have gotten to the *Franklin Cabin*. Just think of it—half a dozen hungry girls! You'd have to go out and kill a grizzly bear!—we're not afraid of well-cooked bear meat, if you'll only make us believe it's mutton, or anything else; to say nothing of good dough-nuts and ginger-bread, because some of the girls are Yankees. Why, my heart is all through the mountains, with all of my brothers; and it appears rather selfish in you to want it all to go to your cabin and remain there—don't you think so, now, Brother Frank?

On Christmas evening, when we were dancing a quadrille, Dr. A., who was my partner, said—"Don't you think Frank a

very fine young man, Miss May?"—referring to some one in the room; and I replied, "Yes." Just as I did so, I heard a loud *ahem!* from the other side of the room, and upon looking around I espied Billie, pretending to be unconscious of what had been said, addressing himself to a pretty black-eyed young lady. I determined to await an opportunity for *paying him back*. Every thing went on smoothly for several dances; but just as a polka was about half-finished, I observed Billie and the pretty young miss slip out on the piazza, unnoticed, as they thought, to take a moonlight promenade. I waited a few moments, and then went cautiously to the open window, and peeped. Yes, I did—I peeped out! "Luna was shedding her effulgent beams," etc., etc., and there stood the two at the end of the piazza. I just exclaimed, "Bea-u-tiful!" and ran away. They came into the room immediately; but I was then dancing a quick redowa, and looked like innocence itself. Billie suspects me, but he keeps *mum*. But I must be brief.

Brothers, I wish you, every one, many, many Happy New Years.

Your affectionate SISTER MAY.

P. S.—Perhaps the reason why I did not invite Brother Frank to come and see me, was not because I thought him a "rusty old bachelor," but, on the contrary, a *very nice young man*; and if he were to come to San Francisco, he might meet some young lady who is better-looking than myself, and then—and then—but you can imagine all the rest. Sincerely yours, SISTER MAY.

A young man of our acquaintance—says the editor of *San Jose Tribune*—who has long been a candidate for matrimony, but has not yet succeeded in securing an help meet to do his cooking and his sewing, has compromised the matter lately by buying and setting up in his room a patent sewing machine. He says it is a pretty good makeshift. We do not exactly understand how it is, but we're afraid to ask any questions.

Exactly—why don't the genuine article come out, (minus the crinoline) and give gentlemen here a chance? Ladies at the east, there is only one woman to five men in California; why do you hesitate? Come with your hearts full of love and goodness, contentment and sunshine, hope and truthfulness, and within a few years our glorious

State shall be as high in moral and social progress, as the most favored in the Union ; as she now is the richest and the best in every other respect.

We have received from the author a pamphlet of 128 pages, somewhat singular in appearance, entitled *The Morning Star ; Or, The First Notes of the Seventh Trumpet*, by J. S. Kirkpatrick.

On the outside is an engraving of a darkly dressed angel—a color somewhat unpopular and unprepossessing in its associations—holding a trumpet. The contents of the work are the author's interpretation, verse by verse, of the Book of Revelations, (excepting the last two chapters, which he has "in manuscript, and would print, but for his pecuniary embarrassment, and the high price of printing.")

The singular title suggested to us the idea of the author's engagement as a temporary or earth-angel (although we have generally been under the impression that such employment was especially reserved for those of the fair sex, who were adepts in the art,) to unlock the mysteries of that Book and proclaim them to the world ; as the "First Notes" we suppose to be the contents of the pamphlet, or so much thereof as the comment of the text implies.

Be that as it may, the author is evidently a thinker, and those who feel interested in such subjects would no doubt like to see the work. We believe, however, that California has not as yet arrived at that point when religious works, for their own sake, will be extensively bought and read.

The first number of the *Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal*, published monthly in San Francisco, under the editorial charge of Drs. John B. Trask and David Wooster, is before us. It contains several able and original articles of interest to the general reader, and especially so to members of the medical profession, from Drs. Morrison, Rowell, Toland, Cooper and others, in addition to a large amount of other valuable matter.

There is a community of interest and feeling that should be cemented and cherished by the faculty, first for the general good, and next for its protection and advancement. To those who would seek to elevate the profession by intelligent communication

and inquiry, this journal will be an invaluable medium. We are pleased to see that the spirit manifest on the pages of this monthly tends much towards such a result. The illustrated article on the removal and reproduction of bones, is alone worth many times the whole year's subscription, and must suggest the desirability of diffusing information upon so important a subject as our physical organization, to all classes, and we most cordially wish it God speed.

From the January and third number of the *Atlantic Magazine*, we cannot resist the temptation to steal the following beautiful and spirited sketch of

TACKLING SHIP OFF SHORE.

The weather leech of the topsail shivers,
The bowlines strain and the lee shrouds slacken,
The braces are taut, the lithe boom quivers,
And the waves with the coming squall-cloud blacken.

Open one point on the weather-bow
Is the light-house tall on Fire Island head ;
There's a shade of doubt on the captain's brow,
And the pilot watches the heaving lead.

I stand at the wheel, and with eager eye
To sea and to sky and to shore I gaze,
Till the muttered order of "FULL AND BY!"
Is suddenly changed to "FULL FOR STAYS!"

The ship bends lower before the breeze,
As her broadside fair to the blast she lays ;
And she swifter springs to the rising seas,
As the pilot calls, "STAND BY FOR STAYS!"

It is silence all, as each in his place,
With the gathered coils in his hardened hands,
By tack and bowline, by sheet and brace,
Waiting the watchword impatient stands.

And the light on Fire Island head draws near,
As, trumpet-winged, the pilot's shout
From his post on the bowsprit's heel I hear,
With the welcome call of "READY! ABOUT!"

No time to spare! It is touch and go, [DOWN!]"
And the captain growls, "DOWN HELM! HARD
As my weight on the whirling spokes I throw,
While heaven grows black with the storm-cloud's frown.

High o'er the knight-heads flies the spray,
As we meet the shock of the plunging sea ;
And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lay,
As I answer, "AYE, AYE, SIR! HA-A-R-D
A-LEE!"

With the swerving leap of a startled steed
The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind,
The dangerous shoals on the lee recede,
And the headland white we have left behind.

The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse
And belly and tug at the groaning cleats,
The spanker slats, and the mainsail flaps,
And thunders the order, "TACKS AND SHEETS!"

'Mid the rattle of blocks and the tramp of the
Hisses the rain of the rushing squall ; [crew,
The sails are aback from clew to clew, [HAUL!"
And now is the moment for "MAINSAIL,

And the heavy yards like a baby's toy
 By fifty strong arms are swiftly swung ;
 She holds her way, and I look with joy [flung,
 For the first white spray o'er the bulwarks
 "LET GO AND HAUL!" 'Tis the last command,
 And the head-sails fill to the blast once more ;
 Astern and to leeward lies the land,
 With its breakers white on the shingly shore.
 What matters the reef, or the rain, or the squall ?
 I steady the helm for the open sea ;
 The first mate clamors, "BELAY THERE, ALL !"
 And the captain's breath once more comes free.
 And so off shore let the good ship fly ;
 Little care I how the gusts may blow,
 In my fo'castle-bunk in a jacket dry,—
 Eight bells have struck, and my watch is below.

This month we beg to apologize to our readers for the lightness of the paper we are obliged to use. It is the best to be found in the market at the present time, although plenty of the excellent quality we generally use is now upon the way, and over due at this port.

We wish we could obtain suitable paper of California manufacture ; as then we should feel it a duty to give it the preference at all times.

Editor's Table.

Each month as it passes brings us some events of general interest and importance. The last is not among the least so to California. With its beginning came the President's Message ; which, in addition to a distinct, moderate, and manly vindication of the interests of the Union as a whole ; contains other topics of especial importance to the people on this side of the continent ; and first of all in magnitude and need is the Pacific Railroad. On this the Administration unites its expressed wish with that of almost every man and woman on this western coast. United in heart, sympathy, interests, hopes, and government ; until that road is constructed we are virtually separate. This our excellent President and his Cabinet most forcibly feel. Nothing is now wanting to insure its speedy commencement and completion but the action of Congress. Will the Legislature of California issue its instructions to our Senators and members of Congress to ask the attention of that body to this important want of the age, and of the Pacific coast ?

The unfortunate position of our Government with the Mormons in Utah, while it is convincing evidence of a present need, will offer the most striking proof of past indifference, if not of neglect, and thus accelerate an earnestness to *begin it* without unnecessary delay ;—especially, now public opinion will no longer brook its postponement by designing politicians, who may still seek to make party capital out of it by continued agitation.

The views of the President should be read

and treasured by all until we see and hear the "Iron Horse" puffing and snorting its own advent across the plains to the Pacific.

THE MORMON REBELLION.—Upon this subject there seems to be a diversity of opinion as to the treatment or course proper to be pursued by the Government. Nearly all are ready to admit the necessity of its immediate suppression ; and yet there are not wanting those who are advocating measures that, if carried out, would tend rather to strengthen the rebellion, than to crush it.

Of this class, are those who at every opportunity are endeavoring to lead the public mind to the belief that the Mormons are the best abused, and best persecuted people, at this time, upon the face of the earth ; and solely on account of their religious faith and social condition, when nothing can be further from the truth.

As a people, they have been permitted to occupy United States territory, with all their peculiar religious doctrines and social practices, undisturbed. All that the Government has ever asked of them, is obedience to the same laws that characterise the government of other Territories of the Republic.

They have never been asked, much less compelled, to abjure any portion of their strange creeds, or put away one of their many wives ; and yet, as if knowing they were committing a great moral wrong, are so exceedingly sensative, that the slightest appearance of a desire on the part of the Government to see that the laws are properly administered among them, is met a

once with the hypocritical rant and cry of persecution.

As religionists, they seem to be a positive anomaly; not willing that their social practices shall be fully known or made the subject of argument or hardly comment, and take offence at nothing so quickly as to be called a Mormon or bigamist, thus indicating that there is something they themselves know to be wrong in their social condition.

You may call the first man you meet a Methodist, the next an Episcopalian, the next Baptist, and the only rejoinder you get is—"Well, what of it?" But in journeying over the plains, and while passing through Utah, you call a man a Mormon—and one who really is—and you do it at the peril of your property and even life.

But why this sensitiveness? Simply because they know that their very practices as Mormons, have sunk them low in the scale of a civilized morality; so that there is no necessity for an argument to prove their social degradation.

But not for this, have they ever been persecuted, unless calling them Mormons—just what they profess to be—is persecution.

It is evidently nothing but the fear of justice being meted out to them, in accordance with their just deserts and positive crimes, that causes them to dread the proper administration of the laws, in accordance with former precedent and usage, in other territories.

It should not require the first breath of argument to show, that such a state of things cannot be tolerated long under any government, without weakening, to some extent, the moral strength of that government.

This is now the relative position of the Mormons with the Government; one or the other—to use a homely but expressive phrase—must "weaken." Either Mormonism, with all its social horrors, and open rebellion against the Government, must be permitted to go on in all its rampancy, increasing in its strength, with the increase of its devotees, or it must be crushed out.

Nor is it enough simply, that they be permitted to leave United States territory; they must be made to feel the power of the Government they have abused and defied; and for the wrongs and crimes and treason, already perpetrated, should be taught that justice and the honor of the Nation require

something at their hands, that should stand as a precedent, a warning beacon to all future rebellionists.

FINANCIAL DAYLIGHT TO CALIFORNIA.—

From Gov. Johnson's second, and last, annual message—and we think his political enemies will do him the justice to admit that both of his annual messages have been characterized by considerable ability; but, unfortunately for himself and the State's interest, his views did not receive the respect and support of the Legislature to which they were entitled; and the result was, that in spirit as well as letter they became comparatively dead—from Gov. Johnson's message, we repeat, we learn that daylight, financially, is breaking upon California. That, we know, to those who love her, will be good news; but let us show the fact by figures.

The expenditures for 1855 were..	\$1,427,517 07
The receipts for the same period were.....	990,848 87
The excess of expenditures for that year were.....	\$436,668 20

The expenditures for 1856 were..	\$1,030,912 19
Receipts for the same year were..	886,023 48

Excess of expenditures for 1856..	\$144,888 71
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And during the past year, ending the 31st of December, 1857, the receipts were.....	\$1,152,234 09
The expenditures for the same period were.....	699,803 94

Excess of receipts for 1857.....	\$452,430 15
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From the foregoing it will be perceived that the expenditures of the year 1857, ending with the thirty-first day of December last, were *less than one-half* of the expenditures for the corresponding time in the last year of the preceding administration; and the *excess of receipts* during the year 1857 were greater than the *deficiency* for the year 1855; and for the two past years the receipts have *exceeded* the expenditures \$307,541 44, and without resort being had to an additional tax upon the property of our citizens.

The total bonded debt of the State is \$3,900,000. Now, providing the amount collected from customs in California, before her admission into the Union, is refunded by the general government—which in all fairness it ought to be, after deducting the moneys expended for her benefit—the account would stand thus:

Total amount collected in 1848, 1849, and 1850.....	\$2,968,788 40
Expenses during that time.....	262,268 27

Balance due California.....	\$2,705,512 13
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When the sum due from the general government is paid, it will stand thus:

State Debt.....	\$3,900,000 00
From U. S. Government.....	2,705,512 13
Actual State Debt.....	\$1,194,487 87

That amount of debt in a State which possesses an acknowledged taxable property already to the extent of \$140,000,000, besides sending away from eighty to one hundred millions annually, we think will show that there is nothing whatever to stand in the way of our future greatness, with all the political mismanagement for which California in the past has been proverbial—especially should her future course be that of justice, prudence, and economy.

On the eighth ult. came the inauguration of a new Governor (and of a new era, we hope) for California, when the Hon. John B. Weller was formally invested with the important duties and responsibilities of that office. His inaugural address, as "coming events cast their shadows," indicates his fu-

ture course. Firm, temperate, prudent, suggestive of watchfulness for the public good; it invited the confidence of the people, and the coöperation of both branches of the legislature to the earnest work committed to their care. We confess that we shall be much mistaken if the session just commenced, be not the brightest and most useful California has ever seen.

On the fourth day of January last, the seventh Session of the California Legislature was convened. On the morning of the eighth, we looked in upon them as they sat; and although their acts alone can tell their strength of mind, purity of motive and earnestness of purpose: yet their clear and open countenances gave us the fullest confidence in their integrity and business ability.

If wrong is done it will be because the new members are not sufficiently watchful against the influence of the designing ones, whose every thought will be to perpetuate the disgraceful practices of past legislators; but most earnestly and reverently we say may God forbid, and they prevent.

Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

J. G.—We will most certainly do so.

Rosa L., Sonora.—Our advice would be this—*be careful.* Admiration is not love, by any means. True, it may sometimes become the index and pathway thereto, but should never be mistaken for it, or the discovery might come too late. We may admire a beautiful painting, or a fine figure, or the good and noble qualities of an individual; yet we opine that such a feeling of admiration is very far from that known as love—"the heart's elixir of life." It is better to think and judge before than after marriage.

A Vermonter.—We shall be most happy to find it a place in the magazine; but why didn't you send us your name? It puzzles us to know why men sending such articles as yours, should omit it. Neither yourself or any one else need ever think that under any circumstances the name would be made public.

Ichabod.—Send us your name and address.

G. H., Mormon Island.—Yours is received, for which we shall find a place.

C. A.—No. All foreign letters should invariably be paid in money, inasmuch as any letter not *fully paid* is considered and treated as *wholly unpaid*, according to treaty stipulations with foreign governments.

L.—Yours is not *quite* good enough for a corner, although a very fair beginning. Keep trying.

Sonora.—When a lady is in the case, it is O. K. we suppose, and the voice shall be listened to, providing the pieces are not too long.

***.—The sketches are in process of engraving.

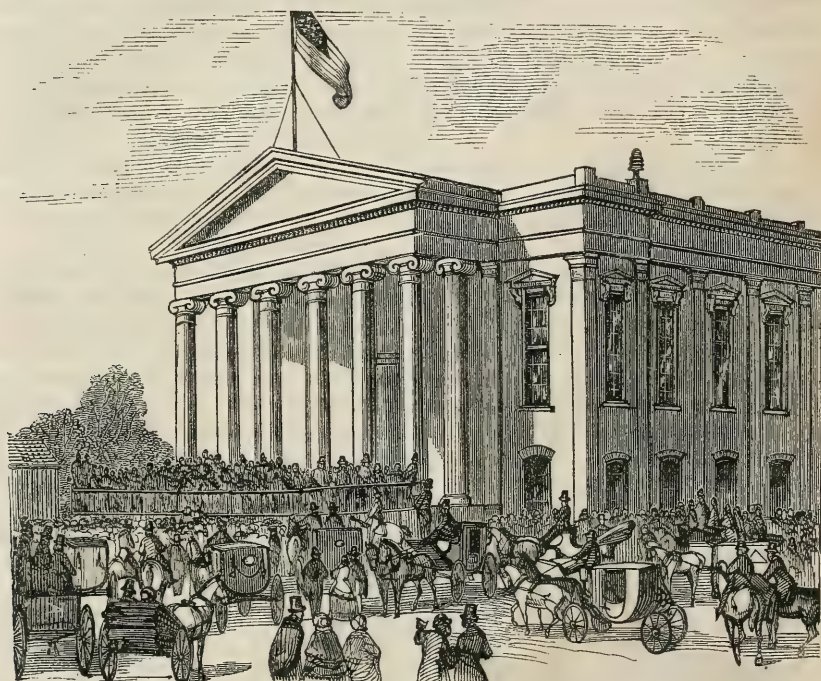
RECEIVED.—"Friends of my Youth"—"S. M. H."—"Where are the Forty-Niners?"—"Lights and Shadows"—"I am Coming, Dearest"—"A. A., Yuba Co."—"A Memory"—and several others.

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

MARCH, 1858.

No. 9.



CAPITOL AT SACRAMENTO DURING THE INAUGURATION OF GOV. JOHN B. WELLER, JAN. 8, 1858.

[From a Photograph by W. Dickman, Sacramento.]

THE STATE CAPITOL AT SACRAMENTO.

After the vote of the Legislature of California had passed, Feb. 25th, 1854, to remove the Capitol from Benicia to Sacramento, it of course became necessary to have some suitable building in which to meet, and as the court-house,

the use of which was tendered by that city to the State, was too small and inconvenient, on the 27th of September, 1854, the foundation stone was laid for the present Capitol. It was erected with so much vigor as to be completed and dedicated on the 29th of December following. The building, with the portico, is one hundred and fifty feet in length,

by eighty feet in width, and contains two large halls; the Assembly Chamber being seventy-two feet in length by forty-two feet in width, and twenty-five feet in height, with a gallery capable of holding one hundred and fifty persons; the Senate Chamber is seventy feet in length by thirty-five in width, and the same length as the Assembly Chamber, with a gallery capable of holding one hundred persons. In addition to these halls there are fifteen large rooms suitable for offices and committees.

The building was erected by the city of Sacramento, at a cost of \$200,000; for the use of which the State is paying, as rent, \$4,000 per month, or at the rate of twenty-four per cent. per annum as interest.

EXECUTIVE AND STATE OFFICERS OF CALIFORNIA.



[From an Ambrotype by S. Selleck.]

JOHN B. WELLER,

GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

The subject of this sketch was born February 22d, (Washington's birth-day,)

1813, in the County of Hamilton, State of Ohio, and received his education in the Miami University at Oxford, Butler Co. At the age of eighteen, he commenced the study of law, under Jesse Corwin, (brother to the distinguished Tom Corwin, Secretary of the Treasury under President Fillmore,) and at twenty was admitted to the bar. At twenty-one he was elected by the people of his county as Prosecuting Attorney, his tutor in the law being his competitor; and at the close of his term was reelected to the same office. At twenty-four, and before his second term had ended, he was elected to represent the counties of Butler, Preble, and Darke, in Congress, and took his seat with that body in December, 1839. He was twice reelected to the same honorable position, closing his career in the House of Representatives, March 4th, 1845; peremptorily declining again to become a candidate.

Upon the call being made, upon Ohio, for volunteers for the war with Mexico, he raised a company in his county, called the "Butler Guards," of which he was chosen Captain; and at the forming of the first Regiment of Ohio Volunteers, he was elected Lieut. Colonel. Being on Gen. Taylor's line of march, he actively participated in the battle of Monterey; when, the Colonel of the Regiment being wounded, the command fell on Lieut. Col. Weller; when he led his command into the heat of the action; at which time a considerable number of his men fell to rise no more.

At the close of the war he returned to his family, and again commenced the practice of his profession; but was not long allowed to remain in private life; for, on the 8th of January, 1848, the Democratic Convention of Ohio nominated him as their candidate for Governor; when he entered spiritedly into the campaign, which was one of the most exciting that ever occurred. He, however, failed of his election by 320 votes, in a poll of over 300,000.

In January, 1849, he was appointed by

President Polk to run and mark the boundary line between the U. S. and Mexico; and in May of the same year he arrived at San Diego for that purpose. In a few months he had surveyed a large portion of the line, when he was recalled by Gen. Taylor's administration, and Col. Fremont appointed in his stead; but as Col. F. was at the time a candidate for the U. S. Senate, he did not relieve Col. Weller; and, succeeding in his election, he finally declined the appointment.

In 1850 Col. W. was relieved by Major Emory, when he repaired to San Francisco and again commenced the practice of his profession.

In 1851, when a successor to Col. Fremont was to be elected, Col. W. was pressed by his friends upon the Legislature, but from various dissensions in the democratic party no election took place.

The following year Col. Weller and D. C. Broderick were the principal candidates to the U. S. Senate, from California; and after a long and excited struggle, Col. W. was elected, and took his seat in Washington city, April, 1852.

From the first he seems to have taken a prominent position in that body, becoming Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, and a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

While thus engaged, he secured the passage of many excellent measures; and, among others, the Wagon Road and Overland Mail Bill; and came within two votes of securing the passage of the Pacific Railroad Bill, and several large appropriations for the benefit of California.

In January, 1857, D. C. Broderick was elected his successor, from the 4th of March following, by a vote in the Democratic caucus of forty-one for Mr. B. to thirty-five for Mr. W.; and which, considering that the latter was absent at Washington, was certainly very flattering. Upon the intelligence of his defeat reaching Washington, nineteen of his old colleagues in the Senate introduced and

recommended him to the attention of Mr. Buchanan, for a seat in his Cabinet.

In May, 1857, he returned to California, and was nominated by the Democratic State Convention, for Governor, over J. W. McCorkle, by a vote of two hundred and fifty-two to sixty; and at the September election he received a majority of 32,082 votes over Stanley, 33,641 over Bowie, and 12,601 over both.

For the future history of John B. Weller, we must refer the reader to his acts; they will tell it faithfully, and, we doubt not, to the honor of himself, and the benefit of California.



[From a Photograph by W. Dickman.]

JOSEPH WALKUP,
LIEUT. GOVERNOR.

Joseph Walkup, the present Lieut. Governor of California, was born 1823, in Miami county, Ohio—to which State his parents had removed from Virginia in 1812. There he followed farming, the occupation of his father, until the age of nineteen, when he learned the trade of a carpenter and joiner, which he followed for eight years. In 1849 he left his native State to cross the Plains for California, where he arrived in the month of

August of the same year, and settled in Auburn, (now the county town of Placer,) where he engaged in merchandizing, until 1851; at which time he sold out his store to reside on a ranch in the western portion of Placer county, where for the last six years he has followed the peaceful arts of agriculture, and the raising and dealing in stock.

While in his native State he took an active interest in political life as a working democrat, and has continued so to do in the State of his adoption. In 1851 he was chosen president of the board of commissioners to organize the county of Placer. The same year he was sent as a delegate to the first Democratic State Convention. In 1852 he was elected State Senator from Placer county on the democratic ticket; and in 1856 was re-elected to the same position. This he filled up to the time of his nomination for Lieut. Governor, in 1857, when he resigned his senatorial charge and was elected to his present honorable post; the difficult duties of which he seemed well qualified to discharge.

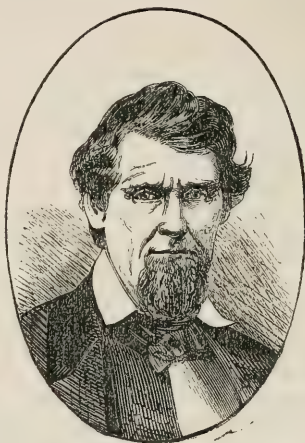
Mr. W. is now thirty-five years of age, and single; but, in our opinion, if he wishes to set a good example to the young people of this juvenile giant of a State, he will not omit to appoint a committee of one, (and that one himself,) to inquire into the policy and chances of his becoming a Benedict at as early a day as may be deemed convenient and expedient, when we hope his report (to himself) will be extremely favorable for so desirable a consummation.

FERRIS FORMAN,

SECRETARY OF STATE,

Is a native of the State of New York, from which he emigrated in 1835 to Illinois, where he was appointed U. S. District Attorney. In 1845 he was elected to the Senate of his adopted State, where he served for one session; but, on being chosen Colonel of the 3d Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, he resigned his

seat, and repaired to Mexico. He was present, with his Regiment, at Vera Cruz during the siege, and at the battle of Cerro Gordo, where, on each occasion, he behaved himself as became a soldier and a gentlemen. In 1850 he emigrated to California. He was Post Master of Sacramento city for four years, during the whole term of the late Administration,



[From a Photograph by W. Dickman.]

and was successful in discharging the duties of his office to the satisfaction of the public. In January, 1858, he was appointed to the position he now occupies; and in which he possesses the fullest confidence of those who know him best, that his duties will be performed with honesty and capability.

THOMAS FINDLEY,

TREASURER.

Mr. Findley is by birth a Pennsylvanian, and is now twenty-seven years old. His parents being Covenanters he was educated under the rigid teachings of their principles. He was somewhat unlike many other young men—who unscrupulously tread the moral and religious teachings of their parents beneath their feet, with secret indifference if not with open contempt;—for, with him, it has been his highest aim and greatest pleas-

ure to follow the advice of his excellent mother.

In 1852 he came to California and went to Rough and Ready, where he submitted to the by no means agreeable introduction of a three months sickness. Upon his recovery he was nearly one thousand dollars in debt, and, like others, he saw the necessity of taking off his coat to commence work in earnest; and, although unaccustomed to labor, he began it with a will. His first employment was teaming; at this he continued, without losing a working day, until he had saved sufficient to open a store on his own account, which he did, at Grass Valley, Nevada county. Having succeeded well, and taken good care of his own business, in September last he was elected, on the Democratic ticket, to take care of the money of the State. The men who became his bondsmen for Treasurer never knew him before coming to California; but as he never gambled one cent, was never intoxicated, and never loafed around saloons or other place, (very different is he to many prominent California politicians of the past,) there was some guarantee that neither themselves nor the State run much risk in having such a man in such an important and responsible position.

It is a sign, expressive of the improved condition of California, when moral and honorable men are elected to positions of honor and trust, instead of gamblers and bar-room brawlers; through whom we have paid so high a price for inefficient legislation, and whose actions have for a brief moment cast a cloud of disgrace upon our fair name and fame. Unfortunately, too, this has been done by men of various shades of political faith, so that one party alone can not charge dishonorable personal acts upon the other.

The only charge that we have against him is, that he is "single" (!) instead of double, for we think as his first main pride and glory has been never to disgrace his mother and his friends, that,

next to perpetuating this, he should "love, honor and cherish" some fair dame, with whom he may follow the worthy example of his father and his mother; and, while enjoying the pleasures of domestic life, prove that the future of our young State is neither forgotten nor overlooked.

[It is with much regret we find that, owing to the lateness of the hour Mr. F.'s portrait was received, the engraver has not been able to finish it in time for this month's issue; but it will appear in our next.]



[From a Photograph by W. Dickman.]

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS,

ATTORNEY GENERAL,

Was born in Monticello, Kentucky, on the 18th of May, 1828. He studied law with his father, Sherrod Williams, of Louisville, Kentucky. Started to this country by way of the plains, in 1849. Reached here in 1850, stopping at Placerville, El Dorado Co., in which county he has since resided, with his family. He was elected, in 1851, to the office of District Attorney, which office he held for two years. Since that time he has been in the practice of his profession until he was elected Attorney General of the State, on the Democratic ticket, in the fall of 1857.



[From a Photograph by W. Dickman.]

G. W. WHITMAN,
CONTROLLER,

Is forty-six years old, a native of Greenboro County, Virginia, where he resided until the age of seventeen, when he removed to Chillicothe, Ohio; from whence, after a two years residence there, he emigrated to Wayne county, Indiana, and where, for fourteen years, he followed the trade of a cabinet-maker. After this he studied and practiced law, and for three years was Judge of the Probate Court of Indiana, which office he resigned in the spring of 1849, to come to California. Arriving here *via* Cape Horn, he made his way to Mariposa county, where he followed mining until 1853, and then removed to Tuolumne county, to engage in mining and lumbering, until his election to the State Controllorship, on the American ticket, in September, 1856. His term of office expired January, 1858; but J. W. Mandeville, of Tuolumne county, not accepting the office, to which he was elected in September last, no successor was chosen as provided by law; and although Gov. Weller has appointed A. R. Meloney, of San Joaquin, to the Controllorship, Mr. Whitman declines vacating his office until his successor is duly elected. Many reasons may perhaps

have suggested this as the better course for him to pursue under the circumstances; and, among others, that the cloud may be effectually removed which, for a time, rested upon his honor and fame by the apparent complicity of his accounts with those of Bates and Rowe. To defend himself against this charge doubtless very much impoverished him; and, having a large family to provide for, he must feel anxious that a double purpose may yet be accomplished: first, fully to establish his former honorable reputation; and next, that his family should not suffer from the necessity he was under of using the means that he possessed, in his defence, which, by right, should have been devoted to their support. From our past personal knowledge of him, we confess that we are much mistaken if some praiseworthy motive is not at the bottom of his action now.



[From a Photograph by W. Dickman.]

ANDREW J. MOULDER,

SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,

Is a native of Washington City, D. C., and is now thirty-two years old. He was educated in Columbian College, Alexandria, Virginia. At the age of sixteen he was a teacher of mathematics in the largest Academy in Virginia; in which State he continued to teach for eight

years; and, during that time studied law. In 1850, he emigrated to California, bringing extensive machinery across the Isthmus (in company with seven others) for working quartz, and arrived in Mariposa, in July of the same year. Having tried quartz mining with the usual fate of such enterprises—at that early day—the mine was abandoned, and the company disbanded. Mr. M. then settled in San Francisco and became attached to the S. F. Herald as Assistant Editor, and so continued for six years. In May 1856, he was elected Comptroller of the City of San Francisco, on the Democratic ticket, by a handsome majority, when half of the candidates on the same ticket were defeated; and after holding office through the great excitement occasioned by the Vigilance Committee, he had the good fortune to perform his duties and retire at the close of his term, with commendations from the press. In Nov. 1856, he was elected Superintendent of Public Instruction, and although in the heat of the Vigilance excitement, and somewhat obnoxious to many, from his connection with the Young Men's Democratic Club, he received the largest vote of any, on the Democratic State Ticket, from his fellow citizens of San Francisco. His term of office commenced Jan. 1st, 1857, and expires in January 1860.

Among other improvements proposed, to make education more efficient, he has taken strong grounds in favor of establishing a University in California, on the Military plan, and which seems to meet with favorable consideration from the public. His office confers upon him an important mission to the young of our State; and, when his term ceases, it is our earnest wish that every parent may have cause to say of him "well done."

HORACE A. HIGLEY,

SURVEYOR GENERAL,

Was born at Pensacola, Florida, May, 1828, and consequently is now in his thirtieth year.

Having completed his studies at Lan-



[From a Photograph by W. Dickman.]

caster, Pa., and St. Paul's College, Long Island, at the age of eighteen he entered the employ of the U. S. Engineer Department, engaged in the construction of fortifications in Charleston Harbor, S. C., where he remained until March, 1849, at which time he started for California, and arrived, by Panama, at San Francisco, in August of the same year. He made his way immediately to Sutter's saw-mill, (then considered the most attractive district in the mines,) for the purpose of mining; and in this business he continued, there and at several other places, until November, 1851. In January, 1852, he joined the U. S. Surveying party, and remained in the same service until April, 1853, when he was elected County Surveyor of Alameda County, at the time of its first organization, and has since been reelected to the same office. In September, 1857, he was elected Surveyor General of this State, for two years, and entered upon the duties of his office January 1st, 1858. Mr. H. was a Deputy U. S. Surveyor, for three years, under Col. John C. Hays, U. S. Surveyor General.

Unfortunately for Mr. Higley and the State, although an excellent Surveyor, he has not yet run the line from single-blessedness to matrimony, as the base-line of a survey for his future happiness.

TEHUANTEPEC.

NO. II.

When I last wrote to you, I was in Tehuantepec, and I am in Tehuantepec still, in good health and spirits. My last, containing a description of our voyage to this place, and the final wreck of our little schooner in Ventoso Bay, I sent by mail, and which I hope you have long since received. I am without books, without drawing-paper or colors, having lost all by the wreck, and there is nothing of the kind to be had here.

Most of the passengers who arrived here from California with us, have either left or are about leaving, by various routes—some to the city of Mexico, others to Vera Cruz, Acapulco and New Orleans; having been much disappointed in not finding the transit route in active operation; thereby holding out no inducements for them to remain and follow the different vocations incident to the travel, which they expected; but there is plenty for them to do here if they are only enterprising enough to “take hold, hold on, and never let go.” A few days since a small schooner arrived from Guatamala, with goods, when she was caught in the act of smuggling them ashore; and vessel, crew and owner, (who is an American), were seized by the authorities and taken good care of; the supercargo, however, made his escape. The affair was so badly managed [!] that detection was inevitable. The authorities are disposed to be lenient towards foreigners, and unless an act is committed which is too barefaced, they are disposed to pass it over. I will here state that we have been very kindly received and welcomed by all; and a disposition to encourage emigration is manifested, by the tone and manner of the people towards ourselves. With us, they say that this beautiful land should no longer remain in its primitive state; and that it is high time its abundant resources should be developed; and it will take the Americanos del Norte to do it.

By the way, some of our enterprising Californians have already commenced operations on an extensive scale. A couple of gentlemen, who came down recently, have purchased the land lying around the Bay of Ventoso, which is the Pacific terminus of the road, and laid it off into a city, called “Commonfort.” The Mexican who owned the land is also interested. I look upon this scheme as one destined to be of great interest and importance. These gentlemen, who are the first to undertake the foundation of a city where one is already so much needed, will ultimately be well repaid for their trouble, (and they have gone to no little, as well as expense, in finding out the proper owners, and obtaining satisfactory title deeds to the property; one of whom had to go to Mexico before every thing could be completed.)

The locality of this embryo city is invested with many natural and commercial advantages. The plan is laid on the bay of Ventoso, the northern portion resting upon the Tehuantepec river, which here disembogues into the sea; and the south-west upon the bay or inlet of Salina Cruz, whilst the land extending back is level, rich, and covered with the most beautiful trees; altogether, the locality is advantageous, healthy, picturesque and pleasant. The Bay of Ventoso is ample and safe, except when a south-east gale blows immediately into it, which causes the landing to be rough; but this rarely occurs, I am told, and although it happened when our vessel came in, I have not seen it so since. The break-water, however, which is to be built by the Tehuantepec road company, will remedy this defect. The company are pushing ahead the work to be done upon the road before its completion, the most important of which are the bridges, and they have already been contracted for, and the workmen are engaged upon them. The largest one will be at this place, Tehuantepec city; the road in every other respect is completed. These bridges will, I am informed, be constructed for the railroad,

as well as the coaches which precede it.

The city of Tehuantepec is most picturesquely located on the eastern shore of the Tehuantepec river, twelve miles from Ventoso bay; in the rear rise the hills, overgrown with perpetual verdure; leading off to the right and left are extensive wooded vallies, interspersed by gardens, orchards, orange-groves, and small fields called "milpas," cultivated by the Indians. Throughout these vallies traverse pleasant roads and paths, lined with flowers, and over-arched with the branches of different kinds of trees, mingled with the bright plumage of the many songsters—diffusing a freshness which is perfectly delightful to the traveler. From some locations in the city, the view is surpassingly grand. Looking west, with the winding river, and its beachy shores, with its hundreds of bathers—men, women, and children—in the fore-ground; the village of Santa Maria upon the opposite side, with its churches and domes; the dark green valleys, with towering palms skirting the river's banks; then the mountains, covered with eternal verdure, rising one above the other in the back-ground, till they are lost in the distance, or mingle with the blue of the sky; the picture has a charm which one never tires of gazing upon.

The road from here to Ventoso is equal to any turnpike, being level, smooth, hard, and dry, and shaded all the way by the natural growth of the forest; it is thereby rendered doubly attractive to the passenger. The women of this place think nothing of walking to and from



ZAPOTECO WOMEN GOING TO MARKET.

Ventoso upon this road in a day, with a basket of fruit or fish upon their heads.

The climate is everything one could desire, and the health of the place is good; disease is brought on only by imprudence, and the use of bad liquor, in which the natives are prone to indulge too freely. Intemperance and revolutions are fast thinning out the men, whilst the women are on the increase; and outnumber them considerably at this time. The population of Tehuantepec is about thirteen thousand, and composed mostly of Zapoteco Indians, a remnant of the once powerful Aztecs, who inhabited this region at the time of the conquest; two-thirds of which are women—gentle, inoffensive, docile, and, to all outward appearances, cheerful and happy; but the influences of oppression and priest-

craft have made them deplorably ignorant, superstitious, and blindly fanatical. The women, as a general thing, are good looking and cleanly, and some we might call handsome. Their dress is exceedingly primitive and original; a piece of cotton cloth of their own manufacture, containing about six yards, is confined to the waist, and falls down to the ancles; whilst the breast is covered with a loose, thin piece of calico called *huepil*. Their

head-dress is indescribable, but, at the same time, an important part of their attire. The cotton cloth, which they manufacture on small hand-loom, is a very good article of the kind, and on account of the rich dye with which it is colored, is very expensive. The women do all the vending in market—in fact almost all the traffic in the place; and it is not an unfrequent occurrence that you will see the streets full of women, passing and re-



FRONT VIEW OF THE PARROQUI, A VENERABLE CHURCH, BUILT BY COCLOJOPI, CACIQUE OF THE ZAPOTECOS, IN THE YEAR 1530.

passing to and from market, carrying on their heads (upon which they carry every thing,) their purchases, or their wares to sell, to the entire exclusion of men. There seems to have been no interest taken in advancing the civilization of these truly apt people; on the contrary they have been kept back; and it is really to be lamented, that they have retrograded from that progress of civilization which they

had attained under the rule of the Montezumas. If a different race of mankind, with a different religion, had settled among these people, and instituted a beneficent process of culture, how far they might have been advanced in the progress of the age, let those who now witness their degradation judge. Under the guise of friendship to the poor Indian, the priests, who claim to be of the Holy

Catholic Church, keep them in the deepest ignorance, and as subject to their will and commands, as the veriest slave. It is a disgrace to the name of religion that they should wield such power upon any part of this continent; which should be free and enlightened. Their own examples of the basest immorality are enough to make any enlightened Catholic blush for his religion, and in a civilized community would never be tolerated.

Tehuantepec contains sixteen churches, and numerous good and solid buildings, that were erected many years ago by the early Spaniards. There is one church still standing, that was built by the last Cacique of the Zapotecos, in the year 1530; it is yet in good preservation. But they are all becoming much dilapidated; no repairs are ever made, and when a building begins to fall to ruins, the owner retires to a cane hut, somewhere in the suburbs, which is easily constructed, and costs nothing, and where he continues to dream away his days in listless inertness, thinking of nothing as suggestive of caring for the morrow. Will not some kind hand awaken them from this lethargy?

The market-place on the principal plaza is not the least important feature of Tehuantepec. It is a popular place of resort for women, children, dogs, donkeys, pigs, and loafers. There is nothing particularly interesting about the market-house itself, which is a long tile-covered shed; but to see from fifteen hundred to two thousand women, mostly seated on the ground, with their different articles to sell before them, dressed in their peculiar fashion, with their snow-white and curious dresses, with scarcely a man among them, all jabbering at the height of their voices, presents a scene novel in the extreme.

There are several plazas in the place, besides some very pretty flower-gardens in the outskirts, beautiful walks, and drives, too, (if there were any carriages and horses to drive,) leading off in different directions from the city, free from annoying insects or bad air.

About five leagues in a westerly direction from Tehuantepec, and towering far above its neighbors, is *Mont Guíngola*, upon whose summit are the ruins of an ancient Aztec city, of which the present generation know nothing. Shortly I shall



RUDE CROSS AND OFFERINGS IN THE WOODS OF TEHUANTEPEC.

visit these ruins, and tell you what I saw there.

With my gun, and an Indian boy to carry the game, I ramble about in the

woods; and which, ever gives me the greatest of pleasure and satisfaction. There is so much that is interesting, novel and wonderful in nature about this re-

gion, that I never tire of wandering among the primitive forests, some portions of which are scarcely ever trodden by man in these days. The vestiges of ruined cities that I frequently stumble upon, overgrown by the most dense of forests, speak in a sad and voiceless language of a mighty people long since passed away.

The Indians of the present day, who claim to be converted to the Catholic faith, are as singular in their ideas of religion as their forefathers were; their minds are clouded with superstition, and the images which we find in the churches, tend to increase that disposition. I frequently meet with indications of such in the rude and decayed crosses, made of rotten branches of trees, fastened together by withs, and stuck up in some secluded spot in the woods; where, strewn around the foot of these, will be found offerings of different articles of pottery, some broken and dilapidated, withered branches of plantain leaves, flowers, corn-husks, and dried fruit. How long such a state of things will continue in this neglected land remains to be seen; a land, too, for which the beautiful hand of Nature has done so much. The material is here: resources that have lain for ages beneath a climate so pure and so genial to the happiness of man, cannot remain much longer in this torpid state; the time is drawing near when the veil will be lifted, and this land awakened from its dreams—"The rose will be made to bloom where late the wilderness grew"—and this change must be wrought by the *Americanos del Norte*. So says

WANDERER.

One would suppose that ours was becoming a strong common sense age, but to read the following difference of opinion, (from the Shasta Republican) he might hesitate to affirm such on oath:—

A VERDICT AS IS A VERDICT.—A rather amusing Coroner's inquest was recently held at the Half Way House, between Brigsville and Cottonwood, on the body of a colored man, by the name of James Edmonson. A

coroner's jury was summoned, and witnesses (attendants through the sickness of deceased) examined, whose evidence being reduced to writing, clearly showed that deceased died a natural death. The evidence being carefully weighed by the jury they returned the following verdict:—

We find, after careful and due investigation of the evidence given in regard to deceased, that the deceased came to his death by the *visitation of God*.

The Coroner, probably, being of a different opinion, returns the following as the verdict:—

James Edmonson died a natural death; but under symptoms of the inflammation of the bowels.

[The following devout and feeling lines are the first fruits of remembrance, from an esteemed friend, after one year of severe suffering, the writer of which our readers will immediately recognize as being among the very first of our contributors, and, with us, will again give her a most cordial welcome and heartfelt greeting.]

I breathe once more the free, fresh air;
Look again on the world, so bright and fair;
And my heart goes up with a song of praise
To Him who, in mercy, prolonged my days.

Long weeks I've lain on a couch of pain,
And hoped for relief, till hope seemed vain.
Hushed were loved voices, darkened the room,
And swift gathered round me the shades of the tomb.

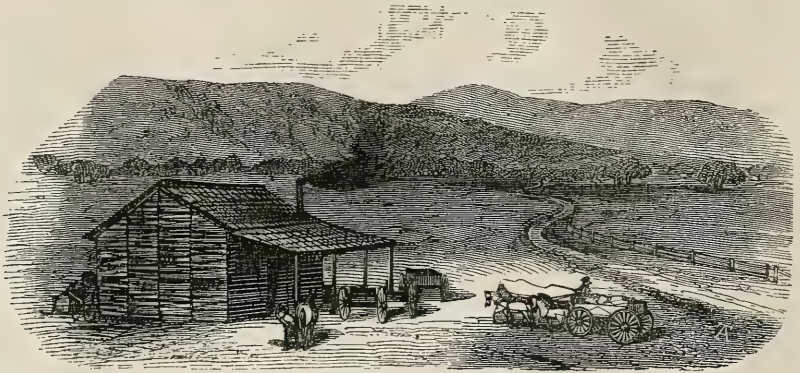
But a cry went up to our Father, God—
"Divine Creator, spare the rod!"
And He, who hears when mortals pray,
Nor ever turns his ear away,

In answer to "that heart-felt prayer"
From bursting hearts low bending there,
Spake the glad words—"Arise, and live!
New lease of life to thee I give."

I breathe once more the free fresh air,
And look on all things bright and fair;
But a still, small voice is whispering to me,
Live for a purpose, CARRIE D.

O ye, who for me poured forth prayer,
When near my Home—yea, almost there—
Pray for me now. Amid life's cares,
Faltering and weak, I need your prayers.

San Francisco, Feb. 15, 1858.



VIEW OF VACA VALLEY.

[From an Ambrotype by McKown & Bishop.]

VACA VALLEY.

This valley takes its name from one of the proprietors of the Vaca and Peña grant, which grant includes the greater portion of it; abroad, however, it is more generally known as Barker valley. It is situated in Solano county, about midway between Sacramento and Benicia, being about thirty miles in a north-easterly direction from the latter place.

The Napa range of mountains, which is a spur of the Coast Range, extends along the valley on the west; while it is walled in, on the east, by an isolated range of mountains, which extend from the Putah river to the southern extremity of the valley. South and east, from this range of mountains, is a vast plain, extending to the Sacramento river on the east, and the Protrarie and Montezuma hills on the south. This plain has lately been settled up very rapidly, and, ere long, the whole of it will be under cultivation.

The grand land-mark, Monte Diablo, is nearly all visible from the southern portion of the valley; whilst, from the same place, can be distinctly seen the far-off summits of the Nevadas. Thus it will be seen that this valley possesses an extent and richness of scenery unsurpassed by

any in the State, and presents that variety, which so eminently characterizes California scenery; and which, forms a principal element of the pleasing. There is a creek on either side of the valley, and the resources for water are good. Vacaville, from which the above view is taken, is a small town, consisting of two stores, saloons, blacksmith and wagon shops, a hotel and several dwellings. It contains a high school, numerous attended. A move is on foot to have organized a Lodge of Odd Fellows, there being a fine hall in the place suitable for the same. This is the most convenient place of trade for the citizens of the valley and adjoining county, and so bids fair to be a considerable place in the future.

The timber, seen on the mountain-side, is principally scrub oak or chaparral and Manzanita—that in the valley is but a larger growth of the scrub and white oak; there is also much live oak.

The greatest width of Vaca valley is about three miles, whilst its average is about one and a half miles, and length eight miles; making an area of about twelve square miles, nearly the entire amount of which is at present in cultivation. The growing of wheat and barley occupies the attention of the farmers generally, but other products are extensively

cultivated. Large quantities of broom-corn have been raised during the past year, for which a ready market is found in San Francisco.

The average yield of small grain per acre is from thirty-five to forty bushels, which can be disposed of to buyers on the ground, or transported to the nearest shipping point—Suisun city—which is eight miles from Vacaville—and thence shipped to San Francisco or Sacramento.

The farmers are all flourishing, and the only possible drawback is the unsettled state of the land titles. Whilst these remain as they are, little or no permanent improvement can be made; the citizens being unwilling to risk the loss of their time and means in improving that land which they may not reasonably hope to obtain in any other way other than by the payment of exorbitant prices.

The population of the valley proper is about three hundred; but within a few miles south there is more than double that number. If the population be judged by the number of Christian denominations, they can certainly at least be considered a church-going people; as there are Reformers, Methodists—North and South—Missionary Baptists, and Presbyterians. The churches are well attended. There are two public schools in the valley, in addition to the one at Vacaville; so that, amid the general prosperity, the intellect and education of the young are not neglected.

In short, Vaca Valley is possessed of all the advantages which can be enjoyed by any other in the State. A line of daily stages passes through it from Napa to Sacramento, thus connecting it with all the points below and above. The salubrity of the climate and fertility of the soil, taken in connection with its other advantages, will continue to make it one of the most desirable localities in the State.

Never wait to ask yourself the consequences of performing a good act—do it like a man, and leave the result itself to acquit or condemn you.

A NIGHT ON THE SACRAMENTO.

It was about the middle of November, '52—how well I remember it. I was at the time a resident of San Francisco, and business calling me to the upper country, I bid my friends an affectionate farewell, and jumped on board—not the “telegraph”—but the good steamer ———. A few taps of the bell—a few turns of the wheel, and we were off, bound for Sacramento. Steamboat traveling is sometimes pleasant, but often tedious—to be one of a mixed crowd; knowing no one, and no one knowing you—caring for no one, and no one caring for you—to be alone, yet not alone—and perhaps jostled upon every side, is any thing but pleasant—and even if one feels disposed to sit aside and commune with himself, the confusion of many voices, mingled with the din of machinery, makes one nervous, and renders it next to impossible.

Upon this occasion I worried the time away 'till past midnight, when I found myself one of about seventy-five in the lower cabin, the greater proportion of whom had “turned in;” of the balance, some were reading, and others enjoying a little game of—I think they called it “Poker”—and there was something said about a small *aunt*y, but I didn't see her. Near the table, and with a white apron tied around his little waist, his left hand resting upon his hip, while in his right he held a small silver salver, stood little “Bob.” He was an attaché of the boat, and by his attentive and gentlemanly deportment, had become the *pet* of every one who traveled upon it. He would, I should judge, stand about four feet in his shoes, and it was said that he had seen the frost of thirty winters, and that he had a wife, and I don't exactly remember how many children, but I know that at the time the number struck me as being very large, for such a small man.

It was about one o'clock, and all was still; an occasional murmur from some unhappy sleeper, such as might be supposed to issue from the lodging place of

some restless swine, who dreamed of being strangled, was all that jarred upon the silence.

The literary portion of our party were apparently lost to all outside their books—the *little game* was very interesting; one of the players had just remarked that he would go “fifty better”—when, lo! both books and cards were simultaneously dropped, and every eye was turned towards the larboard tier of berths, from one of which was emerging the body of a gentleman whose countenance bore a strong resemblance to a cork-screw, and who, with voice immensely loud, and full of pathos, exclaimed—“I shall die, I know I shall—Oh, my God!—it is dreadful—horrible—Oh! dear, dear, *dear!*” “What’s the matter?” exclaimed half-a-dozen at once. “What ails you?” “Can’t stand what?” “What are you making such a confounded noise about?” “Matter!” shouted rather than spoke the man, “Matter! why, there’s *bugs there*—the bed is full of ’em—I *can’t* stand it, and, d—n me, I won’t.” Little “Bob” had remained a silent spectator, but he now ventured to ask if the berth was 49; the stranger groaned assent. “Well,” said Bob, “I thought you could’nt stand 49, for ’twas only last trip that another man”—Bob could say no more; the man had seized him by the throat, and shaking him violently, exclaimed, “You infernal dwarf! how dare you! I’ll shake your liver out.” And I believe he would have done so had we not taken him off, and told Bob to “put.” I think he did. The poor gentleman, who so nearly became a victim to the voracious appetites of hungry bed companions, completed his dressing, and left the cabin, muttering imprecations dire. Order was again restored, but the charm was broken; the books had lost their interest, and the cards their fascination; already we imagined a peculiar stinging sensation spreading itself over our bodies, and we looked with inexpressible feelings of dread towards the berths designated for our individual repose. The prospect of sitting up all

night was favorable, and some one had just proposed to “freshen up,” when Bob appeared, and voluntarily stated that the other berths were *single*, and that in unfortunate 49 was a mattress which two days previously had been taken from another boat; and he was inclined to think that there were *some of ’em* on *that* boat. Other passengers who had been awakened by the fracas endorsed Bob, by stating that they were very comfortable, and their berths free from such annoyances, consequently we prepared to “turn in.” The last imbibation, together with the fumes of tobacco smoke, of which the cabin was full, produced a very deadening effect upon my nerves, and I was soon asleep—asleep to dream, to dream—oh, horrors! to dream of—well, you may guess what—innumerable, countless thousands; they took entire possession of my berth, and, Liliputian like, covered my body, secured my limbs, stopped my breath, and then, rallying upon the inside, prepared to roll me over and out of the berth. I was nearly out—already was I upon the edge of the berth-board. I tried to shout—to struggle—but my voice was speechless, my limbs paralyzed. I fell—my eyes were opened, and instead of finding myself as I expected, upon the floor, and in close proximity to several pairs of boots, I was in my berth, and indulging in a “free” perspiration. I thrust my head past the curtains of my berth for the purpose of ascertaining the time, and what do you suppose I saw? why, nothing more or less than about seventy-five other heads, thrust from their respective berths, when all, simultaneously exclaimed, “What’s that?” At first I thought they meant me; that I had made some uncouth noise; and felt considerably cheap—but Bob put us all to rights by saying, “Nothing but the Hog’s-Back—she’s *tetched*.” Immediately the heads withdrew, and now the spasmodic splashing of the wheels, as they endeavored to “back her off,” or “force her over,” was all that broke the silence. Again asleep, and when my eyes next opened it was

morning, and I heard the familiar voice of little Bob, saying, "'Tis past eight ! the passengers have all gone ashore, and we would like to make this bunk up." Here ends my story, and here say I good-bye.

DOINGS.

THE LAKELET.

BY W. H. D.

It was midnight: A lakelet lay reclining in quiet beauty in a valley; the graceful willows near its brink stood like sentinels guarding its placid joys; the white lilies on its margin bent lovingly over it, and their images overshadowed by the willows, were seen clear and distinct, in its pure water below; the moon had sailed high up into the heavens, that its amorous rays might beam more directly down into its pure depths, and the lakelet welcomed the morn, and its image was also seen quietly reposing in the depths of its heart; the stars sent their bright rays into its placid bosom, and were seen like diamonds studding her fair breast. Just then a maiden came with faltering footsteps to the lakelet and stood upon its brink; she was robed in pure white, and the image of her fair and graceful form was seen enfolded in the crystal waters below; her face was pale; her eyes beamed with an unearthly radiance; her features were calm, but despair was in her heart; she gazed upward to the moon and the stars, and then down on the lilies; and then fixed a more intense look on all so peacefully imaged in the bosom of the lake; a wild yearning filled her soul and the lakelet seemed wooing her to calm repose; she stepped to its margin and gently glided down into its pure depths; the bosom of the lakelet for an instant heaved tremulously with a new emotion, and then its waters closed quietly and lovingly around her fair and graceful form, which soon rested in its last peaceful repose; the willows still sentineled its brink, the lilies still bent lovingly over its margin; the moon and stars still gazed fondly down from the

heavens, and all their images still rested calmly in its calm bosom; but the pure form of the maiden seemed enfolded most tenderly to the lakelet's heart, and rested most quietly in its sweet repose; I gazed long and silently upon the scene with deep emotion, but at last suddenly rousing myself from my reverie, I reflected for an instant, and thought,—it is all moonshine.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

How dreary is the midnight, Johnny,
When you, my love, are gone;
It's like an age of daylight, Johnny,
To watch one night alone.

Our little one is sleeping, Johnny,
Unquiet in my arms;
A weary watch I'm keeping, Johnny,
Trembling with alarms.

Mary startles when I kiss her, Johnny,
Her lips and cheeks are white;
O think, would you not miss her, Johnny,
If she should die to night?

And it's very ill she seems, Johnny,
Her eyes are half ajar;
And she murmurs in her dreams, Johnny,
O where is my pa'pa'?

I look out at the window, Johnny,
This night my prison bars;
I only hear the wind blow, Johnny,
I only see the stars.

I've listened long to hear thee, Johnny,
Unlatch our little gate;
How lonely, O! how weary, Johnny,
It is to watch and wait.

I've heard the clock strike one, Johnny,
And now it's almost two;
What have I ever done, Johnny,
To merit this from you?

When you woo'd me for your bride, John-
I had not long to wait; [ny,
Come home, I will not chide, Johnny,
For our sweet baby's sake.

A. J. N.

OLD BLOCK RESURRECTED ;

OR, A VOICE FROM BELOW.

And pointing to the shanty, said he, "there is the Mausoleum which covers my earthly remains ; I died there in '52, and my bones repose in the north-west corner. *I went in on Quartz.*"

Placerville Argus.

It is generally supposed "that when the breath is out, the man is dead," but there are exceptions to all cases. We have read of men being buried and rescued by those friends of mankind, the body-snatchers : the hangman, too, after having performed his arduous duty to the public, has lost the result of his honest labor through the meddling propensities of the thoughtless surgeons, who, under color of love of science, have restored the subject to life and turned him loose to prey upon the citizen of the world again : and how many, too, have taken the pains to place themselves in a comfortable trance, get nicely enshrouded for a nap in the spirit-land, and just before the coffin was lowered into its last resting-place, some inquisitive and curious individual would observe signs of life, and by restoration of the pulses, prevent the enjoyment, for a time, of ages of bliss in the elysium of Heaven. Is it strange, then, that *hic jacet* should be written upon my head-board while I was on a prospecting tour down below ? True, the time of absence seemed long to those on earth, but philosophers in search of new leads in earth, "take no note of time," and if the man who placed "here lies," on my tomb-stone, meant I would "lie" under ground, why, he himself lies above ground.

In 1852 I was a dweller in the mountains, with the reputation of being an honest miner. Honest I know I was, for others were so much smarter than I, there wasn't the shadow of a chance to steal, and the only alternative left me was to dig or starve—I did both. I dug first, and as I had neither money or credit, I starved afterwards. I owned one sixth of Massachusetts Hill, at Grass Valley—a splendid quartz lode, which paid the workmen admirably—the owners nothing. We

held the honors of ownership, our men held the trumps, and while they filled their stomachs and pockets, we filled our heads with future hopes—good while they last, but meagre diet for the stomach, and absolutely depleting to the pocket. In this condition of things, I added to the business of mining, the study of Political Economy, and became intensely absorbed in the chapter on Ways and Means. I had but one red shirt left, and it became apparent one day, while I was washing it, that unless I struck a new lead soon, the threads of my shirt, as well as the thread of life, would not hold together long. What was to be done ? Nakedness of body and soul are cheerless subjects of contemplation, as cold weather approaches, and something is necessary to impart warmth to both. The wind howled mournfully one night through the gloomy pines ; the clapboards on my weather-beaten cabin played a doleful yet clattering accompaniment, as the gust loosened them from their fastenings ; the cayotes were singing an unearthly requiem in the darkness without, as solitary and alone I spread my thin and dilapidated blanket in the north-west corner of my cabin to snatch a little rest from the labors of thought, and try in fitful slumber to forget the world with its cares, and hunger with its cravings, and dream, perhaps, of a rich strike in Massachusetts Hill, with no danger of any body's jumping my claim. It was a capital night to commit suicide. I thought of it ; but then I thought there was gold in the hill, and if I gave it up somebody else would get it, and I resolved that if my stomach would hold out a little longer, I wouldn't waste the powder on my brains, for the benefit of another party, and so I eschewed self-destruction. At last tired nature yielded, and I sank to sleep.

How long I lay, I have no recollection. I didn't even dream, but I have a vague, indefinite remembrance of apparently passing downward through a dark, damp, narrow passage, and as near as I can judge, was prospecting for quartz at a

great depth under ground. At times, there was an oppression for breath, as if arising from the dreaded damps; then it vaguely seemed as if something was striking my head, as if clods and lumps of earth were falling on me from above. Still, I cannot remember with sufficient distinctness, to tell whether it was a dream, or the occasional fitting of thought as the senses became more or less oblivious to outward things. I suddenly came to my senses, by finding myself in a large, well-finished and furnished room, with immensely high ceiling, lighted with an unearthly glare, as it seemed to my eyes, unused to a strong light. Every thing around bore the marks of wealth and comfort; beautiful flowers in jars ornamented the windows, but their rich odors seemed strongly and strangely blended with sulphuric gas; huge pier-glasses adorned the walls, which reflected the image of somebody else beside your own; immense chandeliers were suspended from the ceiling, carved from blocks of brimstone metal, and burning without oil or camphene; sideboards made of quartz, richly covered with golden dishes laden with oranges and tropical fruits, which I subsequently found tasted strongly of the atmosphere in which they were grown. Altogether there was a display of wealth, ease and comfort that I had not seen for many a day, and contrasted strangely enough with my simple cabin which I had so recently left. On one side of the room was a large grate where a rousing fire of bright lumps of yellow coal was burning, with a strong odor, and leaning over it was a middle-aged man of small stature and a singular cast of countenance, who held over the blazing fire with his naked hand an open retort, as if he was in the act of retorting a lump of amalgam. He had a round, bullet-shaped head, entirely bald except a long tuft of stiff black hair, sticking straight from the crown; his eyes, full and glaring, seemed absolutely to stand out from their sockets; his nose, a long, sharp, hook-bill, protruded over his mouth, which was of

immense dimensions, and exhibited, when he laughed, two rows of teeth that looked more like the incisors of some ferocious animal rather than those of a human being, while his chin seemed to fall away into a long, lank, and lean neck, which appeared to be rather stuck on to his trunk than forming a graceful component part of his body, while his hands looked more like the claws of an eagle than the digits of a man. He was dressed in a plain suit of black, fashionably cut, while behind dangled something which I could not exactly tell whether it was a tail or a Chinaman's cue.

I had fallen from the ceiling through what appeared to be a trap-door; but notwithstanding I alighted, by good luck, upon my feet, in the centre of the room, the jar of the fall made me utter a loud "humph!"

At the sound of my ejaculation the gentleman in black turned round, still holding his retort over the blaze, and with a smile which I cannot describe—a sort of a grin—exclaimed:

"Hello! Old Block; come at last—I've been expecting you; you've been a long time on the road, but down here you are welcome!"

"Where am I?" was my first and most natural inquiry.

"Why, where should you be, but—down below?" he replied, with a significant leer, making a motion with his claw-thumb.

"You don't mean to say that I'm in"—

"Pshaw!" he interrupted, "you might be in a worse place."

"A worse place than —!" He raised his finger in token of caution—"Walls have ears," he added; "speak not the name—let it rest in the shade. There's many a place worse than this."

"Where?" I asked, in astonishment.

"In California!" he added, significantly. "Your own experience should tell you that. You've lived in San Francisco and Grass Valley."

"California, sir, is the finest country in the world; with such a climate, such a

soil, it has the elements of every thing good, great and prosperous."

"True; but with all these it is only a highway to" — giving a downward motion with his thumb. "As things are conducted there, it is worse than anything in these regions, and in making the exchange, a man finds his tortures less than—above. Here, his business is regular—pay sure—risk nothing; no care, no disappointment, no broken hopes, no defalcations. He exactly gets all he expects, and that is more than even you can say of California, with all its beauties. But, come, sit down in the rocking-chair. You've had a hard road to travel in getting through, and need rest. I shall soon be done with this experiment, and will give you my attention."

I sat down, wondering how I got there, trying to collect my thoughts, and intently watching the gentleman in black, to see if I could divine what he was doing.

Directly, he took the retort off, and stirring the contents up with his forefinger, as if it had been perfectly cold, uttered, in an under tone to himself, "Not worth a —; not a single redeeming quality in this political soul." He opened a side door and hurling it out, called to some unseen person—"Stow it away among the defaulters, Moloch; there's nothing in it that can be redeemed." Turning round, he drew a large arm-chair directly in front of me, and sitting down looked me steadily in the face for a moment, and then humorously inquired:

"So you've been engaged in the Quartz business?"

"Yes, sir."

"Made money, I suppose?"

"Well, not exactly; have a first rate lead and excellent prospects, though."

"Humph! Fine country for prospects—get splendid prospects from the highest peaks of mountains."

"I mean the lead will pay when we get at it right—prospect of paying, eventually, good."

"All the same; when you get on the summit of one hill you see another be-

yond which you wish to climb; but before you get to it you unexpectedly find deep gulches to cross and stupendous rocks to move, and you may become exhausted by the way, and fall helpless before you begin to climb the summit, eh?"

"There is truth in your metaphor, sir, and I confess it applies to me; but I have not lost hope, and thought I'd go a little deeper to find a richer vein, if I didn't quite starve."

"Yes, so you kept digging with a jack-o'-lantern before you till you've dug through, and find yourself in — Below, and gone to" —

"The Devil!" I exclaimed, involuntarily, as the truth of his remarks flashed upon me.

"And so you kept on, and on, and on, with a kind of gambling hope, till you've 'gone in!' Well, it's the daily history of California. You are not the only man who has fallen through the Trap. Some go in on Quartz, some on Politics, some on Merchandise, some on stealing, and in various ways."

"But you don't class me with thieves and politicians, surely?"

"By no means—only among bad calculators. You undertook a business you didn't understand. You was dazzled by a few pretty specimens, and jumped to the conclusion that you had a fortune in your grasp, and incurred expenses, and went into extravagant improvements, upon hope which your lead would not justify, which you would not have done had you understood the business; for, if properly managed, it will pay now, and the result will be, it will fall into the hands of more prudent men, who will realize a fortune; while you—have gone in."

His words cut me to the quick. I felt their truth, and sighed, when too late, for that prudence which might have saved me, and prevented my going—below.

"Do not be offended with my frankness," he continued. "Men often charge their misfortunes to me, when I have had nothing to do with them. How often do you hear them exclaim, 'the Devil's in

my luck!" when the truth is, their failures have been solely the result of their own bad management. In fact, the Devil's vocation is gone. Men, if left alone, ruin themselves fast enough by their own headstrong wills, their own evil propensities, their inordinate love of gain, their lust of the flesh, their covetousness of others' property—in fact, a propensity to prey one upon another. And sooner or later they are bound to meet that much-abused individual, the Devil, who sits calmly smoking his pipe, waiting for mankind to present themselves, as they are sure to do, through their own evil passions."

What could I say? there was too much truth in the words of the gentleman in black. I forced myself to remark, "You are a close observer, sir."

"The result of ages of experience. It has always been so, it always will be, in spite of Brigham Young, Fred Douglass, Lucy Stone, or any self-styled philanthropist."

There seemed to be so much common sense in the gentleman in black, that I began to feel a respect for him. The idea of asking advice from one who always had been looked upon as an Enemy of Mankind, was repulsive to my feelings; but upon reflection I considered, that as he had had much and long experience in the world, he might possibly give me some valuable hints without endangering my soul. I at last ventured to ask—

"What would you advise me to do?"

"Hum!" said he, with a merry twinkle of his eye, "you are not the first who has consulted me. I can and will give you more honest advice than men will do; for, having no occasion for money, I do not want to pick your pocket. You were bred behind the counter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, as you were bred a counter-jumper, be a counter-jumper still. If you can ever succeed in any thing, it will be in the business for which you are qualified by nature and education. Some men are fitted for one thing, some for another.

You may be an excellent merchant, but a miserable miner; a good lawyer, but a poor statesman; a crafty politician, but a bad financier: and one thing is morally certain, that when you attempt to combine and monopolize all trades—when you are banker, miner, merchant, lawyer, politician, dancing-master, tinker, tailor and mountebank—you are sure to 'go in,' sooner or later, and bring up all standing—down below. In few words, stick to the business you do understand, and let the others alone."

"Then you would advise my giving up my quartz?"

"Your quartz? Why, since you have been on your way here, your claim has fallen into the hands of practical miners, and they have made a nice thing of it."

"The Devil!"

"Don't call names—he had nothing to do with it. It was the result of good calculation and a knowledge of the business on their part."

"Jo Woodworth to jump my claim, and make the money! I'll haunt him!"

"Poh! Envy, jealousy for another's good luck, when you hadn't capacity! You'll do no such thing. Just congratulate him, for he'll do more good with it than you would."

"How!"

"By building mills, putting up pumps, and putting money into circulation, which you would have been afraid to do. Besides, Jo on a pinch can chew more tobacco, spin better yarns, blow off more gas, and drink more lager, than you can—proving his disposition for enjoying the money he does get, is better than yours."

"Well, I see—all right—I won't haunt Jo. Let him slide."

"But come," said the gentleman in black, rising, "we've talked long enough for this sitting. As you are not a permanent boarder yet, I wish to show you the premises, so that you will not feel entirely like a stranger when you take up your abode permanently with me."

He opened a door leading to a piazza, where a most extraordinary scene pre-

sented itself. It was an open lawn, extending as far as the eye could reach, with illimitable rows of trees of all climates, covered with luxuriant fruits and flowers. Lamps brilliantly lighted shone from among the branches, emitting a strong sulphurous odor; while the fruits and flowers, so pleasing to the eye, partook to a nauseating extent of the taste and smell of the thick atmosphere of the place. Immense crowds, [of both sexes, seemed to be engaged in dancing and various voluptuous amusements; some singing or shouting in high glee and revelry; some cutting up high antics; some rattling dice boxes, and going through various and incessant motions, as if in excessive excitement; some quaffing liquids from yellow goblets made of brimstone, apparently with the most repulsive grimaces; yet, strange to say, with all this apparent glee, with all these outward signs of enjoyment, not a sound was heard! Seated upon raised platforms, richly canopied, were bands of music, apparently discoursing rich melody, to which the dancers were keeping time; yet, while they went through the motions of playing, not a note was emitted—not a sound reached the ear, or cheered the heart. They were silent bands—silent as the grave. The violin player drew a spectre bow; the trombone performer swelled and puffed, with distorted visage, in vain; the drummer rattled his sticks upon air; even the shrill fife disturbed not the ear with a single note.

Dressed in rich attire—in silks and lawns, while diamond rings, and crosses, and golden chains, glittered on their fleshless fingers—the women whirled through the mazy dance; and men and women, although glittering with jewels, presented to the eye ghastly, pale, careworn, anxious, and sunken countenances, and as occasionally a whirl raised a dress, it exhibited to my wondering gaze a shrunken, fleshless ankle, a naked bone—the last sad relic of humanity. O, it was horrible!—too horrible to gaze at; and instinctively I hid my face in my hands.

“Such they were in life,” said the gentleman in black, solemnly. “It is the path they chose for themselves, above; so will they continue here, till the end cometh.”

“And how long?”

“Till eternity ends,” he replied. “Although the wife left the husband, and the husband the wife, in California—though the wanton and the roué were seeking new mates and new excitements in the Golden Land—there is no changing partners here, till the dance is ended; the fickleness of man or woman on earth does not extend to—below; and they are now enjoying all the actual realities of their fancied pleasures before they had actually gone in.”

“Doubtful enjoyment,” said I.

“What they feel now is positive,” he replied, seriously; “there is no doubt about it. But come this way and view another scene.”

He led me through another door, and from it a magnificent Panorama was presented. A city upon an island in the sea. There were towers, and temples, and palaces, glittering in the sun-light, and ships at anchor or pressing forward with sails all ataunto; there was active bustle on shore and busy life upon the wave; ferry-boats and small craft were busily plying upon the waters; there was no rest, no quietness; all seemed upon the move, with a restlessness that struck the beholder with strange emotion.

As the waves rippled in the breeze, or gently rolled before the prow of some stately ship, lurid flames of fire seemed to flash up, ever and anon, as if the sea itself was inflammable, yet there was no smoke to darken the air—no hissing or crackling as of a burning element. Anchored in the stream was a stately ship, of beautiful proportions, with every thing about her to make her a model for the world. She was surrounded by various small craft, and there appeared to be many passing and repassing over her sides, and at times there was apparently much confusion, as if a struggle was going

on on board. The distance was too great to read the name upon the pennon, but, charmed with her fine proportions, I turned to the gentleman in black and inquired:

"What beautiful ship is that which sits so trim upon the water?"

"The California—but lately arrived in the roads. She has but just dropped her anchors, and a mutiny has broken out among the crew. She was badly officered, the crew were overworked and subject to unusual hardships, and are desirous of changing their commanders."

As I watched, the confusion increased; a black flag was flying at the mast-head; in a moment the ship was deserted by the small boats which surrounded it—various persons were either thrown or jumped overboard—a bright splash, a wreath of flame followed, and they disappeared forever. It was apparent that the mutineers had triumphed—the black flag was hauled down, and soon the Stars and Stripes were waving in the breeze, and order appeared to be restored.

Not long after, I noticed a splendid barge running down towards the ship, under a full bank of oars, with the words, "The Bates," painted in glowing letters upon her stern, when suddenly a wild, unearthly melody broke the awful stillness which hitherto had reigned, of—

"Rowe, brothers, Rowe, the stream runs fast, The watchman's asleep, and Vigilance is past; There's gold in the safe—the key 's in my fob— Work with a will, we'll be paid for the job.

Rowe, brothers, Rowe."

As the symphony ceased, the barge neared the ship; in a moment the chain snapped from the anchor, and the gallant ship swung round, and was drifting helplessly towards the rocks. Destruction seemed inevitable. I closed my eyes in dismay, as I thought of the end of the hapless crew; but the gentleman in black touched my arm, when, looking again, I saw that the crew were awakened, another anchor had brought her up before she grounded, and the broad pennant of "W***** and F*****" was flying fore

and aft, with a three times three from the crew for the safety of the gallant ship, which seemed to defy the machinations of men and demons. I could not help feeling some enthusiasm at the result, but it was checked by the gentleman in black sententiously exclaiming—

"Pshaw! what you witness is but an every-day affair. So the upper world is governed—a continual struggle for place and power; and those in the ascendant to-day may 'go in' to-morrow. With man it is unceasing struggle, incessant strife; and as he chooses his course on earth, so will be his career below—without rest, without content, with no satisfaction to himself; the very restlessness which absorbs him above continues here below, never ending but with eternity. Give him wealth, he is not happy; poverty is but the cause of increasing lamentation; power is but the means of stirring evil passions; and though his bones may moulder in the grave, his spirit is still indulging its wild career and unhappy propensities here below."

"Do all men then find a—a home in your dominions?" I asked, with some hesitation.

"Hi! no," he replied, briskly. "Some are such hard cases, that I won't admit them; and then some are not fit for our society."

"Hum! What then becomes of them?"

"O, they are sufficiently punished above. Indeed, there are tortures there worse than any we have below, and that entitles a man to consideration when he 'goes in.'"

"I cannot comprehend."

"Why, for instance, there's B*****, a noted politician of the upper sphere—one whom I never could do anything with—has received the reward of his crimes and transgressions from the people themselves"—and the gentleman in black seemed delighted.

"How, if I may presume to ask?"

"Why, things became so bad, they could not stand it any longer, and banished him."

"Banished him?" I innocently repeated.

"Yes, they had the heartlessness to send him to Congress."

"Gracious heaven!" I involuntarily exclaimed, "can human beings be guilty of such cruelty?"

"Then there is G**. A****, whose political aspirations have met their reward."

"Pray enlighten me."

"Why, the General is in fact no politician. He climbed the ladder of his hopes, but was found sadly deficient for the times."

"In what respect?"

"He couldn't steal—and actually left his post an honest man, and poorer than when he went into office. Of course I could do nothing with such a man here, so I left him to the tender mercies of mankind."

"And they?"

"Most inhumanly condemned him to continue editor of a newspaper."

"Barbarous! I blush for my species."

The gentleman in black led me back into his parlor, and was in the act of ordering refreshments, when a distant sound reached my ear, of "Old Block! Old Block! where the d—l are you?"

"Just as I expected," said my companion; "you are sent for."

"Why, who in the world can be calling me?"

The trap-door suddenly opened above, and a tall, slim, and not ill-favored individual dropped down, with the usual "Humph!"

"Old Block," said he, "I've had a d—l of a chase after you. I found your bones in your cabin; the flesh was gone, the old blanket worm-eaten and rotten; but without the spirit to animate the body, the bones were of no account, so I determined to have that if I went to—down below—for it. I knew I should find you here, unless you were annihilated. Mr. Block, you're wanted above."

I looked at the stranger in some surprise, scarcely comprehending his mean-

ing; but I was relieved by the gentleman in black, who came to my aid with—

"Ha! ha! ha! Old Block, permit me to introduce to your favorable acquaintance Capt. F**** S*****, 'the Last of the Fillibusters.'"

Intuitively we grasped each other's hands, and were friends from the moment. Had he not brought me out, I might have been boarding still below; for the gentleman in black seemed loth to part with me. Of him, however, candor compels me to say, that I found him a gentleman, with more honesty of heart than many I have found among men; and I made up my mind that he is a slandered individual, and that mankind are too apt to charge their own delinquencies upon him, when his chief offence has been in leaving them to themselves.

The gentleman in black politely escorted us to the front door of his mansion, where we found a huge steam-wagon; a recent invention, as he assured us, of a Sacramentan, of whom he had purchased a right to run on his roads; and seating us properly, let on the steam, and in an instant the Last of the Fillibusters and Old Block were standing beside the old cabin in the upper world, where I picked up my bones, and with Frank walked off, none the less wiser for my prospecting—down below.

OLD BLOCK.

TELEGRAM.—From news items of the other side, it appears there are many who object to this word as an innovation too great for endurance. Now it seems to me to be just the word we need, for the beauty of any language is conciseness and perspicuity, and this word is brief, clear and comprehensive, meaning the same as 'telegraphic despatch.' Because it is of Greek derivation (*tele* and *gramma*), is no reason why it should not be used. The same reason would lead us to discard hundreds of words, now in common use—as geography, from *ge* and *graphe*, and theology, from *theos* and *logos*; and in fact it is so with all words ending in *ology* or *graphy*. While I am convinced that much confusion might arise from a hasty approval of new words, I am also satisfied that "telegram" is far preferable to the conjunct "telegraphic despatch," and will, in spite of opposition, come into general use.

A.

A DESULTORY POEM.

BY W. H. D.

CANTO VI.

I.

There's naught so difficult as a beginning,
Was written by a worthier pen than mine,—
To quote from others surely is no sinning,
If 'tis acknowledged in the following line,—
I trust I am your kind attention winning,
Or my poor Muse may die and give no sign ;—
But I forget—Dear reader, how d'you do ?
Pray what's the news ? I'll tell you—I must woo.

II.

My Muse to sing in rather a different strain,
From that she gave in the preceding canto ;
For too much serious thought is all in vain,
And such has been her long continued chant—Oh,
Dear ! that rhyme was very hard to obtain,
And almost maimed my Muse, as did Lepanto,
(Its battle I mean,) an author known to fame,
Who wrote " Don Quix."—Cervantes is his name.

III.

There's naught so pleasing as a great variety,
In eating, drinking, and in rhyming too,—
I've moralized the public to satiety,—
At least 'twas hinted so by one who knew.
I hope my change may not bring in impiety,
And make the moralists look rather blue,—
My Muse is rather sober when she sings, *La !*
I wish she had a harp of a thousand strings, *Ah !*

IV.

Her strains might then soar up to *highfalutin*,
And deeper than the booming of the sea ;
Grasping new thought as did the famous Newton,
Who was noted also for humility ;—
And have the intermediate space to boot, in
Which to find a varied melody,
And prove that she could sometimes truly sing,
Without forever harping on one string.

V.

Now what shall be the subject of this stanza?
Do tell, dear reader, for I do not know ;—
No answer ?—well, I'll tell you that the Manzanita
is a splendid shrub to show
Its blossoms early ;—Now come, Sancho Panza,
Thou spiteful servant, though you come in slow,
Lend me your aid but once to make a rhyme,
And I'll not call on you a second time.

VI.

Perhaps you think these rhymes sail in quite easy,
And if you do, why then I hope you'll try it,
That is, to write them, and find how uneasy
It rather is,—I'm sure you won't deny it,—

Though they may glide like ships in weather
breezy,
Into their port, yet that does not imply it
Is not still quite difficult to do,
Requiring skill, if not some genius too.

VII.

Somebody told me that I praised up women
Too much in my fifth canto of this poem,
Making them beings pure and superhuman,
And said this land was never known to grow 'em.
To me that sex are more or less than human,
And in such lights I only tried to show 'em,—
That some are angels, I think very true,
And some I think are very devils too.

VIII.

I gave my best impressions at that time,
And I shall not take back what I have said ;
The ladies no doubt think it quite sublime,
And wonder where I became so well read
In all their many virtues, which in rhyme
Chime in so sweetly, and such incense shed
Upon their beauty and their charms so fair,
Like flowers perfuming all the passing air.

IX.

These lines may seem but trifles light as air,—
There's an idea I have stolen too,
But I acknowledge it, so all is fair ;—
'Tis by this trifling I must try and woo
My Muse to say or sing, " begone dull care,"
A song, though old, to her 'twill be quite new,—
Perhaps in time she may become quite gay,
And be as cheerful as the light of day.

X.

I have but little humor and less wit ;
I can't be funny—this is only trying—
I think a cap and bells might well befit
A face that when it smiles, is half a crying.
Upon my brow dull care will ever sit,
And if I laugh it always ends in sighing.
Alack-a-day ! I wish I had a wife,
To break up this monotony of life.

XI.

A wife ! vain wish, for who would have a poet,
A wretched being, starved, neglected, poor ;
Half crazy, too—and don't the women know it ?
They do in my case I am very sure ;
Their cold indifference must ever show it,
For all my honied praises could not lure
A single one to give me any sign
That I might hope to call her only mine.

XII.

They know full well which side their bread is
buttered ;
They know where bread and butter comes from,
too ;

They are no fools, and here my praise is uttered
For their shrewd judgment, for I hold it true,
Though woman's heart by love is sometimes
fluttered,

She keeps the more important things in view,
And if she does not hear some money jingle,
Concludes to live a little longer single.

XIII.

Poets are always steeped in some deep sorrow,
And ever suffering from some grievous wrong,
And if they have no real evils, borrow
Imaginary ones, and in their song
They whine and cry from midnight till to-morrow;
I'd rather hear it thunder loud and long,—
And thus they waste their precious tears and time,
Thinking their agonies are quite sublime.

XIV.

Now all such conduct is quite mean and selfish;
Why should they dim the sunshine of bright hearts,
All joyous, calm and happy as a shell-fish—
The clam I mean, when a full tide imparts
Billows of joy, yet like those beings pelfish,
With souls devoted to the clamming arts,
They rake the beds of those same happy fish,
To make for some vile glutton one more dish.

XV.

That simile is rather too poetical,
Its meaning you perhaps cannot define—
'Tis made up in a manner quite synthetical,
And if you cannot fathom each deep line,
Or fish up something through the exegetical,
I can't acknowledge that the fault is mine;
I furnish words, and if you cannot study
The ideas out, why, then your brain is muddy.

XVI.

But I digress—"return we to our mutton,"
Which simply means our subject we'll renew,
'Tis a French saying, and you are no glutton,
I hope, wishing to feast upon ragout,
And if you are, I do not care a button;
But here I'll ask you *que desirez-vous?*
The only dish I have is this one hash,
A medley of the most insipid trash.

XVII.

The more I write the further I digress;
Well! 'tis a privilege we poets claim.
Upon our thoughts we sometimes lay great stress,
At others we have no particular aim
Or end in view, and then cannot impress
One truth eternal on the scroll of fame—
I now am writing to amuse myself,
And you, dear reader—not for fame or pelf.

XVIII.

Now all that I would here essay to say,
Is, that a poet is but a poor devil—
He does not live, he only hopes to stay,
Up in a lonely garret there to revel,

With cold and want and hunger all the day,
And curse his fate so full of every evil,
While through the night he sits and lonely sings,
And weeps o'er all his vain imaginings.

XIX.

O, fatal gifts divine, why should the inspired
By heaven's high oracles, so oft be found
Despairing, suffering? Have the Fates required
That truths divine should rise from bloody ground,
Where martyr-souls with heaven-born instincts
fired

Have tried to shed a holier light around,
And died amid despairing woes to sing
Those truths from which undying glories spring.
(Continued.)

A GLIMPSE AT OUR CHILDHOOD.

Amid all the varied scenes of after-life,
we invariably look back to our childhood's
days as the happiest of our existence.
We may have seen happy moments since,
but none so pure and unalloyed as when
we skipped the rope by the rustic school-
house, or gathered blue-bells and violets
by the brooklet. And where have we
seen true enjoyment like that of the play-
days and Christmas eves spent with our
youthful companions? Few were the
sorrows we then knew. Life glided along
in one happy dream, filled with bright
faces, sweet smiles, and gentle tones.
Tears we shed at times, but they were
as dew-drops—soon evaporated by the
warm sunshine of a mother's love and
sympathy. Perhaps sister, brother, or
playmate quarreled with us, and wicked
feelings would come into our little hearts;
but they could not last, and were soon
forgotten in the warm kiss and forgiving
smile. We did wrong, and were pun-
ished, while our parents shed tears of sor-
row over the waywardness of their little
ones. Then, O, how we felt! It seemed
as though we never could do enough to
atone for the pain we had caused them.

How we loved to watch the minnows
playing in the edges of the lakelet, or
take a skiff-ride on its gently undulating
surface, and gaze far down into its clear
depths at the fish of larger growth! What
pure delight it was to trip along the flow-
er-embroidered banks of some lovely lit-

the brook that meandered along through hollows and over rocks—its waters as clear and sparkling as crystal—snatching the flowers as we went, and putting them in our aprons and hats for future use. The flowers were so sweet and smiling; but they seemed to grow sad in a moment when we plucked them from the parent stem; just as *we* would have done, had we been taken from *our* parents. But some of the flowers we could not have the heart to pluck, they seemed such things of life. We talked to them, and sang to them, and they would nod their heads in the breeze as if in acknowledgment of our love; and seemed to smile still more sweetly if we talked to them of heaven and the angels, or audibly wondered why they did not speak and answer us. Then, when we were wearied, we would sit down beneath the willows, and weave them into wreaths for our heads; stopping now and then to gaze at the rill as it sparkled, danced, and sang, or, rippling along, caught up a falling leaf or flower, and carried it far, far away, out of our sight forever.

And then we would wonder to ourselves where the brook went to; if it always kept flowing onward just the same, or if it would die, as the flowers did, or our little baby Willie? So one day we asked father about it; one bright warm day, when the birds caroled merrily, and every thing, even to the cold rocks and leafless branches, seemed to look joyous and smiling; a day when we had received permission to accompany him into the forest, where he was going for a load of firewood; and he told us that it emptied into a great river, many times larger than itself, and that the river poured into a great ocean, *thousands* of times larger than our little lakelet. And then he told us about the sea-birds that flew upon, and large whales that lived in the ocean. That gave us food for imagination during many a ramble afterwards. What strange ideas we had about them! Indeed, what we then thought about them clung to us for years after we had grown older and

learned differently. And so the time sped onward; and as we grew older, we attended school and, learned—O, momentous acquirement!—and learned to read. Then in our walks we always had a companion in the shape of a story-book, generally about fairies, which we would read until the whole woods seemed full of the “little people.” Sometimes we would imagine that *we* were fairies, too, and waving a magic wand, command the rill to cease its constant running, and the flowers to sing and dance.

But then there was the dread school-room, and the dark-browed teacher! How we hated study, and still worse the ferule. O, *that* ferule! How many fingers have ached and shoulders smarted from the cruel and unjust application of its smoothly-worn surface; and how many a little heart has it caused to ache and throb! We feel sure we should know it now, after the lapse of many a year. But we have no desire to see it, for we should certainly feel just as we did when we saw it rapidly approaching us, or felt it applied to our hands for some slight fault. And then, as we still grew older, there was *dread composition day* always staring us in the face. So our troubles grew with our growth, and increased with our knowledge; and we now look back upon our childhood as a happy dream, and almost wish it could have continued so through life. And such *is* life—a dream! —“a moment stolen from eternity”—a continuance of scenes, some of almost perfect happiness, and others of such complete misery that the joyous ones are as nothing arrayed against them. Still, if we always looked upon the bright side of a scene, there would be nothing to mourn about; for there *is* a bright side to every thing, be the other side ever so dark. Perhaps by always searching for the bright side when a dark scene presents itself, life may still continue as a happy dream; at least, it will not be made any worse by trying. Ye who are yet dreaming—let us make the attempt.

RUTH WOODVALE.

SONG.

BY W. H. D.

[DEDICATED TO EMMA.]

I.

Thine eyes are brightly beaming
 Upon me now, upon me now;
 And Beauty's rays are streaming
 From thy fair brow, from thy fair brow;
 While roseate lips displaying
 Thy smiles so sweet, thy smiles so sweet,
 Where honied joys are staying;
 O could I greet, O could I greet
 Those lips with love's pure kisses,
 And call thee mine, and call thee mine,
 I'd sing how sweet such bliss is,
 Almost divine, almost divine.

II.

My heart with love is beating
 For only thee, for only thee;
 O, welcome its fond greeting,
 And thou shalt be, and thou shalt be
 Its Star, its Hope, its Heaven
 Upon the earth, upon the earth,
 While unto me is given [worth.
 Thy charms and worth, thy charms and
 Then come to those sweet bowers
 Where love is found, where love is found,
 There pleasure wings the hours,
 And joys abound, and joys abound.

III.

O come, there's no denying,
 My heart is thine, my heart is thine,
 Now let thy own replying,
 Respond to mine, respond to mine.
 Come, for the time is flying
 Swiftly away, swiftly away;
 Come while my heart is sighing,
 Make no delay, make no delay.
 O come, and be forever
 My angel bright, my angel bright,
 And let my heart forever
 Dwell in thy light, dwell in thy light.

THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY J. D. BORTHWICK.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MISSOURIANS—PIKE COUNTY: THEIR
 APPEARANCE—HUMANISING EFFECTS OF
 CALIFORNIA—DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE
 OUTWARD-BOUND CALIFORNIANS AND THE
 SAME MEN ON THEIR RETURN HOME—THE
 ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE MISSOURIANS
 —A PHRENOLOGER—A JURY OF MINERS—
 A CIVIL SUIT—WE BUY A CLAIM—A
 "BRUSH-HOUSE"—RATS: HOW TO CIR-
 CUMVENT THEM—RAT-SHOOTING.

The miners on the creek were nearly all Americans, and exhibited a great variety of mankind. Some, it was very evident, were men who had hitherto only worked with their heads; others, one would have set down as having been mechanics of some sort, and as having lived in cities; and there were numbers of unmistakeable backwoodsmen and farmers from the Western States. Of these a large proportion were Missourians, who had emigrated across the plains. From the State of Missouri the people had flocked in thousands to the gold diggings, and particularly from a county in that State called Pike.

The peculiarities of the Missourians are very strongly marked, and after being in the mines but a short time, one could distinguish a Missourian, or a "Pike," or "Pike County," as they are called, from the natives of any other western State. Their costume was always exceedingly old and greasy-looking; they had none of the occasional foppery of the miner, which shows itself in brilliant red shirts, boots with flaming red tops, fancy-colored hats, silver-handled bowie-knives, and rich silk sashes. It always seemed to me that a Missourian wore the same clothes in which he had crossed the plains, and that he was keeping them to wear on his journey home again. Their hats were felt, of a dirty-brown color, and the shape of a short extinguisher. Their shirts had perhaps, in days gone by, been red, but were now a sort of purple; their pantaloons were generally of a snuffy-brown color, and made of some wooly home-made fabric. Suspended at their back from a narrow strap buckled round the waist they carried a wooden-handled bowie-knife in an old leathern sheath, not stitched, but riveted with leaden nails; and over their shoulders they wore strips

of cotton or cloth as suspenders—mechanical contrivances never thought of by any other men in the mines. As for their boots, there was no peculiarity about them, excepting that they were always old. Their coats, a garment not frequently seen in the mines for at least six months of the year, were very extraordinary things—exceedingly tight, short-waisted, long-skirted surtouts of home-made frieze of a grayish-blue color.

As for their persons, they were mostly long, gaunt, narrow-chested, round-shouldered men, with long, straight, light-colored, dried-up-looking hair, small thin sallow faces, with rather scanty beard and moustache, and small gray sunken eyes, which seemed to be keenly perceptive of every thing around them. But in their movements the men were slow and awkward, and in the towns especially they betrayed a childish astonishment at the strange sights occasioned by the presence of the divers nations of the earth.

In some respects, perhaps, the mines of California were as wild a place as any part of the Western States of America; but they were peopled by a community of men of all classes, and from different countries, who, though living in a rough backwoods style, had nevertheless all the ideas and amenities of civilized life; while the Missourians, having come direct across the plains from their homes in the backwoods, had received no preparatory education to enable them to show off to advantage in such company.

And in this they labored under a great disadvantage, as compared with the lower classes of people of every country who came to San Francisco by way of Panama or Cape Horn. The men from the interior of the States learned something even on their journey to New York or New Orleans, having their eyes partially opened during the few days they spent in either of those cities *en route*; and on the passage to San Francisco they naturally received a certain degree of polish from being violently shaken up with a crowd of men of different habits and ideas from their own. They had to give way in many things to men whose motives of action were perhaps to them incomprehensible, while of course they gained a few new ideas from being brought into close contact with such sorts of men as they had hitherto only seen at a distance, or very likely had never heard of. A little experience of San Francisco did them no harm, and by the time they

reached the mines they had become very superior men to the raw bumpkins they were before leaving their homes.

It may seem strange, but it is undoubtedly true, that the majority of men in whom such a change was most desirable became in California more humanised, and acquired a certain amount of urbanity; in fact, they came from civilized countries in the rough state, and in California got licked into shape, and polished.

I had subsequently, while residing on the Isthmus of Nicaragua, constant opportunities of witnessing the truth of this, in contrasting the outward-bound emigrants with the same class of men returning to the States after having received a California education. Every fortnight two crowds of passengers rushed across the Isthmus, one from New York, the other from San Francisco. The great majority in both cases were men of the lower ranks of life, and it is of course to them alone that my remarks apply. Those coming from New York—who were mostly Americans and Irish—seemed to think that each man could do just as he pleased, without regard to the comfort of his neighbors. They showed no accommodating spirit, but grumbled at everything, and were rude and surly in their manners; they were very raw and stupid, and had no genius for doing any thing for themselves or each other to assist their progress, but perversely delighted in acting in opposition to the regulations and arrangements made for them by the Transit Company. The same men, however, on their return from California, were perfect gentlemen in comparison. They were orderly in their behavior; though rough, they were not rude, and showed great consideration for others, submitting cheerfully to any personal inconvenience necessary for the common good, and showing by their conduct that they had acquired some notion of their duties to balance the very enlarged idea of their rights which they had formerly entertained.

The Missourians, however, although they acquired no new accomplishments on their journey to California, lost none of those which they originally possessed. They could use an axe or a rifle with any man. Two of them would chop down a few trees and build a log-cabin in a day and a half, and with their long five-foot-barrel-rifle, which was their constant companion, they could "draw a bead"

on a deer, a squirrel, or the white of an Indian's eye, with equal coolness and certainty of killing.

Though large-framed men, they were not remarkable for physical strength, nor were they robust in constitution; in fact, they were the most sickly set of men in the mines, fever and ague and diarrhoea being their favorite complaints.

We had many pleasant neighbors, and among them were some very amusing characters. One man, who went by the name of the "Philosopher," might possibly have earned a better right to the name, if he had had the resolution to abstain from whisky. He had been, I believe, a farmer in Kentucky, and was one of a class not uncommon in America, who, without much education, but with great ability and immense command of language, together with a very superficial knowledge of some science, hold forth on it most fluently, using such long words, and putting them so well together, that, were it not for the crooked ideas they enunciated, one might almost suppose they knew what they were talking about.

Phrenology was this man's hobby, and he had all the phrenological phraseology at his finger-ends. His great delight was to paw a man's head and to tell him his character. One Sunday morning he came into our cabin as he was going down to the store for provisions, and after a few minutes' conversation, of course he introduced phrenology; and as I knew I should not get rid of him till I did so, I gave him my permission to feel my head. He fingered it all over, and gave me a very elaborate synopsis of my character, explaining most minutely the consequences of the combination of the different bumps, and telling me how I would act in a variety of supposed contingencies. Having satisfied himself as to my character, he went off, and I was in hopes I was done with him, but an hour or so after dark, he came rolling into the cabin just as I was going to turn in. He was as drunk as he well could be; his nose was swelled and bloody, his eyes were both well blackened, and altogether he was very unlike a learned professor of phrenology. He begged to be allowed to stay all night; and as he would most likely have broken his neck over the rocks if he had tried to reach his own home that night, I made him welcome, thinking that he would immediately fall asleep without troubling me further. But I was very much mistaken; he had

no sooner laid down, than he began to harangue me as if I were a public meeting or a debating society, addressing me as "gentlemen," and expatiating on a variety of topics, but chiefly on phrenology, the Democratic ticket, and the great mass of the people. He had a bottle of brandy with him, which I made him finish in hopes it might have the effect of silencing him; but there was unfortunately not enough of it for that—it only made him worse, for he left the debating society and got into a bar-room, where, when I went to sleep, he was playing "poker" with some imaginary individual whom he called Jim.

In the morning he made ample apologies, and was very earnest in expressing his gratitude for my hospitality. I took the liberty of asking him what bumps he called those in the neighborhood of his eyes. "Well, sir," he said, "you ask me a plain question, I'll give you a plain answer. I got into a 'muss' down at the store last night, and was whipped; and I deserved it too." As he was so penitent, I did not press him for further particulars; but I heard from another man the same day, that when at the store he had taken the opportunity of an audience to lecture them on his favorite subject, and illustrated his theory by feeling several heads, and giving very full descriptions of the characters of the individuals. At last he got hold of a man who must have had something peculiar in the formation of his cranium, for he gave him a most dreadful character, calling him a liar, a cheat, and a thief, and winding up by saying that he was a man who would murder his father for five dollars.

The natural consequence was, that the owner of this enviable character jumped up and pitched into the phrenologist, giving him the whipping which he had so candidly acknowledged, and would probably have murdered him without the consideration of the five dollars, if the bystanders had not interfered.

Very near where we were at work, a party of half a dozen men held a claim in the bed of the creek, and had as usual dug a race through which to turn the water, and so leave exposed the part they intended to work. This they were now anxious to do, as the creek had fallen sufficiently low to admit of it; but they were opposed by a number of miners, whose claims lay so near the race that

they would have been swamped had the water been turned into it.

They could not come to any settlement of the question among themselves; so, as was usual in such cases, they concluded to leave it to a jury of miners; and notice was accordingly sent to all the miners within two or three miles up and down the creek, requesting them to assemble on the claim in question the next afternoon. Although a miner calculates an hour lost as so much money out of his pocket, yet all were interested in supporting the laws of the diggings; and about a hundred men presented themselves at the appointed time. The two opposing parties then, having tossed up for the first pick, chose six jurymen each from the assembled crowd.

When the jury had squatted themselves all together in an exalted position on a heap of stones and dirt, one of the plaintiffs, as spokesman for his party, made a very pithy speech, calling several witnesses to prove his statements, and citing many of the laws of the diggings in support of his claims. The defendants followed in the same manner, making the most of their case; while the general public, sitting in groups on the different heaps of stones piled up between the holes with which the ground was honey-combed, smoked their pipes, and watched the proceedings.

After the plaintiff and defendant had said all they had to say about it, the jury examined the state of the ground in dispute; they then called some more witnesses to give further information, and having laid their shaggy heads together for a few minutes, they pronounced their decision; which was, that the men working on the race should be allowed six days to work out their claims before the water should be turned in upon them.

Neither party were particularly well pleased with the verdict—a pretty good sign that it was an impartial one; but they had to abide by it, for had there been any resistance on either side, the rest of the miners would have enforced the decision of this august tribunal. From it there was no appeal; a jury of miners was the highest court known, and I must say I never saw a court of justice with so little humbug about it.

The laws of the creek, as was the case in all the various diggings in the mines, were made at meetings of miners held for the purpose. They were generally very few and simple. They defined how

many feet of ground one man was entitled to hold in a ravine—how much in the bank, and in the bed of the creek; how many such claims he could hold at a time; and how long he could absent himself from his claim without forfeiting it. They declared what was necessary to be done in taking up and securing a claim, which, for want of water, or from any other cause, could not be worked at the time; and they also provided for various contingencies incidental to the peculiar nature of the diggings.

Of course, like other laws, they required constant revision and amendment, to suit the progress of the times; and a few weeks after this trial, a meeting was held one Sunday afternoon for legislative purposes. The miners met in front of the store, to the number of about two hundred; a very respectable-looking old chap [being the "offender" here alluded to, it is but just, perhaps, that we challenge Mr. B. to pistols and coffee for at least a dozen, for using the term "old" to us at thirty; but we forgive him, as almost all miners, from their dress and employment, look prematurely old at any age—aye, and grow so, too.—ED.] was called to the chair; but for want of that article of furniture, he mounted an empty pork-barrel, which gave him a commanding position; another man was appointed secretary, who placed his writing materials on some empty boxes piled up alongside of the chair. The chairman then, addressing the crowd, told them the object for which the meeting had been called, and said he would be happy to hear any gentleman who had any remarks to offer; whereupon some one proposed an amendment of the law relating to a certain description of claim, arguing the point in a very neat speech. He was duly seconded, and there was some slight opposition and discussion; but when the chairman declared it carried by the ayes, no one called for a division; so the secretary wrote it all down, and it became law.

Two or three other acts were passed, and when the business was concluded, a vote of thanks to the chairman was passed for his able conduct on the top of the pork-barrel. The meeting was then declared to be dissolved, and accordingly dribbled into the store, where the legislators, in small detachments, pledged each other in cocktails as fast as the store-keeper could mix them. While the legislature was in session, however, everything was conducted with the utmost

formality; for Americans of all classes are particularly *au fait* at the ordinary routine of public meetings.

After working our claim for a few weeks, my partner left me to go to another part of the mines, and I joined two others in buying a claim five or six miles up the creek. It was supposed to be very rich, and we had to pay a long price for it accordingly; although the men who had taken it up, and from whom we bought it, had not yet even prospected the ground. But the adjoining claims were being worked, and yielding largely, and from the position of ours, it was looked on as an equally good one.

There was a great deal to be done, before it could be worked, in the way of removing rocks and turning the water; and as three of us were not sufficient to work the place properly, we hired four men to assist us, at the usual wages of five dollars a day. It took about a fortnight to get the claim into order before we could begin washing, but we then found that our labor had not been expended in vain, for it paid uncommonly well.

When I bought this claim, I had to give up my cabin, as the distance was so great, and I now camped with my partners close to our claim, where we had erected a brush-house. This is a very comfortable kind of abode in summer, and does not cost an hour's labor to erect. Four uprights are stuck in the ground, and connected with cross-pieces, on which are laid heaps of leafy brushwood, making a roof completely impervious to the rays of the sun. Sometimes three sides are filled in with a basket-work of brush, which gives the edifice a more compact and comfortable appearance. Very frequently a brush-shed of this sort was erected over a tent, for the thin material of which tents were usually made offered but poor shelter from the burning sun.

When I left my cabin, I handed it over to a young man who had arrived very lately in the country, and had just come up to the mines. On meeting him a few days afterwards, and asking him how he liked his new abode, he told me that the first night of his occupation he had not slept a wink, and had kept candles burning till daylight, being afraid to go to sleep on account of the rats.

Rats, indeed! poor fellows! I should think there were a few rats, but the cabin was not worse in that respect than any other in the mines. The rats were most

active colonisers. Hardly was a cabin built in the most out-of-the-way part of the mountains, before a large family of rats made themselves at home in it, imparting a humanised and inhabited air to the place. They are not supposed to be indigenous to the country. [We think differently. In 1850, in company with several others, we were first in entering a cañon between two large streams, many miles from any trading-post whatever, and before our packs were scarcely off the mules we saw a rat make his exit from a hole but a few feet from the water, and deliberately go down to drink.—Ed.] They are a large black species, which I believe those who are learned in rats call the Hamburg breed. Occasionally a pure white one is seen, but more frequently in the cities than in the mines; they are probably the hoary old patriarchs, and not a distinct species.

They are very destructive, and are such notorious thieves, carrying off letters, newspapers, handkerchiefs, and things of that sort, with which to make their nests, that I soon acquired a habit, which is common enough in the mines, of always ramming my stockings tightly into the toes of my boots, putting my neckerchief into my pocket, and otherwise securing all such matters before turning in at night. One took these precautions just as naturally, and as much as a matter of course, as when at sea one fixes things in such a manner that they shall not fetch way with the motion of the ship. As in civilized life a man winds up his watch and puts it under his pillow before going to bed; so in the mines, when turning in, one just as instinctively sets to work to circumvent the rats in the manner described, and, taking off his revolver, lays it under his pillow, or at least under the coat or boots, or whatever he rests his head on.

I believe there are individuals who faint or go into hysterics if a cat happens to be in the same room with them. Any one having a like antipathy to rats had better keep as far away from California as possible, especially from the mines. The inhabitants generally, however, have no such prejudices; it is a free country—as free to rats as to Chinamen; they increase and multiply and settle on the land very much as they please, eating up your flour, and running over you when you are asleep, without ceremony.

No one thinks it worth while to kill individual rats—the abstract fact of their

existence remains the same; you might as well wage war upon mosquitoes. I often shot rats, but it was for the sport, not for the mere object of killing them. Rat-shooting is capital sport, and is carried on in this wise: The most favorable place for it is a log-cabin in which the chinks have not been filled up, so that there is a space of two or three inches between the logs; and the season is a moonlight night. Then when you lie down for the night (it would be absurd to call it "going to bed" in the mines), you have your revolver charged, and plenty of ammunition at hand. The lights are of course put out, and the cabin is in darkness; but the rats have a fashion of running along the tops of the logs, and occasionally standing still, showing clearly against the moonlight outside; then is your time to draw a bead upon them and knock them over—if you can. But it takes a good shot to do much at this sort of work, and a man who kills two or three brace before going to sleep has had a very splendid night's shooting. [Especially if some poor wandering hombre should happen to be passing, he might get a share of the balls, if not of the sport.]

(Continued.)

MY TEACHERS...No. I.

BY S * * *

The declining sun is shining pleasantly into the deserted school-room, and I sit musing at my desk. The busy hum of the day is succeeded by unbroken stillness, and I feel a pleasure in being free from the searching eyes of a hundred and fifty scholars. The evening hymn was sweetly sung, and it touched a chord in my heart which is still vibrating like the strings of an Æolian in the soft breeze of summer. The bustling boys hurried off while the last stroke of the bell was dying away on the ear; but the little girls loitered down the aisle, and stopped to chat in the hall: and some of them, with their silvery voices, came and wished me "good night" very sweetly!

Pleasanter than the sunlight is the smile of those little girls. They are pictures of beauty hung all around the school-room—surpassing in loveliness the richest works of the old masters of art. The school-room, plain though it be, is rich in beauty.

All day long the eyes of those little ones

have been fixed upon the teacher;—what are the impressions which their trusting hearts have carried away? Do they think me an automaton, placed in the school-room to govern them, as the "regulator" controls the steam-engine? Or do they feel that I have a soul to sympathize with their joyousness, and a heart that, conscious of their trustful simplicity, keeps time to the out-gushings of happiness?

The *Psychrometer* with which children test their superiors is a delicate instrument, and seldom fails to give an accurate measurement. Do they never dream that often, while gazing on them, I throw off the burden of years, and grow young again!

And then I think of my own early teachers, and the impressions which they left on my mind. I am a little barefooted boy again, to-night, and I may indulge in childish reminiscences; for he who would deal gently with childhood, must often revert to his own childish joys and sorrows, else he will measure boys and girls by the standard of men and women.

Of many of my teachers I have no impression whatever. They were of the *negative* class. They taught me to read and spell, and nothing more. My first school was a village "summer school," and my first teacher a lady. I remember but little about it. I must have been very young then. My mother used to tie on my straw hat, and send me off with a cousin about my own age. I had no brothers and sisters to take me to school.

We passed close by a large mill-pond, where great dragon-flies—known to us by the terrible name of "devil's darning-needles"—buzzing about, or alighting in the middle of the road, frightened me out of my wits. It was told me they would sew up my eyes; and I—poor little simpleton!—I believed it all. I thought, too, they could sting, and were very poisonous. Many an hour of terror did those foolish stories cause me—and I was no coward, either.

I remember one lantern-jawed, big fellow, who used to scare me by threatening to eat me. It was his daily sport to torment me. Ulysses and his men could not have felt greater terror when old Polyphemus seized and devoured some of their number, than did I when that ogre ran after me. That

boy had the countenance of Cain. I hated him after I grew larger. I always thought I would flog him if I grew to be a man; were I to meet him now, I should be almost tempted to do it!

I remember when I was some ten years old, as a boy was frightening a wee bit of a girl by opening his mouth and threatening to bite her head off, how my heart burned with indignation till I gave him what he deserved, a good "licking." That was the only fight I was ever engaged in during my school days, and it was in a just cause. The great lubber never terrified the girl again.

The "school-ma'am" was a small, pale-looking lady. I only remember that when a boy did wrong, she stuck him up on a high seat, and then all the scholars stood up, and pointed their fore-fingers at him, and hissed, and cried "Eh! for shame!" I never was "set up"; it would have broken my heart. I was sent out of the room once for some little thoughtless act, and how mortified I was as I slunk down the aisle! I took an instinctive aversion to that teacher, afterwards.

The incident may seem trifling, but it was a great event in my life. I was at church one Sunday noon, sitting quietly in my grandfather's old-fashioned square pew, and the "school-ma'am" and another lady stood at the stove near by. Suddenly she turned round, and pointing her finger at me, said—"There is the little boy that told me a lie."

The circumstances were these: One day I went up and asked "leave to be dismissed." She told me if I would promise to come to school next day, I might go. Of course I promised. Next day my mother kept me at home for some good reason. This was why the "school-ma'am" pointed her finger at me, and said, "There is the little boy that told a lie!" How those words burned into my heart! Up to that time, to the best of my recollection, I never had dreamed of ever telling anything but the truth to my parents and teachers, and to be called a liar, and in church, too! I felt it was wrong, and I hated the very sight of her always after.

This little circumstance has always made me very careful of ever accusing children of telling untruths, unless the proof is positive. In looking back upon my school

days, I do not remember of ever telling my teachers or parents a deliberate falsehood.

My father died when I was ten years old. The day before his death, he remarked to an attendant that "he had never known me to tell a lie." I felt proud of the praise—yet I think he suspected me once. I remember I was in the old garden, trying to knock some cherries from a tree, by throwing stones at them. Close by the cherry tree stood an apple tree, whose fruit my father had forbidden me to touch. He called me up to the gate, and asked me if I was stoning the apples? I told him I was trying to get some cherries; he said nothing, and walked away. But I thought he doubted my word. I went down into a corner of the garden, behind the currant bushes, and cried bitterly. Then came the thought of the "school-ma'am" who had pointed her finger at me, and called me a liar. I only wonder I did not become a liar.

This "school-ma'am"—I call no names, and this will never meet her eye—is now married to a boy, who, in school, sat in the same desk with me. At the time of their marriage he was twenty years old—she must have been thirty-five. Wonder if *she* didn't "tell a lie" to that playmate of mine—foolish young fellow.

WILL SOME GEOLOGIST OR ANTIQUARIAN EXPLAIN IT?—On the nineteenth day of November last, (1857,) while some men were drifting in the "Keystone" tunnel, at Smith's Flat, Sierra county, they found a human collar-bone, perfectly sound, with the exception of a small portion at either end, which was somewhat decayed. This bone was in the gravel of an old river's bed under the mountain, known as "the great blue lead;" similar to others, and which constitute nearly the whole of what are known as "hill diggings" in every part of the mining districts. It was not less than a thousand feet beneath the forest-covered surface of the mountain, and as many feet more above Cañon and Oregon creeks.

Now the question naturally arises, at what era of the world's changes could this bone, and that particular kind of gravel formation have been deposited there? And to what class of the human family does that collar-bone belong? Will some one learned in such matters please inform us? B.

ADVENTURES OF A CALIFORNIA PHYSICIAN.

NO. III.

"Man never is, but always to be blest."

We are often disappointed in the fruition of our most ardent anticipations, for our pictures of future happiness are far too beautiful and brilliant to be realized; and the heart is best satisfied seeking treasures it never enjoys.

It would be far better for man, if he would stop to enjoy the present; but ill at ease, and not satisfied with the comforts about him, he looks a "little beyond" to the Archimedean stand-point, where brighter prospects spring up before him; and in his haste to reach some ideal court, with gilded corridors and garden walks, where fairy feet have trod, he kills the goose that daily laid its golden egg, and then awakens only to behold, too late, his folly, and sadly to lament the untimely death of his noble and generous bird. Such, at least, has been my experience in my search for gold. While at Nevada, I was in the vicinity of the richest *placers* in the State; but news came to our company, (with a pledge of secrecy on our part), that far richer discoveries had been made a little farther on—somewhere on the South Yuba, and of course I was ambitious to be first in the new field of discovery, and in a few days arrangements were made to follow the *ignis fatuus* to the promised treasure, and had it been located a "little beyond" some unknown region, either in Heaven or——where good parsons tell us the wicked go, I presume I should have been none too wise to have followed the golden phantom.

Away with your philosophy—away with your *omnia vite ex ovo*, and your nucleated-cell-theory of organic development, for I was not developed in any such an arbitrary manner, but early in my life the mystic wand of the hero's god pointed to the goal of my future greatness, and my guardian angel has since been whispering in my ear—"weaving delu-

sions, phantoms and dreams"—beckoning me to enchanted halls and great wealth.

It told me I was born for a hero, and I felt it, though I have often wished some power to "strike the electric chain, where-with I am darkly bound," and set me forever free. But excuse this Quixotic prelude, and we'll again to the "adventure."

On the first of February, 1850, I left Nevada with my very excellent friend, Charley, and four others—each with a pack upon his shoulders, weighing from twenty to forty pounds, besides his bedding, for such was the prevailing custom in those days that a man was considered insane who traveled without taking his bed along with him; thus, in native style, we trudged along in single file, following an almost indistinct Indian trail over and around several high hills, across many rapid streams on fallen trees, that stretched from bank to bank, and before night found ourselves traveling upon the hard crusted snow. We continued our way until night came on, when we halted, consulted a moment together, then laid aside our packs and commenced digging a long trench in the snow beside an old cedar, which gave evidence of having been blown down many years before. This being done, we managed to build a fire in our snow-house—melted snow enough to make coffee, which we took with our raw pork and sailor's bread, with good relish. Then, laying down a thick carpet of pine leaves in the trench we had dug, we spread out our blankets and turned in for the night, regardless of the danger which surrounded us. There, nestled together, quite hidden from the wind, and with our feet towards the fire, which by this time had caught the dead tree, we slept soundly and awoke fresh for our journey the next day. It was snowing when we got up, so we took a hasty repast and hurried on, and at three o'clock, P. M., arrived at a point on the southern slope of the mountain, where we determined to spend the remainder of the winter. One little cabin stood near,

scarce large enough for two persons, which was the home of the pioneers of this new and vastly rich discovery.

The ground was covered with about three inches of damp snow; the dark clouds hung heavy about the mountains; the majestic pines waved to and fro their stately heads in mournful silence, while the deep moaning of the wind gave warning that a fearful storm was hovering about us. How gloomy and sad was the hour! A sickening melancholy came over me; such as feeling alone makes description's self, while words sink back upon the faltering tongue, too feeble to convey the meaning; and I felt as if that part of the earth was but half made up, and that Heaven was sighing and weeping over the deformity.

It was but for a few moments I allowed these feeling to weigh heavily upon me; for cold and damp as I was, I felt it necessary to bestir myself. So taking an axe, I went to felling trees with the rest of the company, and so merrily did we all work that in two hours we had the frame work of a log house erected and covered with pine limbs, in such a manner as to afford a fair shelter from the storm. The damp earth was then thrown out of a little hole we called a door, and pine leaves spread down to protect our blankets from the dirt; then a fire was built in one corner, tea made, supper over, and we began to prepare for retiring, when one of our neighbors peeped in and kindly invited me to spend the night with him, assuring me his place was dry and far more comfortable than my own. After asking my companions if one of them would not like to go (for I did not like to be selfish), I accepted his kind invitation; but when I learned that three others were to occupy this dog-kennel of a hut, I secretly repented, though unwilling to give any signs of my dissatisfaction, for I hoped to mix in some oblivious manner with the various *hom-bres*; that the memories of the day and the cares of the morrow might soon end in happy dreams. While sitting upon

our haunches, with our hands firmly clasped below the knees, we managed well, but when we came to lie down, there was not room for more than two pairs of legs to lie straight; consequently one of the men ran his feet up chimney, and elevated his body in such a manner as to make me fearfully apprehensive for his safety, lest his brains should all run into his head, as Mrs. Partington said of Ike. Not willing to incur a like danger, I coolly thrust my phalangeal extremities through an aperture, and in a short time they were buried beneath the drifting snow without.

But here an incident occurred that disturbed our arrangements. Just as the waters of Lethe were rippling over my lids and lulling me into sweet forgetfulness, the accumulated snow upon the tender roof caused it to fall in upon us, and rob us of the intended repose. Ah! thought I, if I had an Inca's wealth, no dire obtrusion would be made upon my slumbers; for

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep;
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles—the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear!"

Many and bitter were the complaints, and more than once I thought of returning to my own camp; but pride forbade me doing so. We groped about in the darkness and storm a long time, but finally succeeded in repairing the roof, and again retired.

The sombre hours of night glided lazily into the more welcome hours of morning, until the cycle was completed; when a vague joy "came o'er the spirit of my dreams," and I hastened to join my own party; rather delighted that the night had been thus passed, for the incidents seemed happily cuneiform, and just adapted to fill up the little vacuum that otherwise would have rendered my adventures incomplete.

I found George snoring, Smith smoking, Jim preparing to cook breakfast, while Charley was industriously at work topping out the chimney. (This spirit

of industry has made him one of the wealthiest merchants now in the city of San Francisco.) My adventure was soon told. A hearty laugh burst from all hands, except George, who seemed peculiarly to enjoy his snoring propensities. In short, he was one of Cæsar's men—"sleek-headed, such as sleep o' nights"; and, with all the pathos of a Sancho Panza, could exclaim, even from the depth of his great coat and woolen shirt, "Blessed is the man who first invented sleep!"

The day was spent filling up the spaces between the logs, and when night came we found ourselves securely protected from the wind and snow; and once more a melancholy joy filled my bosom, as I looked out upon the darkness, and listened to the howling winds, and the roaring waters of the swollen river.

"O! there is joy in grief, when peace dwells in the bosom of the sad." Thus I felt in my silent meditations, though I breathed not a complaint, nor seemed to care for any thing about me. I was stoical in my manner, yet in my heart nearly softened to tears. How little do we know of the world of thoughts that are hovering about our friends, and vibrating impressions of joy or grief upon the inner tablets of the soul. The eye may be dimmed with the tear of affliction, or the warm blood may flush the cheek as the tell-tale messenger of love's inmost dwelling, and yet but ill-bespeak the depth of true and earnest feeling. This is no fiction, but the experience of life.

In a few days the clouds cleared away, and the sun shone warmly upon the southern slope of the mountain, melting the snow so rapidly, that in a few days more the ground around the cabin was quite dry. Our claims in the mean time were located, according to the laws of holding claims; each man having three or more claims—the too common practice—by putting up "notices," with fictitious names, upon a stake or stump; and we had nothing to do but to watch them, and await the falling of the water.

Accordingly, most of our time was

spent in hunting during the first few weeks. On one occasion, as I had strayed several miles from camp in my chase after a deer, which several times had come nearly within shot, I heard a crackling among the thick underbrush, and thinking I should then get a shot at him, I crawled along among the bushes, the better to conceal myself; when suddenly a huge grizzly rose upon his hind feet before me. We eyed each other a few moments, apparently in mutual suspense, when I "drew a bead" upon him; but the ball struck upon his grizzly hide, and glanced off. Stung, but not otherwise hurt, he became enraged, making the mountains echo with his hoarse and savage growl.

Deeming "prudence the better part of valor," I made a hasty retreat through the tangled bushes, closely pursued by old Bruin, and climbed the nearest tree, leaving my gun standing by its side; but had scarcely got beyond his reach, when he seized it, as by instinct, and threw it with such force as to break the stock and bend the barrel. Then raising himself upon his hind legs with the quickness of a cat, he caught the limb upon which I was standing, and pulled it to the ground; and had I not had a firm grasp upon the limb above me, I might not have been spared to write this narrative. He now seemed satisfied I was beyond his reach; and after scratching the bark from the tree to the height of several feet, he commenced gnawing at the body, then digging at the roots—occasionally looking up to watch my movements—meanwhile, manifesting no little anxiety for my safety.

Finally, walking around the tree several times to satisfy himself that the task of gnawing or digging it up was too great to undertake, he walked away a few paces and laid down—never, however, losing sight of me for a moment. Night was coming on, and I felt I must prepare for the emergency, so taking my handkerchief I tied myself to the tree expecting to spend the night roosting upon a

limb, like a turkey, instead of sleeping like a man. Cold and benumbed in my silent roosting place, I longed for some one to come to my rescue; and how willing I felt to be forgiven for all past offenses, *provided* any accident should befall me. However, before dark I had the satisfaction of seeing my enemy slowly moving away. I watched his movements with almost breathless anxiety, until he was quite out of sight, when I hastened down and hurried home to camp, where I arrived late at night, resolved never again to attack a grizzly single handed—and I have kept my promise.

After my encounter with old Bruin, I lost my zeal, and grew weary of hunting; and being tired of the monotonous life of eating and sleeping, with apparently no higher purpose in life than that, which justly belongs to the herbivorous and ruminating animal, I used frequently to go to the top of the mountains, and amuse myself rolling large stones down the slope—listening to the crackling of the bushes and the falling of small trees that happened in the way, until the sound was slowly echoed back by the surrounding hills.

When I became tired of this amusement, I climbed to the highest point of some jagged cliff, and sat for hours contemplating the grandeur and sublimity of the scenery. These were my happiest hours, and awakened in my bosom feelings of heavenly quiet; recalling the fondest remembrances of the scenery about Centre Harbor and the White Mountains, and the many sunny hills of New England, where in my boyhood's days I used to play.

On the first of March, it was proposed I should go to Nevada and get the letters which we all expected, and pack fifty pounds of flour on my back when I returned; thus making a lively application of the old motto, "kill two birds with one stone."

The suggestion pleased me, for I thought any thing for a change to be far preferable to the automatic round of every-day

life, where waiting for and not receiving was the constant employment of us all, and where there were no books or papers to read, to while away the lonesome hours. Though in poetry there are, sometimes

"Lessons in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing,"

yet in experience this is far from true.

Early in the morning I left, accompanied by Jim, who volunteered to go along. Following down the river—scrambling over ledges, and jumping from point to point of the projecting rocks—we soon came to the crossing; which was made by felling two young trees, one on each side of the river, and which rested on a ledge in the middle, about ten feet above low water. We sat astride of these logs, and hitched ourselves along upon our hands, much like school-boys at a game of "leap-frog;" and in a few moments we were again on terra firma at the opposite side of the river. We then ascended the mountain, and following the old trail through the woods, up and down tedious hills, and through deep ravines, we reached the camp of Mr. P..., one half mile from Nevada, just at sunset; having walked twenty-five miles in nine hours. Here we were cordially received; a warm supper was set before us, and an invitation given to spend the night, which I need not say was accepted.

After resting a while, we went to town and obtained our letters, and several for the boys at the camp. What pleasure a letter afforded us in those days! I quickly scanned the contents of mine, and treasured up all the items of love, murder, marriage, births, and deaths, to be talked about for many days after I returned to camp. We here heard that Mr. B... had just purchased our old claim on "Gold Run," (which we left for richer diggings "a little beyond,") for which he gave ten thousand dollars. When I heard this, my heart grew sick, and I felt we had sacrificed much to gain little—as it afterwards proved.

We soon made a purchase of flour, returned to our friend P.'s and spent the

night. He had no beds in his cabin, but he kindly offered me his bunk; which I, however, declined—choosing to sleep upon the ground with my feet to the fire, rather than obtrude too much upon his generosity.

We rose early next morning, and to our great discomfort found it had been snowing during the night, and was then raining. We had no time to lose; so, taking a hearty breakfast, we each packed a sack of flour upon our shoulders. Besides this, my friend took a jack-plane, a jointer, and a hand-saw; while in addition to my sack of flour, I took about ten pounds of broken sea-bread, and a two-quart jug of "Old Monon," at the earnest suggestion of my friends, of course, and which they assured me was a sure preventive to colds and fatigue.

Thus equipped we left, with the rain falling upon our backs, and the slush of snow under our feet; but we had not gone far before the rain turned to snow, which increased rapidly in depth, until all trace of a path was obliterated, and frequently we found ourselves in drifts three feet deep.

We had scarcely advanced one-half of our distance towards home, when my companion became suddenly ill, and sat down to rest. Here I administered a little of my panacea, not forgetting to try it myself; and not knowing but it might harm me, I took a little twice—as we are told medicines act adversely upon the human system as the dose is diminished. I then went forward, beat down the snow, and encouraged my companion to advance; and I thus continued to tread the snow before him for three hours or more, when I became nearly exhausted, and was glad to stop a few moments to rest. Suddenly, as if heaven and earth had collapsed, it became dark, and the storm increased in that severe manner which can best be appreciated by those who have been in a snow-storm on the Nevada. To say it was dark, and the wind

howled among the tall pines, would give but a vague idea of the raging elements, and the gloominess of that hour.

My companion became still more disheartened, and insisted upon lying down in the snow to spend the night, cold and wet as he was, rather than make further efforts to reach some human habitation, where a more grateful shelter could be enjoyed; and it required all my energies and remonstrances to dissuade him from such a foolish and dangerous resolve. Being now obliged to grope my way in the dark, the points of the compass soon became confused in my mind, and I knew not in what direction I was traveling; yet my heart failed me not, and I resolved to keep moving.

In such an emergency one requires a stout heart, and a truer courage than that of the *brave* school-boy, who goes whistling by some lone church-yard, with his ears open to catch the slightest sound, and one eye turned over his shoulder to see if some goblin is not skulking behind the dilapidated tomb-stones. Though I do not boast of courage that finds no comparison, I was nevertheless determined to surmount every obstacle; believing that to a great extent what man *wills* man may perform.

After wandering about several hours—often finding myself brought to a sudden stand-still, by coming in contact with large trees; at other times stumbling over logs, or sinking deep into the snow, I fortunately discovered the faint light from a fire far down the mountain. Following the direction of the light, at ten o'clock I found myself and companion in the tent of an American, a true white man—who had retired to rest, regardless of the fearful storm about him. Our story was soon told. He got up; baked us a cake, and made some coffee, of which we eagerly partook with grateful hearts. He then furnished us with blankets, which we wrapped around us, and laid down,

"Like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him,"

and soon were in "slumbers most profound"—dreaming perchance of a happier morrow.

In the morning we learned we were six miles from camp; so I proposed that we should wind our way about the mountain until we had passed a high and rugged cliff that projected into the river, when we would again descend, and walk along the bank until we reached the crossing, about three miles beyond.

While struggling through the deep snow with the pack upon my back, (which, being wet, weighed not less than sixty pounds,) and just as I had gained the steepest point of the mountain, the snow began to move about me; slowly at first, but soon it bore me with the velocity of the wind down the steep slope, and for a few moments I seemed doomed to inevitable destruction. But, fortunately and almost miraculously, that portion of the avalanche on which I was borne broke from the main body, and, turning a little to one side, rushed against a projecting rock, where it stopped, and rolled itself into a huge drift; thus leaving me upon the verge of a precipice where I could look down upon the tops of tall trees, and the foaming waters of the river below. A more perilous situation could not well be conceived of. As I looked down upon the dizzy, whirling, and foaming river, my eyes grew dim—a misty curtain rose before them—my head became giddy, and a sensation as of falling came over me; when I started, like one suddenly awaking from a frightful dream, half-conscious for the moment of the danger I was in.

I turned my eyes to learn the fate of my companion; yet fearful to move, lest any motion should prove my destruction. To my great delight I saw him standing above me upon the firm snow, with a long pole in his hands, which he pushed towards me. I grasped it firmly, and with

his assistance, in a few moments found myself by his side, secure from danger.

Two hours after, we found ourselves in our own cabin, by a comfortable fire, and felt that,

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home,"
even such a one as we called "ours."

FE NIX.

Lonely Dale, Feb. 1, 1858.

"THE GIANT JUDGE."

A new work with the above title, from the pen of W. A. Scott, D. D., has been recently published by Whitton, Towne & Co., San Francisco, which in its typographical execution (if we except the engravings) is fully equal to any similar work issued from the press of New York or Boston. The binding, by A. Buswell, is in embossed cloth, and is the first of the kind, we believe, that has been attempted on the Pacific coast.

This work contains a series of admirably written sermons, or lectures, upon the birth, life, and death of Samson, one of the most remarkable of the Judges of ancient Israel.

We see but few faults in the character of the work, as a moral, religious, or literary production; nor do we question the motives that prompted the author, in giving his lectures to the world, in their present enduring form. But we do believe him in fault in one particular; and it becomes the greater, when the objectionable feature is such, that in its place, is entirely gratuitous, if not quite insincere in sentiment, though we do not believe intentionally so; yet, if not insincere, we must question the author's taste in reference to the specimens of art with which his book is illustrated, not embellished.

We allude to the closing remark of the author's preface, in which he says:—

"Our artists have, I think, admirably succeeded in giving us illustrations eminently suited to the text. All the pic-

tures I remember to have seen of Samson and Delilah, even those of Rubens, Guido and David, are *historically* incorrect."

Now it is well known that for a considerable time previous to the appearance of this book, no little effort was made to prepare the public mind for the reception of a work, that, in the design and execution of its illustrations or engravings, was to be a little, if not greatly superior to any thing that had ever preceded it, as a California book. The engravings were to be spirited, life-like, and, as we had supposed, "eminently suited to the text." And the author says:—

"Our illustrations are strictly in conformity with the history and customs of the country, and of the times, as explained by the best interpreters, and by the latest researches of antiquarians and monument readers."

It is to this assertion that we take exceptions, for we can hardly look upon it in any other light than an attempt to forestall the judgment of the reader, and turning it into a channel not warranted by the facts. And, in our opinion, it would have been far better for all concerned, to have let the work stand entirely upon its own merits, than for the author to have attempted to cover up its palpable defects, by an undue, out-of-place eulogy of the very merit it does not possess.

Let us take the engraving in which the angel is seen ascending in the flame, and compare it with pictures upon oriental monuments. We never recollect to have seen, "in our journeyings upon the banks of the Nile," or in any portion of "Ancient Egypt," a monumental picture, representing a burnt offering, that did not, to some extent, show the nature of the offering, whether of animals or fruits, as well as the wood for the fire; neither of which appear in the engraving; the flame evidently deriving its sustenance from the smooth surface of the rock. But while the artist has neglected to show us the wood, or even the half consumed semblance of the kid then being offered, he

has been exceedingly lavish of long fingers. We do not believe there can be found a monument in all Egypt, or elsewhere, that, in a group of only three persons, so many awkward fingers can be seen.

It may be said the artist has chosen the time for the ascent of the angel, when the wood and the offering were quite consumed; but then there would be but little or no flame, and Manoah and his wife, "strictly in conformity" with the text, should by this time have fallen "on their faces to the ground." We think the artist not in fault, but the author; he should have consulted with the artist, and by so doing produced a picture "*historically*" correct.

Passing over the "COPY OF CLAY TABLET FROM SINKARA"—for we never criticise pictures from oriental monuments; but take it for granted they were probably the best that the people of the times could produce, under the then existing state of the arts—we pass on to the picture of "SAMSON KILLING THE LION." And which we are led to believe he is doing, in the same way that the lion tears the kid—

"Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid"—

By stretching open his mouth, and very likely breaking his neck or back-bone; for this is evidently the only tearing he gets, though Samson may have broken his head against the tree, found in the *next* picture; but that he was in any other way rent or torn does not appear from the engraving. There is not a doubt, however, but that Samson looked upon the lion's teeth as the most dangerous feature of his antagonist, and that tearing his jaws apart would be an effectual way to render him harmless, if not to kill him. Thus we conceive the artist has not only chosen an admirable attitude and moment, in the progress of the encounter, but has given, in connection with the engraver, the very best picture in the book.

We come to "SAMSON FINDING HONEY" in the carcass of the lion. The author says, (page 174)—"It must have been, as we have shown, about a year after the lion was killed, that the bees were found in its skeleton frame. This was quite time enough for the birds and beasts of prey to have eaten the flesh off from the bones, and for the hot sun and parching winds of Asia to have completely dried them."

Now we can hardly imagine how it could have been possible "for the birds and beasts of prey to have eaten the flesh off from the bones," without disturbing his hair or hide; nor do we find him even with his jaws torn asunder. Here, again, we think the fault lies with the author, in not directing the artist to produce a skeleton, with a swarm of bees in and about it, instead of a sleeping lion, slightly troubled, perhaps, with ants or flies about the mouth; and yet it may be an "illustration eminently suited to the text," and we not see it.

The next engraving is that of the foxes with a fire-brand between their tails. This is a spirited conception certainly. These foxes are evidently running very fast; it was in the heat of summer, and as they were engaged in a fiery expedition, all must have conspired to render their expedition a laborious and heating one; yet we look in vain for a lolling tongue, or any tongue at all, in either of them; but as they seem to be heading towards the engraver, who, if they ever had any tongues, very cruelly cut them out, we leave them to settle the difficulty with him, strictly in conformity with oriental usage.

"SAMSON CARRYING AWAY THE GATES OF GAZA." In this engraving, we are happy to see that Samson has been provided with a pair of socks—not shoes or sandals—for, until now, he seems to have gone about barefooted.

"SAMSON IN DELILAH'S LAP." Here we have a group, that though perhaps

"historically" correct, and "strictly in conformity with the history and customs of the times," is nevertheless one, that if it had been presented to the public to illustrate any event in the life of one of our governors or judges, or any citizen of San Francisco at the present day, or even Brigham Young with one of his concubines, would be deemed an objectionable picture for a show-window; but because it is illustrative of the acts of one of Israel's Judges, in soft dalliance "with a celebrated beauty of great historical interest," though there is no "reason to believe she was Samson's wife"—page 251—the picture is doubtless considered unexceptionable.

Nor do we find any fault with the picture; we really like it: it is just to our taste, as doubtless it is to the author's—page 253—"We think our engravings of Delilah with Samson asleep in her lap, and as she appears when he is taken by the Philistines, both happily expressive of her character and surrounding circumstances."

So do we; Samson wholly denuded to the waist, and Delilah nearly so, besides presenting a well developed leg, bare to the top of her knee; certainly, very "happily expressive of her character." We should not have spoken of her leg, only that the author says—page 260—"The woman sits on a divan, or mat, or carpet, crosslegged, and the man lays himself down with his head in her lap," and then quotes the following—"And she gently taps, strokes, sings and soothes him to sleep;" but whether this information was derived from inscriptions from oriental monuments does not clearly appear. Here again we think the author in fault, in not hinting to the artist the necessity of presenting Delilah crosslegged, and not as she appears in the engraving.

We have spoken of this picture just as it is presented to the youth of our land, for whose benefit these lectures were especially intended. And as "*The child*

should be taught what he is to do when he is a man"—page 144—and as such teachings can be imparted by pictures as well as by printed books—page 95—we cannot but look upon this engraving as highly but dangerously instructive; "happily expressive" as it is, of the sensual voluptuousness of the chamber of a beauty, whether "of great historic interest" or not.

In proof that there is something wrong in the picture to the eyes of the young, without a word introductory, or a remark upon the nature of the book, we opened it and asked a little girl of ten years and three months to look at this picture. She looked at it for a moment, then, with a haughty look and curl of the lip, turned indignantly away saying—"I'll tell my pa of you, for showing me that picture." Therefore we say—as on page 150—from the influence of such pictures "Oh, spare our homes!"

We will pass over the picture "copied from the monuments of Egypt, showing how Delilah could weave his locks to the loom," and pass on to one "copied from the monuments of Egypt." It doubtless took more than *one* monument to furnish it; and is supposed by the author to represent "barbers operating." But "from my own personal researches and observations in the East," and from the latest readings of oriental monuments, I am quite certain the picture was intended to represent a phrenologist examining a head, whilst he holds a small mirror in front, the better to point out to the person examined the exact position of his bumps!

As we have before remarked, we have no criticism to make upon the style of the drawings upon the monuments of Egypt; but when the author has evidently misinterpreted their meaning, it comes within our province to make such corrections, as from our own researches we feel justified in doing.

The next engraving does not require

any comment from us: the eye, doubtless, is just what the king is aiming at.

And now we have reached the last of our author's, or artist's conceptions, "SAMSON GRINDING AT THE MILL."

"Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves,
To grind in brazen fetters under task."

And yet in vain do we look for the fetters. A simple wrinkle upon his right wrist, the same that we see upon his left when in the lap of Delilah, is the only indication of "brazen fetters."

And, notwithstanding his abject condition, his rendition to slavery, servitude and hard labor, and a terrible disease of the breast, as indicated by the engraving, still he appears in admirable working condition; and working with a beautiful looking slave; but the poor man being blind, perhaps don't know it.

"And he did grind in the prison-house."

Yet it would seem our author, or artist, or both, would make his prison-house to be the whole of outdoors; but from my own personal observation of the prison-houses of oriental nations, this is "*historically* incorrect," notwithstanding the author thinks his "illustrations eminently suited to the text."

We repeat, it is this wholly gratuitous remark on the part of the author, tending to palm off upon the reader a series of engravings as "*historically*" correct, when the most casual observer cannot but see in them the most palpable defects.

The *conception* or *selection* of a design, lies with the author of a work, that it may comport with his texts and the facts; the *execution* of the design, and the engraving, with the artists. *.*

True greatness in any direction can only be attained by patient and long-continued thought and toil; it is by such effort that the artist wins his forms of beauty to glow upon the canvas; that the sculptor fashions the dull, cold marble into shapes of vital loveliness; and by such means does the poet pour forth the melodies of undying song.

Our Social Chair.

Lively, piquant, pointed, and social may the sitters be in this our Social Chair. To make the gloomy cheery, the dull bright, the sad gladsome, the disheartened hopeful, the sorrowful comforted, and the unhappy happy, was the aim and end of this same Social Chair. Moreover, it has somewhat of a cosmopolitan spirit in many respects, as it in no way precludes any person whatever on account of country, politics, religion, sex, age, or circumstances; whether married and with a family of juveniles, or single without any; spinster or bachelor—except such as have the blues, and *they* cannot have a seat here on any pretence whatever. If, however, they should carefully “mark, learn and inwardly digest” the good intended for them, in this very Social Chair, we hope they will be prepared to occupy it by degrees—as lawyers are said to get to heaven—a very doubtful simile, no doubt.

We have received many answers to M.'s challenge, in the January number, some of them pretty, others funny, and others but “so, so.” Upon the whole, the following is, we think, the best, and will give the lady in question something to think of, and, perhaps, write about; but let it speak for itself.

DEAR SOCIAL CHAIR,—Some envious persons might begrudge “Brother Frank” and “Sister May,” and many others, contributors to the “Social Chair,” the good time they are having; but such persons, possessing none of the elements of happiness themselves, are always miserable in the same ratio that others are happy. Not so with Nelan. He not only likes to see the enjoyment of others, but is determined just to “walk in” and have a good time with the rest. You need not be jealous, Brother Frank, if I *am* about half in love with Sister May—or *was*, for I have something else to think about at this present writing, so I would not interfere with you if I could. So we'll be friends, will we not?

We not only hear funny sayings in the mountains, but often *see* funny things, too. For instance, the schoolmaster sometimes goes abroad, and the result is some rich

specimens of orthography, as the following (which I discovered, in flaming characters, tacked to a tree on Kanaka Creek, and copied *verbatim et literatim*,) will testify:

NOTIS

we under Sine to Claim this ground for minege wen the wather is in this gulch from this notis to the un Below.

Kanacker Krick Janarey the 6th 1858

(Signed) C— and Cumpany

This almost beats the *Blacksmit* Shop in a neighboring town; the worthy son of Vulcan *mitin*, who does his own sign lettering, being better versed in “forging” than in orthography. I wished to speak of some other little “items,” but the fair M— is waiting for her “answer,” and it would be ungallant to delay; so I will at once proceed to inquire—

Hast thou long sought, fair M—, this paragon,
An honest man, to rest thy hopes upon?
And is an honest man so very rare,
To vainly seek? I pray thee, have a care,
Lest, all unheeding golden ore and pure,
Thou grasp'st but dross when feeling most secure.

I fain would be an honest man; but then
To say I *am*—ah me! I dinna ken!
At least, I'd rather have it said of me,
And in the saying all the truth to be.

This mantle too, most comely garb divine,
Whose stamp is honor, and whose vesture thine;
Than which are beauty, fortune, birth, or power—
World-worshipped idols—far less fair a dower;
I dare to crave. Yes—truthful, candid, free,
I ask no more than I will give to thee.
Entwine me, then, with this delightful spell,
Thy *glove* I raise—the terms they suit me well;
And further would I trust thy graceful charms,
Nor fear to be entwined by loving arms.

NELAN.

Those to whom we refer when speaking of “people at the east”—which generally includes every person from Maine to Texas—will still give us credit for being a strange kind of population when they read such as the following, from the *North San Juan Star*—an excellent and well conducted weekly paper published in Nevada county—

A WIFE MORTGAGED.—On Thursday of last week, a Chinaman being charged with theft of a watch and pistol, confessed the

crime and offered to pay the value of the articles, but having no money, and not relishing the idea of a berth in jail, offered to give his bond for the money and mortgage his wife for security. The security was accepted on the terms that a failure to pay was forfeiture of the wife. The contract having been duly committed to paper and signed by the parties, it was made sacred (Chinese fashion) by being committed to the flames. The unfortunate celestial will lose his wife unless he raises the \$30 to satisfy the bond [!]

And then what?

DEAR EDITOR,—I have been musing over that letter of "Charley's" in your October number, and comparing his bright lot with my own sad one. When I read it, it almost startled me; it seemed as if I were dreaming of scenes which I had passed through. I, too, had met one whose gentlest tone could move me more than tongues of angels. The trembling voice, and the glance which drooped when it met my own fervent look, seemed to tell me that she loved me. Then I wrote—

I thought she loved me, and my life
Was one long dream of bliss;
Her name was first upon my lip,
When morning's light drove sleep away,
And changed my dream of bliss
To waking thoughts of her.
Where'er I went, her form was present with me,
And the soft light of her blue eyes
Chased every care away!
All smiled upon me, and I felt
A giant's strength to wrestle with the cares of life.

But a few short weeks have passed since I wrote this in my scrap book; but with what different feelings did I add, a few days after, the following:

But then a change came o'er her. When we met,
She passed me by as one whom she knew not.
She knew I worshiped her; that, next to heaven,
No place was in my heart for aught but her.
She knew my life, my soul was hers;
That she alone could move me as she wished.
She knew her smile could make me happy,
Or her frown could drive me to despair,
But still she passed me by as one
Who woke no answering echo in her heart,
Nor seemed to think the love that I had shown
Was worth accepting.

But still I love her. In my heart of hearts
I'll treasure up her image as she looked
Upon me long ago. Through life I'll bless
The moments I have passed in her dear presence.

Still I'll dream she loves me as I tho't she loved,
When first we met; and in the quiet of my heart,
When earth and all its cares draw to a close,
And when I feel I'm going to the presence of my
God,

My last sad prayer from earth to heaven will be,
God's richest blessings may descend on her.

And if we ever wander from that home
Where angels bow in humble love and praise,
And hide their faces in deep reverence
From Him who sits upon the Eternal Throne,
Waiting to bear his messages from thence
To lead earth's wandering children back to God,
The only boon I'll ever crave will be
To wander ever by her side, and lead
Her tottering footsteps up to heaven, to God.

Charley has a bright future before him.
For me there is naught left but a handful of
ashes. I would that the winds would spring
up which shall strew them on the bosom of
eternity.

PER SE.

Mr. Per Se, we must say that we think yours is rather a hard case; but it always grieves us when, in addition to a man having a soft place in his heart, there should be a corresponding one in his head. "It has been very common," says an eminent living writer, "to speak of those whom a flirt has jilted, as her victims. This is a grave error—her real victim is the man whom she accepts." She is not, believe us, worthy of your devotedness, and we would suggest that you (to use an expressive California phrase) "let her went"!

A lady has sent us the following enigma, which may amuse some of the young folks in finding an answer—

ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-seven letters.
My 5, 15, 2, and 16, is a division of time;
My 20, 11, 7, 17, and 23, is an article of food;
My 4, 27, 7, and 3, is a denomination of money;
My 14, 12, 2, 3, 13, 26 and 19, is a musical instrument;
My 12, 15, 2, 7, 8 and 27, is a piece of furniture;
My 14, 19, 18, 26, 22, and 27, is used for ornamental purposes;
My 6, 9, 19, 21, and 10, was the father of two nations;
My 18, 6, 13, and 25, is the most important person in the world;
My 24, 27, 16, and 15, is nothing;
My 26, 23, 3, 1, 19 and 17, was an ancient prophet;
My whole should be found in every California drawing-room.

How seldom are the publishers of a country newspaper appreciated as they really deserve. They commence on Monday morning, and labor assiduously until Saturday night, to gather all the news and speak good words for the districts in which their lot is cast; and if, perchance by any mishap or slip of the tongue, a word should drop, of complaint, or a sentence should find its way into their journal, that Mr. Big-man—and every town has such an one—disapproves, he makes it his especial business to say that such and so “our little one-horse paper don’t amount to a very large sum,” or other language equally disparaging: when that very paper has been the herald of every incident that has transpired which possesses interest, throughout the country around, and made known the merits of the district abroad, and perhaps been the lever by which the individual in question has been raised from utter insignificance and obscurity.

Then the time which should be spent in the sanctum has to be devoted to setting up type, or working at the press, or collecting the where-with-al to pay for paper, ink, fire-wood, assistant labor and a hundred other incidental and necesary expenses about a newspaper office, simply because the circulation of the paper is not sufficiently extensive of itself to pay its own way without such labor.

Every man that is possibly able (and who that reads this is not?) should become a subscriber, without resorting to the contemptible expedient of “borrowing” his neighbor’s paper—and thus subserve his own comfort and interest while helping on the interests of others. But read the following:—

“THE WAY IT HAPPENS.—This week we have not a very good variety. It is going to be just so next week. The fact is, we have to work like galley slaves to do as well as we do; and if we are getting rich at it, it comes rather hard. Here we are, all this blessed Christmas day, working at the press—the hardest of all labor—without any chance to see the smiling faces and hear the kindly greeting of everybody in the street. What a mockery is a holiday to a country editor! A week hence comes our day of going to press again,

“And then our New Year’s day will be
Just such another Jubilee.”

Placerville American.

To which the Sacramento Age feelingly replies—

Mourn not, worker! say not and think not that yours is like the toil of the galley slave. Let not your pen write it, let not your press print it, that for the “hardest of all labor” there is no compensation. Pull away at the world-moving lever; every time you bring the astonishing pressure upon the types, you do something for civilization, something which those around you cannot do, something which helps to sustain the nobility of your calling. Holidays! what are they except to the reveler and the child? Keep hold of the great dispenser of enlightenment, and and forget not, that, in consideration of his privations here, the printer may be given the freedom of the Celestial City, having lodgings in the grand mansion and feasts on the joys of an eternal jubilee.

Now reader, if you don’t go straight to the office, this very day, and subscribe for the paper which is published in your district, you don’t deserve to share in the progress which that paper advocates,—you don’t.

RESPONSES FROM THE MINES.

NO. IV.

IN THE MINES, Feb. 10, 1858.

DEAR SISTER MAY,—I believe you are trying to pick a quarrel with me, for in your last letter you talk about scolding me—*me*, your *Dear Brother Frank*—and tell of my being indignant and selfish, and all that sort of thing, and you have even gone so far as to call me *coz.*, and in the next I suppose it will be *stranger*, and the next after that you will deny all knowledge of me, and then I shall have to sing—

Time treads on the graves of affection—
Sweet honey is turned into gall—
And Dear May she has no recollection,
That ever she loved me at all.

I can’t feel a bit interested in what you say about eating bear meat, and mutton, and dough-nuts, and gingerbread, and all that, neither do I like your ginger without the bread, for it is too hot and spicy; and as for what you did to “*pay Billie back*” for his jokes, I can only sympathize with the poor fellow, for I have been paid in the same kind of coin, and I consider it very poor currency; it will not circulate at all in my system of exchanges, and is of no kind of

use to me, so I send it back, hoping you will exchange it and give me better money, that will circulate just as the blood does, *through the heart*.

Didn't I tell you I was only in fun in my last letter, and asked you to excuse me, and all that, and then you wanting to kick up a hubbub and a bobbery, must take it all in earnest. Well! well! I must say that your conduct is very strange, and I can only account for it by referring to the poets, who seem to be very wise men, and seek an explanation in the following lines:—

“There's many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many a word in jest that's spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.”

Now, dear May, if you are really heart-broken, and I have unintentionally touched you in a tender spot, why, I can only say that I am very sorry, and take all that fun back, and all that I have said in this letter, too, and ask a thousand pardons, and beg to be forgiven, and promise never to do so again, and will submit to any penalty that you shall choose to inflict, and shall say that I deserved it all, and a great deal more too, and will confess myself to be the veriest wretch on earth for not having been more tender and considerate in writing to a poor heart-broken sister; and, furthermore, that I ought to be exhibited in Adams' Museum as a cruel specimen of the brute creation, and a great deal more of all that sort of thing, too numerous and tedious to mention in this letter; and I know, dear May, you will then be kind to me, and write me a good sisterly letter, and in that hope I will rest.

Sincerely and affectionately yours,
BROTHER FRANK.

This month we have to greet with a most cordial welcome an old (we mean no offence Mrs. M., but apply the remark “old” to the writings and not to the writer) contributor, whom we had “riten” down “ded,” as she would say—but here is her “faver”—

MR. EDITOR,—*Deer Sur*,—It is a lung time Sine I hav writ to you not that I ment to with Draw my inkurigement from you, or my influnce from your Magazeene—By no means. I think its the duty of the rich and

edicated to help them that hasnt bean So favered. I know that my litterary repputashun and naimie is wurth a great deell to yow or any other Magazeen—Heven furbid I shuld depriv you of the benifit of it these hard times—Sum time ago I offerd you Sum device about the Magazeen—Which yow didn't then think wurth while to foller—No dout you hav repentid it Since—At any rate I aint wun to bare hard Sellings to another coz they didnt doo as I devised them to—My xperiunce in life furbids it—My edicashun furbids it—and my persishun in Society furbids it—Beleeve me I shal allways tak a deap interest in the Magazeen as I doo in all litterary wurks.

I suppose youve hearn tell of the Panick—well deer me Lawyer Lofty wun of our fashionable nabers took the Panick a munth ago, and he has lost every thing on airth he had—His wife pore deer creter was wun of the most fashionable wimen of *our Set*—You never see hur with any thing on that wasnt fashionable—But now what a change. She hasnt had a new dress fur a hul munth past. She dus nothin but cry and read little yellor coverd books frum mornin til nite—Mr. Sheriff (or sum sich name) went and Sold their horses and carriage and all their fine furniter—And now Lawyer Lofty Says he will hav to move into the Superbs of the city and seduce his xpenses as much as possible—Deer me I doo feil so sorry fur his pore wif—She takes it so hard and no wonder fur she has only bin married two years and she was very pore before she married Lawyer Lofty—She used to preside at the house of Curnel Common-Sense and assisted his wife to du the house wurk, fur which they paid hur Sixty dollurs a munth and she always dressed butiful. She takes it verry hard and sais she cant tend hur own baby nor du hur own work—Thinks she will aply fur a diforce, then she will give hurself entirely to liturature.

Deer me what a lung lether I have rit—Darter hully and hur baby is well and I must hasten tew preskribe miself yoor verry paternizing frend

MRS. MARY METWITH,
Muther in law to Judge Swindlem.

Men sometimes gaze long and lovingly into the eyes of a beauty—but it is only to see their own dear faces mirrored there.

Editor's Table.

SAN FRANCISCO. San Francisco is a great city, yes, a *great city* in the truest and highest sense of those words. We do not here mean to say that it is very great in its extent or in the number of its inhabitants ; but, when the short period of its growth is considered, it is even great in these ; but, like "a city that is set on a hill (which) cannot be hid," it gives indications of the characteristics of the people who set it there that cannot be mistaken. A city may have a much higher order of greatness than either extent or population, merely, could confer upon it. Such has San Francisco. In every point of view it is truly Californian, and as such it stands a living witness of the intense energies, the unbounded enterprise, the vigorous life and earnest activity of those who projected it and are building it upon the magnificent site which it occupies. Look at the grandeur and sublimity of the scenery which surrounds it : it is sublime in its beauty, in its variety, and in the almost boundless extent which may be taken in at one view. Now turn and behold a city bearing upon its front ideas as sublime as any that its ennobling surroundings could suggest ; let us take you to the high ground near Rincon Point, or Telegraph Hill, or Russian Hill, where it may be seen to advantage, and there survey its position ; see how it rises to the summit of the highest and steepest acclivities of its towering hills, inviting our eyes heavenward in admiration of its beauty as we gaze upon it ; no effeminate race of men would build a city of dwellings upon such hills ; but your true Californian—from the miner to the merchant—glories in overcoming difficulties ; he would not even reach his home after the labors of the day, without some effort or toil, and so he perches it on a steep hill-side, or higher summit, knowing that the enjoyment of any good increases just in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining it ; he therefore rightly concludes that he will be a little nearer heaven in every sense of the word, after reaching the home of his dearest joys through some struggling aspirations upward ; and does it not accord with the

eternal fitness of things that men should ascend up to the pure and elevating influences of their homes ; from thence, too, they may look down on their business, placing it in its true position, not making it the absorbing interest of their every thought, but regarding it as a means to an end through which their energies and affections should daily aspire to the rewards of a higher and better social and intellectual life. Show us the men that glory in surmounting difficulties, and who are not afraid of effort and toil, and we will point out indications of greatness in their surroundings, which shall shine with all the splendor of the noon-day sun, and give forth a light even more glorious and sublime ; and while they may neglect the crowning greatness of their authors, they shall indicate to the world that they are the pride and hope of any people.

BOOK CLUBS.—The many disadvantages under which the newly arrived, and often the older resident laborer in the gold land, from a lack of his familiar and favorite friends, his books, is much—very much—to be regretted. The haste and improvidence with which house-keeping is broken up, when men and women conclude to seek a fortune—not a home—in California, leads them to discard, sell, or leave behind them, the thousand and one little articles of luxury, or convenience, that ministered so much to their pleasure and comfort in the old homestead they are leaving, and which would have no small influence in securing and maintaining a spirit of contentment in the new one they are seeking ; and, to use their own and often felt language, when they miss their home, they "could have brought them with them, or sent them round the Horn as well as not."

Unfortunately, in the interesting catalogue of cast-aways, alas ! are their books. These with many, are missed more than all the others ; and inferior entertainments is too often made the unworthy substitute.

In a country where the refining influences of an elevated literature are most enjoyed, and where new books are constantly making

their appearance, it becomes a question of importance to persons of limited means, how they can secure their reading, when their purchase of such books is almost an impossibility. How much too, is this the case in California? To meet this want, we propose to every little circle of intellectual and book-loving acquaintances, in every settlement, village, town and city, throughout the State, that they may form themselves into BOOK CLUBS, of from ten to fifteen members, (a larger number in one club is not desirable.) Let each member's contribution, at the formation of the club, be from one to ten dollars, or according to their means and wishes, and a monthly subscription of from about fifty cents to any amount needed, which shall become a fund for the purchase of the best, and newest (or any other kind) books, magazines, reviews, &c., that may be desired by the members. The club should meet together at least once a month, (at each member's residence in turn, if agreeable and convenient) when the books to be purchased and the magazines, &c., to be subscribed for

should be agreed upon, and any interesting matter arising therefrom be conversed about. This being done, certain rules and regulations, stating the number of days each book or periodical should be kept by each member, with all others that might be deemed necessary to make the club effectual, should be decided for its governance. At the end of each quarter a spirited sale of the books bought during the past quarter could be made at auction among the members; and when, as each member would no doubt have a desire to own some particular book which he had read during that time, in most cases they would, perhaps, command nearly, and, in some instances, more than their first cost. Clubs of this character, liberally conducted, would secure an excellent supply of the best books and periodicals at a low cost to the members, and become the nucleus of a select circle of intellectual acquaintances and friends in every district. We would earnestly commend this subject to the thoughtful attention of the reader.

Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

J. H. L., Fredricksburg, Pa.—All right.

S. A.—We regret that candor compels us to give it as our opinion that you cannot write poetry. We judge of your style by the samples sent.

Timothy Twile.—Your composition, although quaint and racy in places, is spread out so much as to give too large a quantity of chaff in proportion to the amount of wheat. If you will give us the grain by itself, we shall be pleased to find room for it.

A. M.—We cannot publish long articles of poetry unless they are extra-ordinary good. Gems of two or three stanzas, would just suit us and our readers.

Adventures on a Dark Night.—Must have been "true orful" to a nervous man like you. We shall try to find them a corner in our Social Chair one of these days.

*A ****.*—But for yours coming just as we were going to press last month, we should have found a portion of it a place, as we

like the spirit, and feeling, and principle contained in the sentiments. This month, being out of season, it is of course left out. We shall be pleased to hear from your cabin-house again, and if your piece is not just right, why, never mind; it is the large-heartedness of the author that will make it welcome.

C.—We wait somewhat impatiently for the fulfilment of your promise.

Ellenwood.—Yours has been mislaid until now: Are you still of the same mind? We like them anyhow, and will give them a place.

A Miner's Dream.—Will be examined in turn.

RECEIVED.—Several other communications in prose and verse, but too late for examination this month. To insure a place, every article, however good, must reach us early in each month. Brevity and point should always be observed.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

APRIL, 1858.

No. 10.

MEMBERS OF THE CALIFORNIA SENATE.



GILBERT A. GRANT

Is a son of Gilbert and Maria Grant, of Rockingham, county of Windham, Vermont, where he was born March 17, 1817. On his father's side he is descended from the Scotch, and on the mother's side from the Puritan settlers of New England. He studied law at Windsor, Vermont, in the office of the Hon. Asa Aiken—formerly one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of that State, and one of the most profound lawyers and accomplished scholars of New England—and was admitted to the bar in 1842. In 1849 he emigrated from the city of New York, then his place of residence, to California; arriving in San Francisco April 1st, of that year.

Mr. Grant has been twice married; first, to Helen St. John, daughter of his early patron and friend, Judge Aiken, of Windsor, who died in April, 1845; and last, to Sarah M., daughter of the late Aaron Beach, Esq., of Newark, New Jersey, who died at San Francisco, August 31, 1857.

Mr. Grant has always been a member of the Democratic party, until the Presidential election of 1856, when he espoused the Republican cause, and contributed every means in his power to the election of Col. Fremont to the Presidency.



JOSIAH JOHNSON

Was born in the village of Waterville, County of Oneida, State of New York, Dec. 23d, 1811, where he resided with his

parents until 1833, at which time he went to New York City. There he served as clerk in a foreign and domestic commission house, until 1837; he then succeeded his employers, carrying on the same business, with little intermission until 1849, when he started for California, and arrived in Sacramento City, Jan. 1st, 1850. From that time to the present he has been trading in merchandise, real estate, and agricultural products. In 1855, he was elected Supervisor for the County of Sacramento, on the Democratic ticket; occupying the position of chairman in that body, during the term for which he was elected. In 1856, he was elected on the same ticket, to represent the 9th Senatorial District, Sacramento County, in the State Senate, which place he now occupies. In 1857, he was chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate, and by reappointment now holds the same position. Mr. Johnson has generally been successful in all his undertakings, and which is mainly attributable to his untiring industry. In 1837, he took upon himself the responsible duties of matrimony, and has now a flourishing family of seven sons—two have died, making nine altogether—each one of whom is engaged in some useful occupation,—Mr. J. being somewhat of a believer with Hesiod, that "the gods have placed labor before virtue." How much better would it be for every state, county and people under heaven, if the same course were followed.



J. H. BAKER

Was born in Genesee county, New York, in the year 1823, and is a twin brother.

In 1834, at the age of eleven, he left his native State with his father, who was a farmer, for the (then) Territory of Michigan, where he resided until 1846; when he emigrated to Washington county, Wisconsin, and there engaged in mercantile pursuits. In 1849 he crossed the Plains to California, and followed mining until the spring of 1850, when he established a trading-post at what has since been known as Baker's Ranch, Placer county. In the summer of 1851 he visited the East. Returning across the Plains in 1851, at Fort Laramie he had the misfortune to lose an excellent wife. He still remains a widower. Since August, 1852, Mr. B. has been engaged in merchandising and stock trading. In politics he is a democrat; and was a candidate for the Assembly on the anti-Broderick ticket in 1854, but was defeated. In 1857 he was elected Senator from Placer county on the democratic ticket. He is now thirty-five years of age.



SAM B. BELL

Is a native of Orange County, in the State of New York. At an early age he was educated for the legal profession, and was admitted an attorney of the Supreme Court of that State. In 1845 he was married, and removed to Arkansas; and from thence to Kentucky, in 1846. In 1852 he was ordained a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, and immediately thereafter was sent to California, by the American Home Missionary Society.

Arriving here in February, 1853, he became pastor of the Presbyterian church at Oakland, where he has since resided with his family. In 1856 he was elected to the Senate from the counties of Alameda and Santa Clara, on the Republican ticket.

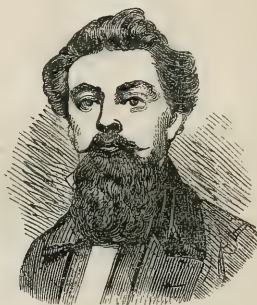


CAMERON E. THOM

Is a native of Culpepper County, Virginia, and is now twenty-nine years old. He was educated at the University of Virginia, and bred to the profession of the law. In the spring of 1849 he crossed the plains to California, and arrived in Sacramento City in the fall of the same year. From this point he repaired to Mormon Island, to follow the popular pastime (!) of mining, where, by good luck, he made sufficient to spend, go, and then almost starve, on Mathenas' Creek, in El Dorado County. As starving was not to him a favorite way of getting through life, he left Mathenas' Creek, and mining, to follow his profession in Sacramento City. Here he remained until April, 1854, at which time he received an appointment from the U. S. Land Commission, then sitting in San Francisco, to proceed to Los Angeles, for the purpose of taking testimony to be used as evidence before the Board, in the adjudication of land titles. In the fall of the same year he took up his permanent residence in Los Angeles, and was made District Attorney. In 1855 he was reelected to the same office for three years. In the spring of 1856 he was elected City Attorney in and for that city, and reelected to that office in

1857. At the last general election he was chosen Senator from the First District, composing the counties of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and San Diego.

In 1852 Mr. Thom was united in marriage to Miss E. L. Beach, but was not privileged long to enjoy her pleasant society; for, although her delicate state of health was a principal reason for his removing to the salubrious climate of Los Angeles, she lingered but a short time, and then passed away—but not so her memory. Mr. Thom is still a widower.



ROMUALDO PACHECO

Is a native Californian. Was born at Santa Barbara, October, 1831. His father died the year that he was born. His mother's maiden name was Ramona Carrillo, of San Diego; and who, some years after the decease of Mr. Pacheco, was united in marriage to Capt. John Wilson, a Scotchman by birth, who arrived in California in 1827, and settled at San Luis Obispo, where he has since resided. Mr. R. Pacheco, the subject of this sketch, in common with each of the other step-children, was cared for and watched over by Capt. W., with all the solicitude and kindness of a father. At the age of six years he was sent to the Sandwich Islands to be educated, where he remained until 1843. After leaving school, he spent three years on a coasting vessel, as clerk; and on leaving the sea, he engaged in the business of farming. His entrance to public life was caused by his election to the Assembly, in 1853—then

in the twenty-second year of his age. After his return home at the expiration of his term of office, he was elected County Judge of San Luis Obispo County, which office he held until he was elected Senator, on the Independent ticket, from the counties of San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara. He is at present "single" in his social relationship.

Marriano Pacheco, his brother, was a member of the Assembly in 1852.



ISAAC ALLEN

Was born at Orford, Grafton County, New Hampshire, in 1822. In his father's shop he learned to engrave on marble, at a very early age. When in his twenty-third year, he left his native State for Alabama, where he remained for about a year, working at his trade. At this time he returned home; but after a few months his yearnings for the sunny south induced him to go to Texas, taking with him a stock of marble to commence business on his own account. This however proved a failure, and he left Texas in disgust and returned to Alabama, where he formed a copartnership with his old employer, with whom he made sufficient money to pay off his old debts, and his passage to California. In June, 1850, he left Alabama for this State, by the Isthmus, in a sailing vessel; the captain of which, finding it quite as easy to sail wrong as it was to sail right, went considerably out of his course, and made the passage from New Orleans to Chagres, in the unprecedented

ed quick time! of thirty-two days. After the usual experiences of crossing the Isthmus, he embarked on a steamship for San Francisco, where he arrived Aug. 6th of the same year. From this city he went to Mormon Island and there engaged in mining; but falling sick and remaining so for several months, upon his recovery he abandoned mining, and formed a partnership with another to keep a hotel. In this business he made some little money, which he invested in buildings; but, as a fire swept those away, he considered *that* as a poor investment, no doubt. Next he engaged in lumbering, in Yuba County, but in this he fared but little better for a time, as a fire reduced his mill and business to a very low condition. Nothing daunted he recommenced his mill, and at the present time (although a member of a very wicked body! the Senate) his business is in a flourishing condition, in Yuba County, about thirty miles from Marysville.—He is as yet unmarried.

The public life of Mr. Allen commenced in 1855, when he was elected a Supervisor of Yuba County. In 1856, he was elected a member of the Senate, on the Democratic ticket, from the 15th Senatorial District, composed of the Counties of Yuba and Sutter.



JOHN CHILTON BURCH.

In 1826, the subject of this sketch was born. At eighteen years of age he began the study of law. In 1847 then just

having attained his majority, he applied and was admitted to the bar, and during the same year was appointed to the office of military Secretary to John C. Edwards, then Governor of Missouri. In 1850, after three years of active labor in his professional and official capacity, he emigrated to California, and in the following year located in Trinity County, prior, however, to its organization. Immediately upon the organization of the County, he was elected Clerk, and held the office for two years. At the expiration of the term for which he was elected, he accepted the nomination from the Democratic party, and was elected District Attorney. Whilst yet the incumbent of this office, the same political party gave him the nomination, and placed his name upon the ticket for Representative. He was defeated by a small majority. At this election, which was held in 1854, the whole Democratic County Ticket was defeated, with the solitary exception of County Assessor. It is but just to say, that Mr. Burch was defeated in this contest, by a smaller majority than any of his brother partisans who were cotemporaneous aspirants for official honors in that election. At the next regular annual election, (November, 1855,) the democracy again gave him the nomination for Representative, and again he took the field, but this time with better success—he was elected by a triumphant vote, and on the 1st Monday in January, 1856, took his seat in the House of Representatives. During this session he was an active member of several important standing committees, and among which were the "Judiciary" and "Ways and Means."

Having faithfully discharged his legislative office, he returned to his constituency to receive their gratulations and subsequent support.

At the November election in 1857, Mr. Burch was again brought into the political arena. The democratic party gave him the nomination for the office of Sen-

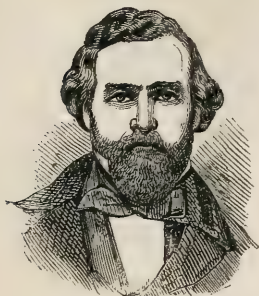
ator; he accepted, and was elected by an overwhelming majority. He now occupies a seat in the Senate, and is a member of the Judiciary, Finance, Mining and Mining Interest Committees, as also chairman of the Committee on Swamps and Overflowed Lands.

On the evening of the 24th of December, 1857, Mr. Burch was married to Miss Martha L. Gordon, an estimable lady, resident of the City of Sacramento.



JOHN COULTER

Was born in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, and is now in his fiftieth year. His father, in October, 1811, emigrated to Pickaway County, Ohio, where the subject of this sketch was reared, and where, and in Fairfield and Franklin Counties, of the same State, he was engaged in agricultural pursuits. In the spring of 1849 he crossed the plains to California, arriving on Feather River in November of the same year. Here he engaged in placer mining until May, 1851, which he abandoned at that time to enter into quartz mining, in Plumas County. In the fall of 1851 he returned to Ohio for his family; and, after spending the winter there, he recrossed the plains in the summer of 1852—unfortunately losing his wife shortly after their arrival here, and is still a widower. Mr. C. has been, and still is, following quartz mining in Plumas County. He was elected to the Senate on the Democratic ticket, last fall, from the fourteenth Senatorial district, which comprises the counties of Butte and Plumas.



EUGENE L. SULLIVAN

Was born in the City of New York, Dec. 21st, 1820, and educated to the profession of the law. Early in 1849, he emigrated to California by way of the Isthmus, and followed merchandising in San Francisco, during his early residence there; but since that time he has been engaged in the practice of his profession. He was never in public life until his election to the Senate, from San Francisco, in the fall of 1856, on the Republican ticket. Mr. Sullivan is a widower.



SAMUEL A. MERRITT

Was born in Staunton County, Virginia, Aug. 15, 1828. He graduated at Washington College, Lexington, Virginia, in June, 1847, and studied law until March, 1849; at which time he emigrated, by the Fort Smith route, to California, arriving in August of the same year. In September following, he commenced a series of gymnastic exercises with a pick

and shovel, on the Mokelumne River, at what is technically termed "mining"; but finding that his muscular development was greater, in proportion, than his buckskin purse, he concluded to abandon that spot for one more favorable to the latter, and removed to Mariposa County. Here he seems to have "halted between two opinions"; at first doubtful whether he should still pursue the physical, or try some mental employment, for the enlargement of his fortune. He determined in favor of the latter; consequently, he sought the county clerkship of Mariposa County, and obtained it, in April, 1850. In the following October, he was elected to the Assembly. In September, 1851, he was reelected to the same post; and, the same year, was admitted to the practice of his profession in the Supreme Court of this State. In November, 1856, he was elected Senator, from the Sixth Senatorial District, composed of the counties of Mariposa, Merced, Tulare, and Fresno. Whether he is rich or poor, "deponent saith not." In politics he is a Democrat. We regret to add, that although possessed of many excellent social qualities, as a true man and gentleman, and certainly *Merritts* a wife, he is still a bachelor, age 29.



WILLIAM HOLDEN

Is thirty-four years of age, a native of Kentucky, and single. Being educated to the law, in 1845 he was admitted an attorney and counselor at law, practicing his profession in Johnson County, Ky.,

until October, 1849, when he started by the Santa Fe route to California, and arrived here in the spring of 1850. His first place of residence was on the Stanislaus River, where he engaged in mining and merchandising until 1853, when he engaged in farming on the same stream. In 1856 he was elected, on the Democratic ticket, to the Assembly; and in the fall of 1857 was elected on the same ticket to the State Senate, from the seventh Senatorial District, composed of the counties of Stanislaus and Tuolumne. He is chairman of the Committee on Public Lands.



S. F. HAMM

Was born near Charlotteville, Delaware County, Virginia, Aug. 25th, 1822. In 1843, he became a school teacher in Madison County, of the same State. In September, 1845, he removed to New Franklin, Howard County, Missouri, and there studied medicine with his brother, Dr. S. T. Hamm. In 1846 he entered the University of Lexington; and in May, 1848, graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in the City of Philadelphia; after which he practiced medicine with his brother, until 1850, when he started overland to California and located himself at Benicia, Solano County, where he resided until November, 1851. At that time he removed to Diamond Springs, El Dorado County, followed the practice of his profession, and there continues to reside.

Mr. Hamm has ever been a Democrat.

In 1855 he was nominated by the Democratic party for the Assembly, but shared the same defeat as his fellow candidates on the same ticket. In 1856 he was again nominated for the same position, and was elected by a large majority. During the sitting of the joint convention for the election of U. S. Senators, in 1857, he was a warm supporter of Dr. Gwin and John B. Weller.

At the adjournment of the Legislature, he resumed the practice of his profession at Diamond Springs until his election to the Senate, in 1858, from the 18th Senatorial District, El Dorado County, on the Democratic ticket, by a very large majority. His term expires Jan., 1860.

The following table, from the State Register, will give the Senatorial Districts, and the Counties comprising the same:—

1st District—Los Angeles, San Bernardino and San Diego, elect one Senator.

2d District—San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara, elect one Senator.

3d District—Monterey and Santa Cruz, elect one Senator.

4th District—Santa Clara and Alameda, elect one Senator.

5th District—San Francisco and San Mateo, elect four Senators.

6th District—Fresno, Mariposa, Merced and Tulare, elect one Senator.

7th District—Stanislaus and Tuolumne, elect two Senators.

8th District—Contra Costa and San Joaquin, elect one Senator.

9th District—Sacramento, elects two Senators.

10th District—Napa, Solano and Yolo, elect one Senator.

11th District—Marin, Mendocino and Sonoma, elect one Senator.

12th District—Klamath and Siskiyou, elect one Senator.

13th District—Colusa, Shasta and Tehama, elect one Senator.

14th District—Butte and Plumas, elect two Senators.

15th District—Sutter and Yuba, (two by Yuba and one by Yuba and Sutter jointly,) elect three Senators.

16th District—Nevada, elects two Senators.

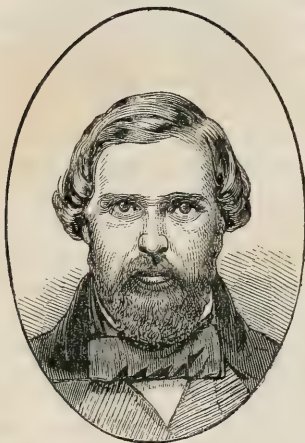
17th District—Placer, elects two Senators.

18th District—El Dorado, elects four Senators.

19th District—Amador and Calaveras, elect two Senators.

20th District—Sierra, elects one Senator.
 21st District—Humboldt and Trinity elect one Senator. Total 35.

We are indebted to Mr. W. Dickman, Daguerrean artist, J Street, Sacramento, for Photographs of nearly all the members of the Senate.



THOMAS FINDLEY,

STATE TREASURER.

[Unavoidably omitted, in the last number.]

THE ARMY OF THE SKY.

Arrayed in light along the heavenly fields,
 Immortal legions move with stately tread—
 Grace with their blazonry those crystal
 courts,

And march, as by some conquering victor led.
 Encamping never, the ethereal train
 Guard those imperial walls of massive light ;
 Majestic moving through the shining sand,
 They mould the shapeless shadows of our
 night.

No wearied step, no faltering, lingering look,
 Obstructs the endless circles of their way ;
 No sable plumes, no muffled martial strain,
 No drooping banners drape declining day.
 What unseen power propels those rolling
 spheres ?

What master hand arrayed that host sublime ?

What is the mystic music of their march ?
 What metronome tells out the flight of time ?

Are they the sleepless sentinels of bliss—
 The outposts of that tributary world—
 From whose bright walls, in ignominious
 rout,

The flaming chivalry of hell was hurled ?
 Are they the embattled warriors of the sky,
 And are the azure-tinted hues of even
 The gorgeous ensigns of the glittering host,
 That guard the matchless majesty of heaven ?

We ask in vain—with voiceless eloquence
 That starry pomp unanswering moves along
 The dazzling avenue of that bright land,
 With ages paved, and echoing with song.
 But in the deepest silence of the night
 We pause, and listen till we almost hear
 The sweetly soothing symphonies that swell
 In strains harmonious from each sister sphere.

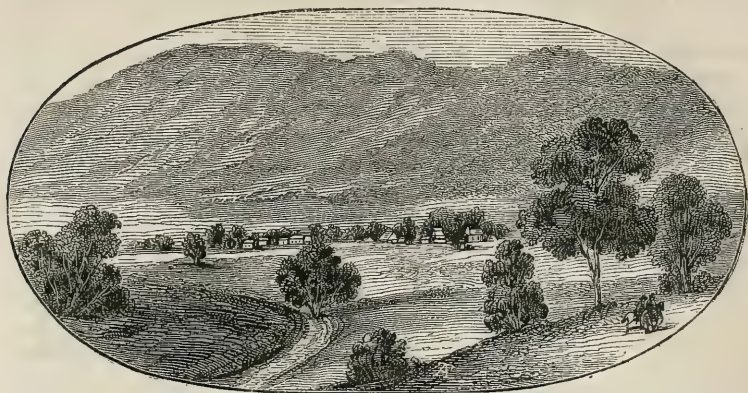
Lord of those boundless realms, beneath
 whose hand

Each pulseless atom bounded into birth,
 Whether it burns aloft, on starry heights,
 Or dwells upon the dull, inferior earth.
 While thus we strive with eager gaze to scan
 The fathomless, immeasurable sea,
 We only read the signals of thy reign,
 And see prophetic fingers point to thee.

PORTIA.

FORT MILLER.

The military post, or station, of Fort Miller, is beautifully located on the banks of the San Joaquin, among the foot hills of the Sierra Nevada. The place was first used as a camping station by Lieut. Maclean. Afterwards, in 1851, Lieut. Moore, then in command of B and K Companies of Infantry, built the greater portion of those quarters for his men, which are still used for that purpose. He also commenced building elegant adobe houses for the officers. This duty was taken off his hands on the appointment of Capt. Jordan, a gentleman of much intelligence and energy, as quartermaster at the post, by whom they were finished in a very complete and substantial manner. Capt Jordan also built the



FORT MILLER.

[From an Ambrotype by Bishop & McKown.]

hospital, which stands a little back from the other buildings, of the same materials, and equally substantial and appropriate. There formerly were five commissioned officers at the post (including the quarter-master and surgeon.) Now, there are only two, and the surgeon—Lieut. Livingston, the commanding officer, who also discharges the duties of quarter-master, Lieut. Kellogg, and W. F. Edgar, M. D. There are, however, a larger number of men than usual, the non-commissioned officers and privates amounting to eighty-seven, or eighty-eight. Still, through the vigilant and paternal care of the present young commanding officer and his assistant, a better discipline has never been maintained, or the wants and comforts of soldiers more kindly attended to. Fort Miller is a model station in that respect.

About two months ago, the previous company was increased to its present number by about thirty young recruits. It is astonishing with what accuracy they can now perform their exercise. It does one good to listen on a forenoon to the clear, distinct voice of the several officers as they put the men through their duty, and observe the prompt manner in which the different orders are obeyed.

About nine o'clock the stirring sounds

of martial music muster them before going to bed, cheering the toil-worn miner, who with ravished ears listens in the distance. As well as some of our own popular negro melodies, and some of the noblest German music, we can recognize in liberal measure our old Scotch favorites—including General Hay's March, the Lad wi' the White Cockade, the Highland Laddie, my Love she's but a Lassie yet—the half-Scotch half-Irish air of the Girl I left behind me, and the eternal Yankee Doodle.

Before sunrise the same sounds rouse them from their slumbers, intermixed on this occasion with still sweeter airs. Now we can discover the plaintive notes of The Lass that made the bed to me, Logie o' Buchan, and The Bonny House o' Airley.

Some time ago the too-confiding privates were in the practice of wasting the greater portion of their pay in the purchase of spurious liquors, sold to them at more than double their value, under the specious names of brandy and whisky. By the good example of some of the more intelligent of the company, a considerable portion of this money is now expended for reading matter; and to this, among other reasons, we may naturally suppose that the present orderly condi-

tion of the men is in some measure to be attributed.

The buildings of the Fort stand at a distance from the river of about two hundred yards, on the left bank, (*descending*,) on a flat, or shelf, which at some previous time must have formed the bed of the river. Every stone is a rounded, water-worn pebble. The location is snugly beautiful. The little valley, which is well sprinkled with trees, forms a perfect amphitheatre among the hills, a narrow gap at one corner leaving just room enough for the river to get through, and a view from the Fort of the distant snow-clad Nevadas. About three-quarters of a mile down the river, the hills again contract in the same way at a place called "the Point of Rocks;" and though there the ground on the opposite bank has a more gradual ascent, the view is closed up by the surrounding hills at a very short distance.

The name of Fort Miller was given to the station out of compliment to Major Miller, an officer of much popularity in the earlier days of California. It is considered a very appropriate site, on account of the fort-like appearance of the precipitous bluff of the high table-land immediately behind the buildings.

The meteorological observations, as kept by the doctor's mate at the hospital, indicate an excess of summer heat and a deficiency of rain.

The village of Millerton, though not over a mile from the Fort, is mostly concealed from view by the Point of Rocks and the trees on the edge of the river. It is well supplied with goods of all kinds; has a highly respectable hotel, kept by McCray & Co., and a number of well-built houses.

W. T.

MEXICAN LAND-CLAIMS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY JOHN S. HITTELL.

The establishment of the American dominion in California, made it necessary that the titles to land, owned in the State,

under grants from Mexico, should be recognised and protected in accordance with the principles of American law. Protection was due to the land owners under the general principles of equity and the laws or nations, and had been expressly provided in the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. It was necessary that the protection should be in accordance with the principles of American law, because the vast majority of the population soon came to be composed of Americans, who naturally introduced their own system of law, —the only system suited to their method of conducting business.

But there was a question of much difficulty as to how this protection should be furnished. The Mexican titles were lacking in many of the conditions necessary to a perfect title under the American laws. The land systems of the two countries were constructed on entirely different principles and with different objects. The Mexican system was a good one for the purposes to be attained by it; it was suited to the wants of the natives of California. They were stock-growers;—their only occupation, and wealth and staple food was furnished by their herds. They owned immense numbers of horses and horned cattle, and to furnish them with pasture, each *ranchero* required a large tract of land, which might be used by his own stock, exclusively. The public land in California was very extensive; it was worth nothing; there was little demand for it; no evils had been experienced, none were feared from the accumulation of great tracts, in the hands of a few owners; every grant was supposed to be a benefit to the State, by furnishing a home to a new citizen; and so, large grants were made without stint, on nearly every application. If the applicant could show that the land was public property, and unoccupied, he could obtain from 10,000 to 50,000 acres without expense, on condition that he would make the ranch his home, build a house on it, and place several hundred

head of horned cattle upon it. These grants were usually made without any accurate description of the land; there never had been any government survey of any portion of the territory; there were no surveyors in the country to locate the boundaries; neither would the applicants have been willing in most cases to pay for surveys; nor was there any apparent need for them, land being very cheap and quarrels about boundaries very rare. Sometimes the land granted was described with certain fixed natural boundaries. In other cases, the grant might be described as lying in a narrow valley, between two ranges of mountains, and extending from a tree, rock, or clump of willows, up or down the valley far enough to include three, six, or ten square leagues. The most common form of grant was for a certain number of square leagues, lying in a much larger district, bounded by well known land-marks. Thus the famous Mariposa grant of Fremont is for ten square leagues—44,386 acres, equivalent to a tract about nine miles square—in the district bounded by the San Joaquin river on the west, the Sierra Nevada mountains on the east, the Merced river on the north, and the Chowchillas on the south; which district includes nearly 100 square leagues. Under such a grant, the Mexican law allowed the grantee to select any place within the larger limits, and make it his home.

The grants made were not carefully registered. The law prescribed that the petitions for land should all be preserved, and a record of them kept, and that a registry should be made of all the lands granted; but the affairs of the Governor's office were loosely conducted; and in many cases where the claimants have been in possession for twenty years, and have an undoubted title, there is nothing in the archives or records of the former government to show for it. In many respects the California governor had been very careless about granting lands. Some

times they would grant the same lands to several persons; and there was one instance wherein Gov. Micheltorena ordered that every person in the Northern District of California, who had petitioned for land before a certain date, and whose petition had not been acted upon, should be the owner of the land asked for; provided the nearest Alcalde should certify that it belonged to the public domain. In these cases no title to the grantees was ever made by the Governor.

I have thus briefly mentioned the main peculiarities of the Mexican system of disposing of the public land in California, as distinguished from the American system. The Mexican government made no survey of the land; granted it away in immense tracts, without any fixed boundaries, leaving the grantee a wide discretion in regard to location, and keeping no careful registry of the grants.

When the great immigration of '49 filled the land with Americans, it became necessary to provide for the recognition and protection of the good Mexican titles by the American Courts. But how was this to be done? By the ordinary State Courts? The judges would not be sufficiently able, and would be ignorant of the laws under which the grants had been made; and the juries would be composed of Americans whose interests would lead them to do injustice to the large land-owners. Besides, the law-makers and judges elected by a deeply interested populace could not be depended upon to do justice under such circumstances.

Or should the protection be rendered by the appointment of a commission, instructed to make a summary examination of all claims, declare all those valid which had been in possession previous to the conquest, and of which some record might be found in the archives; leaving the other claims to be tried in the U. S. Courts? This was the policy which should have been pursued.

But that plan was not to prevail. Mr. Gwin's bill "to ascertain and settle the private land claims in the State of California," became a law, on the 30th of March, 1851. This act provides for the appointment of a special Judicial Committee, (to be composed of three judges) before which all claimants to land, in the State, under Mexican titles, should bring suit against the Federal Government, within two years after the date of the act, under penalty of forfeiting their land. It provided further, that a law agent should be appointed, who should "superintend the interests of the United States in every case." It provided further, that appeals might be taken in these land cases, from the judgments of the Commission to the U. S. District Court, and from the latter, to the Supreme Court of the United States. It provided further, that in the trial of these cases, the Commission and the courts should "be governed by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, the law of nations, the laws, usages and customs of the country from which the claim is derived, the principles of equity, and the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States."

This act provided that the owners of land should sue the Government or lose their land. But why be subjected to so severe a condition? The land owners had committed no offence, that they should be threatened with spoliation. It was not their fault that the Mexican land system differed from the American. The introduction of a new system by the Government did not justify the invalidation of titles, which had been good before, and the subjection of the owners to tedious and expensive litigation. When the American Government took California, it was in honor bound to leave the titles to property as secure as they were at the time of the transfer, and express provision to this effect was made in the treaty. Let us imagine that California were to be again transferred to some other power,

whose land system is far more complex and strict than our own, and that all our present titles should be declared incomplete and insecure, and that every land owner should be taxed to one-fourth of the value of his land to pay for defending his title before a foreign and hostile Court, and, if successful, should not get his title until six or eight years after the commencement of the litigation;—would we not exclaim against it as extremely unjust? But what is the difference between that supposed case and the actual one under consideration? There is no difference between the principles involved in the two cases; each supposes a great wrong—such a wrong as has been committed by the Federal Government of the United States upon holders of land in California under Mexican grants.

The Land Commission was opened in this city, January 1st, 1852, and in the ensuing fourteen months, 812 suits were brought, and these were all decided previous to the 3d of March, 1855, at which time the Commission dissolved.

It was severe hardship for owners of land under grants from Mexico, that they should be required to sue the government of the United States, (which ought to have protected—not persecuted them,) or lose their land; but this hardship was rendered much more severe by the peculiar circumstances under which the suits had to be tried. The trials were to be had in San Francisco at a time when the expenses of traveling and of living in San Francisco were very great, and the fees of lawyers enormous. The prosecution of the suits required a study of the laws of Mexico, in regard to the disposition of the public lands, and this study had, of course, to be paid for by the clients. In many cases the claimants had to come to San Francisco from remote parts of the State; having three hundred miles to travel, bringing their witnesses with them at their own expense. The witnesses were nearly all native Californians, and it was

necessary to employ interpreters at high prices.

Meanwhile the claimant could not dispose of his land, on account of the cloud there was on his title: neither could he have it surveyed by the U. S. Surveyor so as to give notice to the public where his land really lay. As he could not give a secure title, nor, in most cases, tell where his boundaries were, the Americans were not disposed to buy the land. Many squatters were, no doubt, glad of a pretext under which they might take other people's land and use without paying rent; but the circumstances were often such that they were justified in refusing to buy. The number of settlers or squatters became large; they formed a decided majority of the voters in several of the counties; their political influence was great; politicians bowed down before them; all political parties courted them; and most of the U. S. Land Agents, and District Attorneys, appointed under the influence of the California Congressmen, became the representatives of the settler interest, and failed to represent the true interest of the United States. Every device known to the law was resorted to to defeat the claimant, or delay the confirmation of his grant, as though it were the interest of the Federal Government to defeat every claimant, or to postpone his success as long as possible.

Eight hundred and twelve important suits, to be tried according to the principles of strange laws, and on evidence given in a strange tongue, and where the testimony, in many of the cases, covered hundreds of pages of manuscript, were not to be disposed of in any brief period. In fact, the Commission did not clear its docket until more than three years after its organization. This delay, which would have been disastrous in any country, was doubly so in California. During the greater portion of this time, the titles to most of the good farming land in the settled districts of the State, were de-

clared to be unsettled. The delay was an encouragement to dishonest, and often a justification of honest squatters. They wanted to cultivate the ground; they could not learn whether the land they wished to occupy, was public or private property; they knew the question would not be decided soon, and therefore they might know, if dishonest, that they might make a profit by seizing land which they were morally certain would be, and should be, confirmed to the claimant; and if honest, they could not be expected to pay for property, to which, in many cases, the title was one in which they could place no confidence. The consequence of the system was, that a large portion of the most valuable farming land in the State was occupied by squatters. This occupation contributed greatly to injure the value of the property. The land owner could not sell his land, nor use it, and yet he was compelled to pay taxes. His ranch brought serious evils upon him. It was the seat of a multitude of squatters, who—as a necessary consequence of antagonistic pecuniary interest,—were his bitter enemies. Cases we know, where they fenced in his best land; laid their claims between his house and his garden; threatened to shoot him if he should trespass on their inclosure; killed his cattle if they broke through the sham fences; cut down his valuable shade and fruit trees, and sold them for fire-wood; made no permanent improvements, and acted generally as tho' they were determined to make all the immediate profit possible, out of the ranch. Such things were not rare: they are familiar to every person who knows the general course of events during the last five years in Sonoma, Napa, Solano, Contra Costa, Santa Clara, Santa Cruz and Monterey Counties. Blood was not unfrequently spilled in consequence of the feuds between the land holders and the squatters; the victims in nearly every case, belonging to the former class.

After the Federal Government had

committed the error of compelling every Californian land owner to bring suit for his own land, which he had held in indisputable ownership under the Mexican dominion, and even before the independence of Mexico and Spain,—and after the Government stubbornly contested every case before a tribunal whose learning, ability, and honesty, was and is, universally admitted,—after all this, it is strange that those persons, whose claims were confirmed, and who had been in possession of their land before the American conquest, and in cases where there was no suspicion of fraud, were not allowed to take their own property once for all. But no; Uncle Sam told all the Californians who had gained their suits, that they should not take their land till they had sued him again; he would appeal every case; the claimant must make another fight for his property, or be despoiled.

Here, then, was the whole work to be gone over again in the Federal District Courts, of which there are two in the State; and in each district there are about four hundred claims, to be tried by a judge, much of whose time is occupied with the trial of admiralty cases. The land suits must all be defended, or attended to, by the United States District Attorney, much of whose time is occupied with criminal cases, and civil business in which the Federal Government is interested. The result is delay upon delay.

The first case was submitted to Judge Hoffman about July, 1853; and now, after the lapse of nearly five years, there are still about one hundred and twenty cases in both districts undecided. Of all this number, only twenty-two have been rejected; and in almost every case where a decree of confirmation was entered in the Land Commission, the judgment has been affirmed in the District Court. The judges of both District Courts are men and lawyers of fair fame, and, so far as I am informed, are not accused, by any

person worthy of regard, of having rendered dishonest decisions. It would seem that after a second confirmation, the General Government would in common decency permit such claimants as had possession of their lands in 1846, and could show some kind of title from Mexico, to take the land as of perfect title: but no; in every case where the judgment was against the claimant, an appeal was taken to the United States Supreme Court. It is true that not all the cases were forced to trial; the Government, after having had the cases placed on the docket, and having forced the claimants to prepare for trial, dismissed the appeals in some four hundred cases. But two hundred claims are now before the court of last resort, and the one hundred and twenty undecided must also go there, or most of them. The United States Supreme Court has decided about fifteen of the appealed claims within four years, and if they should make the same speed in the future, we may expect that their docket will be cleared of Californian land cases in seventy-five years, or thereabouts. The Government appeals from every decision of the District Court in favor of the claimant, but makes no provision to have the suit brought to a hearing in the Supreme Court. In appealed cases it is the recognized duty of the appealing party to pay for sending up the papers, so that the higher court can take some action in the matter. But the American Government violates this plain rule of right, and law, and custom, and tells the claimant that he must pay this expense out of his own pocket, or wait for an indefinite time before his title can be settled; and no provision is made that he shall be repaid, even when he advances the money.

Such legislation as should make all land titles insecure—declare all landed property confiscated, unless the owner should sue the Government and gain the suit, and should appeal to two higher

courts, and again gain the suit in each tribunal—and provide that all titles should be unsettled for four years, most of them for six years, and many for ten or fifteen years, would fall very severely upon any people; but it has fallen with double severity upon the Californian. While his title has been denied by the Government, and he has consequently been unable to sell at a fair price, he has seen the “flush times” gradually disappear, land has rapidly fallen in price, and he can foresee that when his title shall be finally confirmed, his property will not be worth one fourth of what it was in 1851 and 1852.

The proclamation by the Government that there were no perfect land titles in the State, and the notoriety of the fact that every claim was to be closely contested, encouraged squatting upon the land in dispute. The State Government favored the squatters, and passed laws to protect them; providing that if the claim were confirmed to the Mexican grantee, he should sell the land, or buy the improvements; the value of the land and the improvements to be appraised by a jury, so constituted that it would do great injustice to the Mexican claimant, who would have to sell at one half of the value of his land, or buy at twice the value of the improvements.

It is not possible to obtain any accurate knowledge of the extent of the pecuniary losses to which the claimants have been subjected, by the injustice of the Federal Government, in thus rendering their titles insecure, and forcing them to go to law. I am informed by an intelligent gentleman from Los Angeles, that it is commonly estimated there that two fifths of the land has gone to pay the fees of the lawyers employed to prosecute the claims; and I suppose it may safely be said, that on an average the holders of Mexican grants paid away not less than one-fourth of their land in defending their titles. More than one in ten of the victorious claimants

have been ruined by the costliness of the litigation; and of those whose claims have been finally dismissed, a considerable portion have been lost to the claimants merely because they were unable to pay for the costly litigation necessary to defend their rights.

Only two pleas have been made to extenuate or justify the stubborn opposition made by the agents of the Government to the recognition of the Californian land holders. These pleas are, *first*, that many of the claims are fraudulent; and, *secondly*, that the Californians claim too much land.

It is not true that *many* of the claims are fraudulent. The Land Commission did not reject one claim, and the District Courts have rejected only two, on the ground of fraud. There may be twenty-five fraudulent claims in all; I believe not more. There may be many claims which would not have been valid under the Mexican law; but these are not fraudulent, and have been, or will be rejected. But even if there were a hundred, that would be no reason why the Government should attempt to rob the holders of land under titles undoubtedly good in equity and under the Mexican law. A distinction might be made between the two classes, of the suspicious and the undoubtedly good claims. But the Federal Government made no distinction. The Peralta grant, which was made in the last century, and has been in constant possession ever since, under a perfect title according to the Mexican law, was subjected to the same litigation and vexatious delay, and was given over to the tender mercies of the squatters in the same manner with the most questionable title in all the land.

The other plea is still worse. It may be that the welfare of the people requires the land to be equally divided among them; but shall that justify the Government in robbing—directly by violence, or indirectly by litigation—the owners of

large tracts? If it be wrong for me to rob my neighbor of his dollars, is it right for Uncle Sam to rob Peralta, or any other Californian, of his land? And let it be remembered that temporary dispossession is morally as wrong as entire and final spoliation. I admit that it were far better for the country that the Mexican grant-holders should not own so much land; I admit that it were better, looking at the question abstractly, that the settlers should own all the land they claim; I admit that the settlers are more active and industrious, and contribute vastly more, in proportion to their means, to the development and wealth of the State, than do the native holders of the large grants; but all this has nothing to do with the main question.

The question now naturally arises, whether, a great wrong having been done, there is no remedy? Are not the sufferers entitled to an indemnity from Congress? In justice they are; but there would be so many difficulties in the way of ascertaining the damage, and of apportioning the indemnifying fund among the losers, that probably any committee appointed by Congress to investigate the matter, would report against any indemnification.

The law prohibiting the official survey of Spanish claims previous to confirmation, has been productive of great evils to settlers and claimants. In most cases it is now too late to remedy these evils; in a few cases, perhaps, considerable benefits would be conferred by changing the law, and permitting all claimants to have United States surveys made of their ranches, so that the surveys, being recorded, may serve as notice of what land is not claimed. And if the grant holder be unwilling to pay for the survey of his land before final confirmation, the Government should pay in every case where there are many settlers, in justice to the latter. It would have been well if the law of 1851 had provided for the early survey of all the claims in possession at

the time of the conquest, and had prohibited the maintenance of any ejectment suit until the recording of an official survey. Under the present law, the holder of a confirmed floating grant, to be located within certain boundaries, may eject settlers from any place within those boundaries, though they contain ten times the amount of land called for by the grant.

Not only has the system adopted by the Federal Government, in regard to Mexican grants, been most injurious and unjust to the claimants, but it has also been very injurious to the country at large. It has deprived the people in the most populous agricultural districts, of permanent titles; has prevented the erection of fine houses, valuable improvements, permanent homes; has contributed to make the population unsettled; to keep families from coming to the country; and, in fine, has been one of the chief causes of the present unsound condition of the social and business relations of California.

SING ME THAT SONG AGAIN.

A friend, when dying, said "Sing me that hymn—*Sweet fields beyond the flood.*"

Sing me that song again—

The song my mother sung!

Sing it, as round my bed ye stand,
With free, unwavering tongue.

Sing, as my spirit flies,

Up to her home with God!

Oh! sing that heavenly song to me—

"Sweet fields beyond the flood!"

My mother sung that song,

When faint in death she lay;

\My gentle sister breathed it then,
And passed from earth away.

And ere my spirit flies

Up to her last abode,

Sing ye that blessed song to me—

"Sweet fields beyond the flood."

G. T. S.

A TALE OF THE GREAT CAÑON.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

BY THE "OLD MOUNTAINEER."

The North Fork of Feather River rises in the great chain of mountains dividing our State from that nest of consummate ungodliness, the Salt Lake or Colorado Basin. The waters pass out of the mountains by a south-west course, into a very extensive valley-like country, covered with the finest grasses in the world, and capable of sustaining, almost for the entire year, one half of the stock of the State. Many fine ranchos have been selected by hardy, energetic men, within the past year or two; and extensive improvements are constantly being made. The water, after sluggishly finding its way through this flat—known as the "Big Meadows"—forms a fine stream, as it again enters the mountains, near Knight's Rancho. From this point, or immediately below, the character of the whole country is abruptly changed; and the river, from being a sluggish, unrippled stream, meandering through rich alluvial soil, covered with beautiful flowers and waving grass, plunges madly over huge rocks, and rushes furiously down through narrow defiles; rendering it an impassable barrier to man's footsteps, except at long intervals, until its connection with the East Branch of Feather River, at Junction Bar. From this point, until you reach the head of the "Great Cañon," the river is under the complete dominion of the sturdy and industrious miner, and is daily yielding up its vast wealth to well-directed and scientific labor.

To the miners in all this section of the mineral region, the "Big Cañon" has been a fruitful theme of fire-side conversation and mystery; and many is the story recounted of favored ones having found their way into its depths, by intricate, dark, and gloomy caverns, through the mountains, and returned laden with untold wealth.

The cañon commences about eight miles below the junction of the north and east branches of the river. At this point the mountains, which on either side have hitherto kept at a respectful distance from the water, abruptly close nearly together, forming a very narrow passage for the stream, and which appears to be constantly struggling to get through. Standing at the head of this great cañon, and gazing down its dark and lonely channel, the beholder is struck with wonder and awe at the grandeur and majesty of the scene. The mighty old mountains are piled, cliff upon cliff, thousands of feet above the water's surface; with their perpendicular and often-times overhanging sides, they bid defiance to the footsteps of any mortal who may have the hardihood to endeavor to fathom its untold secrets, or enter the portals to its hidden wealth; and which has been washed there, during centuries of time, from the prolific gold-bearing mountains above. In the narrow bed of the stream can be seen immense masses of quartz and lava, that have been disrupted by earth's internal throes, in by-gone ages, from the mountain's top and side, and hurled down into the stream, there forming deep eddies and violent whirlpools, through which, in passing, the largest pines are dashed into atoms.

The length of the cañon, from its head to its foot, is twenty-four miles; and such are its dangers, that no one has ever yet had the temerity to venture through it; although many attempts have been made by different parties of miners to descend the mountain sides into it—myself among the number: and of the perils and dangers incidental thereto I will now speak.

It was in the winter of 1852-'53, that I and my three partners—Louis C., Capt. J. M. C., and Capt. Jas. M.,—were engaged in mining at the M—— Diggings; or rather, we were cabined there snugly, with an abundance of provisions, as we had supposed in the fall that we could work there all winter; in which, however, we were disappointed, with thousands

of other toilers. The winter set in with unwonted rigor and severity; the snow fell thick and fast; the bitter blast came roaring and howling down from its home in the icy north; the tall pines creaked, and groaned, and shivered, as they swayed to and fro beneath the fury of the wind; and for days and months we were shut up in our mountain home, listening to these and the hungry howl of the famishing coyote, that came to our door in search of food; telling and listening to tales and stories of "old home," with all its beloved associations; recounting to each other the ever-fervent love of our mothers, of brotherly affection, and sisterly kindnesses, in days "lang-syne;" and laying our plans for future labors in the spring.

Among the many projects we unfolded and perfected, that of prospecting the "Big Cañon" was ever uppermost; and we determined as soon as spring should open, that we would make a desperate endeavor to descend by means of ropes into the very heart of the cañon, from the top of the mountain; and through this stroke of hardihood, gain what we had long and wearily sought for, without avail—a fortune.

Time rolled on his sluggish wheels; the dreary winter faded away; the huge piles of accumulated snow rapidly disappeared before the heat of the spring sun; the sweet song of the beautiful oriole was heard in the branches of the blooming and fragrant mansanita; the mountain torrent, that had so long ceased the music of its gushing waters, was again heard, as it came bounding, sparkling, and roaring, down the mountain side.

The eventful day at length arrived, on which we were to put our project into execution. Having procured from the S—Rancho a large quantity of inch rope, and a small cord as a guy or signal-line, and arranged other creature comforts; on the morning of the third of May we started for the scene of our intended operations, in high spirits. After a toil-

some journey, we reached the point at which we determined to make the dangerous attempt at descent. Here a difficulty arose as to which one of our party should go down; which at length was decided by lot; and, as usual, "the lot fell on Jonah"—myself. I immediately pulled off my coat and boots; and, after seeing the main cord firmly fastened to a stunted cedar, that fortunately grew at the right spot, and making a slip-noose for my feet at the end, and using a small cord to pass around my body below the arms, to hold me without exertion to the main rope, I sat down upon a jut of the overhanging precipice; and taking the guy or signal-rope in my hand, I gave the signal to "lower away;" when down I gently slipped from the surface of the rock. Slowly and steadily was the rope "payed out," and slow was my descent, until I had reached about half way in my terrific journey. Here I alighted on a flat, smooth table of rock, that projected several feet beyond the main body of the mountain. At this point I gave the preconcerted signal of "rest." Stepping to the edge of the rock, I cautiously gazed down to the foaming and rushing waters, that were still five hundred feet below my resting-place; and I could plainly see large pieces of pure gold, sparkling in the clear waters of the cañon. The scene captivated me, and nerved me to renew my fearful task, fully determined that I would be the owner of a portion of that precious gold. After making a careful survey, and becoming sufficiently rested, I sat down on the verge of the projecting table of rock; and, giving the signal to "lower," again committed myself to the mercy of an inch rope, and chance, which so far had favored me. As I again slowly descended, I found that the wall of the mountain under the table upon which I had rested now rapidly receded; consequently I had nothing whatever to guide my descent, and was swinging out some thirty feet from the rock; and, to increase the difficulty, the wind, which had been calm, now blew with considerable

violence, swaying me to and fro against the jagged surface of the mountain, requiring great exertion and watchfulness on my part to keep me from being severely cut and bruised.

I had descended about two hundred feet further in this manner, when I perceived that I remained stationary, and gave the usual signal to my comrades above to "lower away;" but still I found that I did not descend. This surprised me; and looking up, I plainly perceived that the main rope had slipped into a perpendicular crevice in the rock which I had left but a short time previous, and was fast. Here was an awful predicament! Swinging out in the air, two hundred feet below the only possible place for a footstep, and three hundred feet above a boiling cauldron of angry water, through whose surface sharp-pointed rocks could be seen peering out, as if anxious to receive my body to dash it into pieces, was I. In endeavoring to let my comrades above know of my fearful peril, by means of the signal-rope, jerking it violently as I did, it slipped from my grasp, and broke off all communication between us. I endeavored to seize it again and again, as it swung backwards and forwards; but it mocked every effort. Each moment my peril became more and more imminent, as the wind, which had been blowing a steady breeze, now increased to a fearful gale, dashing me violently against the face of the rock. I shouted, and cursed, in an agony of desperation; until, well nigh exhausted, I looked up, with the intention of climbing the rope, and thus reaching the table I had left, if possible. While examining the matter closely, I was horrified to see that the rope, by the wind causing it to chafe against a sharp edge at the bottom of the crevice, was cut half in two. This was horrible! Cold, clammy drops of sweat streamed from my whole body, and every nerve was totally paralyzed. To be thus cut off in the prime of manhood, by such a death, and in such a place! O God, what fearful

mental agony I felt! My shrieks rang out upon the furious gale, in vain.

All the past of my life came rushing in upon me; and my mother's home, with all its scenes of love, and joy, and beauty, vividly passed in review. I plainly could hear the infant wailings of my motherless and soon-to-be fatherless child, as he exclaimed, "Why don't my Pa come home?" and saw my aged, gray-haired mother, with eyes upturned to the Throne of Grace, beseeching comfort from on high, and the return of her long-absent child. To increase the terrors of my situation, a dense, black cloud was rapidly rising from the west, surcharged with electricity, as the vivid flashes of lightning and deep bellowings of the thunder plainly indicated. The bats and owls, the tenants of the moss-covered fissures in the rocks, came flitting by me, as if in mockery of my situation, oftentimes touching me with their wings. I gazed upward: fibre after fibre of the rope was fast giving way; a few more moments and my body would be a mis-shapen and mangled mass upon the rocks beneath. The storm-cloud had now obscured the sun, and a darkness as of night was settling over the earth. The wind had lulled, but that lull was but the precursor of greater violence. One last look upward, and I saw that a few seconds and all would be over. I closed my eyes and muttered a prayer—a sudden flash of lightning, followed by peal on peal of thunder, and the wind came howling and shrieking down upon me, as though ten thousand demons had been turned loose. It struck me, and with a wild shriek, as the last fibre was giving way, I threw out my arm and caught the signal-rope, which had been pulled up by my companions, and a slip-noose made in which I might sit, and a weight attached, to prevent, if possible, its vibration. How I got that cord around my body, or how I was extricated from the agonizing peril of my situation, was all a mystery to me, as I had no recollection of any thing whatever, after seizing it. Some days

afterwards, I awoke to consciousness in my bed at the cabin.

The events of that, to me, fearful day, come to me yet in dreams, by day as well as by night; and my agony in my unconsciousness is represented to me, by my friends who watched over me, as distressing in the extreme to listen to. It was several months before I recovered from the shock; and, as long as memory remains to me, shall I remember this thrilling incident of my experience, when prospecting for gold in the "Big Cañon."

RELUME THE WEDDED LAMP: *By Rev. Dr. Scott.* MARRIAGE.—Marriage is both an honorable and holy estate. It furnishes a lawful and natural mode of gratifying the strongest passions of human nature, and it calls into exercise the holiest feelings, and plies the strongest motives to industry. Writers on the penal colonies of Great Britian, tell us there is but little hope of a female convict unless she *marries* and becomes a mother. The intercourse of the sexes is ordained by our Creator. It is of the first importance to society that it should take place under such regulations as shall secure the greatest good to society.

The Bible, history, and jurisprudence agree in declaring marriage as regulated in christendom on the whole, to be the best mode of fulfilling the benevolent purposes of our Creator. He is a friend to his country therefore, as well as to virtue and religion, who keeps pure the married estate, and relumes the lamp of virtuous love. To rob a father of his child—to take her portion and spend it on a harlot—to forsake, injure, ruin, and in fact, murder her by cruelty, injustice and neglect, is a sin of unparalleled aggravation—an agony than none but a father can feel with full force. Lawful love, like the sun in the spring, whose warmth calls forth the latent powers of vegetation, excites the most amiable dispositions, and developes the most heroic virtues.

THE COUNTESS OF SAN DIEGO; OR, THE BISHOP'S BLESSING.

—
BY CLOE.
—

Mr. Thompson, a merchant on the island of Cuba, had amassed a large fortune, and returned to England, his native place, with the intention of spending the remainder of his life in his native land. Being an old bachelor of forty-five, he thought it quite time for him to take a wife, and enjoy his hoarded wealth in connubial felicity. Purchasing a beautiful home near Liverpool, he found no difficulty in adorning it equal in beauty and magnificence to that of a prince. Being a man of ordinary education, and his perceptive faculties, except in money-making, very limited, he had never paid the least regard to the forms of society, and was as ignorant of the first principles of a gentleman of fashion as a Turk. He was no little flustered at being invited to attend a festival, given by a neighboring gentleman of nobility; quite an emergency for a man as ignorant of etiquette as himself. However, he determined to do his best, and maintain his position as a gentleman. Giving particular orders relative to his new clothes, he said to his tailor, "Do you know any person that I could get, who understands English etiquette? An old bachelor like myself, sir, needs a person of that description."

"I think I do, sir: my wife employs a lady, in reduced circumstances, to do fine needlework: it is very likely that she would be glad of an opportunity of that kind."

"Send her to me without delay, Mr. Tailor;" and Mr. Thompson returned home in a state of no little anxiety.

The next day the expected lady made her appearance at Mr. Thompson's mansion. She was rather young, poorly clad, and pale as death, but perfectly self-possessed and lady-like. Mr. Thompson looked at her, and was somewhat disappointed, in the appearance of her desti-

tute condition, as he remarked: "I fear you will not suit me, madam. You see I am rather blunt, and wish to procure the services of some one that can teach me some of the requisite accomplishments of a man of fashion."

"I think, sir, that I can suit you in that particular. Pray, try me."

"Have you ever lived in the house of the high-bred, madam?"

"I cannot answer your question, sir; but try me, and you shall have no reason to regret it."

"What is your name, madam?"

"Adair, sir."

"Very well, Mrs. Adair; you can officiate as my teacher in etiquette, and if you give satisfaction, I will retain you as my seamstress and waiting-maid. I will not be hard—only put a polish on me. I am going to the grand festival in Liverpool, where all the fashionable gentry will be congregated, and I wish to make as good an impression among them as possible."

"Very well, sir: how long is it before the eventful day?"

"Two weeks. I think I'll commence to-morrow, so as to be familiar with the necessary preliminaries."

Two weeks of hard toil found Mr. Thompson somewhat improved in manners, and considerable light began to dawn on his dark vision. Mrs. Adair was indeed a very competent and faithful teacher.

"Mrs. Adair, I don't know whether I can remember the half you have told me: my head is so full that I am considerably bothered," suggested Mr. Thompson.

A smile of mirth passed over the melancholy face of Mrs. Adair, as she surveyed from time to time the awkward blunders of her pupil. Mr. Thompson was too fully occupied with his improvement to notice the changes that passed over her sorrowful countenance.

"Do you think, Mrs. Adair, that I improve?"

"Certainly, sir: a little more ease and

dignity in your deportment, sir, and I think you will pass."

The day at length arrived. Mr. Thompson, with splendid carriage, and servants in livery, made his first appearance in the company of the English gentry. Major Weldon, the gentleman of whom he purchased his mansion, was first to recognize him. "Glad to see you, Mr. Thompson; permit me to introduce you to my cousin, Miss Frank, sister to Sir James Frank."

After a few remarks to Miss Frank of a complimentary nature, Mr. Thompson took the Major's arm, and walked through the superb drawing-room; the Major introducing him to as many of the ladies as were known to himself.

Struck with the beauty and magnificent appearance of the ladies, Mr. Thompson came to the conclusion that he could find Mrs. Thompson without difficulty, among the fashionable group. His heart was in his throat, as he came again in contact with Miss Frank, who recognized him with a smile: "Do you find the entertainment as pleasant as you anticipated, Mr. Thompson?"

"It is certainly exquisite to me, and pleasant beyond my anticipation," Mr. Thompson remarked, as he accepted a vacant seat by the side of Miss Frank. Throwing himself in as favorable an attitude as possible, and endeavoring to call to mind as much of Mrs. Adair's instructions as he could with certainty; he made several attempts to play the agreeable, but made many sad blunders. Miss Frank's good breeding, however, restored his self-confidence.

Miss Frank was rather prepossessing in her appearance; although forty, she had a juvenile look; her fine false teeth, and luxuriant wig set off her plump, round face to great advantage. Mr. Thompson was in love at first sight; and he determined to make a favorable impression on the heart of Miss Frank if possible. The remainder of the evening she had his undivided attention. She appeared pleased with the rich Mr.

Thompson, and they parted with an agreement to form a better acquaintance. He did not wait many days before he improved the privilege of calling on her, to make love in most tender terms.

Miss Frank, after keeping him in suspense two months, was afraid the disease would prove fatal, and concluded to wed her distressed lover. A grand wedding, and their happiness was consummated. He had been successful beyond his anticipations; being married to a baronet's sister, and cousin to Maj. Weldon. Certainly his lot had been cast in pleasant places. A bridal tour was taken to France, during the honey-moon. A few months and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson began to think of returning to their mansion in England. Nothing of importance happened on their journey homeward. After a brief home residence, Mrs. Thompson began to doubt the propriety of her husband's politeness to his servant, Mrs. Adair. That she was a lady that had seen better days, she was convinced. She possessed accomplishments that were only acquired in the first classes of society. She knew, too, that English bachelors were not as pure in all respects as they might be. With these mysteries unrevealed, Mrs. Thompson attributed Mr. Thompson's respect and sympathy to a wrong cause. In several instances, she threw out some cutting remarks to Mrs. Adair, into whose heart they sank deeply. Her destitute situation precluded resentment; and, stifling her feelings, she endeavored to perform her duties as lady's-maid to Mrs. Thompson; to whom her dignified and lady-like demeanor was galling. She could not make a humble servant out of her, although she required many humbling services; but for the support of her innocent child, what would she not suffer?

The trials to which she was subjected made sad inroads on the frail and delicate constitution of the unfortunate Mrs. Adair. At length Mrs. Thompson could endure it no longer, and she determined to dismiss her, and get another that

would not annoy her with her proud airs. Calling Mrs. Adair, she told her that she must get another situation, for she wanted her no longer.

"There is a considerable amount my due, Mrs. Thompson," said Mrs. Adair, "and I cannot leave without some remuneration for my labor."

"I do not know what you have done; I am sure you have not earned your board since I have been mistress of this dwelling. Perhaps Mr. Thompson can tell your merits better than I can." With these insulting remarks, she ordered Mrs. Adair out of her presence, to her exceeding distress of mind. She had received nothing from Mrs. Thompson for nearly a year's service, and was considerably indebted for her child's maintenance; and she knew the poor woman who cared for her child could ill afford to lose it. What should she do?

While these distressing thoughts were occupying her mind, as she was seated in her own room, she heard footsteps approaching. Mrs. Thompson made her appearance, and in an angry tone commanded her to take her bundle and be off. Mrs. Adair replied—

"You will not, surely, be so unkind as to turn me off without paying me!"

"You have not earned any thing," said Mrs. Thompson. "Take her to the hall-door, Jane," (speaking to a coarse-looking servant,) "and put her out, and throw her bundle after her!"

"I will go," said Mrs. Adair, "if you will but permit me to see Mr. Thompson. I am sure *he* will not refuse to pay me."

"See *my husband*, indeed, and settle with *him*! That is a *fine* idea! I dare say you would like to see *HIM*! I'll nip your business with him in the bud!—away with you, this minute!" And fitting the action to the word, she closed the door on her, and threw her bundle after her.

Poor Mrs. Adair! Penniless and heart-broken, she knew not which way to go; her indebtedness for her child's food and care bore heavily on her mind. In

her destitute situation, she knew her child would be homeless as well as herself. In this friendless position, poor Mrs. Adair sat down under a hedge, unable to proceed farther; and, giving way to her grief in tears, she knew not that night was fast approaching; but as darkness was closing around her, she partially recovered herself, and arose to her feet, unconscious where she was. Calling her distracted thoughts together, she remembered her destitution. Again sinking upon the ground, her limbs refused to move; and, as the darkness deepened around her, she knew not which way to go. All that cold night she lay beneath the hedge, without the least extra covering; and, chilled and benumbed, her delicate frame sunk under this last heavy stroke. Her dark, luxuriant curls hung in masses over her unconscious forehead; her inanimate and still beautiful face lay on the cold ground.

Mr. Thompson, when on his morning walk, was not aware that his tender spouse had turned the defenceless widow from his dwelling. To his surprise he found the sufferer he had discovered by the way-side to be Mrs. Adair; unable to give the least cause why she should be found in this peculiar situation, he returned quickly to the mansion to procure a conveyance to take her there. On returning to the place where he had left her, he soon discovered that she was perfectly unconscious; and, taking her home, he placed her in her own room, and called a physician. Mrs. Thompson affected to be ignorant of the cause of Mrs. Adair's leaving the house, and being found in the hedge. It was now evident that the grave would soon close over her and her bitter trials. She never revived, but grew weaker and weaker until her pure spirit took its flight to a world of rest.

After her interment she was almost forgotten, when a woman called and inquired after Mrs. Adair; she was informed by the servant that Mrs. Adair was dead and buried more than a month ago. The aged visitor appeared exceed-

ingly distressed at this unwelcome news.

"I would like very much to see Mrs. Thompson," said the old lady.

"Your name, madam," said the servant.

"Mrs. Whitlow."

The servant instantly departed and soon returned, with Mr. Thompson's compliments, and that he would see her in the library. Mrs. Whitlow was soon ushered into the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson. "I understand, madam, that you are making inquiries about Mrs. Adair."

"Yes, sir," replied Mrs. Whitlow, in answer to Mr. T.'s question, "I have come on particular business with Mrs. Adair."

"Have you been long acquainted with her?" asked Mr. Thompson.

"I have known her for four years, sir; and part of the time I have had her child boarding with me, for which she is indebted to me a considerable amount; she has not paid me for several months, and my circumstances are such that it will be hard for me to lose it; besides, I shall have to put her child in the poor-house."

"Well," said Mr. Thompson, "I will pay you for keeping the child, but I wish you to give me an account of all you know of Mrs. Adair's history."

"Well, sir, I heard her say she was born in Madrid, and married against her father's will, and that her husband was an Englishman; that after they had lived together two years their limited funds were so far exhausted as to make it necessary for her husband to make exertions for their support. After several unsuccessful attempts to engage in some business in Madrid, he was under the necessity of leaving her and her child with a friend, while he went in search of a new home; and that was the last certain intelligence she ever had of him. Once she was informed that he was in Liverpool, and she went there at once to seek him, and this is the cause of her being in this country; but in this she was disappointed, as she could gain no clue of his ever having been

in Liverpool. This is all I know of Mrs. Adair." Here a pause ensued, which was broken by Mrs. Whitlow, with the inquiry—"What had I better do with the child, sir? it is a pity to put her in the poor-house, as she is very delicate."

"What say you, Mrs. Thompson," said Mr. Thompson, "that we take the child?"

"Do as you please, but be sure and have her bound in such a manner that no one can interfere."

"Well, Mrs. Whitlow," replied Mr. Thompson, "you may send the child to us, and here is your money; be sure and send her here to-morrow, with all her effects."

"Mrs. Whitlow left the mansion, well pleased with her success in obtaining the money for the child's maintenance, and for the prospect of freeing herself from the responsibilities of its care. Agreeable to promise, the child was sent to Mr. Thompson the following day. Mr. Thompson not being at home, she was taken to Mrs. Thompson's room. As soon as she saw the child, when Jane led her by the hand towards her, her dislike to the child's mother made her harsh to the poor orphan.

"What is your name?" said Mrs. Thompson.

"Ella Adair," replied the affrightened child.

"*Ella Adair!*" said Mrs. Thompson, "I was in hopes that I should never hear that hateful name again. Call one of the servants, Jane, to take her away, and take care of her."

"What things were brought with her, Jane?"

"There lays the little bundle, at the door."

"Bring it here, and let me examine it. I don't think there is any thing in the whole bundle that is fit for any thing but the fire; yet, let me see: oh, yes, here is a curious ebony box. I wonder what there is in it!" She found the box was locked, and on examining it carefully, he accidentally discovered a little spring

in the lid. Pressing her finger on the spring, there opened a little cavity which contained the key. She took the key, and immediately unlocked the box. What was her surprise at finding several fine miniatures, that she knew by their dress were Spanish nobles! There was also a roll of papers, written in the Spanish language, and in beautiful style,—several letters, a singular manuscript, and something that resembled an old will,—were tied together with a black ribbon. Not being able to read the Spanish language fluently, her unsatisfied curiosity was excited to its highest bounds. She determined, however, to conceal these from her husband until she could hear them read by some capable person, thinking that they were papers of importance and value. She determined, if such was the case, to appropriate them to herself, if possible; and putting the papers in a safe place, she left the box, with the miniatures, for her husband's inspection.

On Mr. Thompson's returning and entering the room, she showed him the box and the pictures; and he, seeing nothing very peculiar to his imagination, reclosed it and gave it back to his wife. Mrs. Thompson, glad that her husband's curiosity was not easily excited, placed the papers back again into the box, and put it away for further investigation.

A few months passed, and Mr. Thompson was the happy father of a pair of fine daughters: a splendid christening at the mansion, and the two little favorites were called Julia and Juliette. Time wore on, and Mrs. Thompson had not yet found any proper person to read the manuscripts, and her curiosity began somewhat to subside. Another year, and a son was added to their family. Mr. Thompson's joy was unbounded at the prospect of his name being handed down to posterity. Another christening, and the young heir was honored with the name of James Frank. Although Mr. Thompson was quite satisfied with three christenings, yet again, in the space of four years more Mrs. Thompson favored

him with two more children—Lawrence and Helen.

Poor Ella found constant employment in the nursery of the young Thompsons. Her gentle, loving heart found ample development in the care of these little ones. In all their troubles they found a sympathizing friend in Ella. Seven years of hard servitude Ella had now passed in the house of her bondage. No favor was shown her from either Mrs. Thompson or the servants. As for Mr. Thompson, he kept himself aloof from in-doors business,—as domestic storms too often occurred after his first attempt to inquire into such matters. Ella was remarkable for her sweet temperament under the most trying circumstances. She was tall of her age, and remarkably handsome; her large, dark, but mild expressive eyes set off her beautiful complexion; naturally graceful in all her movements, her lady-like appearance was the cause of Mrs. Thompson drawing many comparisons between Ella and her own children, and she could not but observe the natural superiority of Ella, over her own; and this consciousness caused her to feel a deeper hatred towards the dependent orphan. No one feeling of sympathy did she know; but, determined upon a greater degree of severity, knowing that Ella had learned to read before she was bound to her, and that she improved every opportunity afforded her in reading all the books that she could find.

That Ella constantly improved, Mrs. Thompson could not but observe; and it became necessary now for her to procure a governess for the other children. Lest Ella should be benefited by the instructions of the new governess, she gave her particular orders not to instruct Ella, under any circumstances whatever, alleging that it would unfit her for her position as a servant. The old governess, in spite of Mrs. Thompson's injunctions, could not but answer Ella's questions, when unable to solve the meaning herself. Ella's gentleness soon won upon the heart of the governess, and, contrary

to Mrs. Thompson's orders, Ella studied all the time she could spare. The governess was pleased with her success and ever quick comprehension, and took especial pleasure in instructing Ella. Her clearness in understanding the mysteries of knowledge, induced the old governess to afford her every possible opportunity in her every study. How sweetly she sung! Her old friends were never tired of hearing her gentle voice, or looking at her sweet, intelligent face. Ella repaid her a thousand times for the interest she took in her. When the old governess was at her wits' end to know how to quiet the turbulent dispositions of the young Thompsons, Ella, by her gentleness, would restore them to good nature and quietness.

In an unlucky moment, Mrs. Thompson heard the old governess instructing Ella; and her chagrin can better be imagined than described. The old governess was immediately dismissed, for "such an unpardonable outrage;" but Mrs. Thompson could not now recall the instructions Ella had received for the two years past. (*Continued.*)

A THOUGHT.

Upon a mountain
In the vision land,
There is a fountain
Gushing upward, and
Dying, takes life again
In the beautiful rain.

A sea, sea of seas,
Hath this fountain set,—
And unseen, forces
Up the pearly jet
Unto itself again
In the beautiful rain.

In the heart of man,
In the fount of life,
Works this very plan,
Urging on the strife,—
Urging the endeavor
Heavenward forever. A. J. N.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

NO. VI.

PARADISE LOST. THE GENIUS OF MILTON.

If we are not called upon as literary critics to trace in their several bearings the theological characteristics of the writings of the poets, except so far as their influence is directly moral or the reverse, there is another influence, very intimately blended with Milton's representation of Satan and Hell, which falls more appropriately within our province in that capacity: How happens it that Milton so successfully undermines those conservative notions of Hell which we have imbibed from our fathers as a part of our religion, and accepted as veritable truth from the traditions of a thousand years? We are not less surprised at the change in our opinions, than puzzled about the means by which the poet effects it; and, like the Philistines of old in regard to the champion of Gath, have a wonderful curiosity to ascertain "where his great strength lieth."

Let us not forget that poets are the priests of Nature—baptized in her living streams, and sworn at her mountain altars, to interpret to the dull ear of common humanity as they come directly from her, and not from those ordinary sources which are accessible to other men. Imbued with perfect consciousness of the dignity of his office, and in possession of a more than double portion of his predecessors' spirit, which the mantle worn by a hundred bards (whom in rapt vision he could trace in their ascent to the skies) has conferred upon him, though Milton reveres the Christian Scriptures much, he equally reveres his divine gift. He is the priest of Nature, and as such can not serve God in a ritual which she disapproves.

He feels for Satan; and what good man does not? "The devil is the father of curses and lies, said Doctor Slop, and is cursed and damned already. '*I am sorry for it,*' said my uncle Toby."

"I'm wae to think upo' your dea,
Even for your sake,"

said poor Burns. "Dear, hearty, noble-minded Burns," says Leigh Hunt, "how Uncle Toby would have loved him for it!" "The very devil," says Thomas Carlyle, he can not hate with right orthodoxy." Such too was Milton, but he does not waste his powers in useless whinings. He resolves to create a sympathy for Satan; not among those worthless reprobates, who, after indulging in all manner of debasing excesses, would lay the blame of their disgusting conduct on a noble-minded spirit who can only view them with contempt; but among the good, the tender-hearted, and the merciful—the best of our species, who look not to the cause of misery so much as to its condition. He goes cunningly to work. He not only brings the unhappy spirits before us in proper form, making them relate their convictions of being injured with forcible distinctness, but between us and them he interposes the veil of his magic genius, on which is represented a series of dissolving views of wonderful interest, by which he manages to make them appear whatever he has a mind to do. He means to steal our hearts! How can we elude the craft of such an ingenious thief?

As a first attempt, merely it would seem to show his power, he transformed Satan, lying at his length on the sulphurous waters of Hell, into "the sea-beast Leviathan slumbering on the Norway foam." From out one of the land-locked *fjords* of that country, at the head of which stands his little cottage, comes a venturesome fisherman. We see him emerge from among the trees which surround its entrance to the ocean. The sun gradually descends, and shines horizontally on the golden-crested waves. He dips below the waters, and the lingering twilight sobers down into night. The fisherman cares not to return. He concludes to remain till morning; and mistaking the monster for an island,

"With fixed anchor in his sealy rind,
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished-for morn delays."

We shudder to think of the poor de-luded fisherman, but the mighty master only smiles. He has accomplished his object. To use a homely metaphor from the Book of Job, "he has placed his hook in our nose," and is aware that he can make us forget Satan when he pleases, and follow himself wherever he has a mind. Even when our eyes are fixed on the gulf of Hell, he can "soothe our soul to pleasures." He exhibits in panoramic view the thronged legions of Satan. As we gaze upon them, the scene changes; we are in Etrurian shades, and the devils are magically transformed into the autumnal leaves of Vallombrosa. We are carried away into the cool retreats of the forest. We see the giant limbs of the trees meeting over our heads, and shaping its labyrinths and natural avenues into the architectural aisles, as superb as the grandest conceptions of art in the most gorgeous cathedral. Now, we fancy we hear

"The river rushing o'er its pebbly bed;"

Now, it seems the "diapason full" of the organ in harmony with the cathedral choir. Alas! it is but the hum of those poor unfortunates, half in sorrow, half in contempt, (as they think of scenes as lovely as these from which they have been exiled, and their cruel imprisonment) in response to their daring chief, who, with bitter sarcasm, is impressing on their minds how despicable, in his estimation, is the conqueror who could punish them so severely. "No matter," says he,

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven."

Who does not perceive how cunningly Milton has contrived to introduce, as if in perfect simplicity, this representation of sylvan seclusion, to make the contrast of Hell appear the more revolting?

Nor is it common holiday sight-seers, or pleasure parties going a picnicing to

the country, alone, whom he aspires to captivate. The learned naturalist does not escape his snares. When Satan leaves the infernal lake, and plants his feet on the solid brimstone, the circum-jacent country seems

"As when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
Of thundering Etna;"

and such men as Humboldt are something worth looking at. From amidst Sicilian groves, we observe the towering height of the snow-clad Etna; not only thundering from its crater flames, and smoke, and lava, but by means of accumulated gases tearing itself asunder, and presenting opportunities for scientific investigation, such as only learned men know how to appreciate.

When he shows us the armor of Satan, he is equally learned, and equally seductive. He takes us to the top of Fesolè—one of Nature's own observatories—that we may look with Galileo through his newly-invented telescope. We are admitted to the rare privilege of observing the enormously-magnified disc of the full moon. Is the magic in the glass? or in the exhibitor? We take another look; and as the astonished Mirza, who saw the isles of the blessed, and the wondrous bridge of life stretching its broken arches into the tide of time, on looking up found his spirit-guide departed, and instead of such interesting scenery his native valley of Bagdat, and the sheep and cattle grazing on its sides—so we, at one touch of the poet's magic wand, find that what we have mistaken for the moon is the shield of Satan, who stands before us in the full magnitude of his immense proportions.

But all men have not poetic tendencies, neither are they all natural philosophers. The history of former times, and the lessons which they convey, have more charms for many than descriptions of scenery however grand or beautiful, or appeals to the feelings however direct and pathetic; and this class is too numerous for Milton to neglect. He need

not call on them to appreciate the sylvan shades of Vallombrosa,

"The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers."

Their minds are cast in a different mould. The attractions of Nature to them are inferior to the attractions of a good coal fire and sperm candles, in a well-furnished library. It matters not. They can not escape the poet who has now got hold of them. To them he presents an historical panorama. For their especial benefit Satan's legions are transformed, first, into

* * * "the pitchy cloud

Of locusts warping on the eastern wind,"

which the liberator Moses brought on the frightened Egyptians; then into Goths and Vandals, Scythians and Scandinavians, throwing off the shackles of imperial Rome, and pouring from "the populous North" in irresistible numbers.

Here again we have a display of the same insidious ingenuity to accomplish the same object. The Israelites, in whose behalf their supernaturally gifted leader performed his wonders, were exposed to the oppression of a superior who treated them as slaves. The soldier from the frozen North had learned the fate of his countrymen,

"Butchered to grace a Roman holiday."

He yielded unwillingly to a power which had only the plea of supremacy, by which to justify its violation of the principle of equal right which he could never eradicate from his bosom. In both cases, the subdued successfully resented the injuries of their oppressors, and were free. Satan too is oppressed, and subjected to an extremity of punishment such as the most heartless tyrant on earth never dreamed of. What verdict can a jury of adepts in historical knowledge return in the teeth of historical testimony having such a close bearing on the case before them? The world cries shame on Britain for having condemned the great Napoleon,

"The last single captive to millions in war,"
to wear his chain, like another Andromeda,

on a rock in the ocean. But Britain was afraid of him. The Omnipotent can not have subjected the vanquished Arch-angel to a harsher punishment for a similar reason.

Milton so far carries the learned world, and hearts poetically tender, along with him; but none of the illustrations quoted are sufficiently comprehensive to include the great bulk of mankind. Let him try again. The impressions and associations of early life are indelible. They cling to us wherever we go.

"The adventurous boy, who asks his little share,
And hies from home with many a gossip's prayer,"

never can forget in after life the happiest of his days which were spent with "the old folks at home." The bride,

"Who has pledged her faith of her own free will,"
and whose parents readily admit, that

"Bright is the prospect her future spreads,

And noble the heart which her girlhood weds,"
as she crosses the threshold of her home (no longer), has tears in her eyes, when she takes a parting view of

"The sunny spot where her childhood played."

No matter whether learned or ignorant, the influence of such scenes and their memories find a chord in every bosom. "The days o' lang syne" outlive the excitement of yesterday. The tree, around which

"In early life we sported,"

it would be sacrilege to cut down. Even "the old oaken bucket, which hung in the well," has twenty times the value of any new one by which it can be replaced. Milton knew all this right well, and he furnishes a domestic comparison which recalls our fondest memories and appeals to every heart. He makes Satan's associates convene as thick,

"As bees

In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters; and among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro; or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New-rubbed with balm, expatriate and confer
Their state affairs."

Crafty again; exceeding crafty! Satan

and his confederates are preparing to hold a conference in regard to *their state affairs*. Milton compares them to bees doing the same thing. What a contrast! Satan is among

“Sights and sounds, and shrieks unholy;”

the bees, among fresh dews and flowers at the loveliest season of the year. Satan has no friend but his associates in misfortune to pity him; bees are objects of universal interest. There will come a time, no doubt, when the fate of both is singularly alike; when rapacious, selfish man, not content with robbing the “singing masons” of their hard earned sweets, to accomplish his purposes more effectually, will consign them, as Burns says, to

“The death o’ devils, brimstone reek!”

But Milton has sufficient cunning to keep this portion of their history out of view. We only see them at work in their “straw-built citadel,” or fancy them holding consultations for their common good. Who does not dream over again the high hopes of his boyhood, when his mother’s bees seemed part of the family, and he sat beside those who were nearest and dearest to his heart, and listened to their hum and the gay song of his sisters, alternately, or commingling together? Has Satan no recollections of former happiness correspondent with our own? Poor Satan!

If this is not enough, the magician performs another charm, equally potent. Of all the superstitions of rural life, there is none more pleasing than the belief in fairies, those sportive spirits who occupy their time in mirth and dancing. The bulky forms of the infernal divinities may have overawed us. At his nod, they became such “fairy elves” as merrily trip the green wood-land slope, while even the moon appears bewitched, and lingers in her course to survey their gambols!

We cannot help inquiring, although it has nothing to do with the poet’s merit as such, what he means by all this? Is he a mere scoffer? an atheist in disguise? one who would rob us of our due respect

for Heaven’s Eternal King, and make us do homage to Satan whom we know to be his and our enemy? By no means. But before we can properly comprehend what he did mean, it is necessary to take into consideration the prevalent notions of the Deity in Milton’s time, and the times immediately preceding. The religious sentiment of England, then, was very different from that of England or the United States, now. The inhabitants were divided into about as many sects, but on certain points they concurred; such as that the Deity had chiefly in view his own glory, that he was jealous of his power, and vindictive as to matters of faith; and such, from a principle of duty, were they. The catholics had been so before them, and for the same reason. The massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the cruelties of “the bloody Mary,” were looked upon by those who perpetrated them, as acts well pleasing to God. So was the inquisition of Spain. So had been the burning of Servetus by Calvin; and so were now the persecutions of protestants by each other in the British dominions. They believed them to be in conformity with the will of God, and none dared to think, for a moment, that if such were the case, that will was wrong. That Milton has helped to engender such thoughts in us, and consequently has assisted to convince us of the absurdity of their common belief, is true. That he only meant to do so to a small extent, his prose works plainly testify. His object evidently was to show that Satan, whom God had justly doomed to endless punishment of the most degrading and disgusting kind, was not so bad, nor so degrading as many who professed to be actuated by christian zeal. That his poem has an additional effect on us, is owing to our being influenced by more rational and humane sentiments than those of our forefathers.

AGRICOLA.

There is no possible position in life that can at any time justify a man in committing a wrong act.

MEMORY'S DREAM.

BY G. F. NOURSE.

In the balmy hours of twilight,
 When day gives place to night,
 When nature, hushed, serenely sleeps,
 And o'er the earth sweet stillness creeps,
 'Tis then — when memory loves to roam,
 'Tis then, I love to sit alone —
 And musing, let the mind run free,
 While o'er me creeps sweet witchery ;
 And charmed beneath the magic spell,
 I seem in realms of bliss to dwell ;
 And memory from her garden clips
 And brings the sweetest flowers and slips.
 The heart with pleasure throbs and thrills,
 Sending through its thousand rills
 Ecstatic joys, to thrill the soul,
 To bury with its heavenly roll
 The weary cares of fleeting *now*,
 And bring upon my troubled brow
 A peaceful calm of bliss divine.
 Thus lost, I float mid thoughts sublime,
 And neither earth nor sky I see ;
 But, lost to all reality,
 I'm happy, happy with the past,
 And things forgot come crowding fast ;
 While memory's painting out old scenes
 Of boyhood's days and school-boy's dreams —
 Of much loved forms and faces dear —
 And I can see before me here
 The little cot where I was born ;
 And one old, dear, familiar form,
 Who blessed me each succeeding day,
 And taught me how to kneel and pray ;
 Hear whisperings of the tiny wave
 As they the old sand-beach do lave,
 Dashing their briny spray and foam
 Upon the shores of my old home.
 And in the quaint old church-yard, too,
 Memory loves to linger, loitering through ;
 For buried 'neath the cold ground here,
 A brother lies beside our father dear.

* * * * *

Such blessed and hallowed scenes are mine,
 When sitting here at eventime ;
 All animation hushed and still,
 I lean upon my window-sill,
 And lost to every living thing,
 See, hear, feel naught but memory's dream.
 O joy, O bliss, O ecstasy !
 O hallowed dream of memory !
 'Tis thus I could forever dwell,
 Enraptured, charmed by twilight's spell ;

'Tis thus I'd live and drink forever,
 Of thy blessed stream, thy heavenly river.

BEARDS.

In California all except women and boys wear beards. To this general remark there are few exceptions, so that a face shorn of its natural appendage, is as much an anomaly as a bearded face is in the other States. In fact, our people have almost come to think that a man is more manly when he appears as God made him. They are just verging upon a conclusion from which they will never recede. Our people are destined to be still more noted as a bearded people ; and the Californian will be distinguished in his visits to the older States by his appearing in this respect more natural, if he have the courage to withstand the false opinions of those he may meet. The charm of our custom is evinced by the fact that strangers of every class, with few exceptions, adopt it upon coming among us.

The courtiers of a celebrated King of France who had ascended the throne while a mere youth, not wishing to appear superior to their monarch, were immediately shorn of their beards, and they appeared boyish also. An aping public imitated their court ; and as France took the lead in all matters of fashion, other nations became beardless too. Such is the explanation of a troublesome and silly custom ; let those who still persist in it have its full benefit. Eastern nations have ever considered the beard a badge of manhood and of honor, and it is still so considered.

The beards of Californians may be regarded rather as a creation of circumstances. In the first settlement of our State, the facilities for shaving were not so great as now ; and more than that, there were no ladies here to require men to shave. Men never would shave were it not for the will of the better half of mankind ; and I include these by all means when I say that our taste is improving. Custom is very powerful in its

sway; and when improvements are made despite its influence, all honor should be accorded to the pioneer of reform.—The bearded miner is the pioneer in this reform.

The beard renders man more noble and more imposing in his appearance. Woman is most lovely when she rejoices in the tenderness and timidity of her sex; but timidity belongs with no propriety to a man. A feminine character pertaining to a man, or a masculine character to a woman, is each exceedingly undesirable.

In nothing is there more vanity of taste manifested than in the forms which beards are made to assume. There are beards that are never pruned in any way, nor even combed in the direction in which their growth tends; but they are made to diverge from the countenance, giving them a wing-like appearance upon the side of the face. A sun-burnt-color renders this variety of the beard perfect. Then there are beards that are never shaved, but which are carefully subdued.—There are full beards, minus the mustache; these are whiskers only; mustache only; beards upon the chin; and finally every variety of form and every variety of combination. It would be doing an injustice however, were these remarks to close without a notice of a form which I have seen in a single instance—that of a face shorn, except of a spot of a half inch in diameter, under the point of the chin, from which a cylindrical mass depended, precisely like that which hangs down from the breast of a gobbler. For aught I know, the possessor was a turk(ey.)

N. K.

WHAT A ROBBERY!—In one part of one of these United States—writes a friend from Colusi—I need not mention the place precisely—there lived a man whose name was Blevin; and who, to use a phrase in many places very familiar, “didn’t amount to much.” One day—and that I need not mention—he entered the tannery of a small country town, and knowing the owner, he

introduced a familiar and confidential conversation with him after the following manner:

“Mr. Garner, (a pause) I was robbed last night (another pause) of everything I had in the world.”

“Bless me,” ejaculated the surprised gentleman addressed, “you don’t say so?”

“I was, indeed, (another pause) of everything I had in the world.”

“Is it possible?” interrogated the astonished tanner, “what did they take—and who do you suppose did the deed?—Have you any suspicion of any one?”

“Well,” replied Blevin, “they took *everything* I had in the world; and I believe it was nobody else than old Tim Hall, darn his old soul; and if he ever comes around my house again, I’ll give him a good black hickory, that he may carry home the marks—he can’t sell them, I don’t think.”

“Well, but what did he take?” again inquired Garner.

“Everything I had in the world! why he took a whole petticoat full of chicken feathers, a gourd of tar, and nearly two bushels of good wood ashes!—darn him.”

STANZAS.

There is a flower which seeks
The dark wells by the wood;
Its vestal robe bespeaks

A ministry for good:
It blooms amid the blackest slime,
And serpents hiss among its leaves;
But ’twill be glorious through all time,
In every song the poet weaves;
Because it stands like Christ, and flings
A halo round all meaner things.
Mary! I would this vestal flower
Might symbolize thy life’s young hour.

There is a flower that asks
No flattery from the proud;
Its Beauty it unmasks
To none of this world’s crowd;
It flaunts no silk or gaudy dress,
Nor boasts nobility of birth,
But in some silent wilderness

It spends its unrecorded worth.
Its perfume blesses those, whose feet
Tread quiet paths and humble street;
Mary! I would this modest flower
Might symbolize thy life’s young hour.

LLEWELLYN.

San Francisco, March, 1858.

HIS MAIDEN SPEECH.—A few years since one of our mountain counties was represented in the Senate by a gentleman who proved to be a first *rate* silent member, to the great dissatisfaction of his constituents, who were desirous that *their man* should "say something, even though it was not so bright." But the Hon. gentleman assiduously declined making an ass of himself in public, until near the end of the session, when he yielded to the entreaties of his friends, and, after several days spent in preparation, announced, to their great surprise and joy, that he was ready to "do the State some service;" and, on the day appointed, they assembled to listen and applaud.

He arose majestically from his seat in the Senate Chamber, and, thrusting his right hand into the bosom of his vest, inclined his body gently forward, and said, "Mr. President,"—then removing his hand from the precincts of his heart, and waving it calmly to the south'ard! continued—"I come, sir, from the snow-clad mountains of Mariposa, where the wild deer roameth, and the red Indian treads the forests, and naught is to be heard but the distant water-falls, and the howling of the cayotes." Just at this juncture, some wicked fellow in the gallery exclaimed "git!" The Senator paused, looked ferociously toward the gallery, and then, turning, pompous with dignity, to the "Chair," spoke as follows: "Sir, the gentleman may cry 'git!' but, sir, the member from Mariposa will *not* 'git!'" He did, though, and that speech was never finished; it was his first and last attempt. He sat down abashed and confused, amid "deafening shouts of laughter," and "much applause." N.

There is no peace of mind equal to that arising from a good and approving conscience; there is no wealth so productive of true happiness as that which is honestly and industriously obtained; and there is no money so much valued as that which is earned by severe and fatiguing labor.

THE OCEAN BURIAL.

BY S. H. DRYDEN.

Oh! bury him deep in the dark blue sea;
Let the waves above chaunt mournfully,
For there he lies in a dreamless rest;
His heart is cold within his breast,
And the lips which moved in silent prayer
Have grown to icy stillness there;
And the eye whose light 'twas joy to see,
Will sleep so calm in the deep blue sea.

O! bury him deep in the moaning sea,
Where the sea-weeds twine and the corals be;
Where the wind's low wail and the sea-bird's
note
Will over his grave in sadness float.
The Father calls, his work is done—
Tho' loved ones weep for the dear one gone,
They'll mourn their loss, his gain 'twill be;
Then bury him deep in the moaning sea.

O! bury him there in the restless deep;
He's far from the spot where his loved ones
weep;
From her whose cheek grew cold with fear,
When the death-word reached her waiting
ear.
She may not kiss those cold lips now,
Nor part the hair on his death-chilled brow;
She may not come to his grave and weep,
For he must lie in the restless deep.

O! bury him there, in the dark cold deep—
The stars will watch o'er his quiet sleep—
And naught shall tell where he is laid,
So still, so deep, in his ocean bed.
The sculptor's hand may mark the spot
Where those who rest are by man forgot:
There needs no stone, or drooping tree,—
His tablet is the lipping sea.

Ye have laid him there to a tranquil rest,
Far down 'neath the ocean's billowy crest;
But the eye of God will mark the place,
Tho' deep in the wavelet's cold embrace.
Ye have buried him there, but an angel band
Of spirits bright, from the far-off land,
Have borne his spirit all pure and free
To his better home beyond the sea.

Nevada, 1858.

THE WRITING OF THE UNIVERSE.

The Universe

Is one vast volume, and her history
Is written, every where, on great Nature's page.
All write for man. The rock and avalanche,
Thundering along the rugged mountain's side,
Leave there their record. Mighty rivers dry,
And leave their lines deep sculptured on the plain.
Clouds write with shadows; and the tall old cliffs
Draw forms, like pyramids, on the desert's sands.
The cataract, tumbling down the mountain's brow,
Graves its own history on the rocks below.
Deep in earth's caverns, carved on beds of coal,
The modest fern leaf stamps its image there.
The pattering rain writes histories on the sand.
The sky spreads out above us like a dome,
Sculptured and decked by some old master's hand.
The earth we tread, in rich mosaic carved,
Stretches afar, like the wide-spreading aisle
Of some rich, old cathedral, where we may
Read marvelous histories on the stones below.
Nature, with her great volume, opens wide,
With line deep written on her majestic page,
For us to see, and read, and understand,
And say, "Come learn of me, and thus be wise."

G. T. S.

"OUR NATIONAL LITERATURE."

The desire to form a National Literature, is one which has possession of many minds, and calls forth a multitude of predictions which will never be realised. It is, doubtless, both pleasant and patriotic to indulge in visions of literary supremacy, in which our territorial greatness is to be surpassed by our superiority in the world of letters, and which is to afford just ground for the self-praise, which is said to be our national weakness.

However, these anticipations are not founded on just and mature reflection, and a little observation will prove them as untrue as they are undesirable.

A National Literature must be a distinctive one, and has generally originated in the traditions, the history or religion of a people. There must be something in the stories of a past age—or at least in

the glory or the struggle of a present one—to leave its impress on the national mind, and inspire its orators, its poets and its historians. It would have been impossible for any cotemporary Homer to have composed the Iliad; nor could Xenophon have written the retreat of the ten thousand, without a cloudy faith in the Athenian Minerva, and Jupiter the protector.

It is thus, that all literature which has assumed a distinctive national character, had its origin, and therefore it is, that when either the faith or the history of a people is merged or united with other events, or creeds, that its literature ceases, or rather fails, to become peculiar.

When Herodotus wrote the history of the Persian invasion, and Thucydides narrated the internal Hellenic war, the works which rendered them immortal, were the great foundations of Greek his-

torical learning, just because they were preëminently Greek—Gods, Heroes, Triumphs—all were Hellenic, and the stories were as masterly as the events were glorious, but the narration and the struggle were alike national. They were not only the great historians, but in their time, almost the only ones—and that, too, in an age, when not to be Greek was to be a barbarian.

The same course of remark will hold true of Roman literature; it was national because Rome was every where; there was no other nation which had a literature, unless Greece be excepted—that was decayed indeed, but yet living.

If this be true of the oldest and noblest literature in the world, is it any less so when we consider later ages, and inferior nations?

And so without a course of events remarkable and long continued, with struggle and battle, and success, and renown, without trial and vicissitude, no nation can have great historians—it requires all these to color the narration—to point the reflection—to stamp the philosophy with the features of nationality.

Nor is the case different, when we come to consider the realm of imagination. Dante was the poet, not of Italy, but of the church; Shakespere, not of England, but of humanity; Milton, not of any nation, or any age, but of the universe and eternity.

Neither is it the language which makes literature national; but the events it records, the philosophy it reveals, the imagination it embodies; not finding its patrons in the courts of princes, but in the assemblies of the people. The idea which springs to birth in the vigorous and free-spoken Saxon, loses little of its tone, but rather finds a perfected beauty in the sweeter Spanish, or softer Italian. Do not Thackeray and Dickens write for all civilized nations? And are not Cooper's sea-stories read wherever the sea rolls?

So much with regard to the expectation of a coming literature, which is to be distinctively American. And now

the inquiry arises, Is national literature desirable? And it is a matter of curious remark, that the good people who predict or hope for such a thing, invariably imagine a one-sided literature, which is to correspond with their peculiar views, and become the exponent of their peculiar principles. Ask the theologian, and he will tell you that the golden age of American literature will only appear, when it shall become the instrument to disseminate sound religious views—when its sole object shall be, the advancement of the kingdom of heaven, and when everything “which could call a blush to the most innocent cheek” shall be strictly prohibited.

Such men forget that Spinoza, and Leibnitz, and Arago, have illustrated literature, not less than Voltaire, and Condorcet, and more than most of the champions of Orthodoxy.

The stern moralist will deplore the light literature, which certainly discredits the national taste, and will admit nothing more worldly than Hannah More or Mrs. Barbauld.

The man of science points with scorn to the multitude of wild imaginations that throng the portals of taste, and asks, as the philosopher did of Homer: “What does it prove?”

Each alike predicts utter ruin to the purity of faith and morals, or to simplicity of taste, if his opinions and dogmas be not exclusively maintained, adding his portion to literature in lamentations for its downfall.

Such things are not new—they lead to a censorship of the press. They did much to call forth Milton's noble essay on uncensored printing. They substituted the terrifically bad productions of the reign of Charles II. for the terrifically poor productions of Charles I.; and promoted vice, by making virtue too dull and too prosy.

The hope for American literature is to be found in its general—even universal—scope and apprehension: it is to reach

the mind of the world, and must therefore be as wide as the world.

We may infuse new blood into the veins of thought, but the red and vital tide will mingle with the whole stream—it will never concentrate into congested dullness. We shall have, not America—but the whole world for our theme. Our orators will discuss, not only our government, but *all* governments—our philosophers will contribute to a science which is always universal. Our poets will discover new forms of beauty, whether of the body or the soul, whether of cloud or cataract—wherever the sunset shall glow or the torrent breaks its spray, or the eye reveal the splendor of inspiring thought. Our periodical press will record the events of the hour, whether transpiring on the banks of the Ganges, or the plains of the Orinoco.

Indeed, the great office of literature is to narrate events, and embody thoughts in language that shall penetrate everywhere. All invention, all art, all philosophy, all poetry, all oratory, all statesmanship, all religion, is fast ceasing to be national, and becoming universal.

Literature is the sum of all these; it must be free to discuss, to depict, to criticise, to approve, to condemn, every thing and every body. It holds a great tournament—the lists are open to all—the armor of the combatant may be of any device, and his shield may bear any motto; he may fight with any weapon, and touch the shield of the challenger with the point of his lance, if he so will it. If, in such a contest, particular theories or systems are to prevail, they must trust to defensive and offensive armor—the shield must be ample, and the temper of the blade well proved.

It is no doubt true, that on such a field many a foul blow will be struck, and many an unknighly quality will be shown; but as in the brilliant passage at arms, which graced the better days of chivalry, there were heralds in the lists, and multitudes without the barriers, to proclaim the foul deed, and pronounce

the sentence of dishonor; so, in the lists of literature, there will be found a presiding *taste* to approve the knightly deed, and scorn the false blow. It will allow much for the infinite variety of human opinion, and more for the imperfect state of human knowledge; but it will require of the combatants some exhibition of the qualities of true knighthood, some love for the noble and the true, some reverence for humanity, and for God.

Without these, the wreath of the victor is seldom won; without these, fame will not follow, even the most daring deed. These are they that have stimulated the good and the wise of all ages, and through which they have gained immortal fame and renown.

We desire in conclusion, to express our confidence in the guardianship of *taste*: it is superior to law, and more powerful than patronage. The union of a brilliant style, and false morals, may prevail for a moment; corrupt imaginations may steal the splendors of genius, to their alliance and their aid, but at last, sound theology; purity in morals; simplicity in style; fervor for truth; faith in man; faith in God—these are the permanent securities for literary success, and they who fight with these arms, will receive the crown of immortal fame, which is always bestowed, not by a single nation, but by the world; not by an age, but by all coming generations.

P* * * * *

As you approach the town of C——, on the Sacramento road, there is (or was) a gallows standing just out of town. Right across the road from the gallows is the race course; then the first building you see in town is the jail. Now the story goes that on the first advent of brother M——, a Methodist minister, into town, he was naturally looking around, to "see what was to be seen," and the first thing he saw was a gallows, the next a race track, and the next a jail. He then met a man carrying a jug, of whom he inquired if there was a church, or any christians in town. "By G——," said the man, "I'll bet you a gallon of whisky (!) that you cannot find a christian in this darn'd hole." Brother M—— preached that night on the "*depravity of man.*" G.

MY TEACHERS.

NO. II.

BY S * * * * .

I was yet too young to wade through the heavy snow-drifts to the "winter school." Summer came again, and I trudged away with my little "dinner pail" in my hand. A new "school-ma'am" was there, very large and fat, with a face as big as a full moon, and red as a peony. I remember very little of her, except that she "feruled" me for the tricks of another boy.

Next winter I had a pair of new cow-hide boots, a red woolen tippet, a seal-skin cap, a pair of thick mittens knit by my "Aunt Ruth," and a sled. One cold morning, proud as a king, I posted off to the school-house, with a "Progressive Reader" under my arm. I was perched upon a front seat, with a dozen other little fellows, close to a great stove, which the terrible "big boys" crowded full of wood until it was red hot. With the snow melting from our legs, we looked like dissolving icicles. Then at recess the "big boys" pitched us "head first" into snow banks; a change of temperature by no means agreeable.

A new schoolhouse was built, nearer to my home. The seats were painted, and we thought it very fine. But I did not like the new school-ma'am. She was rough, and masculine, and noisy. I used to ask leave to go out and sit under the shade of a great maple tree, close by the school-house. How cool its shade? The music of its leaves lulled me into pleasant reveries. It was there I first began to *think*.

Summer departed, and with the winter came a short, stout, bald-headed "master"; of whom I remember little, save that he used to double back the cover of my history of the United States, at which carelessness I was very indignant. It pained me as much to see my book's back broken, as it pained Casper Hauser to have tacks driven into his little wooden

horse. He heard our lessons by reading the questions from the book, but never taught us anything.

With the leafy summer time, and the singing birds, came an educated and accomplished lady; very beautiful, and, I think, somewhat of a belle. She was mild, gentle, and winning; she taught us a hundred little things not in our books. We all loved her very much.

It was a pleasant school. "Tom" and I sat together. We were the best scholars in school. "Tom" was quicker than myself, but I was the more studious.

We both fell in love that summer with little Miss B., the daughter of a neighboring farmer; a pretty, blue-eyed creature, with a silvery voice, and brown hair. We gathered for her beautiful flowers. We grew sentimental, and wrote little "love letters," which were smuggled across the school-room, behind the teacher's back.

I made my first attempts at rhyming: I should thank my stars if I had never written more foolish verses since. She was a little coquette, and kept us both "in tow"; never manifesting any very decided preference. Tom was handsome and confident; I was plain and awkward. Tom was a favorite with the girls; I was a leader among the boys. Not that I admired the girls less than he; but my diffidence led me to avoid them. If Tom were looking over my shoulder now, I I should tell him the distinction of boyhood exists in manhood.

Tom was endowed with the natural graces which win the heart of woman. I think he had the best of the love affair. I used to wonder which of us would marry her. We little thought then, dear Tom, that we should drift away from our native village to the shores of the Pacific, and meet on the golden banks of Feather river, around a miner's camp-fire; there, as the stars beamed softly down on our hard couch, to talk of the fair girl who won our boyish hearts. We felt, Tom, that in the rough scenes of mountain life, when fate was against us, and for-

tune was hard, that our hearts were growing as callous as our hands; but when "letters from home" reached us—messages warm with a mother's love—how the waters of boyish affection gushed into our arid hearts!

They say, dear Tom, that the pretty girl is now a beautiful maiden, and that her heart is still her own. What is written in the future?

How seldom are the hopes of boyhood realized in manhood! But I am always glad that it was my good fortune to go to a country school with little girls. I am thankful that our parents did not belong to that class of squeamish moral reformers, so numerous at the present day—those prating stoics, who put on the green goggles of suspicion, and tinge childhood with the muddy impurity of their own hearts. The little girls of our schools taught us better lessons than our teachers. They taught us that we had souls as well as brains; affections as well as reasoning faculties. They were purer and better than we, and in their presence our thoughts as well as our language and feelings were more refined. Tom, had we never loved the innocence and artlessness of girlhood, we could never have appreciated the beauty of womanhood.

Next came a great strapping "master," six feet two in his stockings; but a jolly fellow, who told us stories, which I remember to this day. I studied "Comstock's Philosophy" with a big boy—a wonderful class of two—and I suspect the master neglected many an urchin in his "abs," to illustrate our philosophical difficulties. The "farmer's girl" went to school dressed in a brown homespun woolen gown.

Next summer my father died. I shall never forget the terrible feeling which came over me, when I was wakened at dead of night, and told that he was dead. I knelt beside my bed, in my little chamber, and prayed; a prayer fervent and heart-felt, if my lips have ever breathed one. The sunshine of boyhood was dark-

ened. I grew precociously thoughtful; but these feelings slowly wore away.

I went to the village academy. The teacher was a book-worm; stiff, awkward, and diffident in manner. He had no soul. He read the questions from a book, and never *looked* at us.

A *real* teacher soon took charge of the academy, and I woke up to a new life. He had the electric fire of sympathy. He had a pleasing smile and looked us in the eye. I remember to this day everything he ever said in school. He made arithmetic, algebra, and geometry delightful. He did more towards forming my character than all my other teachers.

He never crammed us with books; he *waked up* our minds, and taught us our own powers. He would not suit a city where "cramming" is in fashion, and "brilliant examinations" the delight of examining committees. Teaching with him was not the dull drudgery of routine—it was a *creative art*. A schoolmaster may drill children into learning their lessons; the true *teacher* warms the heart and forms the character. "School committees," who estimate the art of teaching by questions answered in "rithmetic, reading, writing, and grammar," oftentimes prefer pedagogues to living teachers. It is dangerous to be in advance of conservatism.

Here I close my "school-days" and "teachers." If I have touched a chord in the heart of any reader, I am satisfied. I only hope and trust that no one of my scholars shall ever look back upon me as a "wooden teacher."

A DESULTORY POEM.

BY W. H. D.

CANTO VII.

I.

O, Youth! why did thy glorious visions fade?
Why have thy aspirations all departed?—
Gone, too, are all the brilliant hopes that made
My soul once feel that it had heaven-ward started.
Downward my footsteps tread life's gloomy glade;
Despairing, sorrowing, sick and broken-hearted,

Alone I wander on my weary way,
As night is closing o'er life's stormy day.

II.

It might have been,—but it was not to be,—
O, Fate! thou unrelenting shade or spirit,
That hovers o'er my mortal destiny,
Thou didst bequeath, and I must needs inherit.
It might have been,—but “a divinity
That shapes our ends,” beyond our will or merit,
Still whispers sadly, “it is not to be,”
While Time is rushing to Eternity.

III.

It might have been—ye broken hopes depart,
O, Memory! cease o'er youth's bright days to
linger,—
Ye vanished shades adieu! why do ye start
Before my soul, while Fate, with scornful finger,
Points to immortal longings in my heart,
Whose dirges on my ear so sadly linger,—
It might have been—but now the years roll by,
With murkiest storms upon my soul's dark sky.

IV.

It might have been,—but now departed years,
Like ghosts, stand up before me all unbidden;
I revelled on their flesh, and blood, and tears,
In wanton riot, reckless of the hidden,
Grim, skeleton-like spectres of my fears,
Now telling how their precious life has slidden
Away upon Eternity's dark shore,
Where all is lost forever—evermore.

V.

It might have been,—I shudder at the thought—
The possible no more beams bright before me—
Those golden opportunities once fraught
With boundless good; O! what can now restore
me?

I struggle onward, but too late I'm taught
My efforts all are vain, and can no more be
Crowned with success, while unrelenting Fate
Repeats these saddening words—“Too late,”
“Too late.”

VI.

It might have been,—but now it cannot be,—
O! crushing thought, that manhood's strength is
failing
While battling fiercely on life's surging sea,
A shattered bark, through which fierce winds are
wailing
My fearful doom, where I shall never see
One friendly flag to answer my last hailing,—
It might have been—but now fierce tempests rave,
Where dark Oblivion's waves shall flood my
grave.

VII.

No more to be—to die and be forgot,—
Forevermore, beyond all rise or waning,—

Ah! this I know is but the common lot
Of mortals, o'er which I am not complaining,—
But then to feel immortal gifts shall rot,
And die with us to our eternal shaming,
Are thoughts that fill the soul with deep despair,
And anguish which it cannot calmly bear.

VIII.

What might have been?—Ah! why the question
ask?—
No longer shines my sun from mid-day's heaven;
Wearied and worn, despairing o'er my task,
I feel 'tis all in vain that I have striven;
My soul in rays all bright and pure to bask,
And short the future that to me is given;—
Suns set in glory, but my evening sky
Is shrouded o'er with clouds of darkest dye.

IX.

It cannot be,—no more I proudly tread
Thy vast and airy halls. Imagination,
Where isles of beauty on thy fair walls spread
Their scenes all radiant of the mind's creation.
No more I feel undying glories shed
Their softening tints upon my heart's sensation,
And Fancy's flesh is now a feeble ray,
To glimmer as the glory fades away.

X.

It cannot be—no more unsullied Fame
Allures me on to scale the heights of heaven;
His trump shall ne'er reëcho with my name,
No glorious victory to me be given,—
My quivering shaft shall never reach its aim;—
With bow unstrung my weakened nerves have
striven
To speed it onward to the dazzling prize,
On which I now must look with tearful eyes.

XI.

It cannot be—no more Ambition calls
Me up in visions to his towering mountain,—
No more in dreams I tread its icy halls,—
No more I bathe in Helicon's clear fountain,—
No more I climb the high embattled walls
Of golden cities that my soul would mount on,—
No more on eagle wings does strong desire
Bear up my soul where burns seraphic fire.

XII.

It cannot be—no more Love's gentle voice
Shall charm my ear like heavenly music swelling,
No more its rapturous bliss my heart rejoice,
While in my soul would be a heaven indwelling;
Earth's best and loveliest, could such be my choice,
Would seem to be some fearful doom foretelling;
I still might love, but youth and beauty's bloom
Would wither near my heart's undying gloom.

XIII.

It cannot be—wealth with its golden gleam,
 Its pomp and equipage, and all its splendor,
 Was once all mine—it vanished like a dream,
 No joy it brought, and now I cannot tender
 My soul to live upon a glittering beam—
 No worship to such idol can I render;
 My coming years shall swiftly speed away
 And bring no treasures to their fleeting day.

XIV.

It cannot be—my Name shall ne'er resound,
 All honored in my country's song or story,—
 No laurels on my pallid brow be bound—
 I have not added to it Fame or Glory—
 No truths eternal have I shed around,
 To brighten when the present age grows hoary;
 With no prophetic words have I essayed
 To lift the weight that on my soul was laid.

XV.

It might have been—I knew that gifts divine
 Were silent slumbering in my inmost being,—
 Where Genius dwells, there dwells its living sign,
 A still small voice direct from the all-seeing—
 In visions heard I not the sacred Nine,
 In one inspiring choral strain agreeing,
 That all their leafy honors should be mine,
 If I would worship only at their shrine.

XVI.

It cannot be—all feebly now I sing [mortal,—
 These dying strains that might have been im-
 I sweep my hands where many a broken string
 My lute has lost—neglected at the portal
 It hung where oft I heard a Syren sing,
 Who ever crowns with Bays her favored mortal.
 Her voice was sweet, and sweeter was the smile
 That welcomed me to her enchanted Isle.

XVII.

It cannot be—my thoughts no longer roam,
 From heaven to earth and from earth to heaven;
 I cannot soar into the starlight's home,
 With rapturous gaze while fall the shades of even,
 No coral groves with shells nor ocean's foam
 And war and swell before the wild winds driven,
 Can fill my soul with harmonies divine,
 Caught from the echoes of the Sacred Nine.

XVIII.

It cannot be—no more shall heavenly tones
 Of melody my inner life be thrilling;
 I only hear dear Nature's dying groans,
 And Autumn winds through leafless bowers, filling
 The silent air with melancholy moans,
 And sighs from fading flowers the frosts are killing,
 Where leafless giants lift their arms on high,
 Against the Winter's cold and cheerless sky.

XIX.

It cannot be—my agonizing wail
 Moves not the dull cold earth and neither heaven,
 My soul is sad, my sinking spirits fail,—
 But why should such a mournful strain be given?
 No joy it gives, nor can it e'er avail
 To shrive me for what cannot be forgiven,—
 No sympathy is mine in my deep woe,
 Bitter as my mortal heart can know.

XX.

It cannot be—my tuneless lays must cease,
 Their dying echoes fall beyond my hearing,
 Midst solemn silence let them rest in peace,
 And ne'er to mortal be again appearing—
 O demon thought, now give a kind release,
 From this o'ershadowing woe—this phantom fear-
 ing—
 Depart! thou Inspiration of my Muse,—
 Avaunt! ye horrid devils called "*The Blues*."

WOLF! WOLF!!

AN ADVENTURE.

BY "THE OLD MOUNTAINEER."

We guess we have never told any body, outside our home circle, about the time we had with the wolves this winter. B'leeve we'll get at it and tell *you*.

The morning of December 23d, '57, was considerably blustery—in the language of the Psalmist [!]"—"first it blew'd, then it snew'd, then it thew'd, and then it friz'd;" yet, owing to the vast amount of labor to be done on the Ranch, we concluded to go out and lay up a string of fence, the line of which ran close under the "Iron Mountain," which, since the discovery and exploration of this section of the *moral* vineyard, has been noted as being the stamping ground of innumerable varmints of almost every species. Often-times this winter, while cosily sitting around the capacious old-time fire-place, with a cheerful fire blazing and throwing its light far into the darkness, through the windows and interstices of the cabin; while the storm raged wildly, have we heard the terrible roar of the California lion, the wild scream of the catamount, the angry chattering of the coyotes, and the dismal howl of the wolves, far above the tumult of the elements. Many are

the stories told of fearful peril and adventure, by the fearless and hardy mountaineer hunter—of personal conflict with the fierce grizzly bear, and the relentless wild-cat, which we will give hereafter. But to our story.

We had been busily engaged about an hour, laying the "worm" of the fence, and wishing we had some one whom to tell our thoughts, as we felt lonesome, when we were aroused from our cogitations by the short, sharp yelp of a wolf. Raising ourself up—as we were in a stooping posture—we cast a hurried glance towards the foot of the mountain, and discovered, through the storm-shade, a large pack of wolves, headed by a huge black one, bearing down towards us at full speed. Being well acquainted with the nature and habits of the animal, we were satisfied in an instant that they had scented us, and that, unless we made a hasty retreat, we would be "their meat" in the twinkling of a bed-post; so, without ado, we broke and ran toward a small pine tree, which grew about one hundred yards off. The pack were some two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards off; we perceived that the race was between "nip" and "tuck," and that "nip" would have to stir his "stumps" if he won the race. We bolted off "worse" than a 2.40 horse, and at the same time our ears were saluted by a demoniac howl from the whole pack, the peculiar intonation of which distinctly gave us to understand that they had accelerated their speed. We had ran about one half the distance, when we could distinctly hear their infernal snuffing behind us. Looking over our shoulder, we saw that there were two of them within fifty yards of us, and that they were "tearing to it" like all mad—their eyes snapping and protruding, and foaming at the mouth worse than a beer-keg. We drew off our coat and threw it down, so as to gain time, and as they came up to it they pounced upon it and tore it into shreds. By this time we had got within a few feet of the tree, and the wolves were but a

few feet behind us. All the christian acts of our past life came before us, and we piously breathed the prayer taught us in our youthful days, commencing, "When in the course of human events," &c. By the time we had got thus far, we were at the tree, and knowing that faith was'n't worth a copper without works, and being sorely pressed by the enemies of our body as well as soul, we gathered all our fast exhausting energies, and made a desperate spring, seized a limb and swung on to the tree, one of the infuriated cusses at the same time grabbing us behind, thereby sadly depredating our garments. But we were safe, at all events, though awfully out-done. We clambered high up the tree, out of the way of danger, and concluded to laugh at the calamity of our enemies. The whole pack soon gathered around us, uttering the most ferocious and dismal yells, howlings, and gnashing with their teeth, as though they never saw a white man, up a tree, before. We broke off and threw down some branches of the pine, and they fell on them and shook them furiously, occasionally getting up a free fight among themselves, which caused us much sorrow. We remained on the tree about three hours, and, by dint of hallooing, we attracted the attention of a small squad of miners—who luckily had guns and dogs with them—who were on a prospecting expedition. They bore down to our assistance, and, after killing two of the wolves, they took to their heels, and we—Zacheus like—came down out of the tree, amid the laughter and jokes of the "boys." We went home—"gin a treat"—skinned the wolves—and swore we'd never again go out from home without being armed and equipped "according to law."

THE COMMON RAT.

Though the subject which concerns this disgusting little animal, the character of which is so well known by all, may seem to be without interest to the gener-

ality of your readers, I am induced to say a little about him, particularly the place of his nativity, of which many are ignorant.

The brown or common rat, (*mus decumanus*), is not a native of California nor any part of America, though many persons believe it to be particularly indigenous to California, on account of the immense numbers to be found in her cities. I well remember when I first came to this country, (which was previous to the discovery of gold), there were no rats here whatever of this species, and I well remember that the first time I saw them in California was in 1847, when they were transported from the Russian possessions on the north-west coast, by a vessel from Sitka trading at the port of San Francisco. Some of them were white, or albino, one of which I kept in a cage as a curiosity, during which time she brought forth nine young at one litter, and soon after made her escape, carrying them all off. The immense fleet of vessels which have arrived here from every land, since the discovery of gold, have filled our cities with this abominable creature.

There is a species of rat which is "native, to the manor born," in California as well as many portions of North America, but this is the wood rat; and although in appearance it resembles the common one in its habits and manner of living, it is quite different from your city scamp. His abode is in the dark and shady woods, and as civilization approaches he retreats farther into the thickets and brakes, until he is out of danger of coming in contact with man. But the common rat—oh! what a long, long list of complaints are there not against him? what an innumerable array of disagreeable associations connected with his destructiveness? Who has not suffered more or less by him? and how many a young girl has wept her eyes red, when she awoke in the morning and found her poor Canary bird eaten up by this ruthless invader; and what hand is there that is not raised against him?

Every one—every thing hates the rat. They even destroy and eat one another; yet amid all his dangers and enemies, he lives and flourishes triumphantly.

Cuvier says that the rat originally came from Persia, and was not known in Europe until about 1727, and after having spread over the continent it found its way to England, and, at a later period, to America. It is now the pest of all inhabited countries, dwelling particularly about the wharves, in the store-houses, and cellars of cities.

It is the most prolific of all quadrupeds, multiplying at the rate of sixty or eighty fold every year; so that it has been estimated that the descendants of one pair would amount to a million in two years. In some countries these animals are so numerous, and the depredations they commit on all kinds of provisions so great, as to produce famine among the people. At one period the Isle of France was abandoned by the Dutch settlers on this account, nearly all their produce being destroyed by the rats, in spite of every means used in self-defence. In some houses on this Island, it is stated that 30,000 rats were killed in a year; it is no wonder, therefore, that such a country was forsaken.

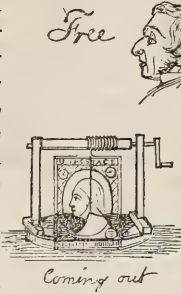
Although every means is employed to destroy this filthy pest, still it seems impossible to prevent their increase and their depredations in any place where they can find means of subsistence. Dogs, cats, traps, poison, sulphurous fumigations, and many other destroying agents, have been used against them; and it is supposed that all these combined do not equal the destruction they commit on each other, the old rats devouring their young in great numbers. Nature may have intended this animal for some good purpose, as she does all her works, but I doubt whether the good to be seen is not overbalanced by the immense harm it does to mankind.

A. J. G.

No man need come to California who expects to get rich without either labor or money.

Our Social Chair.

THE reader will remember an article in our last number entitled "Old Block Resurrected"; this month we are enabled to present him with a fac simile of the envelope which contained it; and which, we think, will create a slight distention of the "risables." The writer evidently intended to satisfy the express that as Uncle Sam's letter-stamps were good for the postage, his own "phiz" ought to be good for the express charges! All right, Old Block, we like to catch the inspiriting feeling of your sunny and jovial-natured writings;



*When San Francisco holds its May
Where guests' sights are daily seen
Speed this light Mr. Phiz on its way
To Jerry Hutchings Magazine.*



and we know, too, that in saying as much we express the sentiments of a large majority of the readers of this Magazine. "May your shadow (or proboscis) never grow less."

Move along—make room for the subscriber in this our "Social Chair." I want to sit beside and have a talk with you and all "our folks." Although the Chair is large, it will not hold all at once; so Sister May and Brother Frank can take a three-legged stool, and sit behind us—my impression is that they will not object to the arrangement. "Nelan" shall sit on the arm of this good-natured Chair, at my left; and "Charlie" (good boy,) shall have the other, on my right. "Old Mountaineer," please take a cricket, and place yourself right down here in front of us. And you, "Per Se," oblige us by taking Dame "Metwith," and sit as far away as possible, but, keep within hearing.

To "May" and "Frank" I have but little to say. They can fix things up to suit themselves, and I hope have no more angry words. If "Frank" is very desirous of having "May" with him, he had better come down and get her.

But poor "Per Se," unhappy individual! how I pity you! Jilted! what a misfortune!—and thrown off by one of those things known as women, who regard men as toys and playthings, or very handy to have about the house—who use us as they would a pair of tongs, to take up things—as a dog, to protect them—as a

bank, to draw on to pay bills—and when they find tongs better mounted, handsomer dogs, and banks more flush, have no more use for us. Aint! you a nice young man, to mope about, and cry, and sigh, and—pardon me, but I think you fib a little when you say, "But still I love her." You ought to be ashamed of yourself: 'tis bad enough to indulge such lachrymal propensities in the privacy of your room, and not parade them before the public; you ought to be lectured for coming into the happy, lively, jovial circle of our chair, with your blubberings, moanings, love-sick grunts and groans; why, you deserve to be stuck full of goose quills, and condemned to read Old Mountaineer's letter twice every day! Let me tell you sir, that the man who truly loves, and finds that love misplaced, never mentions it. There, you can go; we want nothing more of you 'till you get well; then, if you can bring a smile, come along. Mrs. Metwith, ain't I right? What say you all? "Amen!" I knew you would: and Mrs. M., in addition, recommends that you imbibe freely of catnip tea. She is a "widow" lady, of much "experience," and maintains a "persishun in society." You had better set up to her; perhaps you will have better luck, and, if successful, get a wife and mother all in one. Now git! right eout. Ed., I've a good

mind to blow you up [will you procure a suitable conveyance for coming down again, in such a case?] for letting such a fellow in, but the accompanying remarks will save you, this time. Mrs. Metwith, we are rejoiced to know that you are yet alive; we always did like you, and we like you—*still*. "Charlie," you have been too long silent; come again, and oftener. It may be that this e-pistol will get me into a right lively scrape; if so, will you and "Nelán" stand by and back me up? Bless us! I nearly forgot Joe. Where is he, and why don't he say something? And "Eugenia," the dejected maiden, who once upon a time took umbrage at some remarks of mine. But perhaps she is in the country; when she returns, I trust that, feeling refreshed, she will speak to us from the "Chair." Friend "Mountaineer," we indited an epistle for your especial benefit, and which should have appeared in the March number, but was doubtless "crowded out," and will present itself in this. [!]

In conclusion, bretheren and sisteren, I will say that I would like very much to become personally acquainted with you, each and all; and should you ever come to Doingsville, do not fail to call upon me. My home is at present just above the corner, a little white cottage with a back yard, and opposite the residence of Mrs. Boggs and her daughter, Mary Ann, (very nice people.) A small terrier, the property of my landlady, of the Scotch breed—the terrier, I refer to—usually reposes upon the door-mat on the back stoop. There are many dogs of its kind in town, but "Bach" is distinguished from others by the brevity of his narrative, which in his youth was cut short off. It will, however, be continued in the next issue! My landlady professes to horticulture, and you will not fail to observe a tea-rose-bush and geranium plant, on the front window-sill. So you can not miss the house, and I will insure you a cordial reception.

In our contributions to the chair, let us endeavor to avoid personalities (as I have done in this!) let us make the chair an easy one, that in reality it may be "social," and may its arms gather us even as a hen doth gather her chickens. Let us make it a receptacle of fun, jollity and mirth; of wit, humor and pleasant satire—let no love-sick lullagings [what are those, Fe.?] ever enter

it; let us make it an institution of pleasant-ries, where every month we can meet to exchange sentiments, laugh and derive enjoyment which outsiders know not of. I would not exclude the heart's true sorrows, or any "touching incident," for pleasure does not alone consist of smiles and laughs—'tis pleasant sometimes to feel the eye grow dim [with a tear for "Per Se," for instance, eh?]—'tis pleasant to feel that we can sympathise—'tis pleasant to know that in nature's depths there is a fountain flowing from the soul, which the sorrows of others can reach—'tis pleasant to know we have a heart, that can quicken in its beat and thrill with blest emotions, whether of joy or sorrow. Anything is pleasant which can make us feel better, nobler, more worthy of ourselves, better satisfied and contented with our lot, and draws the bonds of friendship closer; therefore, if any have suffered by misfortune, sickness, or affliction, or any thing save "unrequited love," they are sure of sympathy from the "Chair." Any thing to make us laugh or cry—any thing to make the blood tingle—any thing to make us feel better and happier, will be truly welcome. To touch the heart-strings of another, to make a laugh or draw a tear, is happiness supreme. To feel the heart-strings touched and the sympathetic soul stirred up by another's pen, is to taste of heaven. Such, brothers and sisters of the Chair, are my ideas, and trusting they will find a corresponding echo in your hearts, and that your tempers will be well kept, I subscribe myself,

Your friend and brother,


FELIXANDER DOINGS.

We would call the attention of the reader to a well considered article, on page 465, suggested by the graceful salutatory of our new cotemporary, "The Athenæum," and which is intended as an answer to that article: hence the caption, "Our National Literature."

With a disposition to have our *says*, upon any subject or matter presenting itself, whether relating to books, beauty, or bummers, we can hardly forego the inclination we feel, of saying a word about an unpretending little book, called the National Wagon Road Guide, recently published in this city.

The author, very much as authors are prone to do now-a-days, with a very respectful vibration of his cranium, placed the little volume in our hands, just as we had thrown ourself back in our social chair, doubtless with a sort of a dont-care, ready-for-anything sort of an air ; at least we thought so.

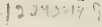
We had no idea of reading the book, any more than to give it a kind of cursory "going over," as editors usually do, the new publications submitted to them for "puffing." But on turning to the "Introductory" we were, and quite to our surprise, pleased even with it, often time the most prosy and least interesting portion of a book ; which induced us to turn another leaf, and leaf after leaf, till we had actually devoured—the reader can judge of our capacity—its entire contents, of animal, birds, insects, reptiles, vegetation, and natural scenery—or at least an interesting description of them, as seen by the traveler upon the great plains, along the line of the National Wagon Road, recently traversed, and now in part occupied by, the U. S. Expeditionary Army to Salt Lake Valley. And we think any one who will venture upon its perusal, will do just as we did, read it through, and be pleased with what he reads.

To Mr. W. K. Spencer, of Grass Valley, we are indebted for a beautifully executed lithographic view of that city of quartz mills, with which to ornament the walls of our sanctum, (we allude to the picture and not the quartz mills!) Please take our hat, friend S., but—no, we may need the hat—so in its stead accept our thanks, and take our .

The receipt of a copy of the first book ever printed in the French language on the Pacific coast, we beg to acknowledge, from Mr. Henry Payot, 184 Washington street, the enterprising publisher. We advise and would teach the doctrine of self-reliance and the support of our home manufactures, and as the book before us—the Poems of Béranger—is as well executed as the Paris edition, all Frenchmen should become purchasers at once, as such works are of too slow a sale to repay the outlay, without an extra effort by those most interested in fostering home manufactures.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of eighteen letters.
My 4, 15, 7, 16 and 15 signifies before ;
My 2, 13 and 1 tells of a lucky chance ;
My 10, 16, 5 and 14 is an inflammable substance ;
My 11, 16 and 18 is used in measuring land ;
My 12, 15 and 6 is a part of a circle ;
My 8, 9, 14 and 3 is a tool ;
My 17 is one of the letters of the alphabet ;
My whole would be very beneficial to the United States. H.

— — —
The answer to the enigma in your last number is "Hutchings' California Magazine."  LEO.

— — —
THE HONGKONG MONTHLY MAGAZINE. — Who could have thought that the wants of a colony in such a far-off land, as China is to England, should have created the necessity of a monthly magazine? But so it is, and through the kindness of its editress, Mrs. Annie E. Beecher, we have now before us the fifth number of the Hongkong Monthly Magazine, printed in the English language, on Chinese paper, with new type. Its appearance insures it a welcome introductory ; and on the examination of its contents we find that they are mostly original, written in China, and we presume on topics adapted to the English residents there. Each article in the number before us, is excellent ; and we wish that every lover of the commercial progress of the United States, would read a paper entitled "The Geography of the East." We will give two extracts :—

"Of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, we may say that almost her sole contribution as yet, to the common stock of accumulated results in respect to these Eastern countries, is that acquired by the expedition under Commodore Perry, which is certainly of a varied and valuable character, in respect to CHINA, as well as JAPAN and its dependency, Loo-Choo." Emerson has well said that "America's ample Geography dazzles the imagination ; and we observe, recently, a practical illustration of the extent, at least, of her broad acres, in a statement showing that the quantity of the Public Lands belonging to the General Government disposed of in one year (1856,) was 39,328,108 acres ! It is because its amplitude and variety go far to

satisfy the spirit of enterprise that is a characteristic of her people, that the comparative supineness of her successive Executive Governments in respect to the East, is tolerated by them, notwithstanding their predilections for maritime affairs, the consequent wants of her commerce, and the demands of her relative political position."—We should be pleased to give futher extracts did our limited space permit; but, (in the absence of the magazine itself,) the extracts above, will afford food for some reflection.

EPISTOLARY.

BY GEO. F. NOURSE.

SUGGESTED WHEN IN THE LINE.

NO LETTER.

Letters for all these people,
And yet not any for me!
Somebody's sick, perhaps dying,
Else why is there none for me?

Letters from all over the world,
Not a scrap nor scratch for me —
Well, 'tis the strangest thing I have heard
That nobody writes to me.

Letters! that would cover a pasture—
'Tis queer there are none for me!
Look again, mister Post Master —
No.—There's no letter for me.

Letters in stacks you have piled there,
But 'mong them no letter for me.
Oh dear! I shall die in despair!
Won't somebody write one to me?

WORSE THAN NONE.

Oh yes, here is a letter from home,
Somebody's written to me —
What do I care for these people,
Staring so rudely at me?

'Tis my own—my name's on the cover,
Somebody sent it to me,
S'posing it is to her lover —
What business to any but me?

Perhaps 'tis a sister or mother
Whispering over the sea,
Father, perhaps, or a brother;
But either will whisper to me.

What if it heralds bad news, and brings
Tidings unwelcome to me!
Oh, then I'd rather the missive
Was lost in the bottomless sea.

Alone to my chamber I'll take it,
And nobody there can see
Whether I laugh or cry, as
I read what's written to me.

'Tis open—I hardly dare read —
What! gracious! it cannot be —
And yet, it is—I'm "sold" indeed;
The letter is not for me.

ONE LETTER FOR ME.

Joy, joy, joy! a letter is here,
Full of affection and love,
Of hopes, and of wishes most dear,
Of prayers to the spirits above.

It tells of rare fountains that flow,
Fed by sweet memory's spring;
Of hearts true and steady, that glow,
Fierce and bright with the fervor love brings.

Oh! blest are these home-drops so dear;
Blest be the paper and ink;
The pen and the writers, most dear,
Who so oft of us wanderers think.

Why are some men like some of the streets
in San Francisco? Because they will *take*
you in the first moment that you trust them.
No charge made for such a hint to keep you
on your guard!

You want a story. Well, I have several
to tell. They are true, as I know: they oc-
curred within my experience, and they have
never been published.

About ten years ago, in 1848, I was teach-
ing a school in Ottawa, Illinois. Among
the pupils were several young women, of
sixteen and seventeen years of age. One of
them, whom I shall call Amelia Skelton,
was particularly troublesome. With a great
deal of talent and wit, she seemed to have
no ambition save to play tricks and to make
fun, and to preserve, at the same time, the
appearance of the utmost modesty, meek-
ness, and demureness. Her conduct was al-
ways quiet, and at the very time when the
whole school was in a roar of laughter at
the tricks which she planned and induced
others to carry out, she would wear an ex-

tremely sober face, and stare with well affected astonishment at the uproarious laughter of other large girls.

I have forgotten most of Amelia's tricks, or have forgotten the particulars of them. But I remember several of her witticisms, one of which is worthy of record. She took no interest in any kind of study, and read and recited her lessons with the most listless manner imaginable. One day she was in a class which was to read Byron's stanzas on the ball at Brussels. This ought to have been interesting to an intelligent young lady, particularly the verse wherein the author speaks of the eyes which "looked love to eyes that spake again," and which fell to Amelia to read; but she was as listless as ever. I was indignant, took the book, read the stanza over with a loud voice, and a very emphatic, almost a furious manner, gave her the book again and told her to read as I did—to throw her whole soul into it. She raised her eyelids as though with a severe effort to her modesty, and replied with the mildest little voice—"I am afraid sir, I'd never get it back again." The wit of the reply is evident to every one; the sarcasm can not be appreciated without seeing the excited model I had set for her, and my habitual high pressure method of doing business.

Although Amelia would not study, yet she liked to teach; and as my school was very large, I was compelled to have the smaller class recite to the larger scholars, and I often put her in the post of sub-teacher. In the course of time I learned that though a poor reader, she knew what good reading was, and I allowed her to hear large classes recite.

One day I directed a class in Sanders' Third Reader, or some similiar book, to read to her. The piece to be read happened to be Bryant's sublime poem, to the wild goose. In the course of the poem, the poet refers to the wonderful travels of the wild goose, its migration from the frigid to the torrid zone, in which migrations, as he says, they are guided by the Creator.

The class read the poem, and then Amelia began to ask them the questions printed at the bottom of the piece, as a test to learn whether the scholars had been attentive to what they had read, and whether they understood the piece. One of these questions was—"Who guides the geese in their mi-

grations?" Amelia put this question to a large girl of seventeen, who was silly enough to give the very natural reply, "Why the ganders, I reckon." I heard the answer, and haw-hawed right out, as did many of the larger scholars; but Amelia pretended not to see the joke, and putting on a very demure and modest look, she maliciously asked, "is that right, Mr. H.?"

What glass vessel resembles a *half-caste* Chinaman?

Why, a *demi-john*, to be sure.

AN ADVENTURE ON A DARK NIGHT.—From some unknown cause I was restless and wakeful at the midnight hour, and whilst my thoughts were upon the past, present, and future, I heard something like the sound of water gurgling in the gulch below my cabin. I rolled over to go to sleep, and tried to make myself believe that it was the wind in the tall pines, but while thus I lay I thought of a great number of cases of sluice-robbing by night of which I had heard, and remembering that we hadn't "riffled down," I thought it best to see what was up; so off I started, and found that it was water and no mistake. I loaded my gun, and, fastening a knife to my side, away I "put" for the claim. Through mud and water, over ditches, stumps and logs—the night darker'n blazes—I made my way. Thought I, "old fel, you can't have time to say the Lord's prayer if I get a glimpse at you," and holding the muzzle in one hand and the cock and trigger with the other, I arrived at the claim, but saw nobody. I whistled, but nobody ran. Thinks I, there may be no *shinanigan* here, for the reservoir may be broken. Away I went to the reservoir, half a mile further on. I arrived there in safety, and to my surprise, on striking a light, I found that it was—a *gopher hole!* through which the water was running, but no sluice robber. "Pshaw!" said I to myself as I retraced my steps to the cabin, "I'm sold this time sure, but I *mightn't* have been!" that's one comfort.

A MINER.

A book-worm friend of ours, who dropped in to see us, from Colusi County, a few days ago, was tempted to make some purchases of books which he had not intended when he entered the store; and as he departed he

cast a longing look at the books still on the shelves, as the remark escaped his lips, "Ah! I can partly tell how a liquor-loving man must feel when he stands in a grog-shop, by the way I feel when I walk out of a book store."

A man by the name of D——, owning the Prospect House—now called the Lake House—on the Sacramento and Stockton road, was engaged in hauling goods from one town to another. Overtaking a team that was "mired," (which simply means being stuck in the mud), the poor fellow very plaintively asked the assistance of Mr. D. to "haul him out," according to the usual custom among teamsters, when the request was promptly acceded to, and he went on his way rejoicing. A few miles farther on our friend D—— met with the same misfortune; and asked the teamster to "lend him a hand" and return the favor he had just shown him, when he very coolly replied,

as he turned up his face to look at the sun, "I haven't time, *now*, as I want to get home before dark," and left him just as he had found him. In about an hour afterwards another team passed which helped him out of his difficulty, when he related the circumstance above named, as they traveled on in company. To their mutual delight, at a corner of the road, the ungrateful-hearted "Pike" was again in the same position as when Mr. D—— first found him; and, after passing a few remarks rather cuttingly sarcastic concerning his past very generous act, they left him to his fate, and which resulted in several hours' detention and floundering in the mud, the breaking of his wagon tongue, and a good soaking in a very heavy shower of rain.

Moral.—That it "sarved him right," to which add the adoption of the golden rule, of "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

Editor's Table.

LAW MAKERS.—That the election of law makers for a people is a frivolous undertaking, we have yet to find the first man who would venture the unworthy, and in a certain sense, fool-hardy assertion. That many persons, at an election, act as though it were a trifling time of holiday, or at least that they thought so, any observer on election day may easily see. Others, again, who would work the very soul from the body and the body from the soul in daily duties to themselves, from mistrust or disgust, or some other unworthy cause of excuse, will tarry from the polls until the setting sun announces the damning fact that they are there too late to discharge their duty to their country as freemen and as citizens; while this very class will be the loudest and the longest in their anathemas upon the men who, by their supineness and indifference, they have assisted to elect their law-makers. It is to be regretted that there is yet another class not less numerous and dangerous to Republicanism, possessed of a large amount of brass and bunkum, but, in most cases, of a small amount of brains,

and less still of the patriot's true love of country, who vote with and for party, right or wrong; and candor compels us to add, that in most cases it is with the motive hidden away in the recesses of the heart that "to the victors belong the spoils," and consequently, that as they work for the victors, they expect with them to share the hoped-for plunder. These remarks may be somewhat distasteful to the guilty; but to him who feels that there is a holy of holies in his heart, where no unhallowed or unclean selfishness can enter, he will admit, while he mourns the fact, that, alas! it is too true.

The result of these things is the election of many uneducated, unprincipled, unscrupulous and inefficient men to official position, who by their acts stamp shame, in characters of fire, upon their own brows, and send the iron of well-merited misgivings and rebuke to the hearts of the people who did them the injustice to elect them.

Those whom the people honor with their confidence, by electing them to make their laws, should be in every way worthy of the trust reposed. They should be possessed of

good business ability, to insure dispatch ; they should know well the wants of the people they represent, to make suitable provisions therefor ; they should have the welfare, not of their districts only, but of the State, at heart, that the interests of the few may not be secured by the sacrifice of those of the many ; they should be honest, that they might be just ; they should be well endowed with strong common-sense (for many reasons, but more especially), that they may know when and how and on what to speak, and when to hold their tongue ; for, with the State as with business men, time is money, and long and badly timed speeches produce a double wrong, first, in consuming valuable and high-priced time, and next, in postponing, if not in defeating, important and useful legislation ; and the result is, that when discovered an impetuous and dangerous haste seizes them, by which bad and ill-adapted laws are enacted—in a hurry—that if they become not a dead letter upon the statute books, from their injustice they stand a perpetual disgrace to the body who caused them to be placed there.

LAW MAKING.—If every man would do right, and only right, the necessity for any other law would be void. To compel this

when the disposition is absent, is the aim, end and need of all law. To make this compulsion available to the good against the bad, the weak against the strong, and the wrong against the right, all laws should be just, clear and brief, and divested of all extraneous verbosity and scoundrel-shielding technicalities ; they should be so worded that a double, or even doubtful interpretation, should be utterly impossible ; and to make them available to all, they should not only be as cheap as possible, but in every way adapted to the wants of the people. Without these, as now too often experienced, the winner becomes a great loser, and the remedy applied worse than the disease itself. If laws made were as they should be, the members of the legal profession, even to live, would have to seek some other employment ; and men, then, being able to live in peace would become rich and happy, and their country prosperous. We would therefore suggest to our representatives and law-makers, that they make these things a little more their study than they have hitherto done, and we bespeak for them the grateful approbation of the good throughout the length and breadth of our glorious commonwealth.

Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A Memory.—Could the author reduce the twenty-three stanzas sent to four or six, and embody all the beauties and sentiments of the whole, we shall be happy to find them a corner.

N. S. J. S.—Haven't you a *twist* in the eye, and some gall in the heart? We think, however, that your limited acquaintance with any good will act as a protective to others, who, under other circumstances, might be influenced by you.

Scribo.—Yours are just the kind we do want.

A. B., St. Louis.—We have received several communications endorsing and commending that which you dislike. There's no accounting for taste. It is well that in such things men, and women too, "agree to differ."

C. H. J.—Your Enigmas are incorrect and but indifferently put together.

M. R. P., Oroville.—"Six and four are eight, and two are twelve," seems to be your method of reasoning : and the sum total of your argument is—0. Hadn't you better invent a new style of logic for the use of schools composed entirely of red haired boys?

P. G. J., Ned's Flat, Placer County.—Please send us down just such an article as *you would like to see*. If all will do so, it will be the very way to secure the kind required by the age, and the people of California. We would moreover make the suggestion to every body, as such are just the ones that *we wish to see*.

RECEIVED.—Several favors from different friends, but too late to be noticed this month.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

MAY, 1858.

NO. 11.

MEMBERS OF THE CALIFORNIA SENATE.



E. GARTER,

Senator from Shasta, Colusa and Tehama, is a native of New York, and 48 years of age. Emigrated to California in 1849. Politics, Democratic.



A. R. MELONEY

Is a native of Connecticut, and 44 years of age. Emigrated to this state in 1849. Is a Democrat, and was elected by that party in 1856, from the counties of Contra Costa and San Joaquin.



SAMUEL SOULE

Was born in Kennebec county, Maine, in 1807, and is consequently 50 years of age. Came to California in 1850. Elected to the State Senate from San Francisco, by the Republican party, in 1856.



HUMPHREY GRIFFITH,

Senator from the counties of Yolo, Napa and Solano. Is a native of New York, and 31 years of age. Came to California from Alabama, in 1849. Is a lawyer and a Democrat.



ALFRED W. TALIAFERRO,

Senator from the counties of Sonoma, Marin and Mendocino. A Virginian by birth, and 28 years of age. Emigrated to California in 1849. Is a physician by profession. Elected to the Assembly in 1851, by the Democracy of Marin, under circumstances which indicated great personal popularity, the county being largely Whig. Mr. T. is one of the most influential members of the Senate.



S. M. JOHNSON,

Senator from El Dorado. Is a native of Ohio, and emigrated to this State in 1853. Is a lawyer by profession, and in politics Democratic. He is a man of liberal views; an able, influential member of the Senate, and is quite popular among his constituents. He is 31 years of age, and lives in "single blessedness" at Placerville. He is sound on the "main" question.



JAMES ANDERSON,

Senator from Placer county. Is a native of Pennsylvania, 35 years of age, and emigrated to this State from Texas, in 1851. Is a tailor by trade, and in politics, Democratic. Mr. Anderson is a self-made man, having studied law while at work upon the "board." At the breaking out of the war with Mexico, he joined a Tennessee regiment, and distinguished himself in several severe conflicts. He resides at Auburn.



L. N. KETCHUM

Was born Aug. 31st, 1824, in the town of Wilkes Barre, Luzerne county, Wyoming valley, Pennsylvania. In 1849 he emigrated to California. In 1857 he was elected Senator from the counties of Calaveras and Amador, by the Democratic party. Mr. Ketchum has never succeeded in catching a wife, though there is no telling what he may do in the course of time. He is a miner and resides at Clinton, Amador county.



WM. S. LEWIS,

Senator from Calaveras and Amador. Born in Woodville, Mississippi, Sept. 6th, 1829. Emigrated to California from New Orleans, Feb., 1854. Is a lawyer, and in politics, Democratic. Mr. Lewis is an able debater; watches closely the interests of his constituents, and is popular with all parties. He was elected to his present position without opposition.



W. T. FERGUSON,

Senator from Sierra county. Is a native of Pennsylvania, 45 years of age, and emigrated to this State from Ohio, in 1849. Is a miner, and was elected to his present position by the American party. He, however, recently connected himself with the Democratic party, having been a member of the caucus which nominated the present officers of the Legislature. Mr. Ferguson's Legislative record appears to be a clean one.



JESSE O. GOODWIN,

Senator from Yuba and Sutter. Is a native of New York, and emigrated to this state from Ohio, in 1849. Is 39 years of age, a lawyer by profession, and in politics Democratic. Mr. Goodwin is one of the most forcible and eloquent speakers in the Senate, and well known as the author of the able Report upon State Prison Affairs, which created so marked a sensation throughout the country.



GEORGE H. ROGERS

Is a native of Connecticut, and 30 years of age. Emigrated to California in 1849. Elected to the State Senate in 1856, by the Democracy of Tuolumne. Mr. R is not a debater, and is but seldom heard upon the floor of the Senate. He is of the working class, through whose well directed efforts measures of public good are carried, and acts of public utility accomplished. Few men stand fairer with their constituents than George H. Rogers. He is a miner, and resides at Columbia.



T. G. PHELPS,

Senator from San Francisco and San Mateo. Came to California in 1849. Is a native of New York, and 34 years of age. Elected to his present position in 1856, by the Republican party. Mr P, is a lawyer, but at present engaged in farming in San Mateo county. He has a wife to share with him the joys and sorrows of the world.



GIDEON J. CARPENTER,

Senator from El Dorado. Is a native of Pennsylvania; came to California in 1850, and was elected to his present position by the Democratic party, in 1856. Mr. Carpenter has displayed his good sense by taking to himself a wife. He resides at Volcanoville, El Dorado county, where he is engaged in mining.

THE SONGS OF THE UNIVERSE.

Earth hath its minstrels, and the Universe
Is full of Music sweet, and glorious sounds,
Falling most ravishingly on the ear of man.
The ocean rolls her bass, with winds and storms,
And voice of many waters, dashed against
The giant cliffs, on some old desert shore,
Or thundering through her caverns, dark and deep,
Beyond the mariner's eye. The mighty winds
Lift their high anthems through the sounding sky,
Making strange music there. The thunder rolls
Its chariot o'er the clouds, chanting the march of God.
The grand old rivers sweep along,
Ringing and rippling on their pebbly shores,
And dancing rivulets sing, and cataracts
Lift high their voice, bidding the world keep awe,
As in the presence of the visible God.
The sweet birds sing o'er all the sunny earth,
In groves, and bowers, and deep sequestered vales,
And by old palaces and grassy tombs,
The resting place of kings.
And man, too, that hath his songs—the triumph march
Of conquerors in their pride, the festal song
Ringing through halls of wassail, and the chant
Of golden harvest, and the marriage hymn
Of "hearts that beat as one," and the low dirge
He chants above the dead.—O! many voices
Ring on for age through all the listening earth,
Striving to bring its discord into one
Great harmony song.

G. T. S.

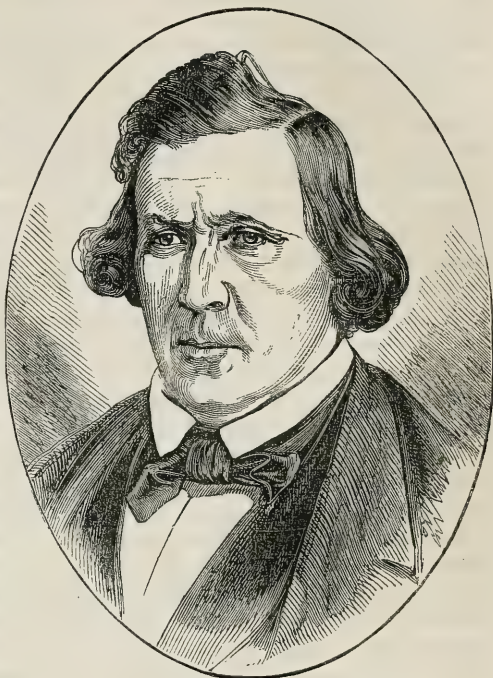
BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Brigham Young, Governor and ex-officio Superintendent of Indian affairs of Utah Territory,—First President, Prophet, Seer, Revelator and Translator of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, commonly known as Mormons, was born in the year 1801, in the state of Vermont; the same state which gave birth to Joe Smith, the founder of Mormonism. He is about five feet eight or nine inches high; stout body, well proportioned for labor; weighs between 175 and 200 pounds; light brown sandy hair, generally worn pretty long; face shaved close; light blue eyes; Hebrew nose; long upper lip; mouth tolerably large; chin ill-defined. When his mouth is open, his long teeth, his stout and strong under jaw and bull neck indicate to the spectator a ferocious disposition. The lower portion of the face is more developed than the upper; the animal predominating. His head from front to back measures little more than six inches. His countenance is unusually changable in expression; in fact he possesses great command over it, and readily changes it from the innocent playful expression of the school-boy, to the black and blood-thirsty visage of a cunning and cowardly villain.

Cunning, instead of wisdom, and hypocrisy, instead of candor, are leading characteristics with him.

His temperament is a mixture of the sanguine and lymphatic. The lymphatic is plainly indicated under the chin, as seen in the picture. He walks like a blustering bragadocio—undignified—rolling his shoulders or body from side to side; and bluster instead of courage marks his rule.

When dressed in a common suit of



BRIGHAM YOUNG.

black, with dress coat, he appears as a respectable but common farmer,—with his shirt in country bumpkin style, collar turned down, wristbands turned up over his coat sleeves. Usually he wears what may be styled a morning gown, of green merino, trimmed with velvet, over his ordinary clothes, doubtless to assist in rendering his appearance more dignified, as well as indicate his degree of priesthood. For strangers observe that the three heads of the Mormon hierarchy wear similar coats, differently colored; green, purple and blue.

In warm weather Brigham usually wears lighter colored and looser clothes, rendering him more dignified in appearance. To finish his dress he wears his hat eternally on the back of his head; in the pulpit as well as in the street.

He is deficient in dignity. The moment he relaxes his grumness or suspicious reserve—sometimes mistaken for

dignity—he is thoroughly common-place, and fails to command respect except that which his peculiar position compels.

He is very illiterate, and seldom looks in a book from years end to years end. A stranger once asked him in Salt Lake for his autograph and birth-place, and in the place of Vermont, he wrote Vermont.

Of his history, antecedents, and his connection with the Mormons, but little is known, even among his most devoted followers. It appears, however, that he lived in western New York about or near the time and place that Mormonism took its rise. He then had a wife and two children, girls. He was known there as a trifling, shiftless fellow, procuring a mean and scanty living, by making and selling split baskets.

By trade, however, he appears to have been a house painter; but, that, for some reason, he did not follow. It is said he exhorted occasionally among the evangelists in that locality; although he has been heard to say since, that before his connection with Mormonism, he was a disbeliever in revealed religion. This probably may have been the fact, and his exhortations hypocritical, adopted merely to aid in securing a beggarly livelihood; for charity, it is said, was commonly extended to his sickly wife and helpless children.

In the year 1832 he connected himself with the then contemptible followers of Joe Smith, the Mormon. Since then his history is the history of Mormonism.

A little before or after he joined the Mormons, his wife died; and sometime in 1832 he arrived at the Mormon head quarters at Kirtland, Ohio, with his two children. Joe Smith furnished him with some work at painting, he receiving his pay out of the common stock crib. Since this, he has ever displayed exemplary loyalty to the person and doctrine of the now immortal Joe Smith, and often boasts in his public harangues of his undeviating fidelity to what may be

styled a Yankified rehash of Jesuitism.

After settling his family at Kirtland, he married the second time a lady named Angell, who is now alive at Great Salt Lake City, by whom he has had issue—two boys, Joseph and Brigham, and a girl now married. The two daughters by his first wife are also married and living at Salt Lake; one of them to her father's brother-in-law, under the polygamic system. His son, Joe, considered by pious Mormons a drunken rowdy, when about twenty, married at Salt Lake a cigar girl who lived on Fourth street, St. Louis, and well known to the fast young men of that city as not being over discreet. Brigham however said when he heard the report of the St. Louis Mormons who arrived with her, that she was as good as Joe, so that settled the marriage.

The second son, Brigham, is also married. He is short and thick set, of rough manners, but better liked than the taller and more delicately formed Joe.

From the best data, it appears Brigham has had about sixty wives; many of these, either for want of fidelity, or because they could not feel satisfied to allow him to divide his affections with so many, have been divorced, and some have darkly hinted at the Henry VIII system. At present, between forty and fifty acknowledge him as their husband. Of this number, some six or ten are held by proxy for the notorious Joe. Smith. Smith's mantle having fallen on Brigham, he had also to attend to their temporal wants. The Mormon poetess, Eliza Snow, brother of Lorenzo Snow, one of the twelve apostles, is one of this number; a sister of Huntington, the destroying Angel, and Indian interpreter, who had first a husband in the States whom she drove off for Joe Smith, and after Smith's death attached herself to Brigham, by each of whom she has had children; a west India sea-captain's widow, who is well advanced in years, and teaches music, but who in her strange career crossed the Atlantic from

England to the West Indies some twenty times; Mrs. Cobb, a Boston lady, who left her husband and grown up family and run off with Brigham, carrying her youngest child with her, being more ambitious of Heavenly distinction than many others, got Brigham to seal her to Joe Smith, since his death. These are the most conspicuous of the proxies. The remainder of Brigham's Goddesses (married women are considered goddesses; single are angels) vary from joyous sixteen to wrinkled sixty. Beauty and education are sadly wanting in his collection; for a more common, homely-looking set were never gotten together. The only way this can be accounted for is, that when he commenced forming his harem, the doctrine was very unpopular, and he was compelled to put up with the best he could get.

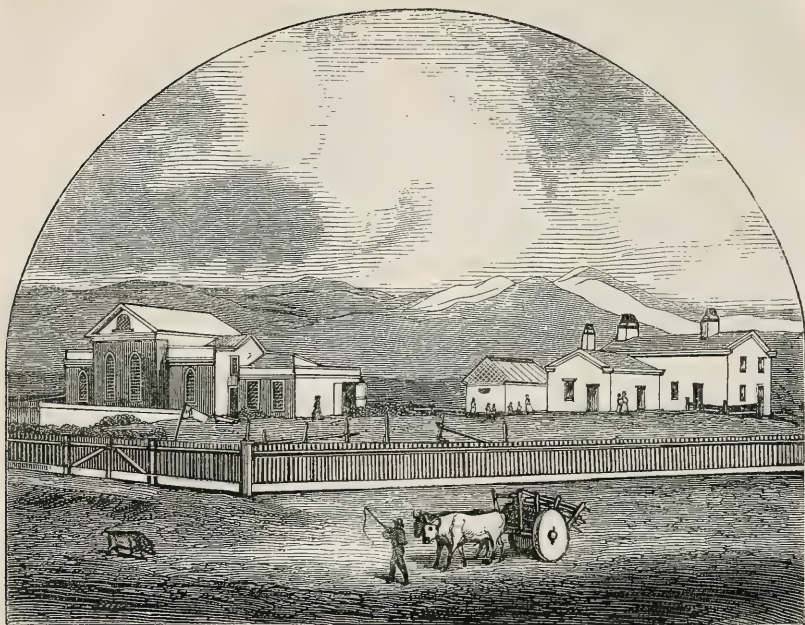
The green-eyed monster, jealousy, finds plenty to occupy himself with in the domestic circle. The one most noted for jealousy is a tall lady, with two interesting little children. She has threatened Brigham with death, and to leave eyeless and bald some of his favorites. Brigham, through fear, has been compelled to leave her "solitary and alone" in a small cottage near his residence. He considers her a devil. Young Brigham, when he speaks to her, calls her by the expressive names of his "father's concubine," "legs to eternity," or "legs almighty." Naturally, she is a high-spirited woman; and but for the cursed Mormon delusion might have passed through life respectably and happy. She says that she forsook her relations for Mormonism; that they now look on her as a cast-away; and that she is fully determined to remain with the Mormons, and go to hell with them. Some fourteen of Brigham's wives ride to church in a big omnibus, known as "Brigham's carriage." This she calls a "flying brothel."

Brigham's children, by his Spirituals, do not number more than thirty. Many

of them are fine-looking children; and chiefly girls. He has expressed himself as determined to marry his children, one to another. This incestuous connection, he says, is according to the sacred order of the priesthood.

Brigham's house is the first, with the exception of a small shed, near the Council house, that was built in Great Salt Lake City. When the Mormons first went to Salt Lake they built an adobe fort, in the shape of a hollow square, in which the whole colony lived the first winter. In the summer following, the house represented in the picture was erected, after Brigham's second arrival in the valley. It is built, as all buildings are there, of abodes or sun-dried brick, and then stuccoed with plaster of Paris, which is abundant in Utah. It contains three or four bedrooms, a parlor, and kitchen; and has been used specially as a residence for his first wife. Neither of the spirituals have ever been received there except as visitors. A long shed, divided like stalls, stood near it, in which some eight or ten spiritual families resided. The house is situated on a little knoll on the eastern side of City Creek—a small stream of pure water, which takes its rise in the Wahoatch mountains, seen behind the house, and is now separated near Brigham's house, running in little rivulets in every street in the city, being used for domestic purposes and irrigation.

The situation was well chosen. It overlooks nearly the whole of the city—particularly the southern and eastern portions; taking in at one glance the whole of Salt Lake Valley south of the city. From it can be seen on the east the lofty and eternally snow-capped Wahoatch range stretching south to the boundary of Utah Valley, fifty miles distant; in the centre of the valley the Mormon Jordan, which takes its rise in Utah Lake South, and describes its serpentine course till it reaches Great Salt Lake, where it



RESIDENCE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG, AT SALT LAKE CITY.

loses itself on the saline flats which border the lake; in the west, Tosele mountains, twenty-three miles distant, lofty as the Wahoatch, capped with a mantle of snow and girdled with clouds—its northern extremity jutting out into Great Salt Lake, whose mirror-like bosom, studded with rugged islands, and a setting sun on the far-distant Sierras behind the lake, radiating high into the blue and cloudless heavens tall columns of light, affords the beholder one of the most enchanting and sublime pictures that human eyes ever rested on.

The building to the left is a barn. Within a little time past Brigham has erected a more spacious seraglio, immediate west of the house represented in the picture.

He has numerous blood relatives near him in Salt Lake, among whom are numbered four brothers and a sister. Joseph is a diminutive, harmless personage, with

a very religious whine and most saintly countenance. He has had a difficult hand to play, in trying to induce his first wife to consent to the spiritual wife system. John is a big, fat sot, and of no account to himself or anybody else. Lorenzo is short, stout, red-haired and coarse-featured—more industrious than either of the others. He is a bishop. Phineas is the eldest. His first wife lives in the States, and will not submit to polygamy. He is a schemer, and some say worse. Mrs. Murray, a very stout old lady, with a kind heart and genial manners, is the only sister. She was, however, a spiritual of Joe Smith.

Brigham's manners has always been considered rough and repulsive to his followers. In the pulpit he speaks with a great deal of ease and fluency. Profanity and obscenity are common-places with him when preaching.

He is well known as being fond of wo-

men. He is nearly as fond of brandy and Monongahela. Occasionally he gets on midnight carousal with a favorite few; becomes gloriously oblivious, turns summersaults, and sings—

“The Lord into his garden went,
To see if Adam had done his stint,
And when he found the work was done,
He passed around the bottle of rum.”

A TRIP TO WALKER'S RIVER AND CARSON VALLEY.

BY *. *. *.

To the mountains! Ho for the mountains, was my joyous and almost involuntary exclamation, as I waved an adieu to a bevy of friends who had gathered on the stoops of two little cottages that stood side by side, just at the margin of the blackened space that now marked where, but a few days before, stood Columbia, that beautiful but ill-fated mountain city, then little else than a mass of mouldering ruins, and turned my horses head towards the bold range of mountains that rises immediately to the eastward, accompanied by three pleasant companions, all accoutred and provisioned for a journey of adventure and, mayhap, discovery, to the little known, though much talked of, Walker's River. Though an invalid myself, with scarcely more than sufficient strength to enable me to crawl into my saddle, yet I felt a thrill of joy and a wild enthusiasm at the thought of casting aside, for a season, all cares of business, and of being soon enabled to snuff the pure mountain air, unalloyed by the sickening vapor, and, more than all, the health-destroying dust that ever hovers about the area of civilization in California. Ye who have never felt the palsyng grasp of a subtle disease that is drawing the pale of oblivion, slowly but surely, over the vital organs, shrouding the soul with its dark shadows, mayhap to make the vision of an hereafter more bright and glorious, know not the wild, yet mournful

enthusiasm of the weary invalid, as he recedes from the busy haunts of man, and penetrates deeper and deeper into the mountain solitudes, where his fevered brow may be cooled by the refreshing breeze that is purified by the limpid snow, and perfumed by the uncultured flowers—for, as he rises higher and higher, each new feature of wild grandeur that presents itself to his sensitive gaze, forces upon his susceptible reason new proofs, as it were, of a Divine Omnipotence, and he seems, as he stands on some lofty peak or overhanging crag, far removed from the busy world below, in closer communion with Him who doeth all things well, and though the cheek may bear the hectic blush and the eye the warning glow of death, yet the spirit of the soul is calm, for it feels that Immortality is real.

The day of our departure had been big with annoyances and hindrances incident to all parties bent upon like excursions. In the first place, one who was to have been of the party was prevented from going, or, rather, did not appear at the appointed time, and another had to be sought to fill his place—a matter which, however, was very easily accomplished. Then a pistol had been left behind, and another gun was needed. One pack animal that we had relied upon could not be had, and another one must be hunted up; however, one was soon secured, (all but the secured,) for, after having engaged a mule, it could nowhere be found. Every nook and corner of the district was searched, but that “mule” was missing. It always had been just at hand, but, as a matter of course, now that it was wanted immediately, it took this particular opportunity to step out, and it was only after several hours' *buscaring* that it turned up.

All was now ready to commence packing, which task was soon accomplished, for though the day was far spent, we determined to make a start, in strict accord-

ance with prior arrangements; and as the weather was exceedingly hot, we thought a few miles travel by moonlight would be even more pleasant than by the light of a scorching sun; and, accordingly, at 5 o'clock, P. M., on the third day of September, we were *en route*, with two pack animals, one month's provisions and the necessary accompaniments for rough camp-life; together with tools for prospecting, guns for hunting, fishing-tackle for fishing, and, in fact, fully prepared for a good time generally—with two dogs, as body guards.

At sunset we were at the Mountain House, situated at the top of the high ridge that rises immediately above Columbia. It was a calm and beautiful sunset; the tinge of the western horizon was peculiarly soft and mellow, which, together with our elevated position, made our spirits light and buoyant, for we were now fairly started upon our adventurous journey, and were even so soon almost at the verge of civilization, for low down in the valley we had just left, we could discern the blue, smoky vapor rising above Columbia, while immediately below us, at the base of the ridge, nestled the quiet little camp of Yankee Hill; beyond which, to the eastward, there are only a few ranches, together with the numerous lumber mills that are scattered through the vast tract of timber country, for a distance of fifteen miles.

Washing the dust from our throats with a cool beverage proffered us by the generous host of the Mountain House, Mr. Northey, we again set out for our destination for the night, eighth miles further on. The full moon shone out with all its splendor, and the cool breeze that swept over the ridge over which lay our road, made our jaunt for that evening a pleasant one. At 10 o'clock we reached —— saw-mill, aroused the occupants to procure feed for our animals, which was kindly furnished us; and, for ourselves, we broached a box of sardines,

which, with a biscuit and a cup of water, sufficed for our supper; after which, we spread our blankets on the stoop of the dwelling, and, though the bed was somewhat less soft than the one we had of late been accustomed to, yet the fatigue of the day caused us to sleep soundly and sweetly.

At early dawn we arose and made our breakfast after the style of our supper, with the addition of a cup of tea, and were soon moving again. Our road now for some twenty-five miles lay through the section of country situated between the south fork of the Stanislaus and the north fork of the Tuolumne. It is marked by nothing of interest, except being that through which run the monster ditches of the Tuolumne County and the Columbia and Stanislaus River Water Companies, and its vast products of lumber from which Tuolumne county is almost wholly supplied.

At 12 o'clock we arrived at a meadow, where we halted for a little while to rest. Here we watered our animals and quenched our own thirst at an ice-cold spring. We drank long and deeply, for we knew that our road to Strawberry Flat, a distance of thirteen miles, lay for the most part upon the high ridge that separates the two rivers, and without water for the entire distance, and as the sun was pouring down his rays upon us without his ever taking this fact into consideration, we might well expect to suffer somewhat; which anticipation was fully realized, for as we descended at 5 o'clock into that beautiful and romantic little valley, our lips were parched and voices husky, and to the limpid water of the little stream that meandered through it, the north fork of the Tuolumne, we paid an homage almost akin to that of the Arab to the Spring of the Desert.

Throwing the packs from our animals, we soon had them picketed in the luxuriant grass that covered the flat; a merry fire soon blazed up beside a cedar log

hard by, and in a very short time a cup of tea—tin-cup, we mean—and a warm biscuit were placed at our service by our expert companion P., which, together with a slice of pork held for a moment to the blaze on the end of a stick, made us a glorious supper, however much it may have been in contrast to the usual suppers in our respective boarding-houses. For this particular time I speak for my companions and for myself generally; for now I paid little respect to our festive board. I was an invalid at starting, and this day's journey, under a scorching sun, had nearly prostrated me, and at early twilight I spread my blankets close by the fire and rolled myself up in them; treating the proposition of Judge ——, for an early start on the morrow, rather coldly.

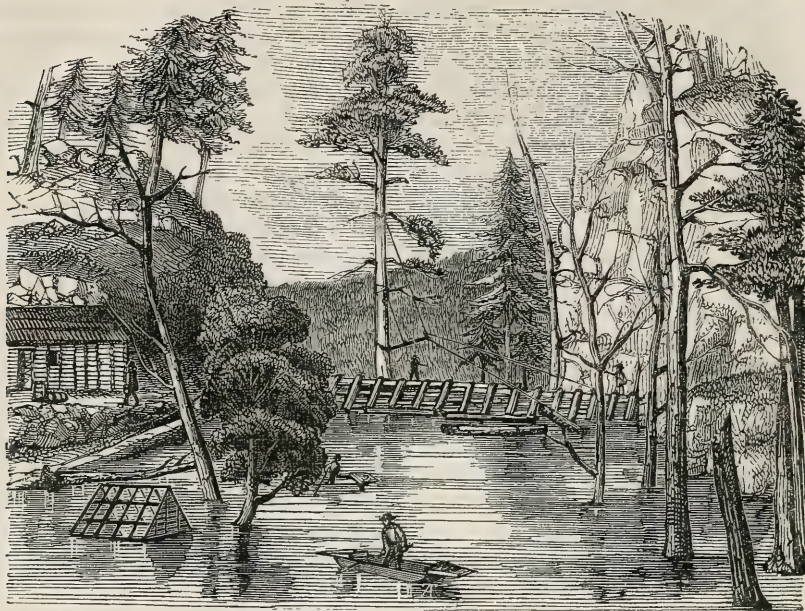
The morning found us less nimble than we had anticipated the evening previous. For my own part, I could hardly rise from my blankets; nor was I alone, now, in my tribulation, for the Judge's feet refused to stand the pressure of a boot—one ankle and five toes were blistered—and C. uttered several decisive grunts as he came out of his blankets; the cords of his legs had been put to too great a strain in climbing those tedious hills and in applying the boot somewhat freely to "mula," who, by the way, fully sustained her character as a mule, by "acting up" whenever opportunity offered. P. was the only sound man in the party, not even *excepting the dogs!* for they were foot-sore, and as he was not particular, we soon decided to lay by a day and recruit—a conclusion very easily arrived at, for, in addition to the reasons already given, we wished to visit one of the large reservoirs of the Tuolumne County Water Co., situated at the northern extremity of the valley, and distant about two miles from our camp; and then, too, we had noticed in the deep holes of the little branch just at hand, an abundance of mountain trout, which our judgment of

what constituted good living made us desire to transfer to our spacious fry-pan.

Our morning meal dispatched, we turned our first attention to the trout, and invited them to partake of a grasshopper delicately tendered them on the point of a hook, but lo! they did not appreciate our generosity, but on the other hand, rather insulted us for our kind attentions by eyeing the shining bait askant, giving apparently a dainty snuff and then turning lazily away in seeming disgust, while we peeped shyly over a projecting rock, or through a screening bush, with watery mouths in anticipation of fried trout. This caused us to scratch our heads in perplexity, but we soon hit upon a plan which "sort o' got 'em" in every sense of the word, by bringing our pick, shovel and pan into requisition, and draining and bailing out their holes, leaving them high and dry.

It was now proposed to visit the reservoir. For my own part, I felt hardly able to mount my horse, which my companions had kindly saddled for me, but finally summoned the necessary resolution and started, accompanied by the Judge and C., P. having volunteered to stay in camp. A half-hour's ride through a dense growth of pine, cedar and fir trees brought us to the margin of the beautiful sheet of water, formed by a monster dam thrown across the south fork of the Stanislaus by that energetic and pioneer of water companies, the Tuolumne County Water Co.

This reservoir, which is one of four which that enterprising company has constructed in the last two years, under the superintendence of the indefatigable —— Holton, and at a cost of about \$135,000; it covers an area of about one mile in length by one-third to one-half mile in width, with an average depth, when full, of thirty feet. The dam is sixty feet high in the centre from the bed of the river, with a span of two hundred and fifty feet, and is built of heavy barked timber, plat-



RESERVOIR OF THE TUOLUMNE COUNTY WATER COMPANY, AT STRAWBERRY FLAT.

ted and graveled, with an inclination of about thirty-eight degrees, so that the heavier the pressure of water, the firmer it is pressed down to its foundation. It is thrown across the mouth of a rugged cañon with solid granite for either abutment, and is, truly, a stupendous piece of work, reflecting much credit both upon the company and the superintendent. Since its completion it requires the attention of only two men, who gauge the water and repair leakages, and who live in a cabin near the dam.

On the north and east of the reservoir the mountains rise abruptly from the water to the height of many hundred feet, and are almost one solid mass of light granite, sparsely covered with stunted pine and cedar, and for the most part almost inaccessible. The view from the dam in this direction is grand and picturesque, and especially when the sun has just sunk behind the western ridge, and these hoary hills cast their dark shadows in the calm and placid water,

which reflects, at the same time, all the tints of the mellow evening sky, the whole scene is one of rare romantic beauty.

The only approach to the dam is by a rugged and circuitous trail over a rocky point that makes out to the flat some third of a mile from the dam. Judge and C. being desirous of visiting it, started up the trail; while I, feeling in no way improved by my ride, lay down to rest in the shade of a little cedar, just at the water's edge, and at the termination of the rocky point. After the lapse of an hour I was aroused by the splash of an oar, and, on looking up, saw my companions just rounding the rocky point with a clumsy skiff, or raft, made of a dry cedar log, halved and the two parts fastened together, with the ends sharpened. They brought me an invitation from the gentlemanly occupant of the cabin at the dam—for at this time only one man was there—to come down and remain with him for the night, which I

very willingly accepted, feeling that in my present condition, a comfortable bunk would be preferable to the turf at our camp. Taking a little turn over the reservoir in search of a duck that they had been told was hovering about it—and which we found, but did not succeed in killing—my companions landed me at the cabin, and then returned to camp. At dusk Mr. C. returned again, to remain with me, bringing my rifle, and being determined, he said, to capture the duck in the morning.

I turned out the next morning, feeling considerably improved, but not sufficiently so to risk starting on our journey, and C., answering for our other two companions, kindly consented to abide my time; and, after breakfast, proposed to look out for the duck that we had seen the evening previous, volunteering to row me to a rocky point, where I might lie in wait, while he started the game. Getting on board the raft he soon set me down on one of the little rocky mounds that rise out of the water near the upper end of the reservoir; and very soon, to my agreeable surprise, he drove the duck towards me; when, fortunately, I made a lucky shot and killed it. Returning to the dam we took dinner with our host, and thanking him for his kind attentions, returned to camp. Dressing our duck, we perched it upon a willow stick over our fire and watching the process of its roasting with watery mouths—little dreaming we had caught something that might be called a wolf in sheep's clothing, and but for its feathers gathered around it when done—with tender solicitude. A single bite at a side bone was sufficient for me, the rank, fishy odor that ascended my nostrils caused me to hurl it away in disgust. P. followed suit—Judge and C. forced down a couple of mouthfuls, when all agreed in the propriety of consigning it to the dogs, and even they, after a snuff or two, turned away from it with an air of offended dignity, and we ex-

claimed with the poet—deviating slightly in the application:—

Nature never made but one such duck,
And broke the die (or certainly ought so to have done,) in getting this one up.

On the following morning, I rolled out from my blankets, feeling much better, when preparations were made for an immediate start, and as the sun peeped over the eastern ridge, we were again, *en route*. A little distance from our camp, we struck into the old Emigrant road of 1852, bearing due East, and immediately commenced the ascent of the first ridge. Four miles of constant rise, brought us to what are known as Bill's Meadows. The air now began to be cool and bracing, and I fancied that I could feel additional improvements at each succeeding mile. From the Meadows, our trail took a Northeasterly direction, along a high ridge of gradual, but easy ascent, for some five or six miles, when we rose an abrupt and rugged point, where a view presented itself of the wildest grandeur, causing us to halt for a while to satisfy our gaze. The trail here lay upon the very verge of a giddy precipice, facing the Northwest, at the base of which, lay heavy banks of snow; and below this, was a succession of little basins of water fed by the slow melting of the snow-drifts; their margins carpeted with beautiful green, presenting a truly romantic picture. Below, at the left, was the deep gorge through which runs the south fork of the Stanislaus, and still lower down, at a distance of some two miles, yet apparently almost at our very feet, was visible a portion of the great upper reservoir of the Tuolumne County Water Co.,—nine miles above the one at Strawberry Flat,—while beyond, to the west, rose a ridge, composed of one solid mass of bleached granite, without a single tree or shrub to relieve it, of its barren and dreary aspect; while to the right, a little farther on, and looking to the north, rose in bold relief, those novel

peaks of valcanic formation, called the "Tooth-picks."

Our trail from this, lay upon an entirely granite formation, and threaded among the rocks, leading us to all points of the compass, the marks of the passage of the Emigrant wagons, were still plainly visible, and now, at every few rods, pieces of their wrecks were yet to be seen. At 4 o'clock, we descended abruptly into a valley of considerable extent, but, for which we know no name. Here was excellent grass and several little minature lakes; and, as the margin of one of which attracted our special attention, we concluded to pitch our camp.

It was a thing of rare beauty—a basin scooped out of the solid granite, which here presented a horizontal face of one or two acres, and at the elevation of several feet above the surrounding valley, without inlet or outlet, and with a depth of some three feet, its water cool and clear as crystal. On the east side, was a little plat of grass, and here we picketed our horses, while for ourselves, we selected a cosy little nook just a few rods to the south, where we built a cheerful fire and spread our blankets with a breastwork of rock on either side.

The next morning found us early a-stir and all feeling much better than any previous day. For my own part, I was mending fast, being now able to consume my ration of pork and bread, to the entire satisfaction of the party.

Leaving this valley we rose a low granite ridge, and in a quarter of an hour descended into another of greater extent, but presenting, for the most part, a barren appearance, and through which our trail wound circuitously for some three miles, when we found ourselves on the ridge which lies immediately on the west side of the middle fork of the Tuolumne, and near its source. We now bore directly north, our road being somewhat rugged, yet not very difficult, and

at 2 o'clock descended into what is known as Relief Valley. This valley takes its very appropriate name from the fact that it was here that relief was brought to the emigrants in their almost starving condition, from the generous-hearted citizens of Sonora and Columbia—among whom was my present companion, Judge C. The passage of this emigrant train, which forced its way through this almost impassable section of the Sierra Nevadas in 1852, was one of peculiar hardship and suffering—excelled in this respect, perhaps, only by the ill-fated one of '46, that starved on the Truckee. They followed the ill-judged advice of a few persons from Tuolumne county, who went out and met them at the sink of the Humboldt, and at the junction of the old emigrant road with Carson river, thirty-five miles west of the Desert, a large train with a vast amount of stock struck off to the south, following up Walker's river, and crossed the mountains at the source of its western branch. Much of their road, after getting into the mountains, they were compelled to make, hauling their wagons up some of the steeps by means of ropes, while their stock died at a fearful rate. At one place, a few miles to the east of the Summit, they were forced to drain down some three or four feet of a small lake to enable them to ford it on one side—it being utterly impossible to go around it; and such was the nature of their trials for near one hundred miles, occupying so much time that their provisions gave out, when they sent an express through to Columbia and Sonora for relief, and a pack-train was immediately fitted out, which, as we have shown, reached them in this valley, the recollection of which, I doubt not, is, and ever will remain fresh in the minds of those who were of the unfortunate party. The bleached bones of many, many animals are still to be seen scattered over it, as, in fact, they are on either side of the trail for a distance of more than a hun-

dred and fifty miles, and now, in many places where all signs of the trail were obliterated, we took our course by the whitened bones alone. The valley is shut in by high barren mountains, and at the base of the ridge that bounds it on the northeast, courses in a direction bearing northwest the middle or main fork of the Stanislaus. The valley slopes gently to the north and east, and about midway of it our trail "run blind," there being a mire strip running nearly across the entire flat. Here we came to a "standstill," but not until we were well in the mire, not daring to take our animals across until we had found the trail beyond, being, as yet, entirely at a loss at what part of the valley we would make our egress.

I dismounted and stood upon an elevated sod, while my horse was half leg deep in the mud. P., with one of the pack animals, was in a like position, while Judge reversed the position with the amiable mule, for he stood in the mire nearly to the tops of his boots, while mula "humped" herself and gathered all four feet on a little grass sod and stood high and dry. C. forced his way across, a distance of some two hundred yards, to search for the trail, and directly came to a halt and commenced searching among some low bushes. Soon Judge became impatient and halloed, asking if he had found the trail.

"Never saw huckleberries so thick in my life," was the response.

"Well, but have you found the trail?"

"Be blow'd if ever I saw them plentier in the States."

"D—n the huckleberries," responded Judge; and letting go the rein to the mule, struck out to search for the trail himself, and very soon apprised us that it was found, when we again pushed on, not stopping to gather the berries, though they were plenty and of excellent flavor.

Our road now, contrary to our expectations, bore southeast, and across the river, when we commenced a sudden ascent,

difficult and almost dangerous. In about an hour we struck the extreme eastern branch of the main river, and following it up for a half hour we again pitched our camp for the night, in a grove of cedar near a little bar, which afforded just sufficient grass for our animals for the night. We were now in a truly wild spot, and the mountains on each side of us presented a curious picture, from the fact of their being of such entire opposite formations, and at the same time in such proximity. To our right, and rising abruptly from the branch, the mountain was one unbroken mass of bare granite, its depressions still containing masses of snow, to which Judge and C. climbed and could almost have thrown a snowball into our camp-fire. To the left the ridge was of volcanic formation, and at a distance of three hundred yards from the stream, presented a perpendicular face to the height of twelve hundred feet from the river bed.

This night we suffered somewhat from cold, for we had attained a great altitude, and a chilly wind sucked down the gorge, but the next morning all of us were feeling exceedingly well, notwithstanding. We were now six miles from the Summit, and making an early start, wishing to pass as far beyond it as possible this day, we began to be sensible that our blankets were insufficient for the climate we were entering.

The trail now, for the next mile, became at each step more rough and difficult, and, in some places, almost dangerous. Then we descended again to the stream, and from thence on to the Summit the road was of gradual and easy ascent. As we crossed the stream we passed into a grove of poplar and cedar, when "Miss Kit," one of our pack animals—a frivolous little mustang—took upon herself the responsibility of a stampee and scattered the various articles that composed her pack pretty considerably. She struck out up the flat like a

flying arrow to the distance of a hundred and fifty yards, when she suddenly wheeled and took a bee line for my honest old horse, with the evident intention of upsetting his pack, viz: myself. Anticipating her design, I drove the spurs into my horse and took cover behind a large cedar just in time to retain my equilibrium, and directly a sudden sheer brought her up "all standing" against a low-spreading poplar, when C. caught her bridle-rein and administered a few lusty kicks, which had the salutary effect of making her "behave herself" for the balance of the day. "Mula" during this time, contrary to our expectations, carried herself very decorously, for, instead of joining in the "lark," made quickly for a clump of willows on the bank of the creek, with one ear cocked forward and the other back, showing that she was looking at least two ways for Sunday, and backed up into them, evidently to keep out of harm's way, presenting a comical though very sensible appearance.

We now began to feel the cold very sensibly as we neared the Summit—the wind blowing from the southeast was raw and cutting, causing me to button closely my "roundabout" and bring into requisition my buck-skin gloves. It grew colder and colder, and, as we rose to the Summit, my teeth chattered and limbs quaked, and, as a last resort, I donned a heavy overcoat that C. had tied upon my saddle, and even then shook like one in an "ager fit." My companions being on foot, suffered less, yet their heavy coats were anything but burdensome now. Heavy banks of snow lay on either side of our trail, though exposed to the sun at least eight hours in the day.

The scene that presented itself as we stood upon the dividing ridge was wild and picturesque, yet dreary and cheerless—we could not well fancy one more so. The sky was partly overcast with low, scudding clouds and the sun looked pale and cold. The low points that rose

on either hand were barren and dreary, and those at the south and east were more generally covered with snow. A little below us, looking southeast, and across which lay our trail, was a flat, or valley, of considerable extent, in the centre of which was a little lake of a few acres; which, however, only added to the dreariness of the scene, for the cutting blast swept across it, driving it into little angry waves, and as we threaded our way in gloomy silence along its margin, we realized to the fullest extent our previous anticipations in regard to finding a cooler climate. The raw wind cut and chapped the tender skin of our faces, so suddenly boosted up from a more congenial atmosphere, while the water from our eyes almost frosted on our cheeks, causing us to hold in tender regard all warm places, though perhaps 'twould be better to make *one* exception. A few dwarfish cedars only six or eight feet high, constituted all the timber or shrubbery within our view. Nothing of any description appeared to claim residence here but the little chipping squirrel, and he seemed to gain but a meagre subsistence, judging from his puny appearance—not even a raven hovered about to breathe the gloomy silence with his ominous croak—all was dreary and cheerless, and we hastened our steps onward to find a more congenial scene.

An hour's travel carried us across the Summit plain, when we began to descend the eastern slope, and three miles further on, struck the first considerable branch of Walker's river, down which we continued our course, crossing it many times, the road, meanwhile, becoming more and more rugged, while pieces of wagons were to be met with at every few steps.

(Concluded in our next.)

Never be ashamed of confessing your ignorance; for the wisest man upon earth is ignorant of many things, inasmuch as that which he knows is a mere nothing in comparison with what he does not know.

COME MEET ME.

Come meet me, come meet me, my own pretty Nell,
Nor laugh at me, dearest, I've something to tell,
It's a secret, believe me; and no one shall know
It's sweet import, fair Nellie, but you, now, I trow.

Come meet me then, down at the foot of the hill,
Where 'mid the green woodlands, life's noises grow still;
Where the trees beneath which we oft lingering stand,
As we watch the brook laving the glittering sand.

For the spot like myself, learned a lesson of love,
And the charm of thy presence was breathed through the grove.
The brook as it falls seems my love to proclaim,—
And the note of the robin to warble thy name.

Come meet me, then, dearest, the magical spell
Of the spot, shall inspire the words I would tell;
The brook shall laugh back the love flash from thine eye,
And the secret and answer be written on high.

ISMOND.

THE LAST BACCHANALIAN.

It was a fearfully wild night that followed the death of our old comrade Jack, with whom we had labored many days, and shared many a meal. But now, Jack had departed from our circle; no more could he tip his glass to our health, nor crack his jokes among us; for there he lay, cold and inanimate as the earth in which we were about to bury him.

Our location was in a deep river cañon in which we had for a long time worked, and so long inhabited that the rough and forbidding face of nature began to form a coloring to our existence, and make life seem as though surrounded by whispering demons, as we wended at night our way of return to our log cabin home.

The high and almost perpendicular mountain ranges, on either side of us, so shut out the light, that on moonless nights our cañon seemed filled with murky darkness—almost perceptible to feeling—and the occasionally seen phosphoric light, glittering from decayed stumps, served to make the darkness appear still

more unearthly; while the "too whoo" of the owls sounded dismally from the tops of numerous pine trees, like the wail of departed spirits moaning in their unknown sphere.

So long had we been acquainted with these spectral like scenes and sounds, that our minds had become imbued with their images, until we appeared to inhabit that region in common with the unhappy residents of another world.

Frequently would we resort to intoxicating drinks to dispel the phantoms that gathered about us; but, when their influence was over, the conjurations returned more vividly to our minds, and our imaginations became more active, and our sensibilities more acute than ever.

The more unbearable became our existence in that locality, the greater seemed the difficulties of tearing ourselves from it; and the very dread of the unearthliness of the place appeared a talisman of evil to charm us to the spot.

When I reflect on the nature of the imaginings with which that place inspired us, I find it difficult to solve the problem

of the spell it cast about us; and still more fearfully the despair in which we all seemed plunged. There are places which we inhabit for a time that appear to be beyond the pale of christian civilization, and the recollection we have of them is similar to our conception of the times of the dark ages, when spectres flitted and whispered in the streets of Rome.

It was when we were surrounded by this soul destroying gloom that poor Jack made his exit from this world.

Early in the afternoon, just as the sun was sinking behind the mountains that towered above and bounded the western side of our cañon, we closed the eyes of the deceased, and commenced arrangements for returning the body to the dust.

Jack's proclivities had been Irish, and those of some of his friends being of the same cast, they suggested the propriety of a wake. In view of carrying out the idea, one of our company was dispatched to the nearest trading post, and returned late in the evening with an ample supply of drink.

The residents of a cabin near by joined to assist us in waking the spirit of the defunct into the other world.

More forbidding than ever did night gather its drapery of darkness around us. The sky was clouded completely in black, but without wearing the slightest appearance of rain—a black of unearthly darkness, through which not a ray of light penetrated, nor a single star-ray illumed. A thunder-storm would have been a relief, but electricity showed no signs of vitality, and the air seemed as dry as new made mourning. That sky was as a funeral pall.

Not a moan or a sigh from the pines disturbed the stillness of night; and the majesty of darkness reigned in silence.

We all felt their shadowy influences alike. As evening wore on, we commenced the brewing of punch, to try its potent effect in dispelling them.

The cabin was large; and, at one end

blazed a huge log fire, before which we placed the table, and gathered around it.

The punch was brewed in a tea-kettle over the fire, and then set upon the table that each one might replenish his glass with ease when it was empty.

Six in number, we circled 'round the board, and commenced the relating of stories, to while away the watches of the night, and chase away its shadows.

As we had often conversed upon the nature of the superstitious feelings with which that placed inspired us, our tales took the cast of the supernatural; and, though each of us disavowed all belief in spirits having communication with the earth, we were nevertheless overcome by a feeling of dread as though they were gathering around us then.

We called for a song, and one of the company responded with a wild bachanalian, in which we all joined in the chorus. Other voices than ours seemed to echo their chorus back to us, and a wail from the pines, now for the first time, we noticed accorded with the strain, giving it an unearthly sound. I stepped to the door to look out upon the night; not a breath of air was stirring; but still there came moaning sounds from the tree tops. Dissatisfied, I rejoined the company, "Whist! what voice is that?" said one of them, "'Tis nothing but your foolish conjurations" I answered, and again the punch passed round.

Our carousal now became wild and delirious, and the songs and toasts, in which was mingled the wail from without, sounded high and imperious, while unseen lips appeared speaking to us, as though encouraging the revel. The air seemed agitated with unseen forms; and even the fire flickered with an unearthly glare, its flames taking the form of winding-sheets. A terror was upon us all; but we drank the deeper to defy our fears.

"Here's to Jack and his companions in the unknown spheres," said Harry, rising from his seat; "would that he could re-

turn and bring them with him to join us in this carousal." His back was towards the form of our departed friend; and, as he was about to place the glass to his lips, he noticed his companions gazing in horror towards the opposite end of the apartment; he turned instantly; his countenance became rigid with terror; and the glass fell from his hand, and was dashed to atoms on the stone floor: and who could wonder at it, for Jack was sitting upright in the bed, with the fixed glassy glare of death in his eyes, gazing full upon us!

The company, whose revel had been so suddenly checked, were paralyzed. It was a sight which, connected with foregoing circumstances, was sufficient to daunt the stoutest of spirit. The blood receded to our hearts, and left us without the power of motion, and speechless.

The corpse—for I must call it so—raised its arm, and, with a warning gesture, seemed to wave us to depart, and pointing towards a distant settlement, with arm fixed in that direction, the body sank back again upon the bed. For a moment not a word was spoken. Harry fell heavily into his seat, and his chest heaved a deep sigh, as though relieved of a heavy pressure. I seized the candle and approached the bed. The eyes were closed, and not a muscle was changed from the rigid position of death. I felt the pulse: it returned no throb. We poured liquor between the lips but it produced not the slightest sign of animation. Subdued, but with unsatisfied minds, we returned to the table completely sobered by the fearful resurrection we had witnessed.

"I fear we have 'waked' Jack to but little purpose," said Harry; "he appears to have returned to warn us. Do what you will, the rest of you, I leave this place to-morrow; here, all nature seems out of joint; and, for my part, I desire to live no longer in so close a contact with people of the other world, be they good or evil." We all expressed a similar de-

termination to leave a spot which appeared to us to be beyond the jurisdiction of natural laws.

By this time the wind began to blow in fitful gusts; increasing until it soon was whistling through the roof of our cabin, causing the flame to flicker wildly from our candle, which at most gave us but little light.

In a short time it became apparent that a tornado was about passing over us, and already we could hear trees falling in the distance.

When the storm broke over our cabin, the pine trees began to fall all around us, and we had reason to fear our only shelter would soon be dashed to pieces by them. Crash! came a giant tree, as it fell but a few feet from us. I rushed to the door and found it almost blocked up by branches from the fallen tree, and in terror I retreated to the fire. It was nearly impossible to keep a light burning; and, with the dread inspired by the elements, there mingled the terrors of the supernatural. Unseen forms jogged our elbows, and brushed our faces; and, almost in silence, we sat waiting the light of morning. More like condemned spirits than inhabitants of the earth, we sat the night out. The punch was frequently passed round, but never had we been in a more sober mood; and yet there was something awful in that sobriety. The hoarse howling whistle of the wind, with the crashing produced by falling trees, was at last succeeded by rain, which beat upon the earth in torrents, and only subsided just as the first gleam of daylight cast its welcome rays into that dark, deep cañon.

Not more eagerly does the wretch on the gallows look for an expected reprieve; than did we look for light from out that darkness; and when it did come it inspired us with a new and apparently different life.

We cleared the branches of the fallen tree from our door; and, I fear, that, with

more than commendable haste, we dug the grave of our former comrade, and at noon deposited the remains of poor Jack in their last resting place, for the last time, wishing him a quiet and peaceful slumber.

Our claims, though valuable, were abandoned without regret; and night found us on our way to the distant settlements.

Thus ended my last bacchanalian, and brought to a conclusion our sojourn in an unpleasant region. Whether others have experienced the same influences in that locality, I cannot say; but my recollections of occurrences there being far from agreeable, I am content to remain away at any loss, or at any cost.

In conclusion I will say, in justice to my companions there, that all of them were men of superior minds; and as capable of resisting morbid imaginations, as they were of wielding the pick and shovel.

ROCHESTER.

THE DEATHLESS HEART.

(AN INCIDENT OF THE FIRE OF 1851.)

The midnight bells are pealing,
Upon the startled ear;
And gentle forms are kneeling,
In weakness and in fear;
And as with anguish riven,
The mother clasps her child,
Her prayer ascends to heaven,
With sobs and accents wild.

For, like a demon soaring,
The dark Fire-Angel flies
Above where flames are roaring,
Where a proud city lies.
O'er palace, dome and tower,
Wild surging like the sea—
Oh! God! in such an hour,
What cries went up to thee!

Within a lonely dwelling,
Beside a couch of death,
A pale sad wife was kneeling,
With hushed and sobbing breath.

For low before her lying,
Her heart's best treasure lay—
Oh! bleeding heart! the dying
Knew not thy pang's that day.

Near and more near advancing,
The glittering flames are spread;
O'er wall and terrace dancing,
They seize the roof o'erhead.
Pillar and arch o'erturning,
Mocking at mortal aid—
Oh! God! the room is burning,
In which the dead is laid!

She rose—Oh! in that hour,
How flashed her eye with light!
"Oh! for the Hebrew's power,
To bear thee in my fight!"
In vain—the flames roll o'er thee!
But *thee* they cannot kill;
And though thou goest before me,
Thy *heart* is with me still!

G. T. S.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

NO. VII.

PARADISE LOST. THE COUNCIL IN PANDEMONIUM.

The members of the great Privy Council having taken their places, with Satan on the throne, he addresses them in flattering terms. Our name for the whole fraternity is "devils," but we are evidently prejudiced against them. We consider that we have reasons for disliking them, and are mean enough to allow no opportunity of traducing them to escape. Satan recognizes them "Deities of Heaven;" and predicts that from their present low descent, the time may not be distant when they,

"Celestial virtues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall."

He congratulates himself on his own proud position as their chief—a position, as he reminds them, resulting alike from his seniority of rank, and the free exercise of their elective franchise; but which, as it called upon him to be fore-

most in danger, only exposed him to greater risk of punishment; and that, consequently, the absence of anything to envy in his precedence, had an advantage, as a bond of union, over any preferment in Heaven, where each inferior saw something in the condition of those above him to covet. With these preliminary remarks, he invites them to give their opinions on the present state of their affairs, and the most likely means of bettering themselves.

The first who speaks is Moloch, whom Milton elsewhere characterizes as "a horrid king besmeared with blood." There is a striking similarity in the sound of the words which he uses in describing his character, and those which Calvin found himself compelled, as it were, to adopt in regard to that inscrutable decree of Heaven to which he has given an unenviable notoriety, and by which, as he says, the Omnipotent was pleased to doom the reprobate to eternal punishment before they had done either good or evil—in whose favor no supervenient act of grace was meant to be exercised—for even he, whose heart quailed not at the cruel death of Servetus, could not help announcing it as a "horrendum decretum." We complacently indulge in prejudices which are in harmony with common belief, and impiously defend them. In Moloch we only see a deification of the Indian ruffian. We behold

* * * "the parents' tears,

Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
Their children's cries unheard, that passed through
fire

To his grim idol;"

and our souls revolt at the sight. Why should they cease to speak when we hear of

"Twa span-lang wee unchristened bairns,"

in the immediate keeping of the minions of Hell! This something else than mere vulgar superstition is all but admitted in the rubrics of the amiable Church of England, which tells us, that "children who have been baptised, and die before

they commit actual sin, will undoubtedly be saved." To say the worst of Moloch, the rites, which were performed to his honor by the singular Ammonite in Rabba, were but a type on earth of those future punishments which, according to some, the sufferers at his altar may have to endure in a far worse form, from the Omnipotent of Heaven.

I am not a theologian; and it is not my object to attack or defend this or that system or creed far less to speak in favor of Moloch, for whom but little could be said. Still he deserves credit for his inventive imagination; and though the worst in Hell, his character as we have seen, will bear a comparison with that which some enthusiasts have thought fit to draw of the Father of mercies. He proposes,

"Turning their tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shut with equal rage
Among the Angels, and his throne itself
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments."

The idea is excellent. If the Omnipotent has seen fit to torture them with fire and brimstone, what sweeter revenge than to turn the means of their torture against himself and his Angels? Even the potent Michael would have stood aghast, and squeezed his nostrils against the loathsome stench!

He is followed by Belial, of all devils one of the most gentlemanly, so far as mere manners go; but at the same time, one of the most cowardly; like the fop who came to the indignant Hotspur, "after the fight was done;"

"And talked so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds. (Heaven save the
mark.)"

Yet Belial had the gift of persuasion and honied words:

"His tongue
Drop't manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason."

He is opposed to Moloch, on the ground that they stand no chance of doing else

than rendering their hapless condition still worse by fighting, and suggests that the Omnipotent may relax his severity, and they themselves at length become acclimated to the high temperature of their new abodes:

"Our Supreme Foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps thus far removed
Not mind us not offending, satisfied
With what is punished; whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapor, or immured not feel,
Or changed at length, and too the place conformed.
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain."

To him Mammon very appropriately replies:

"Suppose he should relent
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humbly, and receive
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forced hallelujahs; while he lordly sits
Our envied Sovereign, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? How wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate!"

But he feels proud of what Mulciber and himself have already done, and so far coincides with him:

How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark, doth heaven all-ruling sire,
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round,
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Mustering their rage, and Heaven resembles Hell?
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can Heaven show more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements."

His opinions meet with hearty concurrence. The assembled divinities express their united approbation.

"He scarce had finished, when such murmur filled
The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Seafaring men overwatched, whose bark by chance
Or pinnance anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest."

How quaintly beautiful and appropriate is the imagery which the poet here

uses! The blustering winds not only sweep the ocean victoriously, but rouse at their call

"Spirits from the vasty deep,"

whom they drive howling and raging before them, and imprison within the hollow rocks. When morning appears the conquerers draw off their forces, and the prisoners venture forth; murmuring and grumbling, but glad to escape. The sameness of their sentiments produces a monotonous sound in their intercommunications, which lulls asleep the tired mariners riding at anchor in the bay; who have been over-worked, and kept in watchful suspense, in consequence of the fury of the storm. The Spirits in Hell as yet have discovered no place to escape to, but they fancy themselves secure in their imprisonment, and are so far pleased at being left to pursue their own schemes unmolested, and that the conquering armies, by whom they (too) have been imprisoned, are withdrawn.

Beelzebub, however, lets in a ray of hope which completely changes the current of their ideas. He reminds them of Satan's hint about another world, which they seem to have forgotten.

"With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat and public care;"

and the assembly in deference to his well-known qualities as a sage counsellor are as

"Still as night, or summer's noon-tide air."

He points out to them that they have no real security in their present condition; that they must not presume that they would be allowed to build up for themselves an independent sovereignty, even in Hell; that the Omnipotent, they might be assured, would be

"Sole King,"

ruling them in Hell with an iron sceptre, as he did his subjects in Heaven with a golden; and that it would be a dangerous project indeed to attempt to take Heaven by storm, whose walls were too

secure to yield to any device which they could bring against them. "But what," says he, "if we find some easier enterprise?"

"There is a place,

(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven
Err not) another world, the happy seat
Of some new race called Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less in power
And excellence, but favored more
Of him who rules above. Though Heaven be shut,
And Heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may be exposed,
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it. There perhaps,
Some advantageous act may be achieved
By sudden onset, either with Hell fire

*(such as Maloch had proposed to use
against the hosts of Heaven)*

To waste his new creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
The puny habitants, or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
Hurled headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss.

Advise if this be worth

Attempting."

They applaud his bold design. We can observe their joy in their eyes. Such is the benign influence of Hope, which like the sunbeams transforms the features of the face, as the other those of the lowliest dwelling, and no matter how gloomy their aspect before,

"They change into beauty at that bright spell."

But the unhappy Spirits must not congratulate themselves too early. "Let not him who putteth on his armour boast himself like him who putteth it off," It would be a glorious achievement, no doubt, if they could accomplish it; for, as Beelzebub goes on to say, it may be

"Nearer their ancient seat; perhaps in view
Of those bright confines whence with neighboring
And opportune excursion they might chance [arms
Re-enter Heaven; or else in some mild zone
Dwell not unvisited of Heaven's fair light
Secure, and at the brightning orient beam
Purge off this gloom; while the delicious air,
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
Should breathe her balm."

But there are obstacles in the way which in the first burst of their enthusiasm they must have overlooked. "First," continues Beelzebub,

"Whom shall we send

In search of this new world? Whom shall we find
Sufficient? Who shall tempt with wandering feet
The dark unbottomed infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his æry flight
Unborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy isle? What strength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict sentries and stations thick
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,
The weight of all and our last hope relies."

They are convinced—they are confounded; for who would volunteer to go on so hazardous an expedition? Doubtless the honor would be great, but the difficulties are too many, and the duty too perilous.

"All sat mute,

Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In other's countenance read his own dismay
Astonished;"

till Satan, whom nothing could daunt, addresses them, in words sufficient to "create a soul under the ribs of Death:"

"O Progeny of Heaven, empyreal thrones,
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seized us, though undismayed. Long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;
Our prison strong this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant,
Barred over us, prohibit all egress.
These passed, if any pass, the void profound
Of uncessant Night receives him next,
Wide gaping.
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,
And this imperial sovereignty, adorned
With splendor, armed with power, if aught proposed
And judged of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honor, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honored sits? Go therefore, mighty powers,
Terror of Heaven, though fallen; intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render Hell
More tolerable; while I abroad

Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
 Deliverance for us all. Thus saying, rose
 The Monarch, and prevented all reply."

O noble Chief! well dost thou merit
 thy proud position! Richard Cœur-de-
 Lion, with the Austrian ensign under his
 foot challenging the boldest among Aus-
 tria's champions to resent the affront, and
 exclaiming, "Who dare plant this paltry
 rag beside the banners of England?"—
 does not more excite our admiration!

In proof that he does not underrate
 minor duties, Satan instructs his adhe-
 rents to keep a close watch during his ab-
 sence. How can they but admire his
 prudence, as well as his bravery? But
 the council is over. It would be useless
 to say another word, and they prepare to
 leave.

"Their rising all at once was as the sound
 Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
 With awful reverence prone; and as a God
 Extol him equal to the Highest in Heaven.
 Nor failed they to express how much they praised,
 That for the general safety he despised
 His own; for neither do the spirits damned
 Lose all their virtue, lest bad men should boast
 Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
 Or close ambition varnished o'er with zeal."

We are aware that we cannot stand a
 comparison. The devils are faithful,
 grateful, polite; and under the most try-
 ing circumstances, and severest afflic-
 tions, always gentlemen. What we are,
 we know.

"Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
 Ended rejoicing in their matchless chief;
 (As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
 Ascending, while the north-wind sleeps, o'erspread
 Heaven's cheerful face, the lowering element
 Scowls o'er the darkened landscape snow, or shower;
 If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
 Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings;")

and what heart but so far sympathizes
 with them in their expectations of being
 able to better their condition? We can-
 not help it. As well might we deem it
 possible to refrain from joining with "re-
 joicing Nature," in this matchless illus-
 tration with which the poet concludes his
 magnificent account of their proceedings.

Our feelings become as strong in the one
 case as in the other. Who shall blame
 us? What say'st thou, Milton? Are
 they not as good as ourselves? The re-
 verend bard, rapt in contemplation, and
 scarce heeding the question, exclaims:

"O shame to men! devil with devil damned
 Firm concord holds; men only disagree
 Of creatures rational,
 And live in hatred, enmity, and strife
 Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
 Wasting the earth each other to destroy."

Enough, and more than enough! Let
 the devils give up their project, and avoid
 the Earth lest they become further cor-
 rupted by associating with such aban-
 doned miscreants!

AGRICOLA.

THE COUNTESS OF SAN DIEGO; OR, THE BISHOP'S BLESSING.

BY CLOE.

CHAPTER II.

Ella sincerely lamented the loss of her
 kind-hearted governess, for she felt it to
 be one of her severest trials; the place,
 however, was soon re-filled, by Miss Sum-
 mers, a young lady of high standing in
 her profession. She found Misses Julia
 and Juliette very backward in their
 studies; and in the presence of Mrs.
 Thompson she examined them. Seeing
 this, Mrs. T's rage knew no bounds; as
 she attributed their backwardness to the
 neglect of the former governess. Miss
 Summers seemed pleased with her dis-
 pleasure toward the old governess, con-
 ceiving it to be a compliment to her own
 efficiency.

"I assure you madam," said Miss S.,
 "that children as bright as yours are,
 must have been shamefully neglected, or
 they would have advanced further in less
 than half the time."

"I have not the least doubt of it;
 believe me, Miss Summers; the old wo-
 man has even learned Ella music."

"Did you ever hear of anything so
 absurd?" "It was certainly quite out of

place, saying the least of it," replied Miss Summers.

"I'd like to see another governess undertake to deceive me as she has done, in direct disobedience to my orders ; giving a poor young wench such airs, there is no doing anything with her."

"She certainly did you great injustice in neglecting your children, for the purpose of instructing a mere servant ; I always feel it my duty to consult the wishes of my employer, and you may be sure of my faithfulness in this particular."

"I have perfect confidence in you Miss Summers : you understand your position and mine too well to stoop to anything so far beneath you."

The next day Miss Summers commenced her labors in the school room ; Ella stood in the capacity of waiting maid to the pupils ; Miss Summers found her task, in teaching her scholars, much harder than she expected, as it was impossible for her to get their attention two consecutive minutes at a time. Her patience became almost exhausted, and she was not sorry when the hour arrived for their dismissal for the day. Poor Ella could not conceal her tears of disappointment as they retired from the school-room.

The next day, as the school hour approached, Miss Summers was already waiting to commence her arduous duties ; and she could not but notice the gloom that rested on the beautiful face of Ella. In her determination to treat Ella as a menial and servant, she could not but feel some compunctions of conscience. It was manifest to her own mind that she felt a deep interest in the young orphan, unwilling as she was to acknowledge it. Her pupils were soon in their proper places.

"Take your seat at the piano, Julia," said Miss Summers ; and the command was repeated several times before Julia obeyed, and then in a sulky mood she declared that she could not and would

not try to play. Here was an insurmountable difficulty, and Miss Summers was about to apply the rod, when Julia's loud screams soon brought Mrs. Thompson to the school-room.

"What is the matter Julia, my dear child ?"

"Why Miss Summers is going to whip me."

"You are mistaken my dear," said her mother, "Miss Summers would not overstep her bounds so much as to strike you," and Mrs. Thompson's flushed face quite convinced Miss Summers that she must adopt some other means to compel their obedience. In this dilemma, Miss Summers found her task more difficult than she had anticipated. The children were all dull, and difficult to manage.

A few weeks of wearied teaching and she could not help thinking that were it not for Ella's assistance, she would not be able to give the least satisfaction. Ella's gentle spirit, like a charm, quieted their turbulent dispositions ; and she devoted many hours in assisting the governess in her arduous labors. Ella's clear explanations seemed all they could comprehend. To Miss Summer's grief and disappointment, she found that the children were incapable of understanding the half that she had been trying to crowd into their limited brain.

"Ella, my dear," said she, in tones of annoying disappointment, "do come and see if you can explain to Julia and Juliette the philosophy of the scale in such a manner as they can comprehend it ! I have been trying this hour and they seem to be as far away from knowing what I have been saying as when I commenced ; I am perfectly discouraged ; after all my teaching they cannot tell the difference between a flat and a sharp."

Ella took her place and soon the children committed to memory their lesson. "I am so glad, Ella, that you have succeeded in impressing on their minds what I could not. Were it not for you they

would do me but little credit as a teacher. I wish I could repay you in some way."

"Oh! I wish you could give *me* some lessons Miss Summers."

"Mrs. Thompson has forbidden me my dear Ella, but if you will say nothing to any one, I will instruct you in all that I am capable; but mind, Ella, it must be kept entirely a secret, as I should loose my place if it should reach Mrs. Thompson's ears. You must have progressed very fast under the old governess to understand as many branches as I perceive you do." Ella threw her arms around Miss Summer's neck, and, while grateful tears filled her beautiful eyes, she replied, "dear Miss Summers, I wish I could convey the gratitude I feel to you."

"I fully understand and appreciate you Ella." And Miss Summers, returned her warm embrace.

A year of faithful instruction Miss Summers devoted to Ella, and the young Thompsons, and she felt amply rewarded for her trouble with Ella; especially as she often took charge of the children, while Miss Summers' time was devoted to study and reading.

Things were not destined to remain long in this pleasant and quiet state. Mr. Thompson's health began to be very poor, and the physicians recommended traveling. As his health daily grew worse he concluded to take the Dr's advice; when Mrs. Thompson determined to accompany him with the children, and if Miss Summers would like to go with them, she thought of retaining her in her service.

"I am thinking, Miss Summers, of accompanying my husband to Italy, and would wish to know whether you would like to retain your situation, and accompany us?"

"I know of nothing now that will prevent me, madam."

"Then I shall need your assistance in getting ready, as Mr. Thompson wishes to go as soon as possible, for his health is

failing daily. Ella can manage the children while we are selecting the necessary clothing for the journey. I almost wish I had some friend that I could leave Ella with until my return."

"I would not leave her," replied Miss Summers, "as she will be of special service to you in taking care of the children; in fact I think her indispensable to the management of your children; her influence is the only thing that keeps them in their present sphere."

"Why! you surprise me," Mrs. Thompson answered, "how has she gained such an influence over them?"

"I cannot tell, my dear madam; but it is even so. I suppose you are aware that Ella is a very uncommon child of her age, and in spite of every precaution will gain the love of those around her."

"Do you think the children really love her?"

"Most certainly they do madam, she is the only one they do love, I believe."

"Of the servants you mean I suppose?"

"Certainly madam, I had no allusion to their parents."

"I have often thought, dear Miss Summers, I would like to speak to some one in confidence concerning Ella. I suppose you know that she is of Spanish descent?"

"I did not know it indeed, madam."

"Yes, her mother was a servant of my husband's before we were married; she died in this house, leaving Ella a penniless orphan, and Mr. Thompson had her bound to us. Now, dear Miss Summers, I am making a confidant of you; you will not I know mention that which I am about to tell you. I do not know anything about Ella's pedigree, but my curiosity and other circumstances induce me to believe she is of good family. There is a curious little box that her mother left with some manuscripts, written in Spanish, I have often wished to know their contents; this curiosity I would long have gratified had I found a person in whom I could have

placed implicit confidence in their secrecy."

"Perhaps I can read them," said Miss Summers; evidently much excited with her curiosity."

"I am glad that you can read Spanish; I suppose I can depend upon your secrecy, if there is anything of importance to Ella, as I suspect there is."

"You need not get the MSS." replied Miss Summers, "I will make no binding promises of secrecy in a case of this kind."

"You astonish me, Miss Summers; then I command you to be silent in what I have already told you."

"I make no promises, madam, that may in any way injure that poor child."

"Then I shall dismiss you immediately from my service."

"I am sorry, madam, to be the object of your indignation, but I never swerve when my honor is at stake whatever the penalty may be."

"Mrs. Thompson hurriedly paid Miss Summers, and sent her away ere she had an opportunity of seeing Ella again.

CHAPTER III.

Two weeks of bustle and confusion found Mr. Thompson and family ready for the journey, and they accordingly started. A pleasant and prosperous voyage favored their arrival in sunny Italy. They were pleasantly located near Naples, in a little villa by the sea-shore; Mr. Thompson was evidently worse, the fatigue of the journey rather augmented the disease, and Mrs. Thompson quite alarmed made enquiries for a good physician, and Dr. Velette was highly recommended, who was immediately called. He found the patient in a very critical situation. "I can relieve," said he, "but not cure, as the gentleman is in the last stage of consumption." In this the Dr. was not mistaken, as Mr. Thompson grew worse daily.

Mrs. Thompson ascertained that the cel-

ebrated Doctor was of Spanish descent; and this, notwithstanding her husband's precarious state, engrossed her mind, from the probability of gratifying her longing desire of having the MSS. read. To accomplish this she sought the first opportunity of cautiously approaching the Doctor on the subject. She did not wait long, as an opportunity offered sooner than she expected. Again the Doctor called; examined his patient, prescribed a soothing powder, then sought the sitting room of Mrs. Thompson.

"I hope you find my husband much better Doctor?"

"I am sorry to say, dear Madam, that he is fast failing, and will undoubtedly not survive many weeks; I am indeed sorry to say so, but I am always frank. It is better to be so, as trouble will come, and then one is better prepared for it."

"I believe you are right, Doctor, frankness is a virtue generally lacking in a physician; but it is proverbial I believe among the Spanish; if I am not mistaken you are one of that nation; are you not?"

"Yes, madam, I was born and bred in Madrid."

"Indeed sir! of course you understand the Spanish language, then?"

"Perfectly! My mother tongue, at your service, madam."

"I have long wished to make the acquaintance of some capable person whom I could intrust with special business, concerning some Spanish manuscripts left me by my mother; I am as yet ignorant of their contents."

"How long have you had them in your possession?"

"Several years."

"Is it possible? Do you consider them of value, madam?"

"I suppose they are; to what extent I do not know; there may be nothing more than my pedigree; if I could find a proper person I would have them read."

"I do not know whom you would call a proper person, madam; if merely read-

ing the MSS. is the favor you ask, I am at your service."

"I would have the matter contained in them kept a profound secret."

"You may depend upon my concealment, madam, if you are willing to trust me."

Mrs. Thompson produced the little box with its contents; opening it, she placed it before the Doctor for his examination.

"Quite a package, madam; in several different hand writings."

She in vain tried to hide her confusion, as the Doctor's suspicious glances met her eye. Lest he should mistrust her of not having spoken the truth, she endeavored to reply to all his questions, evading all possible points.

"It will require some time to examine them; if you are willing, I will take them to my office and inspect them at my leisure."

"My dear sir, I cannot possibly trust them out of my sight: you must read them here or not at all."

"As you please, madam, I was not aware of your objection. Here is a letter: shall I begin with this?"

"If you please, Doctor."

"Very well."

Madrid, June 5, 1791.

DEAR FATHER,—

Forgive your repentant daughter for leaving your roof, and eloping and marrying against your will. I could not agree with you in your objections to my dear Adair, that he was a traitor to his country, I believed it not. I know he took sides with the suffering colonists; his sin is in his sympathy for his suffering countrymen in America, and in refusing to draw his sword against them: for them he became penniless, his property confiscated, and driven from his home. Having an old college friend in Madrid, Don Paso, who owed him a large sum, he determined to call upon him for some instalment from the long standing debt. At Don Paso's we first met; his sorrows enlisted my sympathy, and the step was short for me to love. You do not know, dear father, the power that binds two loving hearts, especially when

one is an alien from his home. In his exile, though poor, he could not find it in his heart to turn from the only being that loved him.

Two years, long years, have passed since I became the wife of Wm. Adair. I have never seen your face since. A few months after our marriage we resided with his old friend Paso; his funds being exhausted, necessity compelled him to make an effort for our support. He saw no opening before him; in this dilemma he determined to seek a home in America. My situation precluded the propriety of his taking me with him, without means; his friend was unable to pay him; but offered to care for me 'till he could find a permanent home in that new land. Two years have flown and I have heard from him but once. Don Paso can keep me no longer. Will you forgive me, and receive me again in your house, with your little grand-daughter, my little Ella? I feel the weight of a father's curse. Will you not forgive me? I, your only child, who is in want; on my knees I ask you to open your heart to your suffering daughter.

ELLA ADAIR.

TO MY FATHER,

DON DESMONDE,

San Diego Castle.

"This letter seems to be a copy of one that Mrs. Adair wrote to her father," replied the Doctor, and I wonder if the answer is in the package? I will look. I know that Don Desmonde is a very rich nobleman in Spain."

"Indeed! Doctor, did you say you knew him?"

"No, not personally—I know there is such a nobleman—It is an old Spanish family of nobility. Here Madam is the answer to the letter—shall I read it?"

"If you please, Doctor."

San Diego Castle, June 18, 1791.

ELLA,—

I cursed you when you left my roof with that detestable Englishman—he was a scoundrel—you despised your father's counsel, your father despises your petition, ask me not, I will never forgive you—to-morrow I leave for Mexico, to fill an important office for my Sovereign—this is my last letter—I disown you—with this letter I send you a box with your pedigree and a will, it may be of

value in case of the death of your aunt Isidore San Diego—she has no heirs,—at her death you will become heir to the estate of San Diego—the will is bound with a black ribbon—this will was made and signed by your grandfather, the Count of San Diego, your mother's father, while on his death-bed. You shall have nothing from me. Adieu.

DON DESMONDE.

After reading this answer to Mrs. Adair's letter, the Doctor carefully folded them both, and laying them aside, picked up the package with the black ribbon, examining it carefully, re-folded it, and, still holding it in his hand, he looking at Mrs. Thompson with an incredible stare, said, "you cannot be Mrs. Adair, Madam, and from the dates of these letters you cannot be her daughter."

Mrs. Thompson saw at once that she was caught; and that any further dissembling was entirely out of the question. "I see, my dear Sir, you are not easily deceived, I have made a confidant of you in this matter, and if you will give me your assistance and secrecy I will lay the whole matter before you at once."

"You can rely upon me, Madam."

"As my accomplice, I suppose! Shall we share the booty if we can manage to get it?" The Doctor was delighted with the confidence which Mrs. Thompson placed in him, and, rising, he seated himself close by her side, with an evident smirk. Taking her hand he endeavored to lay open before her the advantages of keeping the will secret from all, except himself, as she could now without doubt obtain vast wealth, of which he hoped to participate.

"Yes, I am quite satisfied, dear Madam," he replied, "that we can succeed—that is, if the old Countess is dead."

"Yes Sir, without doubt," chimed in Mrs. T., "and as soon as you can leave Mr. Thompson, I will defray your expenses, if you will go to Spain, and ascertain how the matter stands."

"That is the manner to express it," replied the Doctor, and the sooner I set

out the better; if I were there it would not take me long to decide the exact situation of things, and then I could immediately write you. Will this plan meet your approbation, Madam?"

"Most certainly, Doctor."

"That will do then, for the present," and the Doctor withdrew to his office, in high anticipation of speedy wealth; and Mrs. Thompson returned to her sick husband.

CHAPTER IV.

"How do you feel by this time, my dear?" enquired Mrs. Thompson with apparent affection. Mr. Thompson made no reply, when she became alarmed, and instantly sent for the Doctor, for the death-rattle was already in his throat. In her absence he had experienced a decided change, as death was now upon him. She called the children to his bedside, but he was unconscious of their presence, and in a few moments he ceased to breathe. A stranger in a strange land, he died. On the Doctor's arrival he was not surprised to find him dead.

We will pass over the funeral ceremonies. Mrs. Thompson was indeed rejoiced that she could act freely, having no one to consider or think about the now all-absorbing scheme of obtaining Ella's fortune. Without further hesitancy she sent for Dr. Velette, to make further advancements for the consummation of their plot. The Doctor soon left for Madrid; while Mrs. Thompson waited in Italy to hear from him; as it might be necessary for them to get rid of Ella, and as it would be easier to make away with her in a strange land than at home. She waited patiently for a communication from the Doctor; often looking at Ella with feelings of strange misgivings. Between hope and fear, a strange nervousness caused her to shrink unaccountably from any intercourse with her. The thought that, perhaps, she would have to take her life, haunted her imagination. She would often say to herself,

"if the Countess is dead, Ella must die ; yes, she must be sacrificed, or my son will never be a Count. It is worth a sacrifice to establish my son a member of the nobility ; and my dear Laurance can then have the Thompson estate entirely for his support. I hope the Doctor will succeed ; when I know exactly how matters stand I shall feel differently ; my nerves will become more calm. Uncertainty is the most perplexing of all feelings imaginable."

With her mind so fully occupied, she could scarcely endure the presence of her children. They were left entirely to poor Ella, who attributed Mrs. Thompson's strange conduct to grief for the loss of her husband.

"How long are we going to stay here, mother?" inquired young Master Frank, "we are all getting tired of this place, for Ella is crying about half the time."

"Well, what is she crying about," said his Mother, evasively.

"I can't bear to ask her," Frank replied, "but somehow it makes me feel lonesome, I don't like this place."

"You are a simpleton, Frank ; the tears of a servant ought not to influence an English gentleman ; be more of a man, I am ashamed of you ; let me hear no more of this ; I will return to England when I think proper, and not before ; so ask me no more questions." Frank retired from his angry Mother, in tears ; while Ella tried to soothe him with the tenderness of a sister.

Time passed on, and Mrs. Thompson was anxiously expecting a letter from Dr. Veleete. The long-looked-for epistle at last arrived that was to determine her course of conduct. Pale with excitement, she snatched the coveted letter, retired to her room, and locked the door ; and throwing herself on the sofa, she broke the seal and read the following lines :—

DEAR MADAM,—Undoubtedly before this, you will be very anxious to hear from me ; permit me to tell you, all is as

we wish. On my arrival, I immediately made enquiry, and found that the Countess had been dead more than a year, and left her vast fortune to Mrs. Adair. There are many enquiries made too, for Mrs. Adair's whereabouts ; also, for the will you have in your possession, which, with the letters and pictures, cannot fail to establish your right to the estate, as Mrs. Adair ; and I will personify Mr. Adair. Our arrangements cannot be detected ; I see nothing in the way, but Ella. We must get rid of her—dead girls, as well as men, tell no tales—you understand me ? When she is out of the way, there is no one to contest our right. Our highest wishes can then be realized ; and although she is ignorant of her legitimacy, still there is no safety, only in her death. Do not shudder at these words, I will arrange this, if you will follow my advice ; enclosed in your letter there is a few lines to my servant man, Tom Alavon ; call at number 85 St. Mary's Street, and there you will find him ; and he can do deeds of the darkest dye ; and will readily devise means to rid us of Ella. There is also enclosed, a draft on my banker ; draw the money, and pay Tom liberally, and the deed will be done. Your own good sense will assist you in devising a plan that will attract no suspicion. I leave all to you. Write as soon as you receive this, and come to Madrid as soon as possible. Ever Yours,

VELETTE.

After reading the letter, Mrs. Thompson was not long in determining what course to pursue. Dressing in disguise, she immediately set out for No. 85, delivered the letter in person, and waited the answer. She was not long detained, as Tom again made his appearance, and requested her to alight and take a seat in his room. Mrs. Thompson shuddered as she surveyed the uncomely apartment ; a dark, dirty room, with one small dusty window ; dirty, bare floor, rubbish scattered over its surface, two or three broken chairs, a table with empty bottles, and a dirty looking bed ; this was the room, and there the contents. Shoving back the bottles, Tom seated himself by the table ; and, brushing back his red hair, he gave Mrs. Thompson a look of readiness for business.

"The Doctor's letter, sir, I suppose, explains my business."

"Yes, madam: Is the lady in your house?"

"She is."

"How soon do you wish the deed done?"

"Immediately, sir. What are your terms?"

"Well, madam, a thousand in advance is not too much for such a deed; for you see I may be accidentally discovered; and then there will be no time for collecting money."

"You shall have it, sir: call on me in a few hours; I will make all the necessary arrangements; here is my address."

"All right, madam."

Mrs. Thompson soon withdrew, glad once more to be in the open air. Jumping into her carriage, scarcely knowing what she did, she was not aware of the rapid drive until it stopped before her own door. Again in her own room, faint and weary, she threw herself on the sofa, to collect her scattered thoughts. In this situation she was aroused by Ella's soft voice asking her if she should not bring her a cup of tea. She turned her head; there stood the intended victim in her youthful loveliness; and her conscience smote her: the feeling was almost insupportable; recovering herself, however, she cast an angry glance at the innocent girl. Again Ella's soft voice greeted her ear with the gentle enquiry, "you are fatigued, will you not have a nice cup of tea." Mrs. Thompson had no appetite, and dismissed her without giving her a second look. Ella retired, wondering at her mistress' strange conduct.

Mrs. Thompson waited with nervous impatience for the arrival of Tom. Late in the afternoon he drove up to the door in a covered carriage: Mrs. Thompson waited upon him; and showing the way to a conference room, pointed to a chair.

"Have you the money ready?" enquired Tom.

"Yes, and I have been waiting some

time." Opening a drawer, she counted him the money. Tom pocketed it with an eagerness that made Mrs Thompson tremble for her safety.

"I am ready to dispatch this lady, how can I get her in my possession?"

"Go, wait at the door, sir, and I will tell her that there is a lady who requests her to stay with her for a few days, and that I have granted her request; then, take her where you like, but on no account spare her life."

"I promise!" and he made his way to the door, while Mrs. Thompson in search of Ella went immediately to the nursery, and there found Ella with a group of young Thompson's around her; an unusual brightness gleaming from her countenance. She was relating to the children something that afforded them particular pleasure. They arose at their mothers unexpected entrance, so unusual, wondering at the incident; they were not long left in suspense, as she commanded Ella to get ready to visit a lady that she said had sent for her to stay for a few days. Ella was struck with surprise as she made the gentle enquiry "wants *me*, madam?"

"Yes, you! a friend of mine wishes you for company during the absence of her husband. So, ask no more questions, but go and get ready." For once, Ella obeyed reluctantly; however, she soon made her appearance at the door ready for the ride. Tom threw open the carriage door and held out his hand to assist her in getting in, when she unconsciously drew back with a shudder.

"Get in, Miss," insisted Tom, somewhat impatiently, "for I am somewhat in a hurry." Ella turned her head to look at Mrs. Thompson, who stood in the hall door: she was as pale as a ghost. Ella never saw her look so before. She felt that something was wrong. Again she turned her eyes in search of the children, and those familiar faces could not be seen. Again her eye sought Mrs. Thompson;

she had also gone. One nervous step, and the carriage door had closed on her. The rapid rattle of the wheels were the only sound she now heard; convinced from their motion that they were driving at a furious rate. One silent companion sat opposite her; a rough, surly looking fellow, with bloated face, and red eyes, who kept watching her with staring impudence. Ella caught his eye; it filled her with terror; her heart beat violently at every movement. They must have made many miles, as it was now midnight.

Suddenly the carriage stopped, a loud whistle was given, and soon an answer was heard. The door was opened, when Ella's silent companion jumped out, and closed the door after him. Ella soon recognized other voices, speaking in Italian. She understood enough to ascertain the substance of what they said.

"What have you got here?" said one of the ruffians.

"Some of the usual work to do," was their answer; and, approaching the carriage door, he commanded Ella to get out. She was frightened to such a degree, that she was unable to comply; when, he rudely dragged her out. The moon shone brightly, and Ella discovered a large body of water before her. Tom still held her, while several of his companions stood in a group, at some distance, consulting in coarse voices, the best manner of dispatching their victim.

"What the d—l are you standing there, parleying about," cried Tom, with impatience, "come: let us conclude this affair at once."

"Are you going to drown her, or cut her throat?" asked her silent travelling companion. As Ella heard this, one loud scream escaped from her lips, and she sunk in a state of insensibility.

"We'll drown her," said Tom, "get that sack from her carriage, and we'll put her in it, and then tie a few rocks to it. Then, let us take her in the little

boat, and row her out a-ways, and sink her. Come, let's be about it, or we'll be caught yet." Soon they drew the sack over her, and Tom thrust her hands down.

"You fool, let her be, she will drown easier, with her hands out."

"Shut your mouth; I will do with her as I please." Here, a little scuffle ensued, and some time was taken up, before matters could be righted again. "Come, let us divide the money, first, and we will soon settle with her."

"Hark! I thought I heard voices."

"Your cowardly ears always hear voices, when there is money to be divided. Come, pony up at once."

"I tell you, that I was not mistaken; I heard voices, and there is not a moment to be lost—to the water with her."

"But, before they had time to execute their design, a number of sailors were close upon them. "Hallo! there, you d—ls, what are you about?" Now, Tom and his gang made a quick retreat to the carriage, leaving their victim in the sack, on the sand. The intricacies of the road soon obscured the rascals from the view of the English tars.

"What do you suppose those fellows were doing?" said a jolly giant-built fellow, they called, Ben.

"Nothing good, you may depend, at this time o' night."

"I am sure that I heard a scream," said one. "Yes, we did, that is certain," cried another.

By the light of the moon, they soon discovered something lying on the sand.

"What is that?" said Jack.

"Some person in a sack," answered Ben, approaching it.

"Yis, by the powers," said Pat, "it's a woman, too. They've been after killin' the poor thing. Let's take her out, and see if she is dead. She is quite suffocated, she is, and it was that same, and no mistake, that we heard scrame; and, by the sowl of St. Patrick, she is beautiful too."

"Take care," said Ben, pushing Pat aside; and raising Ella's insensible body from the ground. "Pull this sack, Jack, rub her hands and feet, for she is not dead, as she breathes a little." The noble tars did all in their power to bring her to life. Soon, she breathed freely, but was still insensible.

The sailors belonged to an English ship-of-war, the "Queen Ann" of His Majesty's service, under the command of Admiral Lambert. They were taking in a new supply of water, of which they had fallen short. It was thus they were employed when they heard the cry of distress that attracted them to the place where Ella lay, ready to be drowned.

"Come, boys," said Ben, "let's take her on board the Queen Ann; it is the only thing we can do for her." They immediately carried her to the little boat loaded with filled water casks. Plying their oars they soon brought her along side of their vessel, where the sailors on board hailed them with a hearty welcome.

The sun was just rising in the east as Ben lifted his precious burden from the boat, asking for assistance to help him bear her on board. The request was soon granted. All were astonished at Ben's singular burden.

"What have you there, Ben?" inquired the Admiral.

"A young lady, my lord; we were in luck to-night. We found some rascals in the act of murdering her."

"Call the surgeon," shouted the Admiral, "and take her to the cabin, Ben. Stand back, men; give place, the lady is in danger of dying for want of air, and care and medicine." The crowd at length dispersed; and Ben, with the aid of the Admiral, conveyed her to the cabin. The surgeon soon examined her, and, fortunately, found her in no way injured. After the doctor had administered a cordial they seated themselves by her side, when Ben gave them the history of all

he knew of the young lady. "Something very strange," spoke the Admiral.

"When she revives we will find out more about her," said the surgeon.

Several days elapsed before Ella was sufficiently recovered to be able to give an account of herself. They were surprised to hear her speak English. Poor girl, she could not realize where she was. Calling her distracted thoughts together, the last she remembered was the ruffians debating about killing her. She gave the surgeon and Admiral a brief history of all she knew of the peculiar circumstance in which they found her.

"I see no cause that could instigate the wretches to murder you."

"I can give you no reason myself," said Ella.

"I am satisfied of the fact, my dear young lady, that there was a reason you are ignorant of. You shall remain with me, and, as soon as possible, I will have the case investigated. I can find out Mrs. Thompson, if she is in England. Perhaps she can solve this problem."

With this conclusion the Admiral made all the necessary arrangements, and set sail for the purpose of intercepting the French vessels that might be sent to aid the Americans.

After a cruise of nearly a year the Admiral, with his spoils, landed the noble ship Queen Ann at the London dock. Ella had become quite a favorite with the crew, as well as with the soldiers, and her peculiar misfortunes enlisted the sympathy of all.

(Continued.)

WORK.—Earn your own bread, and see how sweet it will be! Work, and see how well you will be! Work, and see how cheerful you will be! Work, and see how independent you will be! Work, and see how happy you will be! Work, and see how religious you will be! for, before you know where you are, instead of re-pining at Providence, you will find yourself offering up thanks for all the numerous blessings you enjoy.

FASHIONABLE FALSEHOOD.

BY MARY MORRIS KIRKE.

"A coquette" are you my dear young lady? and you seem not only willing, but *proud* to bear the name! "A beautiful, accomplished young lady, but *such* a coquette," is as high a compliment as you care to receive. It tells the world of your power over the sex called "stern;" of your superior attractions which men, poor souls, cannot resist, so in hopeless misery they are sighing at your feet, ready to die for one smile from your proud lips! Oh! it must be such a fine thing to know one's self so perfectly irresistible! so delightful to be so far above mere every-day woman-kind!

"A coquette!" Let us see what qualities are requisite to become that enviable creature.

First in importance, is a pretty face, then a total disregard for truth and sincerity, a throwing aside of real womanly delicacy of feeling, a few showy accomplishments, an unbounded selfishness and vanity, and we have the model coquette ready to start out on her *noble* mission of heart breaking.

Ah! you shrink from the picture! *You*, devoid of truth, honor, or womanly delicacy? *you*, vain, selfish and deceitful?

Yes, my dear young lady, even so! The picture, it is true is not very flattering, but such it is when divested of its varnish and gilding. If God has given you the rich gift of beauty, you should cherish it thankfully, prizing it as one of his choicest blessings, which it certainly is, but always remembering that no merit of your own procured that beauty: but do you receive it thus? Do you not, in acts at least, boast of your beauty, and challenge the admiration of the world? Can you profess to love truth, when every smile is studied, every word and movement the result of art, that you may captivate and then cast coldly aside the victim of your wiles? Can sincerity dwell

within the heart, when the lips speak falsely? Can all the pretty deceits you practice to gain the admiration of men, be the fruit of true, womanly modesty? Never! never! though you may blush, in seeming timidity; your voice be gentle, soft and low, and your eyes wear an expression of retiring modesty, yet the heart beneath is cunning, bold, and unwomanly! and you cannot retain your self-respect while daily living and acting a lie.

"A manly flirt!" If there is anything contemptible upon the earth, it is the man who bears this character. A *noble* soul truly must he possess, who will trifle with the purest, holiest affections God has given to mortal!

Take the man, who in all his business relations is the "very soul of honor," who would feel it the greatest possible insult should his word be doubted in the least particular, who would be ready to defend his honor with his life, and see him whispering false, lying words of love to that confiding, loving girl at his side, and tell me if you *dare*, that man has a noble soul! Tell me not of a man's honor when he can trifle with the holiest affections of a woman's heart!

"Only a little flirtation" says the man, and so the world receives it. Go look into the heart of that trusting girl and see what a little innocent flirtation has done! Go see the sweetness of a first pure love turned into bitterness and despair! Go see the bright morning of life suddenly changed to the blackness of midnight; distrust taking the place of confidence, despair or cold indifference, where once was hope, and joy; and tell me if you *dare* that the deceiver who wrought the change is an honorable man!—bah! a slander upon the name of honor. Yet society cherishes such men, applauds their integrity, and firm principles, while they go on blighting many a trusting heart, all under the attractive name of "a little flirtation!" After the season of flirtation is over, the man of course looks about him

for a wife, to bestow upon her what little of truth or love remains in his nature. Love! the *love* of such a man is not worth having! and all the heart a coquette has to bestow is too worthless to accept.

Yet when a man marries one of these envied creatures, his friends exclaim "lucky dog! he has carried off the prize!" when in reality he is the most *unlucky* of all who worshipped at the gilded shrine; and a woman who succeeds in getting a male flirt for a husband, the most *unfortunate* of her sex.

Nothing can more effectually destroy all capacity for a true, lasting love, than this fashionable lying, called flirtation; yet it seems to be the grand object in society, and to it may be traced many of the unhappy marriages of the present day, and many of the divorces which so disgrace our fair State are but the result of this passion for "a little flirtation."

When will men and women in society, learn to look upon falsehood *as* falsehood, whether in a business arrangement, or in affairs of the heart?

When will a strict sense of justice and truth, in love making, take the place of a mean vanity, and lying tongue?

THE MOTHER'S REQUEST.

Remember me when I am old!

When round thy childhood's home

The gathering clouds are closing fast,

And night, with storms, shall come.

When round the desolate hearth no more,

Thy loved ones meet again;

When all is lonely there—my son,

Think of thy mother then.

Remember me when I am gone!

When o'er my place of rest

The holy stars look gently down,

In quiet on my breast.

When she who loved thee more than all,

Shall ne'er return again;

Remember then her love—my son,

Think of thy mother then!

G. T. S.

AN ADVENTURE IN PITT RIVER VALLEY, IN 1849.

BY J. S. H.

I crossed the plains in 1849, and entered California by Lassen's "cut-off"—which had this peculiarity for a "cut-off," that it was about five hundred miles larger than any other road. During the latter part of my journey I had a poney to ride—a poney of Indian stock, and one of the hardest in the mouth, the toughest in the hide, and the slowest in gait of all hard-mouthed, tough-hided, and slow-gaited Indian ponies. He was a dark iron gray, in color, with a white star in his forehead, and horizontal black stripes down his thighs, from brands put on by his Indian owners. These black stripes gave him a tigerish look, and attracted attention, so that the man who had once seen him could not forget him. I usually had a large pair of bright scarlet blankets fastened upon the saddle, to serve me as a couch whenever I might wish to stop; and these served to distinguish the animal still more.

In following down Pitt river we came about the first of September to a wide and bare plain. The day was a pretty warm one, and I determined to try whether I could not force my poney to go across the hot expanse at a gait a little faster than a walk. I borrowed a spur before leaving camp, and when I got upon the plain began to use it vigorously. But all my spurring did not help the pony along at all; on the contrary, he would turn 'round to bite at the place, as though a fly was pricking him; though at the very time the spur was covered with blood, so furiously had I used it. Finally I broke the spur, or bent it, so that I could no longer strike with the edge of the rowel out, only with the side. Unable to use the spur with any effect, I took it off and fastened it on the pommel of my saddle.

I was just then at the point where the road was about to leave the river, and

along the waters edge were a number of bushes. I got down and cut four or five long switches of a tough bush, and mounded again. I could over-look nearly the whole plain, and there was no person or living thing in sight before me, and there was no object to break the monotony of the plain, save here or there little clumps of willows, far in the distance.

After making a guess at the distance to be travelled over, and the time to be occupied in it, I drew from its fastenings one of my best switches, and began to use it most industriously, applying it to the tenderest part of the flank. At the first touch he started into a lively trot, but soon slackened off into a slow trot, and all the force and rapidity which I could give to my blows would not induce him to go any faster. Before long my switch was used up, and I was so tired that I had to rest; and pony at once put himself upon a slow walk. The same process was repeated with every switch, the last one being worn out in less than half an hour from the time of starting.

Now, it happened that I habitually carried a butcher-knife that *was* a butcher-knife—a long, heavy and bright weapon that boded no good to the animal it was to be used upon. After my arm had got rested, I drew my knife and commenced to punch pony with its sharp point. The blood flowed freely, but he took no other notice of it than to look round as if to ask: "What the d—l are you doing there?" I couldn't stand that, and drawing back, gave him a long and deep cut with the blade across the buttock. The blood spirted from the gash and pony gave a jump, and then went on as before. I became desperate, and began to utter emphatic expletives, which recognized an infinite existence as of great aid in the expression of discontent. I could not afford to inflict any more cuts on pony, so I gave up the attempt to get him into a trot as a bad job, and wiping my knife on his hide, I was about to re-

turn it to its sheath when I noticed the motion of the bones at the hip-joint, and I gave the tip end of the thigh-bone a hearty whack with the back of the knife. I had found the tender spot; pony jumped so quick as nearly to throw me off, and at once started off on a quick gallop. I was wonderfully pleased, and gave an Indian yell of delight. This was a kind of music to which he had been familiar in colthood, and it seemed to help him along. So I continued to yell and whoop in the most approved style, meanwhile brandishing my knife and bringing its back down frequently on the blessed hip-joint. I went on thus for some time at first-rate speed, wonderfully tickled at my discovery of the tender spot, and at the sound of my voice. While racing along, yelling, brandishing my knife, raising a great dust in the road, and with my red blankets flying, I saw four or five men—from their dress evidently emigrants like myself—run out from a little clump of willows about a hundred yards in front of me, and level their rifles at me. I reined up at once; pony stopped with wonderful suddenness, and I stared at the fellows, wondering what their conduct meant. As soon as I stopped they dropped their guns, and said: "Why, it's himself," and burst into a hearty laugh. I recognized them as a party of Kentuckians, whom I had met frequently on the road, and knew to be first-rate fellows. When they laughed I started pony again, and I was soon among them. Of course I asked what they meant by aiming at me as they had done, and they replied that they recognized my pony and my blankets, but could not see me on account of my holding my head down, and they supposed, from the yell and knife-brandishing, *that an Indian had killed me and was running off with the pony!* We had a hearty laugh over the mistake, and another one over my discovery of the best way to make an Indian pony trot.

WINES—THEIR VARIETY.

It is a great mistake on the part of those who use wines to suppose that they are drinking the best and purest articles. Of every hundred casks of wine sold in this country, it may be safely affirmed that ninety-nine barrels are spurious, vile decoctions, made up to "sell," and filled with active poisons. A writer in Hunt's Merchants' Magazine gives some facts on the different varieties of wines which, we think, may prove interesting to our readers:—

"Rhenish wine comes from a small district in Germany, on the Rhine. Johannesburg is deemed the best of them. Hock is so called from the little town of Hockheim, situated on the river Mayne. The name, however, applies to several varieties of the same kind of wine in neighboring places, and is sometimes made to include Moselle. Hock exceeds all others in improving by age. It contains but little alcohol, and is less heating than most other wines. Yet when old it is very exhilarating and deceptive. The best of German wines are fermented in casks and afterwards racked off into others, by means of which the aroma is better preserved. The racking casks or *tuns* are always kept full. Whenever any is drawn out, more is put in from the fermenting casks, and in this wise it is kept for centuries. Some of these tuns are of enormous dimensions—one in Heidleburg holds *six hundred hogsheads*, and, though several centuries old, it has always been kept full. The purest wines, however, are kept in smaller tuns. It used to be the custom in Germany to bury an earthen vessel filled with wine, not to be taken up till marriage. Hungary produces the most celebrated wine of modern times, Tokay, from a town of that name situated among the Carpathian Hills. The grapes from which it is produced are permitted to remain on the vine till they are partially dried and as

sweet as sugar, when they are picked one by one and put into oaken casks, the bottoms of which are perforated. The juice which first escapes without pressure, is called Tokay essence. It is of very syrupy consistence, and is highly prized. After this, the grapes are put into a vat and trampled with bare feet, this being the only pressure to which they are submitted. The juice thus procured has added to it an equal quantity of good wine, after which, it is permitted to stand twenty-four hours to ferment, when it is strained. This is the far-famed Tokay, which sells in Vienna at sixty dollars per dozen. Sicily island produces excellent common wines, similar to those of Hungary, but there are none exported.

"Sherry wine takes its name from the little town of Xeres, not far from Gibraltar. The Sherry district is about six square leagues. The whole amount of Sherry exported is usually 17,000 pipes annually. Sherry is made of white grapes which are permitted to hang on the vines until perfectly ripe and slightly shrivelled. They are then picked and spread out, and have quicklime sprinkled over them. They are thus exposed to the sun forty-eight hours, with the view of neutralizing the acid and softening the skin, so that the juice can be expressed with a greater facility. They are then put into the press and have brandy added to them. The juice is expressed, and to this brandy is added again, when it is permitted to go through a regular fermentation. Sherry when new is harsh and fiery. It requires age to give the alcohol the semblance of combination which it never has in reality. The different varieties of Sherry, pale, brown, &c., are all from the same grape, but the color is due to the addition of burnt peach kernels, or other worse substances. The whole country in the vicinity of Malaga abounds in vineyards, and during vintage not less than ten thousand persons are constantly employed. Wines are made in almost inconceiv-

able variety. The sweet wines are from grapes fully ripe; the strong and acid from those less mature.

France is the greatest wine country in the world. Champagne wines are from the district of Champagne, but the different qualities are almost as numerous as the vineyards producing them. The briskness and long effervescence of Champagne is no evidence of its excellence. The best judges prefer that which possesses these qualities in a more moderate degree only, as such as is found to possess and retain a more delicate aroma, and more luscious flavor. Burgundy wines are esteemed the richest in the world. They are both red and white, but the former are more esteemed.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

What sweet poetry is contained in those three little words. Is there a sentence to be found in any language that is more replete with sentiment, beauty, grace, or finish? A mother's love! How noble! How self-sacrificing! How unceasing are her efforts in guiding aright the footsteps of her children! What privations will she not endure; what perils will she not encounter for the sake of her "loved ones!" From our earliest infancy 'tis our mother who watches over us with untiring devotion; who notes every change in our looks, both in sickness and in health. How our hearts bound beneath her loveful glances of her soul-lit eyes, as she bends them upon us beaming with a light so pure and holy! With what delight does she listen to our childish prattle, and observe each winning grace! How fondly she gazes upon us, and what a glorious future she paints for us! Then, as thought comes, that as we advance in years, she may be taken from us, and we be left to the cold charities of this world, her heartfelt prayer ascends to the Throne of Grace, beseeching Him to guide and direct our steps, so that we may be prepared to meet her in a brighter and bet-

ter world. Sorrows may come upon us, friends may forsake us, and the world present not one cheering ray, yet will our mother cling to us with a love so abiding that her cheering tones and loving words make us forget the world's rude and bitter jests. Never, on the earth, can we find a friend so steadfast, and one in whom we can repose such perfect confidence as our mother. How holy is a mother's love.

YOUNG A——was blessed in early life with a good old pious aunt, who though on the wrong side of forty, was still "an unplucked rose upon the ancestral tree."

She was in the habit of retiring with her little nephew into a grove near the house, to pray for him; but it would seem that other subjects sometimes occupied her mind at those times, if we are to believe a story A—— was fond of telling years afterward.

He said one evening, just after dusk, they were kneeling at the foot of a large tree, when gradually the pious maiden forgot the principal object of her prayer, and began to pray for a husband for herself. Just as she had made her request known, an owl from the top of the tree gave utterance to a solemn "too hoo," which the praying maiden supposed to be the voice of the Lord, asking who he should send in answer to her petition, to which she immediately replied "*anybody Lord! Thou knowest I am not particular.*"

THE man who got off the following is no fool. He might have expressed himself in little sweeter notes, but—never mind *that*. All that he says is true:

Better go without
 Hat, or coat or breeches,
 Than be pulled about
 By creditors—the leeches!
 How distressed you feel,
 (Help it no one can,)
 Like a half-dead eel
 In a frying-pan!

THE OBJECT AND AIM OF LIFE.

BY L* * *

The names that shine brightest in the pages of history, are those of men who have devoted their high energies to the great cause of humanity—to the overthrow of tyranny, and the uplifting of the human race. The noble-hearted shoemaker, John Pounds, the founder of Ragged Schools in England, who toiled and taught daily in his shop, received the hero's reward; for when at last his pupils were told of his death, some fainted, while others wept—such was their love for him. Diogenes, the philosopher of instinct, who lived the life of a mere fault-finder, was not half so wise, or great, or good, as John Pounds. 'Tis not enough that men are able to pull down; they must likewise be able to build and to plant. T. S. Arthur, whose life is so gentle, so sweet, so unobtrusive, is generally known only as a clever story-writer; yet he is one of the greatest reformers of the age, for the golden threads of Christian truth run through all his writings, and his lessons are most useful. Bonaparte cut a road across the snowy Alps, and Cæsar passed Rubicon; but humanity shudders at the devastation wrought by these great commanders. They planted their heels on the necks of the people, while thoughts of self-aggrandizement bade them

"Wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind."

History shows us plainly that whenever self-love was permitted to take complete possession of the soul of man all goodness was expelled, no human love was left. The art of popularity is a dangerous thing in the hands of an ambitious aspirant, but a thorough knowledge of mankind will enable the masses to detect the deceiver. It is by looking back with impartial eyes upon the poet, as the historian unfolds to our gaze the names and deeds of our great men, that we are ena-

bled to bestow our plaudits upon those who really deserve them. Actions are what we look for, and we intuitively ask, what have these men done? One has invented the steam-engine, another the electro-magnetic telegraph; one has constructed a railway, another has built a cathedral; Michael Angelo has planned St. Peter's, and Shakspeare has written poetry immortal. Are we satisfied? No; we long for the unwritten history of the past; we would explore the depths of that river in which the treasures of humanity are lost—the stream that laves the legendary shore. We would fain sit down in the habitation of the poor, in the peasant's hut, and while the hare hirples on the hearth, listen to the stories which the widows and fatherless may tell. Oh! it is the home of poverty, where the pale child sings in plaintive tones:

"Give me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn."

Emmet was not so eloquent as thou! thou wan child of suffering and want. But thy story was told long ago; hast thou yet no other to tell? No; the world hews out empires, builds pyramids, and monuments of glory; but we are the same—"the poor ye have with you always!" Brutus and Cicero spoke in our behalf; But Rome has no orators now. The reformer of Eisleben was our friend; but Saxony will know him no more forever. The great theologian of Sweden has jeweled his volumes with charity and love; but our Senators have no time to learn the lessons therein taught. There is plenty of corn and wine in the land, but they must be bartered for munitions of war; the poor can do without. Oh, home! oh, poverty! ye are linked irrevocable together. Go forth, ye apostles of truth and mercy! ye are this day set over the nations, to proclaim the gospel of blessedness to all mankind; ye are commissioned to "root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, to build, and to plant." Go forth, like

Columbus, in search of a new world, a home for the oppressed. Go forth, and teach the poor and needy the great lesson of life. Teach them not the spurious wisdom of Latin and Greek lore, but that true wisdom which sheds its heavenly sunlight around a life well spent. Teach them that virtue should go hand in hand with religion; instil into their hearts an abhorrence of vice, and a love for the pure and beautiful; and, above all, teach them practical lessons of charity. Without practice, preaching is of no avail. Think you, if John Gough were still a drunkard, his lectures on temperance would be listened to? Nay; the men who give form and pressure to the age in which they live, must bear untarnished names; they themselves must be virtuous, if they would have their fellow-men to be so. In the work of self-denial, and in the strife to overcome the world, we are like men digging a wall: we dig down into our hearts, not that evil may flow in, but that good may flow out, and purify our whole being. This, then, is the object and aim of our present life, to prepare for another life, ever-during, eternal. All our dear hopes, our starry dreams, our high imaginings, are prescient of the realities that await us hereafter.

STOP NOW!—Young man, if you are just commencing or practicing any vice or bad habit, the time to stop is now. You have arrived at the stopping place, and you may stop now if you please; but if you suffer yourself to be whirled on by appetites and passions, you may go so far that when you desire to stop it may be out of your power to do so. If you swear, or drink, or break the Sabbath, stop now. If you think evil thoughts or tell things not quite true, or sometimes tell a little more than the truth, stop now. If you are going to any place where you meet bad company, stop now. In all cases stop before it is too late.

THE SPECTRE.

Somebody has told a thrilling story about a German hypochondriac, who fell a victim to the most terrible species of mental aberration which, perhaps, ever afflicted mortal man. The poor fellow, although perfectly rational upon every other subject, imagined that, day or night, at home or abroad, wherever he went a hideous skeleton was for ever immediately before him! For years he remained almost alone and persistently refused to divulge, even to his most intimate friends, the secret misery which was evidently dragging him down to his grave. At last, however, upon his death-bed, the wretched man entrusted the mystery to his physician, but it was then too late, and death shortly ended his horrible dream:

Men marvel oft at my moody mien—
And some imagine me mad, I ween!
But little they know the secret spell
Which goads me on through a living hell!
Little they know that the lips may shrill,
And the heart be naught but a funeral pile!
With chattering jaws and fleshless hands,
A skeleton ever before me stands:
Coffinless, shroudless, gaunt and grim—
Clattering ever each loathsome limb;
With ghastly scowl, like a hungry ghoul,
For ever haunting my troubled soul!

No matter—no matter where I roam,
Still glides before me this ghastly gnome:
Whether on land, or upon the deep—
In wakeful misery, or troubled sleep;
In halls of pleasure, or dens of woe,
It haunts me ever, where'er I go.

But, O! the clank of its shroudless bones
Is drowned in its dread, unearthly groans!
It shrieks anon through the haunted air,
Goading my soul into mad despair!
Its dreadful voice in sepulchral tone,
Mutters forever—"ALONE—ALONE!"

PRAWETS.

It is said that when a Russian husband neglects to beat his wife for a month or two she begins to be alarmed at his indifference.

OUR SOCIAL CHAIR.

AN esteemed correspondent at Sacramento, whose heart is always in the right place, describes an affecting scene which he witnessed a few months since. How bitter were the words: "*He died and they threw him in the sea!*"

FRIEND HUTCHINGS,—An old mining companion, whom I have long looked upon as a brother, scraped together his little earnings and enclosed them to his wife at New Orleans, with the request that she take the first steamer and join him here. Besides a young wife, my friend had left behind him in the Atlantic States a little boy—the first born—whom, it is hardly necessary to say, he loved most dearly. According to direction the wife at once cheerfully prepared to join her husband, and soon she and "Tommy" were on the ocean. But a cloud soon began to settle over the hitherto bright prospect. On the Isthmus the child was taken down sick with fever. The tender flower continued to fade rapidly, and in less than two days after they left Panama, the remains of "Tommy" were lowered into a watery grave. The mother's agony can better be imagined than described. From the moment that the body of her boy disappeared in the fathomless deep, she was another being. She became almost frantic with grief. So heavily, indeed, did the event bear upon her, that it required the most unrelenting care and attention to keep her from sinking. At length, borne down with grief and well nigh worn out with the fatigues of the journey, (for she was of delicate frame,) she reached our shores. The scene, Mr. Editor, which transpired in this city (Sacramento,) at the meeting of husband and wife, ends this brief, but to me painful story. I was present, and God grant it may never again be my lot to look upon the like again. Upon beholding the familiar face of his wife, my friend rushed to clasp her in his arms. She screamed with joy at his approach, but he soon discovered that all was not right. He looked wildly about him for his boy, while she hung her head in silence. Her heart was too full for utterance. He broke the silence.

"Come, Maggy," said he, looking anxiously about the room, "where's my pet? What keeps him?"

The poor wife attempted to speak, but failed for want of strength. She wept bitterly.

"No more of this," resumed the husband. "If the boy is sick, and you did not deem

it prudent to bring him with you from the Bay, why, out with it. Let me know it, and we will go for him." Then, taking his wife closer in his arms, he added: "There, now, cheer up, my dear, and tell me all."

By this time the wife had rallied, and was prepared to state the worst. She told how sprightly little Tommy was when he left New Orleans—how suddenly he was taken sick on the Isthmus—how, in spite of all attention, he sank into the arms of death, and how she was induced to permit his remains to be cast into the sea. Never can I forget her closing words:

"Harry, I knew how you loved him, and how glad you would be to see him. I did all I could to save him, *but he died, and they threw him in the sea!*" saying which, Maggy burst into a flood of tears.

I have nothing more to relate. You can well imagine the rest. Let me, however, say, in conclusion, that my friend is not, nor perhaps never will be, the man he was.

THE editor of the *Pacific Methodist*, Brother FITZGERALD, who, by the way, has already taken a prominent place among the newspaper writers of this State—(we have never had the pleasure of hearing him preach)—has been "among the sick" of this city. He has just returned from a visit to one of our Hospitals, and it is really touching to hear him tell about it:

The building stands upon a gentle eminence, overlooking the sea. The patients, as they lie on their beds, look out wistfully upon the blue waters, and the breezes that steal into the windows bring to them sweet remembrances of far-off homes they shall never see again. The visitor sees sad sights, and becomes acquainted with sad histories. Here are the degraded and miserable victims of vice, suffering more than death from physical pain, aggravated by the reflection that it is the result of their own misconduct. Here are young men stricken down in manhood's morning to rise no more. Here are consumptives, fading away from life, flattering themselves with delusive hopes, refusing to see the pale horse and its rider approaching. Here are old men who, after long struggles against adversity and disease, have yielded at last and come here and die. Here are delicate females, tenderly reared, who, homeless and friendless, are forced to receive public charity from strangers' hands. O! precious boon of health! Without thee,

life is indeed a world without a sun. Yet how slightly valued until lost! How recklessly thrown away! Will the reader take with us some walks among the sick?

* * * * *

That man in the corner of the room was once a leading merchant of this city. His hair is gray, but he does not appear to be beyond middle age. His history teaches a double lesson. When he came to California he *left his family in the States*. He prospered in business, and became rich. He did not go to his family, neither did he send for them. But, disregarding the claims of duty, honor and truth, he married a young woman in this city, and sought to banish from his mind all thought of his deserted wife and children by giving himself up to the enjoyment of his wealth with his young wife. A change took place in his fortunes. Disease took hold upon him. One side of his body was struck with paralysis. His business failed, his means became exhausted, his California wife deserted him, and he found his way to the hospital. His long-neglected and shamefully-treated wife knew all, and no one may know the depth of her wretchedness when she learned his guilt, and we may imagine her deep resentment of so great a wrong. There is no sin which a woman will not pardon in the man she loves so long as he remains true to *her*. But to be deserted for another, is the worst offense in the female vocabulary of crimes. But whatever the wife may have felt, her heart still retained its affection for the father of her children, and immediately started for California. She arrived safely, and sought her faithless husband. She visits him daily, nurses him tenderly—while he, conscience-stricken and smitten with a malady which is nigh unto death, has leisure to reflect upon his guilt, and opportunity to repent. There is nothing on earth so sacred as woman's love. He who trifles with it commits an awful crime. He who throws it away, parts with a treasure that worlds could not buy.

"We concur."

—

We fell in with the following, the other day, while the rain was "coming down" in the most disagreeable style. Who the author is, we may perhaps never discover, but that he is what a western man would call "a whole team, with a big dog under the wagon," will appear evident to all who read his soliloquy. We say nothing about his being tight—not a word:

"Singular a feller can't geout jist for a leetle recreation 'thought it must rain, jist

as if hadn't rained all the time sense New Yers day last August. It seems allers to rain hardest right on top of my hat tu. This ere hat must be a sort of—of—a con—con—densator—that's the word! Hurra—a! Well, let'er rain—I don't keer—I'm havin' a extra hollerday—I mean to hev a extra hollerday every day this year, 'cept Sundays—them days—them are meetin' days—I shan't keep—I'll get drunk all them days. Lem me see—I'll hev two hundred fourth uv July, and a hundred and forty New Yers, and 'bout two hundred and ten Christmasses—Thanksgivings—yes, I'll hev them twice a week all the time. Then there's the church hollerdays—I'll keep them separte—I wonder ef them's all the days uv a year? I haint got time to count jist now—I'll count some time when I aint so busy, and ef there's any days over, I'll hev some more thanksgivings. Singler I'm allers so dry when its rainin'—I'm dry now. Guess I'll take suthin, and then I'll—I'll—Hullo! what's that? Shutin' cannorns, eh!" Jake had heard the loud reports of some half dozen blasts over at the quarries. "Yis, sir! them's cannorns—shutin' for sum hollerday—thanksgivin', I 'spect—Hurra-a! I've got a cannorn here myself, and I'll jist load 'er and shute back a serloot. Hurra-a!" and Jake tried to load the forked end of the cart tongue with the jug, using his big foot as a rammer—jug smashed, and Jake desisted: "Hullo! Ball is busted, and powder's all wet—can't shute. Never mind, come up t'he bar and take a drink," and Jake walked up to the frame where customers hitch their horses, and ordered whisky. The last I saw of him, he was tugging at one of the pegs over which the bridles are secured, trying to pull the cork out.

—
WHILE we think of it, we will tell that story on our friend Phelps, the popular manager of the *Lyceum*. A young, handsome, "peert" looking woman, who has not been a great while from the plains, arrived in our city last week, in search of employment. Not finding a place as readily as she had anticipated, she became uneasy, and was on the eve of retracing her steps to the interior, when she happened, in the course of her applications, to fall in with Phelps. The enterprising manager, it is but proper to say, was considerably taken with the appearance of the girl, and thought he saw in her a "new card" for his young theatre.

"And you want a place?" he inquired, rubbing his hands energetically.

"Indeed I do, sir," responded the fair

"Maria," (for such was her name,) and bringing her clear, luscious black eyes to bear fully upon Phelps, she added, naively: "and the sooner I get into business, the better I will like it."

Phelps looked around to satisfy himself that what he saw was a reality. He proceeded:

"Pon my honor, miss, you're very pretty. I think you would make a *hit*."

Maria did not precisely understand the meaning of the last remark. She drew back in surprise. "Indeed, sir," said she, "I never hit anybody in my life." Then, casting a sly glance at the manager, she added, "and I know I would not *hit* you."

Phelps grew perceptibly weak in the joints, but the man who had so successfully represented one of the great McGregor family was not to be outdone by a young woman who had just come "the plains over." He therefore straightened himself up and looked brave.

"Your name is —"

"Maria, sir, if you please."

"Well, Miss Maria, *I'll engage you*." Here was an awful declaration to a girl, who had never heard a theatrical term in her life.

"You'll *what*!" said she.

"ENGAGE YOU," repeated Phelps.

Maria was not of the blushing sort of girls, yet she felt warm. Drawing her shawl closer about her shoulders, she replied:

"This is rather sudden, sir. I'll have to ask my mother."

Phelps saw the horrible mistake under which the fair Maria labored, and immediately set about to correct it. He went into a history of his business, and soon explained what he meant by *engaging* a young lady. Unfortunately for him, however, Maria was obstinate. She looked upon it as a direct "proposal," and at once had visions of heavy damages. She gave the unlucky manager to understand that she was not to be trifled with, and turned upon her heel, swearing vengeance.

"But, my dear Maria," stammered poor Phelps, "you must know that I already have a wife, *and can't engage any more*!"

Ere this speech was ended, the indignant girl had turned the corner of the street and disappeared.

What the upshot of the trouble will be, it is impossible for us to say. We venture no opinion. The last we saw of the unhappy manager of the Lyceum, he was walking arm and arm with the wag Dumphries, in the path which leads to Martin & Horton's.

Altogether, it was decidedly the most unfortunate engagement Phelps ever made.

A friend gives us the subjoined theatrical incident, the truth of which will not, we believe, be questioned. The story is well told, though we would have given the "latter end" of our existence to have seen the gentleman from Pike, when he exploded thus: "*I say, Bill, who's that krackter?*"

A REAL LIVE GHOST.

Everybody—that is, everybody away up in what our old friend General Allen has styled "the G-r-e-a-t North"—knows Col. Bob Taylor, the General's predecessor in the "editor's chair" of the *Herald*. Well "Col. Bobular" was a universal genius and universally popular; he has been successively a newspaper editor, an actor, a lawyer, and we are not certain but a Hard-shell Preacher—one of the kind that "played on a harp of a thousand strings."

After the Colonel retired from the editorship of the *Herald* he took to the stage, or rather mounted on the outside of that mountain clipper, a tall, long-eared, raw-boned animule, bearing "Major Jim Savage's mark—a sore back—for like the days

"When Roscius was an actor in Rome,
Then came each actor on his ass."

"Accoutred as he was," in company with a dramatic troupe, he started on a theatrical tour along the various "divides" of the Yubas and the meanderings thereof, and after wandering around giving the various towns and mining camps "a taste of their quality," they finally brought up in Downieville, where he played for an unprecedented number of nights, as the papers say, to crowded houses.

The play of Hamlet was put up—Waller playing the part of the Young Prince of Denmark—which was not on this occasion, at least, "omitted by particular desire"—the house was, as usual, crowded.

At length the Ghost appeared, when one of the audience recently from Pike or Posey, inquired of a companion, who was trying to spell out a written bill of the play: "I say, Bill, who's that krackter?"

"Why, that's the ghost!"

"Ghost h—ll—you kant stuff me that that's a sperrit; I seed that fellow down town in a saloon *playin' billiards and drinkin' bald-face about an hour ago*!"

Editor's Table.

"THE next number of our Magazine completes its second volume. Give us an opportunity to say a good word for a friend, and we can do so with our whole heart; but we abominate personal allusions when our ugly *self* happens to be the object in view. Nevertheless, there are seasons in the course of a man's life—perhaps it were better to say in the mysterious career of an Editor—when it is just as natural for him to "crow" as anything that carries a feather. The commencement of a new volume is an important event in an editor's existence. If he has anything to say, *then* is the time he is pretty apt to say it. Our own heart is light to-day. "Hutchings' Magazine is as familiar as a household word in California," and that's glory enough for us. The Magazine is no longer an experiment. It is a fixed fact. It is not too much to say that it is a prominent "institution" of the commonwealth. We have triumphed. We are content. We were told at the start that our enterprise was too expensive and could never be made to *pay*; that it would not be supported by the people of the State. We have found it otherwise. The ordeal we confess was severe, yet we have passed safely through it. The Magazine has succeeded beyond our expectations, and is to-day a piece of property which we value highly. It has succeeded, we verily believe, because it has been what it professed and aimed to be, namely, *a purely California work*, in matter, design and illustration. We have never had the insufferable vanity to presume, nor have we ever been so silly as to promise that we could "elevate" the literature of our State. California has a good enough literature of her own, which we admire the more on account of its peculiar features. While we, however, flatter ourselves that the quality of our matter has been good, we rejoice to know that our illustrations of California life, costume, mining operations, scenery, etc., have been properly appreciated in the right quarter. With the commencement of our third vol-

ume we shall, in return for the very flattering reception which we have met with at the hands of the public, introduce such improvements as may be suggested. One of our partners has already started on a sketching tour down the coast, and from his graphic pen and pencil we hope soon to be in receipt of something entirely new, entertaining and instructive. To the members of the press, as well as our numerous friends and correspondents who cheered us with kind words and gave us a helping hand in the darkest hours of our labor, we tender our sincere thanks. May we continue to enjoy the good opinion of the former, and the good contributions of the latter.

THE disposition on the part of certain ambitious writers to steal other people's brains, is so prevalent, now-a-days, that we cannot too closely scrutinize the effusions which appear in our public prints. We had hoped that no one desiring to shine in our Magazine would attempt to do so in stolen plumes, but a friend has satisfied us that the poem in our last number, entitled the "Indian Burial," and palmed off upon us as *original*, is a base plagiarism. The offender in this instance is, we believe, a lady, though nothing should shield her from the lashing which such conduct deserves. We confess the wholesale pilfering recently detected, and we rejoice to add, so boldly exposed in this community, is calculated to excite the closest attention in the matter of contributions. The old supposition that an Editor knows *everything* has long since fallen to the ground for want of support. True, he is "right smart," but we deny, most solemnly and emphatically, that he is a walking library or dictionary of poetical effusions. He is no such thing. And with all his scrutiny, attention and smartness, he is just as liable to be imposed upon occasionally by brazen-faced literary thieves, as many less favored individuals.

THE heartless, outrageous monopoly of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company affords a very fine mark for indignant Californians to *cuss at*. Scarcely a craft of this grinding combination leaves our wharves without exciting feelings of the hugest disgust; and indeed we have often been surprised at the harmless results which followed the tremendous bursts of indignation. A stranger would be led to infer from the violent opposition to "monopolies," so often manifested by the press and people of this State, that the purse-proud companies which have so long oppressed us and retarded our progress would be but short lived—that they would be crushed completely out of existence, and never more be permitted to gather even so much as a crumb from our table. We say a *stranger* would be apt to arrive at such a conclusion. Of course, those who know anything of the peculiar character of our people, think nothing of the sort. We Californians are a queer set of mortals, and in nothing are we more *original* than in our opposition to grasping monopolies. We all see, and feel, and admit—for years we have seen and felt, and admitted—that a selfish monopoly was sucking our very life-blood, checking immigration to our State, and continually cracking about our heads a lash such as none but slaves would ever submit to. This, we are aware, is an oft-told tale, yet we deserve to have it sounded in our ears every hour of the day, until we are moved to successful action. Not a great while back, when the excitement caused by the heart-rending details of the disaster to the *Central America* was at its height, we did suppose something would be done to at least lessen the grip which the present Steamship Company had upon us. Our papers for several weeks contained nothing but stirring appeals in behalf of the opposition enterprise. Flaming posters assembled mass meetings. Eloquent speeches, in which the crushing wrongs inflicted by the "Monopoly" were recounted, were made. Spirited resolutions, a full yard in length, were adopted by hearty acclamation. The people and press throughout the State "ap-

proved" of the course, and really, it appeared, as we before observed, that *something* would be accomplished. But time has only shown our mistake. An immense amount of indignation was displayed—the most violent wrath oozed out—the speeches were very pretty—the resolutions were "heavy"—but, as Sir Charles Coldstream would say, "there was nothing in it." Shame on us, say we! Our necks are still beneath the iron heel of the Steamship Monopoly; we still permit this bloated combination to choke up a channel that leads to our country's prosperity. And shall this state of things always exist? Is there to be no resistance to such glaring injustice and oppression? Is there no hope for a change? What say you, Californians? What say you, people of the mountains? For ourselves, we are of that class who believe that "it will never do to give it up so." Let us once more place our shoulders to the wheel, and strive for some sort of opposition. And when we get it, let us *sustain it with our money*. That's the word. If Nicaragua is blocked against us, and the Isthmus of Panama "monopolized," let us go to work and back up the gentlemen who propose to establish a line of beautiful clipper ships between New York and San Francisco. Such a trip would be less expensive than by the mail line, over the Isthmus, and is certainly more pleasant. Besides, we should remember that it is *in opposition to the soulless monopoly*, from which we have so long suffered. We have had enough talk on this subject. Our efforts thus far have served but to make the Mail company people more impudent, insolent and tyrannical. Shall it be said of us that we refused to give a helping hand, when an opportunity presented itself to cripple the monopoly? We trust not. Let us, then, strike the blow. Let us raise one long, loud, hearty shout for the line of clipper ships, the first of which leaves, in a few days, for the East. Opposition is what we want, and if we expect it to thrive, we must give it our support and encouragement. We repeat, we have had enough talk on the subject. Let us act.

SPEAKING of opposition, why is it that a greater effort is not made to *weaken* the California Steam Navigation Company? The fact that the boats of this company are in good order, and the captains and clerks very "clever fellows," has nothing to do with the question. It is enough for us to know that it is a *monopoly*, whose selfish aim is to control the entire river travel between this city and the interior. Such a state of things should not exist, and we are always rejoiced to hear of any move in opposition to it. We are down on monopolies of all kinds, and here enter our protest against the designs of this combination. At present there is a lively opposition on the Sacramento river, and if our people will give it anything like proper encouragement, the monopoly will suffer. The opposition steamers should be sustained against all the efforts of the Combination Company to crowd them off. Let us travel on the opposition boat—even though it cost a little more so to do. The idea—if we mistake not public sentiment—is to take the wind out of the sails of the *monopoly*, and this can only be done by putting our money, for a time, into the treasury of the Opposition Company. It should be our pride and pleasure, as it surely is our duty, to break down a company that has attempted to control the great thoroughfare through our State, at the expense of the traveling public. We should not be lukewarm in this business. We should come prompt and cheerfully up to the work at once, and give the opposition steamers between this city and Sacramento our countenance and support. Nothing should induce us to give the combination a dollar when an opposition boat is at the wharf.

Our "portrait gallery" has, we observe, elicited a great deal of comment, of the good, bad and indifferent order. We endeavored to do our duty. We have put the best face we could on the Senate, and it is not our fault if the reception has not been agreeable to the parties most deeply interested. It was our intention to have honored each member with a place in our

pages, but are prevented from doing so by the neglect of the gentlemen to sit for their pictures. This is their loss. It has been said that the members of our Legislature are purchasable. So far as the lower house, known as the Assembly, is concerned, we are *mum*; but with regard to the Senate, we feel like "talking right out in meetin'." We will sell a majority of them to anybody who is disposed to invest, on early application to our office. In the April number of our Magazine we presented the best points of some of them, and in this issue we give (without extra charge for the book,) "a few more of the same sort." The balance can't be had for love nor money, and our readers may as well make up their minds to get along without them. We have the satisfaction to know that we have got all the good-looking members, and of this we have a perfect right to boast. They are *ours*, too; and, as we have just hinted, those who wish to purchase can secure them at a bargain. We have *cut* their acquaintance, and shall have no more to do with them. They can be had at cost. This is our price, and "we'll have no more and never take a cent less." Do you take 'em? No! Very good. Then we'll pass to something else.

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WE have heard a great deal of late in relation to the cost of living in San Francisco. The papers have opened their columns quite liberally to correspondents who desired to have a "say" on the subject, and if our Atlantic friends are not by this time pretty well posted, it is their own fault. The *Bulletin*, especially, has been most earnest and active in furnishing the curious information, and we are inclined to think it has been entirely successful. A recent steamer edition of that journal was literally used up with "Family Expenses." It treated us to all sorts of communications from all sorts of people, with all sorts of families, in all sorts of social positions, with all sorts of pecuniary "strength," and troubled with all sorts of *expenses*. But it is not our purpose to go at length into the subject. What we desire is simply to pre-

sent the "cost of living" in another locality. The editor of the *Placerville Index*, WM. FRANK STEWART, gives us, in a recent number of his paper, the weekly expenses of a Digger Chief, and the truth of the statement has, we understand, been sworn to by seven able-bodied witnesses. It is certainly very Ingin-like:

Me putty good Ingin. Me heep ketchum all same day; klicket jump up on a log, heep ketch em glasshopper; Ingin John John putty good too. Hyack clattewa Big Canon, gitum little oro—two bit—one dollar. One day no ketchum klicket; no muckemuck velly good; me cum Hangtown; Melican man heep sellim two bit carna; shank no good! cheat him Ingin mahala! Melican all bad; heep cheat him poor Ingin; Clagwin cheat him; Tonny cheat him; butcher man all cheat him heep! White man hala kum-tux, Ingin waw-waw. Niker clat-te wa sy-ah mim-me-loos hy-you Melican man:

One day Ingin ketch heep glasshopper.....	\$ 02
One day heep klicket.....	01
One day buy him carna.....	25
One day shank.....	12
One day mash heep acorns.....	00
One day heep dog.....	50
One day whiskey.....	2 50

Total for one week.....\$3 40

HY-USE TY-EE (Captain John.)

RELIGIOUS revivals are going on all over the State. Ministers of all denominations are engaged in pushing forward the good work. Somebody has truthfully said that Religion is a messenger from heaven, who dwells not in cells or cloisters, but goes forth among men, not to frown on their happiness, but to do them good. She is familiar and cheerful at the tables and firesides of the happy; she is equally intimate in the dwellings of poverty and sorrow; she encourages innocent smiles of youth, and kindles a glow of sincerity on the venerable front of age; she is found, too, at the bedside of the sick, when the attendants have ceased their labor, and the heart is amost still; she is seen at the house of mourning, pointing to the "house not made with hands." She will not retire so long as there is evil that can be prevented, or kindness that can be given; and it is not until the last duty is done that she hastens away and raises her altar in the wilderness, so that she may not be seen among men.

IN answer to the numerous queries of our friends concerning the reported discovery of rich diggings on Frazer and Thompson's Rivers, we would state that we know but little beyond what has already appeared in the city papers. We have no doubt that a new and valuable gold field has been opened up in the region in question—this fact has reached us through a variety of sources—yet we are unwilling to believe *all* the statements that have been made public. We have been too long in California to blindly swallow these astounding gold stories. Still, there is a great deal of truth in the reports from Frazer's River; and much as we dislike to offer advice in the matter, we would say to those who are out of employment, and whose prospects may not appear very bright, *Go to the new diggings, and take the chances!* The thing is well worth a trial. If, on the other hand, you are comfortably established here in a good paying business, remain where you are and let well enough alone. This is our advice, and we give it in all candor and seriousness, for the benefit of our friends. In this connection, we would state that for the information of those who may desire to know something of the new gold region, we will, in the course of a few days, issue a correct map, showing the Frazer and Thompson River country and the spots where the precious metal is found in the greatest abundance.

WE have often wondered at the strange effects produced by gazing upon a picture, and when that picture happens to be the likeness of some sweet female friend, one's "phelinks" are indescribably funny. Here's a case in point:

TO KATE—ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE.

Ye gods! can this be Bonny Kate?
Oh! pouting lips, you've sealed my fate,
Inspired my soul—Oh! witching thought,
They tell a tale, dear girl, of naught
But kisses moist and warm.

Oh! speak, and let thy troth be given
By lips so blessed with dews from heaven;
Yes—tell me now, God speed the fate,
Oh! heavenly bliss, WHY do you wait?
Oh! balmy lips—Oh! Bonny Kate!

Placer Co., April 18th.

WILLIE.

MONTHLY CHAT,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

- J. S. H.*—Many thanks for your favors. Will try to find room for a portion of the "Gipsy Girl" in our next.
- G.*—The "Tehuantepec" article on file for our next number. The "cuts" are being prepared.
- Robert, San Jose.*—Thanks for your kind words. The "Mint illustrations" in our October number were very good. How many copies do you want? Hope to see you in a few days.
- Student, Contra Costa.*—You have lost. Your quotation is not proper. Here are the lines corrected:
- "If there be a crime
Of deeper dye than all the guilty train
Of human vices, 'tis ingratitude."
- Inquirer.*—Three thousand dollars is said to be the amount made by Mrs. Anna Cora Weekes by her newspaper operation. She practiced a similar game in several of the Atlantic cities. She is on her way to Sidney, to catch a few "ducks."
- L. P.*—The verses are smoothly written. We like them. We have *always* admired them. Go to! you are a contemptible thief, and wouldn't hesitate to steal the coppers from a dead man's eyes. You have been pilfering from Rogers' "Pleasures of Memory."
- Democrat, Sacramento.*—E. R. Campbell has not, as yet, received an appointment from Gov. Weller. It is, however, well understood that he is to have something *nice*, in a short time. You say he suffered pecuniarily, while working for the Governor. If so, he should certainly be remembered by the Gov. We have no time to devote to politics. "It is not in our way."
- Traveler, San Francisco.*—Your article would occupy entirely too much space. Besides, we have already spread ourself on the subject. We are sticklers for no particular route for the great Pacific Railroad. We are easily pleased. All we want is a road. Give us the cheapest, best, and, above all, that which can be built quick-
- est. We will look over your article at leisure.
- Ellen, Marysville.*—You never labored under a greater mistake. Mr. Ridge, of the *Express*, is no more the "brother" of General Allen, in the sense referred to, than you are.
- Conservative, Shasta.*—We are unable to answer all the queries in your note. On one or two points, however, we can speak knowingly. U. S. Commissioner Johnston is entirely "sound on the negro question," and would probably have rejoiced as much as any man in California to have seen "Archy" returned to his Mississippi home. But we should remember that upon the Bench Mr. Johnston is the *Judge*, not the Southern man. Shakspeare, slightly altered for the occasion, tells us:
- There is no power in California
Can alter a principle established;
'Twould be recorded as a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Would rush into the State. It cannot be.
- Senator.*—Glad you think so well of our Magazine. Your copies have been sent. Come and see us.
- Subscriber.*—Would be glad to comply with your request, but have no time to look up the "documents." We have placed your case in the hands of a lawyer. Write you in a few days.
- B. N. S., Oroville.*—We dislike to advise you in the matter. The Frazer river gold discovery appears to be "no humbug."
- Emma.*—Your verses are good for one so young, yet they will hardly do to print.
- J. M.*—Can furnish you with Gen. Walker's likeness. Send along your order.
- Miner, Nevada.*—Much obliged for your suggestion. Will proceed at once to business. Send us the sketch.
- H. L. Neall.*—"Poor and Proud" in our next.
- Per Se, San Francisco.*—Yours on file for June number.
- * *.—It will be observed that many of our friends are neglected under this head.

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

JUNE, 1858.

No. 12.



FARM HOUSE IN CARSON VALLEY. SCENE NEAR GENOA.

A TRIP TO WALKER'S RIVER AND CARSON VALLEY.

BY * . * .

(Concluded.)

At 3 o'clock, P. M., we came to a lake, partially drained by the emigrants, to make it more easily forded, and which, like them, we were compelled to ford. The road from this point to the place of our encampment three miles below, beg-

gars all description. How an emigrant train could ever get over it with their wagons, was, to us, almost a problem. In this short distance we passed the wrecks of about twenty wagons, some of them still in a tolerable state of preservation, while the bones of cattle were thickly strewn on either side; a sad memorial of the hardship of the passage. In many places, had our animals made a misstep, they would have been hurled into a yawning

ing gulf below. I was compelled to ride from my utter inability to walk, excepting down some of the roughest descents, and then I clung to my horse with suspended breath as he clambered up the rocky steeps.

Just before sunset we descended to the river again, which was here a great deal larger than where we last crossed it, three miles above, showing that some considerable branch from the east had formed a junction with it, as we were still on the west side. On a little grassy flat, we pitched our camp, tired and exhausted, each entertaining a vague hope that we might not be obliged to retrace the road we had just passed.

We were now twelve miles from the Summit and in a somewhat milder climate, yet our cheerful fire imparted a pleasing sensation to our still shivering bodies.

Anxious to get out of this inhospitable region, we made an early start on the following morning. In the first half mile we crossed the river three times; then, for a mile, our trail was as rugged and difficult as it was the evening previous, when we descended suddenly into a large and beautiful valley, and through which wound the river, now quiet and noiseless, and we felt assured, from the appearance of the country to the north and east, that we were now out of the rugged hills, and that our road henceforward would be comparatively easy. Here we met the U. S. Surveying party of Von Schmidt, on its way to the west side of the mountains, having closed its labors for the season. This party had been running the eastern boundary line of the State, having been out since February. The party numbered some ten men and as many animals. Von Schmidt himself was not with them, he having returned by one of the southern routes.

We detained the party a few moments in making inquiries respecting the country beyond and the trail to Carson Val-

ley, but of this latter they could tell us nothing. Their last camp, from whence they started the day before, was in the vicinity of Mono Lake and distant some thirty-five miles, and on or near the extreme eastern branch of Walker's river, and we hastily came to the conclusion to follow their trail to that point. We inquired respecting the mining in that region, for just previous to our starting on our journey we had read glowing accounts of successful mining on the east fork of Walker's river, but they informed us that these reports were mere fabrications, for they had known of but one prospecting party having penetrated that section—that they "raised the color," but nothing more, and very soon left. To our inquiries respecting Indians they told us that they had seen none, excepting a small party of Monos that hovered about their last camping place, but that the evening before they saw fires, indicating that there were some around. Bidding them a hasty good morning, with an injunction to report us to our friends in Sonora and Columbia, we passed on across the river and over the low ridge to the east, and in a half hour we descended into the valley where the surveying party had camped the night previous—the smoke still curling up from their camp fire.

This little valley, or basin, was one of the few truly beautiful spots in this wild region, containing perhaps thirty or forty acres, and at the northern extremity a little miniature lake, the water cool and clear as crystal, and floating upon its surface was a little flock of ducks, which gave life to the picture. On the south and east, and rising abruptly from the little grassy meadow, were high barren peaks, while on the west was a low sandy ridge, over which lay our trail.

One mile further on and gradually descending, we came to another valley, larger but less romantic and beautiful; then the trail bore more to the east, and a little way beyond we rose a sandy ridge,

when we overlooked still another little basin and lake quite similar to the one just described, lying a little to the left of the trail, and in the pond a flock of canvass backs, which we at once resolved to attack. Just as we came to this conclusion we descried a smoke curling up from behind a low ridge a little beyond the valley we had just crossed, and directly, a little more to the north, though at a greater distance, another and more suspicious smoke rose suddenly, leaving us no longer in doubt of our proximity to Indians. We felt thankful for so much good luck, for this was the first game of any description since that memorable duck of Strawberry Flat.

We now resumed our journey, and one mile further on we came to another lake of the same beautiful nature, but considerably larger than the last two. A large flock of ducks were occupying this also, but our efforts to get a shot were unavailing. Passing on two or three miles further we descended to a fourth and larger valley, and here we discovered in the trail fresh Indian footprints, made since the passing of the surveying party the evening previous, which fully confirmed our suspicions of their being around us, and we doubted not that even then they were watching our movements from behind some screening rock on the adjoining ridges.

About midway the valley the trail ran blind, and we spent more than an hour in searching for its place of egress, and finally struck off to the northwest, regardless of it, and about two miles further on, struck another large fork of the river coming in from the southeast, and here again found the trail. There was excellent grass on either side of the stream, and this being the first consideration in selecting a camping place, we crossed over and concluded to end this day's journey here.

The country now immediately around us began to indicate the existence of gold,

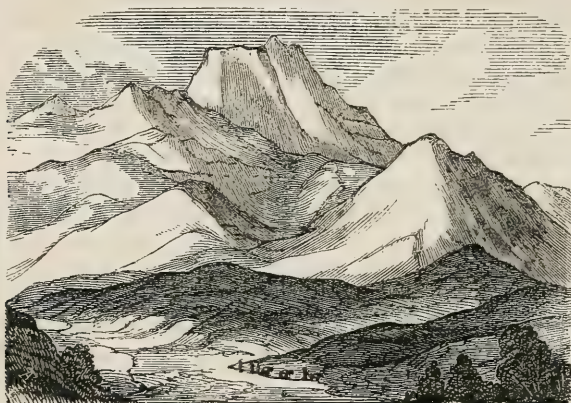
and P. resolved to make here his first prospect, and, accordingly, unbundled his pick and shovel and struck into a little bar a few yards below, and his first pan prospected a color, as did also two or three succeeding ones, but nothing more. This, however, he got in the loose gravel high up from the ledge. What a more thorough prospect might develop we are unable to say. That gold exists in this locality is certain, but we doubt if it does so to any considerable extent.

This night we used more than ordinary caution in our camping arrangements, taking our animals close in beside us and letting our fire go down early, lest it might more readily expose our position to the Indians should they entertain hostile designs towards us, but the morning found us all right, as usual. The night was cold and chilly, the white frost gathering thick on our blankets and water froze in our cups; but, nevertheless, we passed it very comfortably under the lee of the thick willows that lined the bank of the stream.

From this point we took a direction due east; saw a sandy table land a few hundred yards from our camp, and now our trail lay for a mile and a half over a sandy plain, when a slight descent brought us into a lovely little valley running east and west, at the far end of which we observed a curious mist rising, and as we entered the meadow we discovered a beautiful and limpid little streamlet silently coursing through the tall rich grass which lopped over and so nearly concealed it that we were not aware of its presence until my horse was about to stumble into it. Our trail lay along the northern margin of the valley, and as we approached its eastern end, we discovered the origin of the mist or steam. Here was a large and beautiful hot soda spring, from which flowed the stream that ran through the meadow. The spring boils up from the level ground just above a rocky point that makes out

into the valley from the low ridge on the north, making a noise like that of a boiling cauldron, and presenting a novel and beautiful appearance. Its temperature was equal to boiling water, and what appeared to us very curious, not more than twenty feet above it was another spring, though very small, the water of which was almost ice cold. The hot spring yields about forty or fifty inches

of water, and just below the rocky point it has formed a large body several feet in depth, of what appears to be decayed soda, while here the pure, fresh soda, like a heavy white frost, borders each side of the stream, and more singular than all, only four hundred yards below the spring the stream is literally alive with little fish, which we ascertained to be suckers.



VALLEY OF THE HOT SODA SPRINGS, TWO MILES EAST OF WALKER'S RIVER.

About three hundred yards below the spring the soda mound terminates abruptly, making a little fall, or rapid, over which a small portion of the stream ripples, while the main body of the water sinks a few yards above, and again gushes out at the base of the mound, forming a kind of natural bathing tub, in which we luxuriated—for it was indeed a luxury compared to any other bath. The temperature of the water here was just as high as our bodies could bear, and as we lay with the swift soft current passing over us, our heads a little elevated by making a pillow of a rock, we could gaze upon the heavy banks of snow that lay on the lofty peaks to the west, and set at naught the chilly air that wafted down from them.

The next morning we were off early. About one mile from the spring a high ridge of ragged granite, intermixed with

the conglomerate rock, intersected our trail, but through which there is a natural pass, the cliffs rising almost perpendicularly on each side, while the little space between of a few yards in width, across which lay our trail, was smooth and level and carpeted with rich grass, while underneath the cliff to the right was a little grove of a dozen poplars, making it, altogether, a romantic spot, and we named it "The Portal."

Beyond this pass we entered another valley of some three miles in length by a half mile in width, with a gentle inclination to the east, and bound on the north and south by high ridges, their bases well timbered with pine and cedar. Passing this we descended suddenly into another valley larger but less beautiful, stretching away to the south, and through which ran a beautiful stream, one of the tributaries of the middle eastern fork of Walk-



THE PORTAL.

er's river. This valley was some six miles in length, but far less fertile than those through which we had just passed, being for the most part a barren, sandy waste, corresponding with the hills surrounding it.

Following the trail of the surveying party we passed the entire length of this valley, and down the stream for about two miles beyond, when we suddenly emerged into another valley that far excelled in extent and fertility any that we had yet seen, being, as we judged, fifteen or twenty miles in length by five or six in width, and coursing through it to the north runs the middle east fork of Walker's river. The tall rank grass, as I rode through it, reached nearly to my knees, and at a distance, as the wind waved it, it presented the appearance of a vast field of grain. To the east of the valley rose a low, barren ridge, apparently that which separated this from the extreme eastern branch of the river. We called the valley the Big Mono, from the fact of our finding here a small party of Mono Indians.

The trail for the first few miles was dim and difficult to follow, running entirely blind in some places, causing us to pick our way cautiously, but presently it became more broad and beaten, showing the recent footprints of Indians, which induced us to believe that we should come out somewhere, at least, and probably at

some large rancheria; but this mattered little to us, since it kept a course agreeable to our notions of the locality of Carson Valley. It lay through a country rough, wild and barren, with not a single valley for a distance of twenty-five miles to relieve it of its desolate appearance, yet, agreeable to our expectations of it as an Indian trail, it was comparatively easy. It crossed one deep gorge or chasm through which bubbled a limpid stream which run to the west and emptied into the river. The ground on either side, to the very brink of the chasm was nearly level, it being here a kind of table land lying between the high ridge to the right and the river low down to the left, and it seemed that the ground had some time been opened here by some terrible convulsion of nature. It was little more than an easy rifle shot across it, and yet it was not less than three hundred feet to the bed of the stream. We had to lead our animals down the zigzag trail with the greatest care, and in ascending the opposite side, I was obliged to pass my rifle to my companions and give all my attention to the guiding and clinging to my horse, now swerving to one side to avoid some sharp jagged rock, then lying forward on the neck of my horse to keep my head from coming in contact with some overhanging trees, for though I was much improved in health, yet it would have been impossible for me to have

ascended this steep on foot, and as my kind and faithful horse rose to the plain above he trembled in every limb. From this place on for five or six miles our trail was again easy, when the ridge over which it lay terminated abruptly in a rugged granite range which stretched across the country from east to west, and pitching to the north, and here again, for a short distance, we found a rough trail. As we turned a sharp point of rock an extensive valley suddenly burst in view far down below, but apparently within an hour's travel, and though it was now only about 3 o'clock, yet it was near sunset ere we fairly struck into it, and descending rapidly all the while. Such is the delusion of vision in this region. Distances that seemed only three or four miles generally proved to be twice and even thrice that number.

We designated this the Big Pyutt Valley. It is some fifteen miles in length by four in width. The main chain of the Sierras rises abruptly from the valley on the west, and near the base is sparsely covered with pine and cedar, while on the east rises a low ridge almost entirely without tree or bush, while to the south the mountains rise suddenly to a great height and are a succession of sharp peaks. The western fork of Walker's river, with all its tributaries concentrated, traverses its entire length near the base of the western ridge and passes out to the northeast. The northern portion of the valley in the immediate vicinity of the river is rich alluvial soil, but by far the greater part of it is a sandy desert.

In the afternoon I proposed to C. to take a little *pasea* down the valley, and, accordingly, we mounted our animals and



PYUTT INDIANS FISHING IN WALKER'S RIVER.

proceeded down the river about two miles, when we crossed over and came up the opposite side. As we rounded a little knoll we discovered what appeared to be nearly the entire rancheria of Indians in a bend of the river making preparations to catch fish, and we at once rode down

to witness the sport, which proved to be a novel scene. Stretching nearly across the stream was a rocky bar, over which a very little of the water rippled, while the main body of it made a sudden bend around, keeping close to the opposite bank. Just above the bar was a deep

eddy, and above this the stream was broad, shallow and rapid, and skirted on each side with a thick growth of low, withy willow. Here of this willow the Indians made a drag about two feet in diameter and in length sufficient to reach across the stream. On the bar they had built a slight wall of the small rock in the form of a half circle, at the lower side of which was a willow fish-trap, the water being only a few inches or a foot deep inside the circle. When all was ready they swung the drag out across the stream and let it sweep down to the eddy when they all gathered in above it and keeping it near the bottom swept it through to the shallow bar, bringing the two ends to join the wall, when they had all the fish "corralled" within the circle, then pressing their knees upon the drag to keep it firmly to the bottom, they commenced the exciting sport of pulling out the fish, which as a matter of course endeavored to find a place of egress at the upper side. The suckers, which constituted a greater portion of the fish, were easily taken in this way; but the trout, more wily, flipped lightly over the drag and away up stream again. The scene they presented as they knelt over the drag, men and squaws, old and young mixed up indiscriminately, and carried the fish to their mouths as they caught them to bite their heads, frequently holding them in their teeth for some minutes, the poor suckers twisting themselves spasmodically in their death agonies, was truly ludicrous and amusing. A few of the fish entered the trap, and at the last, one big fellow seemed to have got an idea of the danger that awaited him on either hand, and flipped about in the centre of the pool, foiling for a long time all their efforts to catch him, they in the meantime getting highly excited, but finally a squaw pounced upon him and held him up in triumph.

These Indians were of the Pyutt tribe, and this range of country was evidently

their summer hunting ground. They were very friendly, but a little shy, and the information that we desired respecting the locality of Carson Valley they would not or could not give us.

The next morning we made an early start. We had discovered the emigrant trail on the west side of the river, and crossed over immediately at our camp. It was rather a cool, frosty morning, and none of us relished the idea of wading the stream; so we spliced two of our trail ropes, and attaching one end to the neck of the little mustang, C. rode her over, then P. hauled her back, by which means he too got over with dry feet; but Judge becoming a little impatient at the time which this course occupied, pulled off his boots, and rolling up his pants, started across on his own hook, with his boots slung over his shoulder and the shovel for a staff, presenting a very apt illustration of Pilgrim's Progress.

We soon came to where the valley narrowed up and the river made out to the east, our trail now lying along its bank, occasionally bearing out over the little rolling knolls to the right. An hour's travel brought us to where the river made into a wild gorge, the hills rising abruptly on either side, and here we halted for a few minutes to water our animals and rest our own weary limbs. We felt the importance of getting through this pass before nightfall, knowing that our safety for that night depended upon our camping in an advantageous position, and we very soon pushed on again. The trail entered the gorge, and in the next mile and a half crossed the river four times; and here along the banks of the stream was growing in considerable numbers the tree known as the Balm of Gilead—a fact that we consider worthy of mention.

The valley that we were now entering was after the style of the last, being, for the most part, a sandy waste, and skirted on the east by a range of Larren hills.

The river, after making into it, turns suddenly and runs north about four or five miles, and then takes a course directly east and passes out through the ridge. The trail, after leaving our camp, for a mile was broad and well defined, and then made into a grassy bottom, where all traces of it were obliterated. We searched a while for it and then halted for a consultation. To the north we observed a low pass in the mountain, and we judged the trail must pass out there, and we accordingly crossed the river and struck out for it.

Keeping down the river for about a mile and a half we struck a broad Indian trail bearing off to the northeast, and at once resolved to pursue it. An hour's

travel brought us on to the ridge, when we entered the gap into which it made, and then descended rapidly down a rocky gorge, and in a half hour more emerged into another extensive valley, which we called the Pyutt Desert, and through which coursed Walker's river, with all its tributaries concentrated.

Being now all anxious to return to our respective homes, and feeling also the necessity of "hurrying up" on account of the shabby condition of our purses, we determined, as the sun was yet near two hours high, to prosecute our journey a little further still, and accordingly started on again, accompanied by one of the guides, who now took it on foot, leaving his pony with his companion. We pro-



FORDING WALKER'S RIVER.

ceeded up the river a short distance and crossed over to the north side and very soon struck into the emigrant road, that great highway between the Mississippi and the broad Pacific. We passed on about five miles and camped just at sunset on the bend of the river, and in close proximity to a small party of emigrants.

We started the next morning at an early hour and at noon arrived at the trading post, a little bush concern, the proprietor's stock of trading material consisting of a very few drygoods and a good deal of whisky. Here we got some butter to go with our bread, making us what we then termed an excellent din-

ner, which having dispatched, we then proceeded to dress up our Indian guide.

This night we reached Gold Cañon, crossed the river and camped on the opposite side in order to find grass for our animals. At this place we found about twenty American miners and some forty or fifty Chinese, and from the man who kept the little trading post here we learned that the diggings prospected well, and that a company of men were about conducting water in by a ditch about four or five miles long. From where we first struck the road to this place it had kept along the bank of the river, which was skirted by thrifty cottonwoods; but

from here on to Eagle Valley, it lay across what is termed the Nine Mile Desert, when it again struck the river, and then again bore off across a rolling country and came into Carson Valley at Silver Creek, leaving Eagle Valley to the northwest.

We had been told that the Mormons were in encampment at Eagle Valley just preparatory to their exodus, and C. and myself rode around to look at them, while Judge and P. took the direct road to Carson Valley. We saw probably a hundred wagons drawn up in a half circle, and in an enclosed field, containing many hundred acres, were several hundred head of mules and horses, while the saints themselves were loitering idly about, evidently ready to move at a day's notice. Having satisfied our curiosity we put our horses into a smart gallop across the rolling sandy plain to the south, in order to come up with our companions, for we had traveled out of our direct course some four or five miles, and in a half hour came into Carson Valley at Silver Creek, and again, joining our companions pushed on to Genoa, better known, however, as the Mormon Station, where we arrived a little before night, and adding a little to our stock of provisions—or rather to our stock of flour, for a few pounds of that article constituted all we had—we moved on two miles further, and camped near a farm-house.

Genoa is a little village containing, in all, about twenty-five buildings, among which there is one store, one hotel, a billiard saloon and blacksmith shop, and it presented, at this time, a very lively appearance, from the fact probably of the great number of emigrants that were recruiting in the valley. Its location is pleasant and romantic withal, for it stands upon a little slope at the very base of the mountains, which rise abruptly from the valley to a great elevation, the northern sides of their bold sharp peaks still glistening with snow.

It commands a view of almost the entire valley, which is here some fifteen miles broad, and is shut in on the east by a lower range of mountains and the prospect is really beautiful, for the serpentine course of Carson river can be traced by the willows that border its either bank, while thousands of cattle may be seen scattered over its entire surface. Altogether, it is a pleasant place.

We next came to Carson Cañon, entered it and camped on a little flat about a mile from its mouth, in company with five emigrants, with whom we had traveled most of the day. This cañon, through which Carson river leaps and foams, is a wild rocky gorge, six miles in length, and opens into Hope Valley, when the road forks—that to the right leading to Placerville, and the left to Murphy's, by the Big Tree Grove. The next day we passed through the cañon, and taking the Big Tree road, accompanied by several emigrants, we camped that night one mile to the west of the Summit. The road thus far from the cañon far exceeded in excellence all that we had previously anticipated of it, presenting a strange contrast with that over which we passed in our outward journey, and which, we will venture to assert, will hold true also in regard to any other road over the Sierra Nevadas, and we predict that when its superior excellence is more generally known, almost the entire overland emigration to our State will pass over this road, notwithstanding the powerful influence that is constantly kept at work in Carson Valley by the people of the northern districts to turn the emigration that way. We amused ourselves somewhat while passing through the valley in testing the truthfulness of this northern influence, for our companion C. had twice passed over both the Placerville and Big Tree roads, and mixed up as we were with the emigrants, and presenting an exterior, from our long journey, essentially the same, to our inquiries

we received the same recommendations of the northern routes, and the same derogatory opinions of the Big Tree road that was dealt out to the luckless emigrant.

The next morning we rose from our blankets at an earlier hour than usual, from the fact of our suffering somewhat with cold. As we gathered around our cheerful fire it occurred to us that this was the Sabbath, and as the sun shot in upon us his genial rays through the tall junipers that grew on either hand, we felt, standing as we were almost on the very summit of the "snowy mountains," with the broad view of the receding hills, even to the valley of the San Joaquin, before us, a thrill of devotion and a higher conception of Him who teacheth us wisdom in the simplest of His works, and speaketh to us in the thunder of the elements.

Passing on over a road equally as easy as that from the Cañon to the Summit, we camped at night within three miles of the Big Tree Grove. The next morning, having resolved to take breakfast at the Big Tree, we started unusually early, and before the inmates of the Big Tree House were astir we reined our horses up before it; the thought of the excellent table that was sure to be spread before us having doubtless accelerated our steps. Ordering our meal, we occupied the intervening time in scrubbing our grim and sunburnt faces and clearing the dust from our swollen eyes.

Our breakfast over—and it took no little time to get over it, either, considering its excellence together with the length and breadth of our stomachs—we took a hasty glance at the sights—their world-wide celebrity leaving it unnecessary for us to enter into the description in regard to them. For my own part I climbed, by means of a ladder, on to the section of the tree lying near the house, rolled a game of tenpins on one of the two alleys on the log, and danced a single-handed

schottische to music of my own making on the stump; then, jumping on my horse, galloped out into the grove and rode my horse, sitting nearly erect in my saddle, through a section of some thirty feet of one of the old fallen trees, and returning to the house we again resumed our journey, and at 1 o'clock entered Murphy's, where, to my companions, Judge and C., the journey was ended. Taking a social dinner at Sperry's excellent hotel, we separated, P. and ourself to return to our respective homes at Sonora and Columbia, where our friends met us with some doubts as to our identity, so disguised were we under our sunburnt skins and tattered habiliments; and on comparing dates we found that we had been absent twenty-seven days, and had traveled in that time four hundred and fifty miles.

FIX YOUR MIND.—Lay it down as a sound maxim, that nothing can be accomplished without a fixed purpose—a concentration of mind and energy. Whatever you attempt to do, whether it be the writing of an essay, or whittling of a stick, let it be done as well as you can do it. It was this habit that made Franklin, and Newton, and hundreds whose labors have been of incalculable service to mankind. Fix your mind closely on what you undertake; in no other way can you have a reasonable hope of success. An energy that dies in a day is good for nothing; an hour's fixed attention will never avail. The heavens were not measured in a day. The inventions that bless mankind were not the work of a moment's thought and investigation. A lifetime has often been given to a single object. If you, then, have a desire to bless your species, or to get to yourself a glorious name, fix your mind upon something, and let it remain fixed.

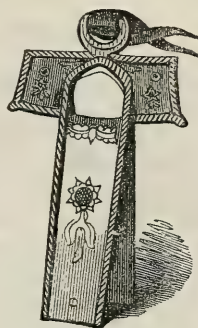
REST satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you what they please.

TEHUANTEPEC,

With all its Indians, is a happy place. The *fiestas* commence in May and end in October, thus devoting one-half the year to revelry and religion in a peculiar manner. Each *barrio*, or ward, has its regular time for celebrating its *fiestas*, which continue from ten to eighteen days, until all the *barrios* are finished, numbering sixteen in all. No one who has not witnessed the scenes at these *fiestas*, can form any idea of them; my pen is incompetent to convey to the reader the ridiculous comicalities they present to the stranger who is unaccustomed to the manners of these people. Differing as they do from any other portion of Mexico, or any other portion of the known world, one is carried back in studying them, to the days anterior to the conquest, and even to the discovery of this continent, for these simple people are but little changed in their habits, their customs or their religion. Simple, and gentle in their manners, you seldom see any drunkenness or disorderly behaviour in the streets, and during my stay there of nine months, I did not see a single combat, or any person carrying arms. There are no murders or assassinations to chronicle, and if a newspaper was published there, it would present something of a contrast to a California paper in that respect. But these *fiestas* to a foreigner are a great nuisance; the constant ringing of the church bells, the eternal popping of fire-crackers, processions accompanied by horrid music on tin and brass horns, drums beating, *fandangos*, bull-fights, ending with horse-racing in the street; these are kept up until the whole round of *fiestas* are completed. During the whims of the *fiestas*, a *Ranchero* who had come in from the country to participate in the horse-races, attracted my attention from his singular dress, and the immense stirrups, in the shape of a cross, which nearly reached the ground. His "tout ensemble" reminded me favorably of the figures I

have seen representing Don Quixote—and his carrying an old fashioned lance completed the character. These stirrups were of Iron, weighing each twelve pounds.

It is said, when Cortez first came to Tehuantepec he ordered the natives to make him a pair of stirrups of gold, which was done, and if they were the size of the above mentioned they must have been valuable.



In the month of September I made the journey to Cerro Guingola, upon the summit of which the ruins of a once large city is situated; after engaging a guide a day or two before hand

and making all necessary preparations for a three day's absence, taking Manuel, my servant boy, with me, we crossed the river early in the morning, and found my guide waiting for me, with a horse to pack our camp requisites, which consisted of a couple of ham-mocks, water gourds, coffee, chocolate, dried beef and tortilla, which could have been easily carried by Manuel and the guide, but I thought the horse would be required in case I should find some of the antiquities worth bringing away. A walk of about nine miles brought us to the foot of the mountain where we found an old deserted shed, under which I hung my hammock.

The morning was bright and beautiful. We were beneath the shadows of this rugged old mountain, upon whose summit and base once thronged a dense population, long since passed away. After breakfasting on broiled game, we proceeded to the gorge where we were to ascend, and proceeding a mile along the foot of the mountain, whose precipitous

sides towered above our heads, and the Tehuantepec river upon our right, my guide stopped and directed my attention through an opening in the woods to a point high up on the mountain's side. I there beheld what at first seemed to be only a pile of rocks, but upon examining them with my glass, I could see plainly that it was a wall built by the hand of man. We now followed up a ravine which led in the direction of the centre of this mountain. As we advanced, and commenced ascending this dark and gloomy gorge, our way became exceedingly difficult and dangerous—scrambling over rocks, through brush, vines, and thorns, sometimes near the edge and on the sides of awful precipices, that made me tremble to look upon. In about two hours' hard scrambling, that made the perspiration stream from me, we reached the wall that encloses the old ruins, where it crossed the gorge we had been following. It was here very solid and perfect, about thirty feet high and four feet thick, built of ledge stone. In the rainy season the torrent rushes over it here, causing a water-fall. We climbed to its summit by the aid of vines, trees and huge boulders. In every direction within this wall I found the ruins of many large and small houses, temples and broken pottery. The walls and pillars were built of ledge stone, some of which were cemented with lime and still perfect. Wherever there was a place sufficiently level, could be seen a ruin. The wall which surrounds this ancient city is said to be nine miles; they are all nearly covered by trees and creepers. The city was evidently intended as a place of security against enemies, and a more wild and inaccessible location could not be found. After scrambling about among these ruins for a mile and a half or more we at length reached the summit of the mountain, where we had a magnificent view of the surrounding country and the Pacific Ocean, distant about

twenty miles. Rocks, gorges and caves, overrun with low stunted trees, vines, cactus and thorny shrubs, gives to this mountain a savage and forbidden aspect, and indeed moving about among the ruins is attended with great labor, fatigue and danger. From the summit I could



WALL ENCLOSING AN ANCIENT CITY.

see the continuation of the wall and ruined houses and temples, raising their dark and frowning brows above the trees, as far as the eye could reach. I could only discover indications of but one street, which seems to run through the centre of the ruins. The walls of these ancient buildings were not high. Many of them are still standing. Some of the houses were large—perhaps one hundred feet square—with pillars in the centre, doubtless to support the roof. The timber used

in their construction had long since decayed. Quarries from whence the ledge stone in building was taken, I discovered near at hand. Some of the larger houses contained small rooms, some of which were very small, measuring not more than six feet by four. The general formation of the mountain is of high granite boulders, projecting very sharply, and upon striking them with another stone, a clear ringing sound is produced, not much inferior to the best bell. The Indians with us took great delight in ringing these natural bells, and the different tones produced by them cast a spell of melancholy over the picture before us. I regret exceedingly my time was too limited to make sketches of the ruins, and to make further investigations; but our water-gourd having been drank dry, we were compelled to retrace our steps down the mountain, for the shades of evening were already upon us, and to make the descent in darkness would be impossible. After a tedious and dangerous tramp, we finally reached the plain below. As darkness set in, my guide directed me to a fine spring of water, gushing from beneath the root of a large wild fig-tree, where we encamped for the night, not a little fatigued after our toilsome day's adventure.

On October 28th, 1857, at 3 o'clock, A. M., in company with the Juez de 1st Instancia of Tehuantepec, the Pagador, an officer of the army, servants, pack animals, &c., &c., I departed from Tehuantepec for a journey across the Isthmus, the object of which was to give formal possession to certain claimants of lands situated at Boca del Monte (mouth of the woods,) lying between the rivers Morgonia, Larabia and Tortuga, and immediately upon the transit route, where the ever to be railroad is to cross, in all about fifty leagues of land. Besides our party, we were to be joined by a company of soldiers at El Barrio, who were also to play a part in the ceremony of giving

possession to the claimants of said lands. I went along that I might make hereafter a survey and map of the country for the owners. Don Juan Abendaña, a merchant and land-holder of Tehuantepec, had been soliciting me for some time to survey this land, he being part owner, and of course I was glad of the opportunity. Of this gentleman I cannot say too much in his praise. He was exceedingly kind to me, after our acquaintance,



THE WILD FIG TREE OF TEHUANTEPEC.

and I found in him a true and disinterested friend, such as it has seldom been my good fortune to know. Both Mexicans and Americans share his kindness; to know him is but to love and respect him. He is a native of "Chapas," in the southern part of Mexico, and every American who has visited or sojourned in Tehuantepec will remember Don Juan Abendaña with the kindest and best wishes, as I do. "Que Dios lo conserve mil Años."

Our party set out in fine, buoyant spirits. Though still dark, the stars gave sufficient light to discover who were *compañero de viaje*. The Pagador or Pay-Master of the Troops, was agreeable; he is very dark, a real Mexican; the other I did not know, the Judge's Secretary carried his staff of office wrapped up in a silk handkerchief. We traveled along a level, but sandy road, through a forest of low trees, many of which were, at this season of the year, bare of leaves. We now left the American road, as this transit is called, and took a smaller one leading through a mountainous country. About noon we arrived at "Chuatan," where we dined, after which, we proceeded on our way by a small path or trail, which was through the mountains, and at dark arrived at a small hacienda belonging to Don Joaquin Pablo, who lives in Tehautepec and owns a sugar mill and hacienda, called "Santa Cruz," near by. The road was mountainous and bad; my horse fell down in passing a narrow place between precipitous sides, with scarcely room enough to pass—no harm done, however, we reached El Bario and Patapa about 2 o'clock, both of these places which are near together contain a population of 2000, mostly Indians, filthy and degraded, the houses are miserable huts, with no comfort whatever. Each place contains a church of large enough size and tolerable good appearance. We stopped at the Prefects at Patapa where we found the company of soldiers that were to accompany us, who had preceded us from Tehautepec. There is nothing worthy of remark about these two places. I shall consequently pass on to "San Juan Gehecora," which we reached the next day after passing over the worst road I ever saw, and in many places dangerous. It was very mountainous, and in the very worst part of the road, and upon a high mountain is Gehecora, an Indian town of 5000 inhabitants who lived there when the country was first discovered by the Spaniards, and have changed but little since. A large church was commenced here, upon a very extensive plan, but was never finished. No one can tell when it was commenced, or who commenced it. The Indians here have a tradition, that Cortez had a contract from God to build it in one night, using as a cement, the white of eggs, but as he failed in his contract to finish the said church in one

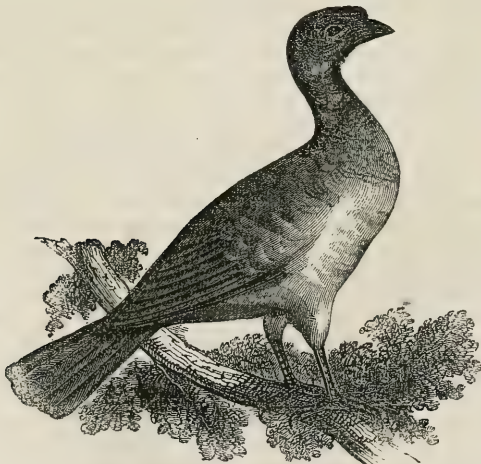
night, having his contract from so high an authority, no one has dared attempt to complete what he has failed to accomplish. But I think the Padres who first came to this country from Spain compelled these poor Indians to do what work has been done on it, and before it was finished, perhaps, refused to work any more, in consequence of which, it has remained unfinished to the present day. The work that was done on it, however, was well done, and calculated to last for ages; indeed, it is stupendous. The walls are as solid as rock, and present a great contrast to the miserable huts that surround it. The size of this building is 300 feet high by 80 feet in width. The walls are built to the necessary height of brick and stone, and are ten feet thick with "*Estrilos*" on either side. Over the altar, the arch or roof is completed, as also, at the principal entrance. These arches are ten feet thick. The whole roof was to have been arched of the same material. Nothing remains to complete this stupendous building but the roof, and it is to be regretted that it was not finished, although such a building is of about as much benefit to these dull and uncouth savages, as a granite boulder of the same size would be. Mass is sometimes said in it by a priest who is very diminutive in person, and who is permitted to live there by special consent of the Indians of San Juan. But the natives are about as far advanced in christianity as they were at the time of the conquest. They are still idolaters; over the altar is a large wooden figure of Cortez, whom they call a Saint, and worship his image in their own peculiar way, sometimes by cutting off a turkey's head and letting the blood spill or flow upon the altar. There are many other wooden images over the altar and niches of the wall, many of them so worm eaten as to look like honey-comb wood, in which myriads of ants live. St. John the Baptist is there, with his head off, lying at the feet of Cortez, and in his head a small honey-bee (peculiar to that country,) has lived; these bees I have no doubt will ever remain sacred and free from the invading hands of the lover of the sweets of their toil. The Turkey with those people is a sacred bird, of which they have great numbers, as also mules, neither of which they will part with for love or money.

On the 30th, we continued on our journey, having been joined here by the al-

cade or chief of these Indians with a large retinue of his own people, each one carrying something in a net swinging over his back, and all on foot except their chief, who is also an Indian; in fact all the denizens of this interesting country are true aborigines. The soldiers also marched on foot. Our number was increased to about eighty persons at San Juan. These Indians were to be a party in the ceremony of giving possession, as they were in some way interested in the land, it being a part of the district of San Juan Gehecora. The San Juan Gehecora Indians are an ignorant, inoffensive but industrious race; they cultivate large quantities of corn, rice and sugar, of which they supply Tehautepec and other places. Their appearance is gloomy and wild, corresponding with the dreary abode which they have selected for their home, where they have lived for ages unchanged. We see none of that cheerfulness, even in their children which is so manifest in the Zapotaco or Tehuantepec Indians, who are always cheerful and happy. But this may be attributed to the gloomy forest and mountains in which they live, the deep and

dark ravines, the rushing torrents, and above all the almost constant obscurity of the sun, and the interminable rains. On we floundered, and slid through narrow defiles, down steep hills, over torrents, up to belly in mud, then sliding over smooth rocks, through places so narrow, our mules could scarcely move; along the sides of terrible precipices, that I dare not look down for fear of dizziness. Those on foot preceded us, as they could travel faster than we could on our animals. I sometimes envied them their pedestrian comforts, and were it not for the mud, I would gladly have exchanged situations, for I must confess, that at every step of the horse, I expected he would fall down some steep place.

We at length got through, and down into the plains of the Mogonia, where our trail intercepted the road which is to be the transit route. We were here joined by another party, Mr. Lefont a Frenchman, and a German, with the servants etc. We soon arrived at an open space near the Mogonia river, which was the first point where the possession was to be given. The grass was cleared away by the Indians with their machites,



THE "PARA" OF TEHUANTEPEC.

and our little Judge taking his staff of office from his secretary, proceeded to give possession to the claimants, in the following manner: Placing his stick in the cleared place, he took the hands of those who were to receive the land, throwing up some of the earth in the air, led

them around the stick, read aloud from a paper the boundaries of said land, No. of Leagues, &c., and possession was given at No. 1. After these proceedings, we continued on the transit road, which was here only a small trail, crossed the Mogonia, which was fordable, and a quarter of

a mile farther brought us to Mr. York's place. Mr. York is a young man, who has just finished his education in Paris, and who has settled in this wild country as a Pioneer, he has commenced improving his ranch; intends cultivating sugar, &c., and should the Railroad ever be completed, his place will be valuable, should he survive the mosquitoes and

sand flies, which are very numerous and annoying in this part of the Isthmus. We then proceeded to the "Boca del Monte;" the country here which is called the Sarabia plains, situated between the Mogonia and Sarabia rivers, is a rolling prairie land, not unlike the lands of the Western States. After erecting a high cross at Boca del Monte, we broke



VIEW FROM TEHUANTEPEC CITY, LOOKING WEST.

up camp early in the morning and proceeded four miles over a beautiful prairie country, to Sarabia river, which we crossed by swimming our horses and the aid of a canoe; here another possession was given, in the same manner as the first, but to different parties; after this we continued on, over a beautiful prairie country, and in about a mile and a-half, arrived at another Pioneer's ranch, a Mr. Sanderson, who had built himself a tolerable mud house, with thatched roof, but no doors. Taking possession of the land, we breakfasted with Mr. Sanderson, got a few bottles of very bad American whiskey, and proceeding on our journey, over the beautiful country, we reached the Rio Tortuga, upon the banks of which we encamped, in the woods, which are here very dark and impenetrable, except by the aid of a machate. For a wonder, it did not rain, and there were no mosquitoes. Mr. Lafont shot some rare and beautiful birds, among which, was the King, or Mexican Vulture, the most beautiful of its species, also, a Black Curasaw, or Craxas, called here, "Para," about the size of a Turkey. I saw numbers of rare, and pretty birds, altogether new to me; we also saw a couple of deer bounding over the prairie,

heard monkeys in the woods, and many other objects of natural history, that interested me. I caught a fine cat-fish out of the Tortuga, off of which we made a scanty meal, for be it remembered our party had not provided themselves with any provisions, many of us in consequence went hungry. Here, another ceremony of giving possession was performed, and cutting a huge cross upon a tree to mark the spot, we took up our return march, this being the extreme north boundary of the land. We returned to San Juan Gehecora by a different route, thence to El Barrio, where we rested a day, when the judge finished the formalities of giving possession, by making out and signing the deeds.

Having again recovered my health, I had a longing desire to make farther explorations of this interesting and primitive country; but the next time, my explorations will be by water, along the sea coast, north of this place, in a canoe, or bongo. And thus I take my leave, until I again have an opportunity of sending you a letter.

Come gentle wave of the Tropic sea,
And breezes fair from the fragrant land,
Thy murmurings are ever sweet to me,
Breaking on the distant strand. G.

SONG.

BY W. H. D.

I.

We met in the gay halls of pleasure,
 We revelled and danced with the throng;
 We listened to music's sweet measure,
 To wit, jest and laughter and song,
 'Till night with its honied sweets laden
 Glided swiftly away into morn,
 When I said to a beautiful maiden,
 "Shall I wait on thee home ere the dawn?"
 Then we soon bid adieu to the pleasure,
 The revel, the dance and the song;
 But our hearts began beating a measure
 More joyful than that of the throng.

II.

'Twas in the small hours of the morning,
 The starlight beamed down from the sky,
 With flashes of beauty adorning,
 The heaven around us so nigh;
 We wandered amid the green bowers,
 And under the wide-spreading trees,
 Where the odors of early spring flowers,
 Arose on the dew-laden breeze;
 Two hearts were still beating one meas-
 Two foot-falls were blending in one; [ure,
 And all thought of the receding pleasure
 Was lost in the new one begun.

III.

We lingered among those green bowers,
 We reclined on a moss-covered seat,
 Where the fragrance of love's Eden flow-
 Arose from the earth at our feet; [ers,
 The moon through the tree tops then
 We welcomed its love-laden light, [peering,
 For we knew that no mortal appearing,
 Would poison our dream of delight; [ure,
 Our hearts were still beating one meas-
 Our souls, they were blending in one,
 The world held for us but one treasure,
 And that our hearts surely had won.

IV.

Our voices grew gentle and tender,
 And few were the words that we spoke,
 To one shrine did our hearts then surren-
 While tremulous whisperings broke, [der,
 From lips that were laden with kisses,
 From lips that were destined to meet,
 And joy in those rapturous blisses,
 That only love's votaries greet; [measure,
 Then our hearts quickly throbbed to one
 Our souls they had blended in one, [ure,
 This earth held for each but one treas-
 Each heart that dear treasure had won.

THE COUNTESS OF SAN DIEGO;

OR, THE BISHOP'S BLESSING.

BY CLOE.

Her youth and beauty their admira-
 tion, her superior intellect their highest
 respect, Ella went on deck to bid good-
 bye to all her friends, and to thank them
 for their kindness and sympathy. Her
 eyes were filled with tears as she beheld
 the warm feelings of the many who were
 pressing around her to say good-bye.
 She had been the recipient of so much
 kindness on board the *Queen Ann*, that
 it filled her heart with sadness to leave.
 Ben approached her and extended his
 hand; his form quivered; a tear stood in

his eye as the words good-bye fell from
 his lips. Ella looked at his manly face;
 she remembered her obligations to him
 in saving her life. Words were denied
 her as she warmly grasped his hand.
 Jack now came forward with a good-
 natured smile:

"Why, what are you all crying about?
 even the Admiral's eyes look wet. Good-
 bye, young lady, and remember Jack as
 a friend."

"Yes, while I live," sobbed Ella, "I
 will remember you and Ben with grati-
 tude."

Here the Admiral took Ella's arm and
 conducted her to his sister's residence.
 Lady Dunbar received her with marked

kindness. She was the Admiral's only sister. Although past forty, the traces of beauty were still plainly visible. An expression of care and unhealed sorrow left its course on her benevolent brow. Her eyes filled with tears as her brother repeated to her all he knew of Ella's singular history.

"In your loneliness, dear sister, you will find in her a sympathizing friend. I hope she will compensate you for all the kindness it will be necessary to show a friendless girl."

The Admiral's brief stay at home was in consequence of being ordered to America with Packenham. Lady Dunbar saw her brother depart with feelings of deep regret; it seemed to open afresh a wound but partially healed. Ella could not restrain her sympathy.

"Dear Lady Dunbar, why weep thus? you will injure yourself," said Ella, exceedingly distressed at her violent grief; "has this earth nothing bright or cheerful for you?"

"Yes, my dear, God is good and would not willingly afflict, but the flesh is weak; you will excuse me, my dear, while I retire, that I may better overcome my grief. My brother wished you to be treated as his daughter, and it is time for you to dress for dinner;" and, kissing Ella, she retired.

She was long in her room, while Ella dressed and returned to the drawing-room. While waiting for Lady Dunbar, she amused herself by playing some favorite pieces on the piano; her rich, melodious voice caught the ear of Lady Dunbar; she was perfectly charmed. Could it be Ella? She listened, still the sweet music enchained her attention.

Lady Dunbar stole in the room unobserved by Ella; tears like crystal diamonds were chasing each other down her lovely cheek. Lady Dunbar could restrain her feelings no longer; throwing her arms around Ella's neck, in the language of a fond mother she adopted her

as a daughter to her heart. After making a hasty dinner, Lady Dunbar gave Ella the following history of herself:

"My husband has been dead for fifteen years. I had a son and a daughter. My daughter married Sir James Frank. Through his cruel treatment she found relief in an early grave. My Edward, my noble Edward! could not endure the thought of the cruelties inflicted on his only sister. With these bitter feelings rankling in his heart, he met Sir James at the House of Commons. Sir James treated him with many indignities, in presence of several gentlemen. Edward resented it with much warmth at Sir James—drew his cane and struck him over the head; in a moment of passion Edward drew his sword and pierced the side of Sir James; the wound was decided to be mortal, and my Edward had to flee from his country, and I have never heard of him since." Here Lady Dunbar could go no farther; her voice choked, her tears fell freely as her head rested on Ella's bosom.

"Why feel so sadly, my dear lady? God will reward so good a mother."

She raised her head from Ella's bosom. "Your words comfort me, my child; I have trusted in God, and I will still trust in Him; for he has promised that the righteous shall not be forsaken."

"You mentioned Sir James Frank—has he a sister?" asked Ella.

"Yes, dear; she married a rich merchant from Cuba, by the name of Thompson."

"Is it possible? Dear Lady Dunbar, Mrs. Thompson is the lady that brought me up."

"Are you sure?" said Lady Dunbar.

"Yes, quite certain that she is the same. My mother died in their house."

"Well, then, things look more suspicious than ever, my dear Ella." Mrs. Thompson had some motive in view, or she would not have delivered you to those murderers. There is something wrong.

I shudder at the thought," said Lady Dunbar; "and the fact is, I think that family is capable of doing any deed that would advance their worldly interest."

We will now leave Ella with her adopted mother, while we take a look at Mrs. Thompson. After seeing the murderers in possession of Ella, Mrs. Thompson felt quite relieved. She heard nothing of Tom Alavon. The deed was done, and he had left the country, was her conclusion; and satisfying the children that Ella was going to remain in Italy, she made quick preparations and sailed for Spain.

On reaching Madrid, Dr. Valette was waiting for her under the assumed name of Mr. Adair. Mrs. Thompson told the children that she and this Mr. Adair were married in Italy, and had kept it a secret, in consequence of the too recent death of their father; and also requiring them to be silent and call themselves by the name of Adair. They had no trouble in proving their identity, with the will and other letters, and also the family pictures. No one even suspected their spurious claim to the estate of San Diego.

Taking possession of the former residence of Don Desmonde, and assuming the responsibilities of the liege lord, no one was there to dispute.

Don Desmonde being a man of solitary habits, his daughter was little known. This circumstance facilitated in no small degree the success of the unworthy claimants. Don Desmonde had never returned. He was still in Mexico.

Castle San Diego was one of those magnificent Spanish buildings, standing a monument of the wealth and grandeur of this ancient family. Several crowned heads had emanated from its high walls. This castle was venerated by all classes of the Spanish people as a peculiar favor from God. Many superstitious stories were told of promises made to this family. One was, that the Castle San Diego, in giving succor to the Catholic Church

in a time of great need, had been blessed and presented with a cross—a token of the bishop's blessing and promise; that none of the house of San Diego should ever die a violent death—a promise which had been kept for more than a century.

The family burial-ground gave strong credence to the validity of the bishop's promise. In this elegant and sumptuous palace Mrs. Thompson, as the Countess of San Diego, received the homage of her Spanish subjects. Her son James, now the Count, was idolized as the head of this favored family, while Velette was content to be Mr. Adair. For a while she dazzled by the acquisition of opulence; but, alas! in spite of all her success, dark visions would flit before her imagination, and the innocent Ella *would* rise up before her. That superstitious promise troubled her. Perhaps Tom did not murder her, after all. Then she would try to banish such thoughts and endeavor to enjoy her ill-begotten wealth. Her children were the pictures of happiness.

Dr. Velette, or would-be Mr. Adair, passed his time in gambling and dissipation, to his perfect satisfaction. He soon became a great annoyance to his pretended wife. She began to fear him. She thought she could see feelings of hatred manifested to the young counts. Thoughts strange and dark crossed her mind.

"Yes, I must get rid of him. I believe I could be happy if Velette were dead."

No sooner had she come to this conclusion, than she made preparations to carry into effect her resolution. Being a great lover of wine, she always kept a supply for her own use. Procuring some poison, she filled a bottle with wine, and added the fatal mixture. Placing it in a closet by itself, she watched a favorable opportunity of giving him the dose. His habits had become so dissolute that she knew he was liable to be taken off at any time. Under these circumstances she knew that

there would be no suspicion excited if he were to die at any moment. She became more attentive to him, and solicited his presence in her evening amusements. He seemed to be in no mood to be sociable. The poisoned wine still remained in the closet. A gentleman called to pay her an amount of money. Taking the money, she placed it in the closet which contained the wine. Hearing the Doctor below, in an unaccustomed good humor, she hastily closed the door without locking it, and descended to the drawing-room, in hopes of decoying him to drink wine with her.

The young Count wishing some money, and knowing that his mother had just received some, went to her room, supposing her to be there; but seeing no one, and a closet door partly open, he espied the bottle of wine; he tasted and pronounced it excellent. He was delighted with its flavor. Taking the wine, he carried it to his own room, where two of his sisters soon joined him. They were not long in emptying the bottle of its contents. They soon began to feel symptoms of sickness, but unconscious of their danger, they delayed calling for assistance until the young Count fell in spasms. The mother was called, but the young Count lay in the agonies of death. The young ladies were soon similarly affected. The Doctor pronounced them poisoned. The horrid truth flashed through the mind of Mrs. Thompson. She hastened to the closet, and found that the fatal bottle had been removed. The young Count and his two sisters had fallen into the snare laid for Dr. Velette, by their own mother. No one could account for this dreadful calamity, except their mother. Everything was hung in mourning—three bodies lay in their coffins side by side.

This unusual occurrence at the house of San Diego caused superstitious people to doubt that all was right, or there was no virtue in the bishop's promise. The

Countess had still one son and daughter to build her hopes upon. This partially solaced her sufferings.

At the burial, consternation was depicted on every countenance. Three of the house of San Diego had come to an untimely end. Dissatisfaction seemed to pervade the superstitious community. Perhaps it was the curse of Desmonde upon his daughter for her disobedience in marrying against his will. This seemed to quiet, but not to satisfy the minds of the people entirely. They were the first to be deposited in the burying-ground at San Diego that had come to an untimely end. Mrs. Thompson endeavored, by dissipation, to drown the remorse of conscience that was continually praying upon her mind. Her villany had murdered three of her own offspring.

Tortured with these reflections, we leave Dr. Velette and Mrs. Thompson and take another look after Ella.

CHAPTER V.

A year had passed since the Admiral left for America with Packenham. Every one was in high expectation of the return of Mr. Keane and Admiral Lambert. The battle of New Orleans had been fought and lost. Packenham, Renie and Gibbs were the victims of that bloody battle. Lambert was spared and unhurt. Lady Dunbar rejoiced to see her worthy brother again, after so long an absence. Ella welcomed him home with a sincere affection, such as a daughter would feel. She had improved wonderfully during his absence. She was faultless in looks. The Admiral thought he never saw a more handsome young lady. Lady Dunbar was never tired of speaking of Ella's good qualities. Admiral Lambert received an invitation from an old friend, Sir Parker, to spend a few weeks with them in Scotland. They accepted the invitation, Ella accompanying them. Sir Parker received them as old friends. Lady Parker was quite charmed with

Ella's graceful appearance, and having a daughter of her own, though much younger than Ella, she was anxious that Lettie should cultivate Ella's acquaintance. She spoke freely of this to Lady Dunbar.

"Have you a good governess for your daughter?" asked Lady Dunbar.

"Yes; a lady of much experience—a Miss Summers."

"Miss Summers!" repeated Ella—"why! that was the governess' name that was at Mrs. Thompson's at the time we left for Italy. I would like to see her very much."

"Lettie, go call Miss Summers, and ask her to come down," said Lady Parker.

Miss Summers was immediately presented. Ella recognized her old teacher immediately.

"Dear Ella, is this you?" exclaimed Miss Summers; "you have grown so that I scarcely knew you. Have you left Mrs. Thompson?"

"She *sent* me away," answered Ella; and she told all that happened to her since she had left the Thompson Mansion.

Miss Summers was quite shocked at the recital of Ella's story.

"I am confident," said Miss Summers, "that Mrs. Thompson hired those men to murder you."

"What makes you think so?" inquired the Admiral.

"My reasons are these: While I resided in the house of Mrs. Thompson, I noticed that Mrs. Thompson took great pains to keep Ella ignorant; and this is not all. She told me that Ella was of Spanish descent, and that her mother died in their house, and that she had in her possession MSS. and letters, and also family pictures in a curious ebony box. The writings were in Spanish, and she could not read them. She wished me to read them for her, but first wished me to keep it a profound secret. I would not

promise, and Mrs. Thompson dismissed me on that account. I did not read the papers, so that I am ignorant of their contents.

"Are you willing to testify to this before a court of Justice?" asked the Admiral.

"Yes," answered Miss Summers; "I am perfectly willing."

"Light begins to dawn on this subject—a deep-laid plot," continued the Admiral. "I will ferret out this thing."

All seemed interested in the singular development of coincidences.

"I soon ascertained through her agent that Mrs. Thompson was a resident of Spain."

This convinced the Admiral that she had good reasons for plotting Ella's death. "I think it best to have this thing looked into immediately. We can all make a pleasure trip to Spain, and see if our conjectures are right."

Sir Parker and lady and Miss Summers determined to accompany them. Hasty preparations were made for the journey. Meeting Ben and Jack in London, the Admiral thought it most prudent to take them along. After a somewhat tedious voyage, they arrived in Madrid. The Admiral soon ascertained that Mrs. Thompson was in possession of Spanish property, in company with a Dr. Velette, passing himself off as Mr. Adair. The Admiral had them arrested. Much excitement prevailed in consequence of the arrest. Every possible device was resorted to by Dr. Velette and Mrs. Thompson to sustain their claim to the title of San Diego. False witnesses were lavishly paid by Mrs. Thompson. The Admiral brought in Ella as the heir to San Diego. Miss Summers' testimony was good, but not enough to establish the fact in the eyes of the Spanish Court. It was decided that, as Don Desmond was still alive, *he* should decide whether the present Countess was his daughter or not. The old gentleman was still in Mexico. This

decision brought terror to the heart of of Mrs. Thompson, but there was no escape. She was kept closely watched under arrest until the case should be decided. Officers were dispatched after Don Desmonde. The Admiral and party spent the interval in visiting and examining the most important places and buildings in Spain. They were detained much longer in Spain than they anticipated. They hailed the old gentleman's arrival with delight. The day at length arrived when the case should be decided. The Judge took his seat, and the venerable Desmonde was seated at his left. His tall figure, gray locks and stern countenance convinced the audience that he would not be easily deceived. Dr. Vелlette was first brought before him. Taking his glasses from his side-pocket, he applied them to his eyes. A solemn silence seemed to pervade the crowd as the question was asked:

"Is this man William Adair, the man who married your daughter Ella, Desmonde?"

"He is not the man who married my daughter," answered Desmonde, firmly.

A murmur of revenge followed, and a curse was on every lip for the impostor. He was led back to prison, while Mrs. Thompson was next brought before the old gentleman. Pale and haggard, she could scarcely be recognized as Mrs. Thompson. Her veil was removed again, while Desmonde was interrogated.

"Is this your daughter, Ella Adair?"

He was positive that she was not his daughter. Mrs. Thompson fainted, and was carried back to prison.

The Admiral supported Ella as she approached her grandfather. "This is the lady who claims to be your granddaughter." The eyes of the old gentleman were fastened on her, and a strong resemblance to her mother was plainly visible.

"She is the picture of my daughter," he exclaimed, descending to where Ella

stood, and embracing her. "Is your mother dead? I had hoped to see her."

At this affecting scene, many were brought to tears. Mrs. Thompson was again called, and offered pardon, if she would confess her faults and give in her evidence of the conspiracy. Life was still sweet to this wicked woman. She made a full confession, and received pardon. Dr. Vелlette was condemned and executed. Mrs. Thompson was requested to leave Spain, on peril of life.

Ella's friends took a reluctant leave for England, with many hopes and promises of meeting again. Lady Dunbar could not be prevailed upon to leave Ella. Ella rewarded Miss Summers with a handsome yearly income. The trusty Ben and Jack were retained in the young Countess' service. After Ella gained her title and possession, her grandfather soon grew tired of Spain; he longed for his wild home in Mexico. Ella saw his discontent, and determined to accompany him, to be a comfort to him in his declining years. He still held his office, and could not be prevailed upon to resign. Ella left her estates in the hands of trusty servants, and accompanied her grandfather to Mexico, taking Lady Dunbar with them. They were delighted with the city of Mexico. Don Desmonde had estates in several different localities, and in traveling from one place to another, he passed his time to his highest gratification. No expense was spared—some of his locations were a garden of Eden. He had taken great pains in the cultivation of fruits, grain and vegetables. Many half-breeds were employed in herding his numerous cattle. At one favorite place in old California, he spent a few months each year.

Lady Dunbar and Ella were soon as fond of rambling on horseback as he could wish. Ella was quite attractive, and he wished to keep her from the influence of Cupid. She had a heart, and as yet it was at ease, he wished to keep it so for

a time. He was now preparing for a tour to some of his locations. Lady Dunbar, Ella and fifty Mexicans, comprised the company, Don Desmonde proudly taking the lead, Lady Dunbar and Ella riding closely behind him. Four days of pleasant enjoyment brought them to a castle, a beautiful place. Ella wondered at so much waste, and yet there was about it a wild fascinating appearance. Grapes in great abundance hung in blue clusters over the vines; a fruit of which they were exceedingly fond. Lady Dunbar's health was never so good in her life,—and they enjoyed the good things of this place to their heart's content. A few days of rest and Desmonde proceeded further to visit his other locations. Desmonde thought he discovered unfriendly feelings in some of the little villas through which he passed. He was not aware that rebellion against the Spanish government was fast ripening. They arrived late in the evening at his favorite ranch in old California; everything looked prosperous and they had the pleasure of seeing many herds of wild horses, deer and antelope. They were delighted to find this place exceeded their expectations; peaches, pears, grapes, and many other fruits graced the plantation. The house was a large commodious mansion, built of unburnt brick, enclosed by a wall of the same material. Many small houses were also in the enclosure, for the accommodation of soldiers. Several beautiful live oak trees graced the enclosure, while a soft green turf covered the yard. The house was well furnished, and had a cheerful home-like appearance. Lady Dunbar and Ella expressed a wish to remain some time in this wild, fascinating retreat. Mexicans were dispatched to San Lucas for luxuries, and on their return Desmonde's present wants were supplied. A pleasant residence of three months in this little fort brought many rich Buchaniers to visit them. Don Desmonde was extensively known in this quarter and was believed

to possess rich treasure, concealed in this adobe castle. This was often referred to by visitors, but as often unnoticed by Don Desmonde. Lady Dunbar and Ella were taking their accustomed walk one evening, when they espied a man riding furiously up to the house. His excited manner alarmed them.

"What can be the matter," inquired Lady Dunbar, eyeing the stranger as he continued to converse with Don Desmonde on the outside of the wall. It was evident that something unusual engaged them in conversation.

"I fear something has happened," said Ella. "Grandfather is quite excited; let us return to the house."

As they approached Don Desmonde, they discovered a change in his countenance.

"What is the matter, grandfather?"

"Don't be alarmed, child; there is singular movements in the neighborhood; there is no telling what will be the result; we may be attacked before morning."

"What shall we do?" asked Lady Dunbar.

"There is no need of so much alarm," said Desmonde, hurrying from the room and calling up all his men to prepare for an attack, should there be one. Gathering in his forces, he was surprised to find but thirty guns, while his ammunition was also limited. In this dilemma Don Desmonde was somewhat puzzled to know the best course to pursue. He could not hide his fears. Lady Dunbar and Ella watched him with anxious eye, and noticing his excitement, Ella asked in tones of despair, what they should do.

"Leave that to me, child; I have no fears of being conquered by any of them," said the old General, in a spirit of bold defiance.

The evening was now fast approaching. Desmonde called his men, gave them his particular orders, and placed sentinels in an elevated position, so that they could see if any one approached. At 7 o'clock

the moon arose in full, shedding a soft, mellow light, almost equal to daylight. There is a splendor and magnificence in the moonlight nights of Mexico and California, unequaled in any other place in the world. Scarcely a leaf moved on the trees; every ear was open to the least sound. At length the sentinel gave the alarm.

"They are coming! We hear them! Yes, we see them! There is a thousand armed men!"

"A thousand?" repeated Don Desmonde, "there is not half that number. Call the men to station themselves near the gate." Desmonde caught a glimpse of the enemy; there was a larger number than he expected. "Don Desmonde was never conquered," said he, looking back at the pale faces of Lady Dunbar and Ella; and closing several rooms, he stood beside a chapel that contained a much venerated cross. It was of peculiar construction. It seemed an ancient relic. Lifting it from its place on the chapel he returned to where Lady Dunbar and Ella stood in dread of the approaching enemy. Holding the cross in his hand he handed it to Ella, saying, "Take this in your right hand; place this dagger in the rings; it will do for a handle; it can be elevated higher—there, that will do; now, my dear Ella, go and stand in the open gate; hold the cross so to attract the attention of the enemy—it will save us."

Ella obeyed. Gathering her white robe closely about her, her long black curls hanging floating over her white neck, she seemed an inhabitant of another world.

Taking her position in the open gate she elevated her little jeweled cross on the point of Don Desmonde's dagger. Not another human could be seen. The enemy saw her.

"What is that?" asked the leader. "Halt!"

Ella moved forward with her elevated cross. The Catholic Mexicans looked at

her as ominous of evil and refused to advance. A superstitious dread was fast freezing in their veins; they thought her a ghost; all order was forgotten, and they were fast retreating. One ruffian, not a Catholic, surprised at the absurdity of their superstitions, dismounted and approached Ella. Grasping the cross above Ella's hand, the sharp dagger cut his hand severely. The blood streamed over Ella's white dress, making her look more singular. The undaunted Ella stood firm, still holding her cross.

"D—n that cross," said the ruffian, retreating a little, and endeavoring to stop the blood that streamed from his wound. The superstitious soldiers and commanders were horror-struck—and, without striking a blow, returned to the village to ruminate on the frightful spectre that stood in their way. After discussing the matter, some of the men were not content to let Desmonde rest. Making up a company of about thirty, they returned to the charge.

Don Desmonde was now rejoicing at his victory. The gate was closed, and they had retired to a room to compliment Ella upon her fortitude and perseverance in not giving way.

A knock was heard at the gate. A servant inquired their business. They wished to remain for the night; said they were travelers.

Don Desmonde, ever hospitable, ordered their admittance. He soon had cause to regret it, for no sooner were they admitted than they commenced butchering all that came in their way. Don Desmonde soon saw that to regain order was impossible. The cries of the flying servants soon brought confusion and consternation. All was lost. Don Desmonde, quickly taking Ella, Lady Dunbar and two servants, led the way to the chapel. Lifting a little trap-door, he motioned them to enter. Snatching the cross from the servant he let the door down softly. Still they heard the shriek of the

flying servants, as they ran from one room to another, for safety. Desmonde motioned them to descend the narrow stair-way; they descended in the dark, feeling their way, and soon came to a door. Ella, feeling for an opening, accidentally touched a spring; the door flew open and they were admitted into a room. A wax-candle was dimly burning near a rude chapel; the light was a welcome treasure. Don Desmonde hurriedly descended the stairs. Taking the wax-taper he opened another trap-door, leading to another passage, at the end of which was another room, giving Ella a key to unlock the other room, while he and Wasa remained to ascertain whether the robbers could intrude further. Ella and Lady Dunbar descended a long and narrow passage. At length, coming to a door, she unlocked it; here, to their surprise, a large room with seats, and beds and other furniture met their wandering gaze.

"This is a singular place, Ella," said Lady Dunbar.

They were soon aroused by a loud knocking. "Grandfather is coming," shouted Ella. "How they do hammer; I fear they will break the door down."

Don Desmonde now entered with his man Wasa, and taking down a fire-board, Wasa touched the candle to some dry sticks, which made a cheerful fire.

"Will they not discover us by the fire, grandfather?" asked Ella, with much concern.

"No; we can escape through a secret flue." Crash went a door. Desmonde startled; a yell of triumph was plainly heard; they soon discovered the other trap-door. It was evident the robbers would succeed in opening it. Drawing a dagger, Desmonde secreted himself in a place in the wall, while he commanded Wasa to drag the robbers in the room. He took his place in a cavity in the wall, and as they advanced, one by one, his sharp dagger pierced their hearts. Wasa,

true to his master's commands, hauled them bleeding into the room. The others, unconscious of their danger, in noisy tumult pressed their way to the point of Desmonde's dagger. Another and another received his death at the hands of Desmonde; fifteen lay as they were dragged by Wasa on the floor. The blood ran in thick puddles over the hard cement floor. Don Desmonde waited, but no more came. Desmonde, faint from over-exertion, leaned on the arm of his faithful Wasa. Ella waded through the pools of blood to his assistance, to hand him a draught of wine. This revived him. The cold perspiration now covered his venerable face. Ella bathed his temples. He lay as if asleep, while Lady Dunbar and Ella sat watching him in great anxiety, lest he should die. Wasa ascended the stairs cautiously to see the state of things above. Stopping at the chapel, he listened. All was still. The sun had now risen. Not a single cloud obscured its pleasant rays. Examining the room, he saw many dead bodies in all directions, lying cold in death. All the servants that had not been killed had fled. Many of the robbers had been killed in the conflict. After a hasty examination he returned to report the issue of the fight to Desmonde. As Wasa explained to them what he saw, Desmonde looked up.

"Wasa," said he, "drag these men in yonder room, where more than one enemy's bones are laid.

Wasa obeyed. Opening a door to a dark square room he dragged them one by one throwing them in a promiscuous mass, sweeping the blood after them. Ella approached the door, and, looking in, she saw several skeletons. A feeling of horror crept through her veins. She still gazed on them.

"Ella," said the old man, "this is the third time that the devils have tried to rob me, and met my never-erring dagger. My treasures are still safe. They

are for you, my Ella." Here the old man's voice trembled—almost ceased. Ella sprang to his side.

"Wasa, can't you take grandfather above?" Desmonde shook his head. He motioned to Ella and Lady Dunbar to follow him. Opening another side door a narrow passage led to a little door which opened to a small room, twelve feet long by six feet wide. Desmonde seated himself on a singular elevation across one end of the room. As soon as he was sufficiently revived, he spoke:

"Ella, my dear, under this step is gold that I purchased from an Indian. It is in its pure state. I have vainly tried to discover where the Indian found it, but, as yet, have failed. The Indian comes only once a year; last year he failed to make his appearance; I feel that I can survive but a few days, and these are some things to tell you. In the first place, when I die, I wish to be laid in this little room, until such times as it will be prudent for you to remove my bones to Spain, and bury me in our family vault." Suddenly rising he opened a trap door to the step, requesting Lady Dunbar and Ella to look. "Did you ever see so much virgin gold?" The beautiful yellow mettle lay in little piles, all shapes and sizes, just as he had procured it of the Indian.

"Have you any idea of its value?" asked Lady Dunbar.

"Near a million. I have been buying of this Indian for near twelve years."

"Did the Indian live near here?"

"I think not. I accidentally met a party of Indians on a hunting excursion, and observed one Indian with this metal in his ears and pieces pounded flat strung around his neck. I bought several pieces, for which I gave him some clothing. I saw at once it was gold, and endeavored to find out where he procured it, but he would tell me nothing. He promised, if I would bring clothing, some guns and powder, he would procure for

me abundance of this metal. He came at a stated time once a year. Half of this gold belongs to my Sovereign, a fourth to the Church and a fourth to Ella." Shutting the door, Desmonde again locked up his gold. Turning to go back to the other room, they followed him, seating himself again on his bed and taking another drink of wine, he paused; turning to Ella, he handed her a key. Wasa approached his master and prevailed on him to go up stairs, as it would be more pleasant. Desmonde, with difficulty, ascended the stairs or narrow passages that led above.

Everything was in confusion; fifteen dead bodies were lying above; Desmonde sent Wasa in search of help to bury the dead; after some delay Wasa found some assistance and buried the dead Mexicans. The robbers were defeated, and most of them killed. Desmonde was quite sick; his strength was fast failing; the fatigue he had endured for the last two days was too much for his old age; it was evident his days were numbered; he awoke from a long sleep quite refreshed.

"Wasa, call Ella." She was soon at his side. "Ella, my time has come—I will soon die. When I die, put me in the treasure room, and fasten the door with your own hands; at some future time remove me and the treasure; I wish to lie beside your grandmother. I also wish you to go to England and remove the bones of your mother and bury them beside me. Divide the treasure as I have told you; here is my will and my wishes that I desire you to perform; you are young and inexperienced—without a protector. I received a letter from your father several years ago, which I never answered. I know your father is in the United States; he fought in the battle of New Orleans; I believe he lives in the State of Kentucky; I saw his name among the generals of Kentucky; I wish you, soon as I am dead, to return to the city of Mexico, and draw money and proceed to America, and search for your

father; the business of your estates are in the hands of good agents; let them still retain their offices. Wasa, bring me that cross that Ella held in her hand that drove the Mexicans from their purpose." Wasa presented it to him. Desmonde took it in reverence.

"Ella," said he, "swear on this cross that you will fulfill my wishes;" he held the cross to her lips while she kissed it in consent. "Ella," said he, "this is a solemn promise you have made on this favored relic; this is the cross on which the Bishop's blessing was performed to the House of San Diego—a promise which has been kept for a century; it was this promise that saved you from the hands of those ruffian murderers."

Ella put her hand on her heart and again kissed the revered relic. Desmonde put his hand on Ella's head and blessed her, closed his eyes and fell asleep, from which he never awoke. Ella had him removed to the treasure-room, placing the little favored cross at his head, securing the door with her own hands, according to promise.

"Wasa, these underground rooms must be kept secret and sacred. I wish them to be kept shut until I return to open them and carry my grandfather to Spain. Swear to keep this promise, Wasa," said Ella.

"I swear," said Wasa, kissing a crucifix.

It was now near Christmas, and Lady Dunbar and Ella determined to return to the city of Mexico. The winter rains had already begun to fall, and mud had taken the place of dust.

Leaving the place with Wasa, Ella procured the services of a priest to accompany them, to insure safety. After a tedious journey they arrived in the city of Mexico. Evident signs of rebellion were visible in the city among the people. Ella and Lady Dunbar had already seen enough of fighting to satisfy them.

Leaving the Desmonde property in the

city of Mexico to the Bishop, Ella prepared to visit America in search of her father. After a hasty preparation they took passage for America. After a tedious voyage they landed in the city of New Orleans. Ella could scarcely suppress a tear as she gazed upon the place where her father had fought a battle with other brave generals in behalf of liberty. While ruminating over these things Lady Dunbar touched her elbow.

"So, this is New Orleans, where my noble friends Packenham and Gibbs lost their lives; but, thank God, Lambert was spared; don't you think, dear Ella, we have much to be thankful for?"

"Yes, much; but I have gone through so many trials, lately, that I can scarcely believe in my own identity."

"No wonder, my dear, when we consider the changes that you have experienced in so short a time."

Having their rooms in a good hotel, the ladies had good opportunities to make social acquaintances. Ella's first object was to ascertain where she could find her father. To her many inquiries she could learn nothing but that General Adair was from Kentucky. Ella's anxiety to find her father made her impatient to leave New Orleans; in this Lady Dunbar shared.

(Concluded in our next.)

Now.—"Now" is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of time. "Now" is the watchword of the wise. "Now" is on the banner of the prudent. Let us keep this little word always in our mind; and whenever anything presents itself to us in the shape of work, whether mental or physical, we should do it with all our might, remembering that "now" is the only time for us. It is, indeed, a sorry way to get through the world, by putting off till to-morrow, saying, "then" I will do it. No! this will never answer. "Now" is ours; "then" may never be.

Says Longfellow: "Sunday is the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week."

POOR AND PROUD.

Mother! I weary of toil and care,
 Say, is there never a rest for me?
 My brow is white and my hands are fair,
 I toil that others may whiter be.
 Why was I born on this beautiful earth
 Only to gather the thorn that grows?
 Why does sorrow, instead of mirth,
 Sadly her visage to me disclose?

Poor—*am* I poor? is there naught but wealth
 Worthy of striving and living for?
 I snatch pleasure only by stealth,
 Others enjoy a boundless store.
 Go to!—God never created me
 To pander to folly, or foster vice;
 My heart is as warm as others be—
 I sell it not for a paltry price.

Lie with my lips while my soul rebels?
 Stand at the altar all false and cold?
 Hear the chime of my marriage bells
 Solemnly utter sold—sold—sold?
 Nay—he has gather'd worldly pelf,
 Men will honor him by and by;
 But let him look to his inner self—
 His daily life an embodied lie!

Seeming virtue varnishes o'er
 A black and worldly heart within;
 What should I soil my white robes for?
 Gold is dross when it glosses sin.
 Nay, fair hands, lift up your white
 Tapering fingers to God, and say:
 Rather labor from morn till night,
 Flinging the bridal ring away,

Than lay yourselves in his heated palm,
 Fevered with grasping unlawful gain.
 Mother, see, I am proud and calm—
 Tell him I never will bear his name.
 Tell him that Truth, and Honor, and Right,
 Are dearer far than the gold he brings;
 Say his passion would cast a blight
 Worse than that which to Poverty clings.

Sweetly the beams of the sunshine fall
 Warming the tiles of our cottage floor,
 Coldly his shadow would strike the wall,
 Leaving darkness forever more.
 Give him again his proffered vows,

All unworthy my heart's high shrine;
 Gold is the God to whom he bows,
 Gold shall never be god of mine.

Mother, my love his wreath disdains,
 Hearts can never be bought or sold;
 Bid him go with his wicked gains—
 Wed another as rich and cold.
 Poor! I am poor—from morn till night
 Sitting with Toil for my daily bread;
 Better thus in the Father's sight [head;
 Than bowing with shame my womanly
 Better to mourn under Poverty's cloud,
 Tho' our hearts rebel when the rich go by;
 Better, Oh, mother! be Poor and Proud,
 Than stand at the altar and speak a lie!
San Francisco, May, '58. H. L. NEALL.

GOLD LAKE—AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY ALICE.

California can justly boast of as beautiful scenery as any country in the world. Switzerland, with her many crystal lakes and rugged cliffs, and her far-famed snow wreathed Blanc, loses some attraction when viewed beside the wonders of California. Egypt will no longer be the wonder-land when they come to explore our woodland heights rearing their lofty heads heavenward till lost in the morning mist or mingle with the blue clouds that hover beneath the sunlit dome of heaven; and no portion of this, "the garden of the world," will eventually be more attractive than Gold Lake, for the many pleasing associations that cluster around it. This lake of magic beauty lies high up in the mountains, midway between Downieville and Sierra Valley. It is fed by the melting snows that cover the hoary-headed Buttes and other small mountains of minor importance. This lake is three miles long and a mile and a half wide, deep and very clear, and remarkable for its finny tribes that disport themselves in its transparent waters for the angler's jolly sport and pastime. Steep hills to the westward stand out to the water's edge as yearly sentinels, and at the low bank

at the southward stands a first-class hotel, kept during the summer season by Mr. Coleman, who has built a sail-boat, which plays upon its broad still bosom like a thing of life, often freighted with the *elite* and beauty of the mountains, which make the old primitive woods resound with glee and laughter. The lake is the head waters of the south fork of *Rio de la Plumas*, and also famous in the annals of California history for creating a great excitement and gold panic in 1850 among the miners who flocked thither in hundreds, supposing the bottom to be entirely covered with the glittering oro, pearls and precious stones. Hence the origin of its name—Gold Lake.

There is yet another legend in the red man's mythology connected with this spot of beauty worthy of notice, which I learned from Hotakah, an old Pyutt Indian, who has been blind this many a year, and led about by his grandchildren; and the beautiful Indian girl pounding acorns on the hill yonder is Hotakah's grandchild. He has lived more than a century, and the pitiless storms of many a cold, bleak winter have beat upon his faded locks and unprotected head. He keeps the number of years he has lived notched upon a pine stick, which will be handed down from generation to generation as an heir-loom and relic of ancient antiquity.

Many, many years ago the Pyutt tribe was a great and powerful nation, and ranged from Humboldt river to Honey Lake Valley, and far beyond it. Their war-horses numbered many thousands; their warriors were numerous, valiant and brave, and in all the valleys of the Sierras they roamed. They were young giants compared to the now puny, half-starved creatures that prowl around the infant settlements. No feud or animosity then existed between this tribe and the Washoe's. Each hunting ground was the common property of the other, and a friendly relation sprung up between

them. It is not to be supposed that in those days they had drank freely from the fountain of science, but they were a more stalwart, brave race of men, than the now degenerated race can ever hope or attain to be. This unbroken brotherhood and friendship remained the same until a singular circumstance intervened, which made them hostile and deadly enemies forever, and which feeling will exist until the last trace of the red man is obliterated by the hurrying march of civilization.

One morning, just before the monarch of day had climbed up over the red battlements of the east, a white man, pale and hungry-looking, came down the mountain side, and asked at Kaywood-tucks—the chief's lodge—for food. They gave the wanderer dried berries and roasted venison, and nursed him until he grew strong.

In due time he became reconciled to his fate; and joined in their hunting excursions; and in a few moons learned their language, and readily adopted their crude manners and customs. Whether the pure Castilian or Anglo-Saxon blood coursed in his veins, there were no means of knowing, but certain it is, that the woods never echoed to the foot-fall of a white man before, and from this time, the Pyutts dated their misfortune; and the coming of the pale face was the omen of ill luck. Still he grew in favor as years advanced, and married Kaywood-tuck's prettiest daughter, who loved him with all the affection of her race, and soon became the mother of a little girl, who, as she grew older became the petted one, and because she could dance with a lighter foot than any girl that slumbered in her father's wigwam, took the name of Kahlanno, (a pretty dancer,) and won the love of Mowatoo and Hoochero, the latter belonging to the Washoe tribe, to which she showed a decided preference. Her mother and the rest of her people disapproved of her

choice and preferred Mowatoo, as he was the son of a brave. Kahlanno grew more fascinating and beautiful each day of her life. She partook of all the Indian cunning and pale beauty which belonged to her parents. Strange to say, the white man, Kahlanno's father, disappeared as mysteriously as he came, and many rude conjectures were surmised of what and who he was.

Hochanno had often sat by the lake side pouring forth devotion into Kahlanno's willing ear, and both drank in the bewildering beauty and enchantment of the surrounding scenery. He told not his burning words of love, by the white light of noonday. But his loved tones were whispered long after the crimson weirdness of evening had passed away; when the harvest moon rode upon her silver car high up in the heavens, and the bright eyed stars were keeping their tireless watch above; Mowatoo grew enraged when Kahlanno refused his hand and pined and languished when away.

One day when the lovers were hunting together on the hill side, a dispute arose, and with the rashness of an Alexander, Mowatoo drew a poisoned arrow from his quiver and pierced his rival's heart. Cold distrust crept down into Kahlanno's soul when she saw the hatred of her own tribe turned against her—and even her mother, once so tender, now despised her for the white blood that mingled with the red current of her heart. The love of Mowatoo could not fill the vacuum she felt at her heart's core; and one night when the sun had sunk down behind the bulwarks of the west, and queen Luna was shedding her silver halo over earth, Kahlanno, the wretched in heart, walked forth into the shadow of the mountain, and tread lightly the narrow path the deer had made among the rocks till she neared the lake—which slept as peaceful as an infant in the pale moonlight. There she shed her unavailing tears, which fell with the night dew

among the sleeping flowers. She sank down where the wild thyme grew, and a fragrance of bruised flowers and of a bruised heart floated out upon the audible stillness of the evening. Stepping into her bright canoe, she moved out into water till the middle of the lake was gained, when she raised her proud form still higher till she stood on the prow of the boat. Nothing could enhance the beauty of the scene, as she stood gazing upward into the clear sky. She raised her beautiful form still higher, lifting her arms above her head and clasping a moonbeam to her aching bosom, disappeared down among the voiceless waves. Death rested on her soul, the feverish dream of life was over, and all was still!

Then the moon was shrouded; a veil of mourning hung before the face of nature, and the stars hid their sparkling eyes behind a dark gloomy cloud. The same angel that delivered the message to the shepherds on the plains of Judea announcing the birth of Christ, in dazzling beauty was seen moving along the front of night. When hovering over the lake, he raised the spirit of the drowning girl in his arms and soared aloft. The hand that killed the Indian lover became palsied, and whenever Mowatoo came down to bathe his shrunken limbs in the pure water of the lake, a muttering was heard as dreadful as the thunders of Sinia. Then nature grew convulsed, for the Great Spirit was angry. The fearful heights grew dizzy, tottered and fell—and the tribes of Pyutts also fell. Their campfires went out, their councils were broken up, their lodges moved further and further in the wilderness. The grass and flowers were blighted; the chase failed and many died from hunger and want. When the sturdy oak refused to yield their acorns, they knew the curse of the Great Spirit rested upon them; and an air of faded pomp and decayed grandeur followed the waning glory of the red man.

THE BLOODY HAND.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

He could not shut it out,
 Or drive it from his sight;
 'Twas there through all the weary day,
 And through the live-long night.
 'Twas blazing on the clouds—
 'Twas burning on the sea;
 Fiery and red, it quivering hung,
 On every rock and tree.

He sought his room at night;
 He shut his chamber door;
 He threw himself upon his couch—
 'Twas burning on the floor.
 He cast his eyes above—
 'Twas on the wall o'erhead;
 It flickered through the dark, dark night,
 Blazing and bloody red.

Oh! bloody hand! Oh! heart!
 Crimsoned and dark with sin!
 How couldst thou scorn that fearful thing,
 The voice of God within?
 It wakes the sheeted dead—
 Their ghosts before it stand;
 They shrink and shiver in their shrouds,
 Before the bloody hand!

San Francisco, May 1, 1858.

WHERE ARE THE FORTY-NINERS?

When the first wonderful story of gold reached the eastern shore, the adventurous pioneers embarked on their long and tedious voyage for a nearly savage and almost unknown land. The "inducements" which influenced them were various. The young and sanguine easily enlisted in an adventure so promising and so romantic. That unsettled, fortune-hunting, brave and adventurous class, embarked on the first wave of immigration which rolled to these golden shores. The dissatisfied of all classes, to whom the strange stories seemed to promise an opportunity of placing their fortunes on a sure foundation, flocked hither. They were men, most of them, of the true Anglo-Saxon blood, who had

not much to lose, and everything to gain, whom no danger could affright and no difficulty appall. What they accomplished let the records of California tell.

But where are they now? The ships which brought them are dismantled and broken up; the beach where they landed is obliterated by the advancing streets of a populous city; the river, up which they toiled in their boats, or sailed in their storm-battered ships, is plowed by the keels of splendid steamers; the mines where many of them labored, are long since exhausted and abandoned, but where are *they*? The answer to my question has carried happiness and comfort, or sorrow and mourning to many homes. Too many have shared the common fate of pioneers; they have fallen in the contest, and others have come after them to reap the benefit of their toil. Along the banks of the rushing rivers, in the wild cañons, in lonely ravines, or near old forsaken camps, you may find their neglected graves. No mourner's tear moistened the sod which covers their ashes; but their memory lives in the brave hearts of those whose toil-worn hands consigned them to their last repose, and a mother's tear, a sister's sigh be their memento. Though the dim eye that watched their fleeing sail fade on the far horizon may never rest upon them again, though no stone mark the spot of their interment, they are remembered.

But many of the old 49-ers have met a different fate. Some returned with improved means, to lend usefulness to their manhood, and shed comfort on the years of declining age; while others, unsuccessful, have followed, preferring home with its associations, to a longer contest with the fickle goddess. Some have chosen this as the land of their choice, here to establish a new home of their own, many of whom have risen to stations of respectability and honor. But there are others still, who continue the

weary hunt for gold, from whom fortune ever seems to flee; who seem unable to abandon this, and embrace some other occupation, and who yet, are continually unsuccessful, but whom the dazzling dream of gold still allures.

But there are a few whose fate is more deplorable than that of those who sleep in their forgotten graves among the mountains. Disappointed in their hopes of retrieving their previously broken fortunes, heart-broken and hopeless, they have given up the strife, or thrown themselves away in the intoxicating draught. They remain in out of the way corners, and unfrequented portions of the mines, ashamed to return to their friends, despairing of all success, and losing all of life that is worth living for. How hopeless is *their* fate.

FORTY-NINE.

"A DIGGER IN THE CHIMNEY."

A MINING INCIDENT OF EARLY DAYS.

My story is concerning the Indian of the class usually denominated "Diggers," and who on this occasion was made to "scratch gravel"—if I may be allowed the expression—for other purpose than obtaining sustenance. Now, I hope I offend no oboriginal individual when I say, that Mr. Indian will steal, which statement I will proceed to substantiate.

The "natives" were decidedly troublesome in the locality which we inhabited at an early period in California history; and while we were absent, had a habit of cleaning out our cabin of everything it contained in the way of provisions, blankets, and sometimes even the frying pan was missing, though of what use they put it to, I cannot conjecture, never having learned that their knowledge of the science of cooking extended so far as to cause them to fry anything. Well, after having our cabin sacked and pillaged several times while we were absent, we at last determined to secure the premises.

So, boarding up the windows, (which, by the way, were as free from glass as we might suppose are those of heaven,) and applying a huge padlock to the door, we considered the place impregnable against Indian ingenuity, and proceeded to work our claim perfectly regardless of our stores.

While at an early hour in the morning one of the company ascended the bank to adjust the hose, he cast a glance towards the cabin, and discovering unusual proceedings thereabouts, called out to us, and with rapid gathering up of revolvers we scrambled up the bank. The first glance discovered to us an Indian sitting on the chimney top. A rascally "appropriator" was inside passing *our* blankets to the "receiver" on the chimney, who quickly transferred them to the "purveyor" on the ground. Then came *our* sack of flour pursuing the course of the blankets. Our goods were rapidly taking their departure, for in wake of the sack of flour came our frying-pan, afterwards our old clothes, and finally, the Indian came also. He, however, left in a hurry, the chimney's upper story having been warmed by a pistol shot. The scoundrel of a "purveyor" seized the flour and commenced making quick time for the mountains, closely pursued by him of the chimney bearing the blankets, followed by the villanous "appropriator" with the frying-pan and old clothes.

Then came a race, in which those making the fastest time were to have the plunder. Three enraged miners were close on their heels, shooting straight ahead and at random. One ball took effect in the old clothes and *they* fell, and with them the cooking utensil, but the sneaking thief only made more rapid progress. We next stumbled over the blankets, and were rapidly overtaking the flour, when the savage concluded to drop it and save his bacon. The pursued being frightened out of their load soon gained the mountains, where it was

less to follow. Sorry that we could not make mince meat of the marauders, we turned attention to gathering the scattered plunder, and went to work and secured it by an arrangement in which we were certain *that* thieving Indian would not molest it again. And how do you think we did it? *Why, we inverted the chimney and built it down in the ground!* What do you say? How did the smoke get out? I will not tell you any more about it; but you may be sure that our flour didn't *rise* out of that chimney again.

ROCHESTER.

ADELAIDE — THE FEMALE GAMBLER.

BY W. B. S.

In the village where I was raised there lived a gentleman nameed James Thornton, who was possessed of considerable wealth and had an only daughter by the name of Adelaide, who was as fair as a new-born rose. For three long years we were school-mates. She was the favorite of the village, for she was so gay and full of life, and none became acquainted with her but to love her. At the age of fifteen she was sent off to a boarding-school, and during her absence we removed to an adjoining State, and I did not see her for over three years. My mother had a sister residing in the village, and we returned there on a visit, after an absence of three years, and on our arrival I learned that Adelaide was about to marry a gentleman of reputed wealth, who had been spending the summer months in the village.

Adelaide invited me to the wedding, which was to come off on the following Thursday evening. The time came around, and as I was intimate with the family I went very early and had a long conversation with her. I soon learned she was not going to marry the choice of her heart.

"Will," she said, "there is a still small voice which whispers in my ear that I am not doing right, although obeying the wishes of my parents. Yet that voice still rings in my soul."

"Why do you feel thus?"

"I can only account for it in this wise,

and I presume you have heard of the circumstance: I was engaged to Charlie Watson, and through the influence of my parents was induced to break that engagement."

"Do you not feel as though you could live happily with your intended husband, Mr. Matson?"

"Oh, yes, I feel as though I should be happy, but I *cannot* banish from my mind the image of Charlie. Will, I loved him better than I can ever love another; but my parents forbid our marriage, and have encouraged the addresses of Mr. Matson, causing me to be in his society until at times I thought I might love him—and during one of those times I gave him the promise of my hand in marriage; but as the time draws near for the fulfilment of that promise, my heart begins to shrink. I feel I have done Charlie injustice, done injustice to my soul's future happiness in thus giving away to the influence of my parents, in marrying one whom my heart did not select. Will, say nothing of what I have told you, for perhaps I shall love him as well as Charlie when we are married, and then I shall have obeyed my parents' wishes; but oh! Charlie! Charlie! could I but banish your image from my heart, how much happier I should be!"

"Adelaide, have no fear. I sincerely hope your life in future may be lighted by hope's lightest lamp, and that a tear of sorrow may never dim those eyes, or a sigh escape that bosom.

"Will, I *do* from my very heart thank you for the kind wishes you express. I feel as though I could open the flood-gates of my soul and let loose the inmost thoughts therein caged from the world, and you would not laugh at my folly, or censure me for the indiscretion I have manifested in yielding to the will of my parents, who know not the heart of their child."

She wiped away the tears that filled her eyes, and arose, saying she must go and prepare for the wedding.

The guests began to arrive, and the house of Mr. Thornton was brilliantly lighted as soon as the sable curtain of night began to draw near. The conversation I had with Adelaide had thrown a melancholy shade over my feelings, and the pleasant time anticipated had all banished, and my heart was made sad by the thought that so beautiful a creature was to be sacrificed upon the matrimo-

nial altar to please the peculiar notions of her parents. As they came upon the floor they made a deep impression upon those around, for they were a handsome couple. After the ceremony was over, they crowded around them to wish them a happy future. When I went up to give them my best wishes there was a sweet smile playing upon Adelaide's countenance, but behind that smile I could see a glistening tear-drop lingering in her light blue eyes, as she looked me full in the face, and thanked me for my wishes concerning her future prosperity.

The wedding passed off as well as could be expected, and the wedded couple next morning started on their bridal tour through the southern States. I returned home with fearful apprehensions that the match would prove an unhappy one.

Uncle Lou, as we always called him, was a well known New Orleans merchant. It was his usual custom to go up to Kentucky to spend the summer months during the sickly season. He went up during the summer of 184— and remained at our house about three weeks, and while there they prevailed upon me to return with him, which I consented to do. I pictured to my delighted imagination many pleasant scenes and romantic adventures I should experience during the coming winter. On the 12th day of October, a day long to be remembered by me, we left the wharf at Louisville for New Orleans, where we arrived after several days' pleasant travel in good health and fine spirits. I remained in the city about six weeks looking after the "elephant," before my departure on a collecting tour. It was a beautiful morning when I left New Orleans. We had a full complement of passengers, mingled with a variety of characters. There were some gamblers on board who were known by many of the passengers as desperadoes, and who followed the river for the purpose of fleecing the unsuspecting of their money. There was one among the passengers who is destined to have a prominent part in our story; therefore, an introduction is necessary, or at least a description. In the absence of any other name we shall call him Reiny Johnson. He was about five feet four inches high, very fair complexion, light blue eyes, hair rather dark. He kept aloof from all the passengers, having nothing to say, unless spoken to. There was something in his countenance which attracted the attention of all ob-

servers of human nature. The night after we left Orleans there was a game of "poker" commenced between two of the gamblers and a young planter, whose name I learned was Stebbins. The game promised to be one of considerable interest, and many crowded around the table. The betting began to be as high as a thousand dollars on one hand. Johnson appeared to be deeply interested in the game, for he did not leave the table during the evening. I was standing immediately opposite to him, where I could see him and watch the color come and go on his cheeks, as the money changed hands, while the young planter, Stebbins, was loser to a large amount. I was standing behind him when I saw him raise his cards. He had three "kings" and two "queens," but "passed," and one of the gamblers bet one thousand dollars. Stebbins then "covered" it and "raised" him five hundred dollars, while the other gambler "passed out." The gambler "see" the five hundred and went a thousand dollars "better." Stebbins sat for a moment with his eyes riveted upon the "stakes," and then called to him a servant which he had, at the same time, and drawing a splendid gold watch from his pocket, and a diamond ring from his finger, he said: "Here is my servant, worth one thousand dollars in any southern market, my watch and chain, worth three hundred and fifty; and a diamond ring worth seven hundred, which I put up. 'See it,' if you like." The gambler "called" him, and Stebbins was a ruined man, for the other had four aces against him.

All through the betting the passengers had crowded around the table, and everything was so still that you could hear a whisper anywhere in the room. The servant, who had changed masters, began to cry, saying:

"Master, I cannot leave you, but must go with you;" and he started to follow his master out of the cabin, when the gambler called to him:

"You black rascal, come back; you belong to me, now."

The passengers talked some of taking up a collection to buy him, but the gambler asked fifteen hundred dollars for him. It was evident to all who witnessed the game that the cards had been "put up" on Stebbins, who, consequently, had been swindled out of his money. Reiny Johnson, who was standing opposite to me and took such interest in the

game had disappeared, and I knew nothing of his whereabouts. I was anxious to know what had become of him, for I thought he was in some way or other connected with one of the parties. The gamblers, flush with their ill-gotten treasure, commenced drinking and carousing, and asked if there were any more who wished to play a game of "poker," when young Johnson stepped forward and said he would try a hand with either one of them, but would not play with them together. The victorious one took his seat at the table. All eyes were turned on Johnson, and I do not believe there was one who did not wish he might come out winner.

The betting commenced on a large scale, and before the morning's sun made its appearance, Johnson had won all the gambler's money and Stebbin's servant. There were three or four of us who had stood around the table all night, so interested were we in the game that sleep came not to our eyes. The last bet that was made was \$3,000, and when the gambler saw that he had lost, he made a grab for the money, when Johnson drew his revolver and held it within a few inches of his head, saying: "Touch one cent of that money and you are a dead man." The gambler drew back with a wild look, not saying a word, and left the table. In a few minutes he returned, telling Johnson that he was now prepared, and must have satisfaction for the insult offered him by drawing his revolver. Johnson told him he was no duelist, neither was he inclined to fight him; but if nothing else would do him, he could have satisfaction when they arrived at Little Rock, which was but a short distance ahead. This appeared to be satisfactory, and the gambler told him to select his weapons and hour of meeting. Some of the passengers who were acquainted with the gambler tried to prevail upon Johnson not to fight him, as he was considered an extraordinary shot, but it was all to no purpose.

Johnson selected Stebbins as his second, and came to me and asked if I would go and witness the duel, saying that he wished to leave some papers in my care, provided he was killed. I was perfectly astonished at his request, and scarcely knew what answer to make him; but he prevailed upon me so that I at last consented. It was a mystery to me why I should be selected by him to take charge of his papers and money, but I asked no

questions, concluding to let time solve the question. After we landed at Little Rock, the preliminaries being all arranged, we repaired to the place designated on the banks of the Arkansas river, about a mile and a half below town. The distance ten paces, with dueling pistols. The first fire, Johnson's ball entered the gambler's right arm, just above the wrist, and came out above the elbow. The code of honor being maintained, the affair was settled. After the duel was over, we returned to the hotel. The affair did not create much excitement, for there were but few who knew anything about it, and duels were so common those days in Arkansas that little attention was paid to them, with the exception of the sporting characters. I felt a peculiar interest in Johnson from some cause, I knew not what, notwithstanding I knew him to be both a gambler and a duelist. I had some business to attend to in Little Rock, and then intended to continue my journey to the interior of the State, where I had several bills for collection. About three o'clock that afternoon a servant came to my room and handed me a note, requesting me to call at room No. 3, but making no explanations in regard to it. This rather astonished me, but I immediately repaired to the room where Johnson was waiting for me, or whom I shall now call Adelaide, for it was none other. I had scarcely entered the door before she came and threw her arms around my neck and commenced weeping. I could not speak for several moments, for the surprise was so great to find the beautiful and accomplished Adelaide, dressed in male attire and following the occupation of gambler, but the greatest mystery to me was that I had not recognized her. She said she could not keep herself longer disguised from me, for she desired to tell me her misfortunes.

About three months after she was married, Matson was arrested for forgery on one of the eastern banks; tried, and sentenced to the state prison for ten years, where he soon afterwards died. My fears had been more than realized in regard to the unfortunate wedding, which was almost forced upon her by her parents.

"Adelaide," said I, "what could induce you to follow the river as a gambler?"

"Will, I hardly know, but I could never think of returning home again to endure the jeers of my old acquaintances. I sacrificed all my future happiness on

the matrimonial altar to please my parents, and gave my hand to one I did not love, who has since proven to be a felon. Once knowing I had made myself unworthy of the only one I ever did love, I made up my mind to choose between two evils the least. Will, do not censure me, and I know you would not if you only knew the pangs of anguish that are gnawing the cords of life, one by one."

"You have not forgotten Charlie."

"Forgotten Charlie! Ask me if the sun has forgotten to rise, or the moon to send her pale rays over the earth, or time cease to move. I love Charlie dearer to-day than I love my own soul, but I know I am now unworthy of him."

I kissed her care-worn brow, and told her that although she was doing wrong in pursuing her present course of life, she could not now adorn the circles of good society with that grace and dignity which she did in other days. Yet I could not discountenance my childhood companion, but should ever cherish for her feelings of the warmest character, hoping that she would yet reform and become a lady once more.

"Will, you almost persuade me to become a woman again, but then you know, when woman falls from her position, she falls never to rise again. It is different with man, for he can reform and enter society; but poor frail woman has no hope, for when the lamp which lights the path of virtue and rectitude is once extinguished, it can never be lighted again."

"You should not talk so despondingly, for there are some in this world who are ever willing to assist those who desire to reform."

"They are few and far between. My own sex would be the last ones to countenance me should I attempt to reform, and then if I should reform, I could never make myself worthy of Charlie, for without his society the world has no charm for me. The Rubicon is past, hope enters not my heart. *I am lost, forever lost!*"

We parted, and I took the coach for the village of M—, to attend to my duties, but I was in a poor mood for doing business, my mind being so excited over what had transpired in the last twenty-four hours. After four weeks' travel over the State of Arkansas, I returned to New Orleans, hoping I might meet Adelaide again, as she told me that she calculated to return on the boat she came up on.

Let us pass over ten years which has so swiftly rolled by. Many changes have transpired in that space of time. Countless thousands have set sail on the dark river of death, while the sands of life of those who are living have been washing down into the dark waves which close upon them forever. Within that space California has been peopled by the Anglo-Saxon race, who have been drawn here by the exhibition of her marvelous wealth. The mountains, which are covered with eternal snows, have become the dwelling place of civilized man, and the untold treasure which lies buried beneath those craggy cliffs is being brought to the eyes of an astonished world. The valleys have been made to yield all the luxuries of life. Cities have sprung up as if by magic, proving the indomitable spirit of the American people. In the grand rush for the golden land, many tender ties have been severed, which has given rise to many incidents of a romantic character. It was considered early times when I came to California, that is in the discovery of gold, and the mines were the great attraction. Nothing could induce me to remain in the city, for I thought I could make my fortune in a short time by mining; in fact, I felt sure I could pick up enough to do me. It was in the spring when I left San Francisco for Auburn. The gold was more difficult to procure than I imagined, and then the "lumps" were not so large as I expected to find them, but I continued mining for about twelve months, and in that time I had managed to make some money. I came to the conclusion to return to San Francisco and go into some business which would not require so much hard labor. I got into the coach at Auburn for Sacramento; there being five other passengers, I took the middle seat, and immediately in front of me sat a man whose countenance looked familiar to me, but his face being covered with whiskers, I could not make up my mind whether I had ever seen him before or not. We sat for some time without any of us speaking, when the gentleman by my side entered into conversation with me, while the other was watching me all the time; but I paid no attention to him, when of a sudden he raised up and asked me my name, which I told him, when he took my hand, saying:

"Do you remember Charles Watson?"

I told him I did; when he embraced me and wept like a child.

"I know you think I am foolish and am devoid of the feelings of a man, but such is not the case, for I have not seen one I knew since I left my native land, nine long years ago."

"How long," he continued, "since you left home?"

"About eighteen months."

"I presume there have been many changes since I left."

"Yes, Charlie, you would not know the place. Little girls have become young ladies since you left, and some have been laid in the cold earth, while others have gone forth into different portions of the world to seek their fortune."

"Did Adelaide and her husband ever return to the village?"

"They never returned."

"Do you know where they are?"

This question I did not know how to answer; but after hesitating for a moment, I concluded to tell him all I knew concerning poor unfortunate Adelaide, for I presumed she was long since dead. When I finished the sad narrative of her fate he covered his face with his hands and sat for some time without uttering a word, when he looked at me with tears glistening in his eyes.

"It is too hard," said he, "that two hearts that once beat in unison, should forever be separated."

When we arrived at Sacramento we took rooms together, and I learned he had been practicing medicine in Texas until the discovery of gold in California. He was then on his way to San Francisco to commence the practice of medicine again.

One evening we entered his office, and found a Spanish woman waiting for Dr. Charlie. She said there was a lady near by, very ill, and must have a physician. Charlie and myself followed the directions which led to the house. When we arrived, we found the patient in a little four by six room, with an old lamp burning, which did not give light enough to distinguish anything in the room. Charlie told me to take a seat and he would go and get some candles. Neither of us had gone near the patient. As soon as he returned he struck a light and went up to the bed; the rays of the light had hardly fell upon her countenance, when he started back trembling like an aspen leaf, his countenance as pale as the driven snow, exclaiming: "*Good Heav-*

ens, it is Adelaide!" Adelaide, hearing her name pronounced, rose up in the bed, looking more like a ghost than a human being, and cried out, "Oh, my God! is that Charlie?" The next moment they were in each other's arms. The scene of that meeting is one long to be remembered by me, for it is stamped upon my mind with such a deep impression that time can never erase it, but it will cling to me while time with me remains. A comfortable room was procured, with a waiting maid in attendance; everything was done for her that medical skill could desire, but all to no purpose; in less than two weeks, *Adelaide, the female gambler, was no more!*

On examination of her papers, which were in a little box under the head of her bed, it was found that she had left, by her will, all her money to Charlie. Eight thousand dollars in different banks in this State, and ten thousand in New Orleans. Charlie closed out business in San Francisco and returned to the Atlantic States, to see if he could find Adelaide's parents. The following letter explains all, and is the conclusion of our narrative, which we hope is not without some interest, as it is not fiction, for the scenes portrayed are of real life.

"LOUISVILLE, KY., 185-.

"MY DEAR WILL. :—I write you according to promise, but have nothing of interest. I have again wandered over my childhood land; again I sit beneath the red wood tree on the banks of my favorite meandering little stream where love's first dream entered my heart, while the fairest creature that ever graced the earth rested her hand upon my bosom, and with a smile as sweet and bright as that of an angel, looked up into my face and told me that she was happy only by my side; but I must not continue this subject. Adelaide's parents are both dead, having died with grief from the loss of their child. My kind benefactors, Dr. Longsby and lady, are both gone to the spirit-world and have left all their property, which amounts to over twenty thousand dollars, to me; but Will., what is all this money to me, since my brightest hopes have passed away? I start for Europe in about two weeks, and will write you occasionally while in that country. My respects to all my friends in California. I shall return to that country to make it my future home, for the remains of the only one I ever loved are there. Adieu.

"CHARLES WATSON."

OUR SOCIAL CHAIR.

It is rarely that we find in the public prints of the day anything justly entitled to the *name* Poetry. This, we are aware, is a bold assertion, yet we repeat it, and would like to see the man with sufficient impudence to put us to the proof. Nevertheless, poetical productions of striking merit do sometimes find their way into the busy papers, many of which, we may add, are so marked by the hand of Genius, that it is impossible to pass them by without pleasing recognition. Our attention was thus arrested not long since, by a Poem in the *Sunday Globe* of this city, entitled "Labor," from the pen of our well known fellow-townsmen, FRANK SOULE, Esq. While cheerfully transferring this charming production to the pages of our Magazine, we can almost hear the joyous sound of the hammer and saw, and fancy that we can see the "fair ribbons" as they curl out gracefully from the "rabbet plane." How sweet is the Song of Labor, and how sweetly is it sung by California's Poet! The effort is entirely worthy of the gifted author, and specially honorable to the State he takes delight in calling his home:

L A B O R.—BY FRANK SOULE.

Despise not labor! God did not despise

The handicraft which wrought this gorgeous globe;
That crowned its glories with yon jeweled skies,

And clad the earth in nature's queenly robe.

He dug the first canal—the river's bed—

Built the first fountain in the gushing spring,

Wove the first carpet for man's haughty tread,

The warp and woof of his first covering.

He made the picture painters imitate;

The statuary's first grand model made,

Taught human intellect to re-create,

And human ingenuity its trade.

Ere great Daguerre had harnessed up the Sun,

Apprenticeship at his new art to serve,

A greater Artist greater things had done,

The wondrous pictures of the optic nerve.

There is no deed of honest labor born,

That is not godlike in the toiling limb,

Howe'er the lazy scoff, the brainless scorn

God labored first, toil likens us to Him.

Ashamed of work! mechanic with thy tools?

The tree thy axe cut from its native sod,
And turns to useful things—go tell to fools—

Was fashioned in the factory of God.

Go build your ships, go, raise your lofty dome,

Your granite temple that through time endures,

Your humble cot, or that proud pile of Rome—

His arm has toiled there in advance of yours.

He made the flowers your learned florists scan,

And crystalized the atoms of each gem,

Enobled labor in great Nature's plan,

And made it virtue's brightest diadem.

Whatever thing is worthy to be had,

Is worthy of the toil by which 'tis won,

Just as the grain with which the fields are clad,

Pays back the warming labor of the sun.

'Tis not profession that enobles men,

'Tis not the calling that can e'er degrade;

The trowel is as worthy as the pen,

The pen is mightier than the hero's blade.

The merchant with his ledger and his wares,

The lawyer with his cases and his books,

The toiling farmer 'mid his wheat, or tares,

The poet by his shady streams and nooks,

The *man*, whate'er his work, wherever done,

If intellect and honor guide his hand,

Is peer to him who greatest state hath won,

And rich as any Rothchild of the land.

All mere distinctions based upon pretence,

Are merely laughing themes for manly hearts,

The miner's cradle claims from men of sense,

More honor than the youngling Bonaparte's.

Let fops and fools the sons of toil deride,

On false pretensions brainless dunces live,

Let carpet heroes strut with parlor pride,

Supreme in all indolence can give

But be thou not like them, and envy not

These fancy tomtit burlesques of mankind,

The witless snobs in idleness who rot,

Hermophradites 'twixt vanity and mind.

Oh, son of toil, be proud, look up, arise,

And disregard opinion's hollow test,

A false society's decrees despise—

He is most worthy who hath labored best.

The sceptre is less royal than the hoe,

The sword, beneath whose rule whole nations writhe,

And curse the wearer while they fear the blow—

Is far less noble than the plough and scythe.

There's more true honor on one tan-browned hand,

Rough with the honest work of busy men.

Than all the soft-skinned punies of the land,

The nice white kidery of "upper ten;"

Blow bright the forge, the sturdy anvil ring,

It sings the anthem of king Labor's courts,

And sweeter sounds the clattering hammers bring,

Than half a thousand thumped pianofortes'

Fair are the ribbons from the rabbet plane,

As those which grace my lady's hat and cape,

Nor does the joiner's honor blush or wane,

Beside the lawyer with his brief and tape.

Pride thee, mechanic, on thy honest trade,

'Tis nobler than the snob's much vaunted pelf,

Man's soulless pride his test of worth has made,

But thine is based on that of God himself.

JOE BOWERS' WEDDING.

BY ONE WHO WAS "THAR."

The county of—, "away up in the mountains," boasts of one of the best judges in California. On the bench he is firm, decided, and prompt, not caring the snap of his finger for either the applause of friends, or the mutterings of enemies. He is, perhaps, the most devoted man to the *law* in all creation, and has his head so full of what he terms "judicial talk," that he not unfrequently finds himself making learned charges and passing sentence outside of the court room.

On a recent occasion, the judge was called on to exercise the "power and authority in him vested," in the case of a young couple, who desired to have their hearts united in the holy band of wedlock. Of course he consented to perform the pleasing duty, and on the appointed evening, was promptly on hand, at the house at which the affair was to come off. The room was crowded by the beauty and fashion of the town, and none looked more dignified or happy than the judge himself, who was dressed within an inch of his life.

It is customary on occasions of the kind referred to, for the good folks of the mountain towns to pass around the wine quite freely, and to their everlasting credit, we will add, they consider it no harm for one to manifest his interest in the joyous event, by getting "lively." The judge is an ardent admirer of the fair sex, having in the course of his life led the third one to the altar. To use his own language, he is a "great believer in weddings," and that *he* should become a little mellow amid the glorious scene of the evening, was not to be wondered at by those who knew him intimately. He had the weakness of all good judges. He would take his "tod."

The wine had passed round and round and round: The music had ceased.

The time for making Joseph Bowers and Nancy Harkens *one*, had arrived. Every heart throbbed with the most delightful emotions. The young gentlemen desired to know how "Joe" would stand it, and the young ladies were anxious to see how "Nance" would suffer the awful shock. Others, again, who had closely observed the turn of affairs during the evening, fixed their attention upon the judge, to see how *he* would come out of the scrape.

At length the trying moment was announced. The judge arose very cautiously from the chair which he had occupied in one corner of the room, and casting his eye over the company, he recognized the sheriff of the county, who was present as an invited guest. The judge had imbibed just enough to make him forget the nature of his business. He was full of his "judicial talk," and required nothing but the presence of the sheriff to *start* him. Looking sternly at the officer, he shouted:—

"Mr. Sheriff, open the Court and call order!"

A general twitter followed this command, in the midst of which the sheriff took the "court" gently by the arm, and led him to his seat in the corner, at the same time informing the august personage of his mistake.

Everything now bid fair for a pleasant and sudden termination of the affair, until another annoyance, which was nothing less than the absence of the bridegroom, was observed. It turned out that he had just stepped across the street to join his friends in a parting drink, but before his return, some cold blooded wag had whispered into the ear of our foggy judge, the cause of "delay in proceedings." Instantly the chair in the corner moved, and in that direction all eyes were fixed.

"Mr. Sheriff," slowly drawled the judge, "bring Joe into court on a supnar"—the judge had his own way of

pronouncing the word—then addressing the bride who stood in the foreground, and hung her head in confusion, he added, "I spose you're the plaintiff. Well, don't take on. Innocence and virtue will be protected by this here court."

This was the saddest blunder of all. The judge was again made to see his mistake, and would have been considerably set back, had it not been for a corrective in the shape of "forty drops of the critter," which he instantly applied.

In a few moments all was ready in right down earnest. The bridegroom had arrived, full of joy. The bride in "gorgeous array," stood at his side. The company pressed forward. The excitement was intense. The judge never looked so dignified in his life. He evidently felt every inch a judge.

"J-J-o-e B-B-B-o-w-e-r-s," commenced the man of law, in that distressing style of speech with which he was invariably troubled when under the influence of liquor, "J-J-o-e B-B-B-o-w-e-r-s, stand up. Have y-y-you anything to s-s-say w-w-hy s-s-sen-tence—"

"Stop, stop, stop, Judge," shouted the Sheriff from the back part of the room. "You are not going to hang the man, but marry him."

The Judge drew a long breath and blinked rapidly, but stood his ground well. Recovering himself, he proceeded: "J-J-o-e B-B-B-owers, do y-you t-t-take Nancy H-H-Harkens for y-y-your wife, so h-h-help you God?"

This was a tolerable effort, and Joe nodded assent.

"N-N-Nancy Harkins, it now remains for this here C-C-Court to—"

Here the Sheriff again interrupted the Judge, reminding him of the real business of the evening,

"Miss N-Nancy," resumed the Judge, after being set right, "d-d-do y-y-y-you t-t-take J-J-Joe B-B-Bowers for a husband, t-t-to the best of your knowledge and b-b-belief, or d-d-do you not?"

"You bet!" softly answered the light-hearted Nancy.

The Judge then took the hands of the happy couple, and joining them, wound up the business as follows:

"It now r-r-remains for this h-h-here C-C-Court to pronounce you, J-J-o-e Bowers, and y-y-you, Nancy Harkens, man and wife; and" (here the Judge paused to wipe the perspiration from his face,) "m-may G-G-God Or-mity h-h-h-have mercy on y-y-y-our s-s-s-ouls!" *Sheriff, remove the culprits!"*

The company roared. Joe and Nancy weakened. The Sheriff was taken with a leaving. The Judge let himself out loose in a glass of apple jack. Taken by and large, it was the greatest wedding ever witnessed.

Look here, young man! Cast your eye over this. It may do you good. And when you have read it, stick it up in some place where you will be apt to see it at least once a day. It is equal to fifty of our modern "sensation" sermons:

Keep good company. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that no one will believe him. Drink no intoxicating liquors. Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing the day. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency, with tranquility of mind. Never play at any game of chance. Avoid temptation, thro' fear you might not withstand it. Earn your money before you spend it. Never run in debt unless you can see a way to get out again. Never borrow, if you can possibly avoid it. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

OUR readers, we feel sure, will share the pleasure we experience in being permitted to introduce a few gems from the mind of a lady whose contributions to the journals of the South and West—we might have said throughout the great Valley of the Mississippi—have long since gained for her a reputation of which she has just cause to feel proud. We have the promise that E. will contribute regularly to our pages. Certainly, nothing could be finer than the following:

“MUST I LEAVE THEE, PARADISE?”

“Must I leave thee, Paradise?”

Thus spoke the gentle Eve,
As from her blessed Eden home
She took her mournful leave;
With agony of heart and brow,
She gazed upon the wild,
Where she must make her cheerless home—
Eden's once happy child!

“Oh! must I leave thee, Paradise?”

Again that mournful cry;
And every leaf and blossom thrilled
To her deep agony:
For blissful had the hours been
Within each bower and grove;
And God had walked in glory there,
And bathed the scene in love!

Forth from the gate she sadly came,
With mournful step and slow;
Her beauteous head upon her breast,
Bowed in despairing woe;
With heaving heart and quivering lips,
She stood upon the wild;
And heard the gates of Paradise
Close on its banished child!

A blessed Eden home had I,
Where flowers of beauty grew;
Where my young sisters round me smil'd,
And God was with us too!
For in our mother's earnest tone,
Such holy words were given;
That silently we caught each breath,
And knew it came from Heaven!

But now, afar from Paradise,
In mournfulness I roam;
Musing upon the golden hours
That decked my happy home!
A stranger in the wilderness—
An exile on the wild—
I feel as did the stricken Eve—
An Eden-banished child!

E.

AN up-country correspondent cracks us the following nut for the “Chair:”

I observe that you treat your readers in the last issue of the Magazine to a veritable “Ghost Story,” of which the renowned “Col. Taylor,” of the tripod, stage and bar is the hero. In truth “the aforesaid” is “a fellow of infinite jest,” and among other good things he has got off in his day and generation the following, which deserves to be placed on record:

It is a well known cant and slang custom with certain sets when an individual treats himself to a bran new suit, or even sports a single new article of wearing apparel, to intimate that there has been a recent fire in his neighborhood.

There *was* a fire “to once’t” in the mountain town where Col. Bob. resides and practices at the bar, which, among other establishments, took in its course all the clothing stores of the place. The owners implored the bystanders to aid them in “shaving te gootsch,” and the crowd pitched in and carried off the stock of wearing apparel with a will. The Colonel, who was aiding and assisting in the good work, not liking the distribution of the garments, addressed the crowd in an indignant tone of remonstrance, with—

“O come, now, boys, don’t act the hog!
Don’t all take coats—some of you take pantaloons!”

The said appellant, however, “took nothing by his motion.”

WE have always considered *Fashion* a great humbug, but until we came across the following in the last number of the *Hesperian*, we did not know what an awful thing it really is:

It is a shapeless agent, stalking abroad and assuming all conceivable forms and figures. It always wears a mask, and often conceals beneath it the basest of human motives. It is the deadly enemy of reason, and its mission is to render mankind as miserable as may be. It moves with stealthy tread through the halls of domestic peace,

and promotes discomfort in every household. It presents itself upon all public occasions, to the exclusion of every worthy purpose. Its wants are insatiable; it is not content to dwell in the humble cot, but with its ceaseless suggestions, it tortures every heart with discontent. Whimsical as a bachelor, it poises the lady's hat high in the air, or suspends in the rear of her head, at the absolute defiance of all laws of gravitation. It reduces or expands, lengthens or shortens the skirt at pleasure. It pales the cheek, pinches the foot, or tortures the waist. It substitutes the smile and simper for the solicited song, and possesses the happy faculty to conceal ignorance under a profusion of monosyllables. It thrusts the neglected infant into the nursery, and burdens the library with an unknown jargon. It suggests the whalebone and the cotton, the rouge and the perfume, as indispensable appendages to the gentleman's toilet. It delights in street-smoking, profane language and brandy toddies. It gilds conversation with unmeaning words, and rarely finds sufficient incentive for action in an intellectual pursuit. It is, altogether, a heartless tyrant, and has never yet been discovered to be the presiding genius of a prosperous people.

An exchange, received by the last mail from the East, tells us about a new and soul-stirring romance, entitled the "Bloody Bushwacker," by the gifted author of the "Phantom Gridiron, or the Skeleton Feind of the Haunted Coal Hole!" We have room but for an extract;

"Scarcely had the Knight of the Green Garters uttered this thrilling imprecation, when the door of the prison was thrown violently open, and from behind a tapestried screen a man in glittering armor sprang upon him, and drawing a dagger from his helmet, plunged it to the scabbard in the breast of the Knight. He uttered one long groan, and fell a corpse. No sooner had he ceased breathing, than, from a secret door, a stranger entered, and stealthily approaching him, struck him one fearful blow. The unknown Knight fell senseless at his feet. Ere a moment had elapsed, from behind an embrasure in the wall, stalked forth a giant-like form, who advanced steadily towards the stranger, and seizing him by the throat, tore his eyes from their sockets, and cast his head to the vultures of the neighboring hills. Ere the quivering form of his victim lay still in the icy embrace of death, a withered hag, with long, skinny

fingers, emerged from the door of a ruined hut, and claspng her hands over the eyes of the giant-like murderer, dragged him shrieking to the deepest dungeon of the castle. 'Ha, ha!' shouts the Whackini, from an adjoining cell, 'thou, too, hast come down to these depths of woe.'

'Who speaks?' said the unfortunate Knight, as he revived at the sound of human voice; at the same time he felt the gliding coil of a huge boa-constrictor gathering about his body. Anon it opens its vast mouth, its eyes glisten like fire-balls—and it slowly devours its victim. Still does he shriek fearfully, and long after his bones are crushed by the remorseless jaws of the insensate monster, does that last heart-rending cry come up from the recesses of his stomach.

We pause here—the scene is too harrowing for our nervous temperament, and we can give but small instalments at a time."

TO * * *

I miss the in the morning,
When the birds begin to sing,
When the dew is on the flower
And the lark is on the wing,
When all is bright and beautiful,
And nature seems to shine
With that quiet, peaceful beauty,
Which seems almost divine.

I miss thee in my daily walk,
As through the world I roam,
There is no one near to love me,
To watch when I shall come,
No eye to glance with pleasure,
No hand to clasp my own,
No thrilling tones to welcome
The weary wanderer home.

I miss thee in thee evening,
When the day is past and gone,
When all is hush'd and quiet,
Each hope and joy has flown.
I'm lonely then without thee,
The unbidden tear will start,
While memory's proudest gleanings
Are busy round my heart.

In dreams, I still am near thee;
That bright and gentle eye,
Shows down its light upon me,
Like moonbeams from the sky;
Thy lips are on my forehead,
Thy form leans on my breast;
Oh! why should I awaken,
In dreams I still am blest.

YOUR BROTHER.

San Francisco, March 26, 1858.

Editor's Table.

THE second volume of our Magazine ends with the present number, and we cannot refer to the fact without making our most grateful acknowledgments to the gentlemen of the California press, who from the beginning have shown so whole-hearted a disposition to encourage and push forward our enterprise. People may say what they please. For our own part, we love the good opinion of our cotemporaries; and frankly confess that to their kindly monthly greetings we feel indebted for much of the prosperity we now, after a labor of two long years, enjoy. We would, in this connection, be pleased to reprint all the handsome notices we have received, in order to let our friends at a distance know what competent judges think of us, but to do so would occupy more space than the limits of one number of our Magazine. One paper says "the great merit of the Magazine is that the subjects it treats of are *Californian*, and come home to the bosoms and business of all Californians who love their adopted home." Another says: "As the Magazine is the exclusive production of California, it has great claims on our citizens for a generous and liberal support." And such, we may say, is the almost universal opinion of the press.

WE have reached a pretty pass, indeed! We have Scotchmen finding fault with the sweetest of our ballad writers because, forsooth, he sometimes breathes into his songs a spirit not wholly unlike that of the immortal Burns. We have Englishmen crying "thief!" every time they find a California story-writer with the faintest touch of the genius of Dickens or Thackeray, or any of the men of that lofty stamp. The French and German prints we seldom read, yet we would not be surprised to hear that complaints often proceed from those quarters, to the effect that their literary countrymen have, like other famous individuals,

suffered from the incursions of the remorseless intellect of the Pacific Coast. Of the justness of the charges to which we refer, it is unnecessary for us to say much. That we have had, and still have, unblushing plagiarists amongst us, is too true; still, we should take care that in our denunciations of the guilty, we are not so sweeping as to cast suspicion upon those whose merits entitle them to honorable distinction. For example, we confess we are of those who can find nothing in the productions of our respected fellow-citizen, JAMES LINEN, Esq., which warrant the savage and malignant attack made upon his reputation by one of the city papers. If some of his songs have the delicious tone and melody of a Burns, we should put it down to his credit, rather than strain a weak point to show too close a resemblance to the great Scotch Bard, for honest dealing. Taking the shameless expositions of plagiarism that have been made in this State as a text, certain critics have favored us with some very learned disquisitions and essays on the subject of Literature. Indeed one would be led to suppose, from all that has been written on the subject, that some new and far more brilliant light than anything we have yet seen, was soon to burst on this dark and benighted region. Now we have no particular fault to find with the literature of California. On the contrary, we are decidedly in favor of cultivating and encouraging just the sort we are now treated to. We, for one, are proud of our California writers. Taken as a whole, the press of our State, in point of taste, enterprise, vigor and genuine ability, will compare favorably with any in the known world; while our weekly journals, devoted exclusively to literature, have long since very justly been pronounced as able and entertaining as they are complete and perfect. We would not part with them for bushels of the namby-pamby "sensation" trash

imported into the State by each mail from the Atlantic. It is not altogether impossible that the majority of those who are so shocked with what they term *California* literature, are disappointed, unhappy spirits, whose own literary wares have been coldly received in this or some other market. Poor souls!

A GREAT and good man is gone! COL. THOMAS HART BENTON, the noble Missourian, whose proud boast in his declining days was that he was a Senator of "six Roman lustrums," has passed from earth! After a long life of unflinching devotion to his country, such as few have displayed, he gently whispers, "I am comfortable and content," and drops into the arms of Death! He died as he had lived, with unshaken nerve; an intellect pure, healthy, powerful, and hard at work. Mr. Benton's place in the Councils of the Nation has never been filled—perhaps never will be. There were giants in his day, and he was of them. He was in the 76th year of his age.

READER, have you a wife or mother, or brothers or sisters beyond the ocean that separates us from the rest of the world? You *have*? And do you write them by each steamer? No! Then we hate you for it. You are an unfeeling, cold-hearted wretch, who doesn't deserve the prayers of that wife and mother, or the constant thoughts of those brothers and sisters. We do not believe there is anything in our nature despotic or cruel, yet had we the power we would make a neglect to write home by each mail a high crime, and attach a heavy penalty to all such instances. This we would insist upon until Californians were taught to perform what we conceive to be their duty. Let us not forget home! In the change of seasons and lapse of years, we little know what is passing *there*. A young lady, with whose pleasant favors our readers are already familiar, writes us on this subject, and cannot fail to touch a tender chord in the breast of those for whom our remarks are intended. She received a letter from home the other day: Such

good news, and such *sad* news! All about the happy, joyous band of girls that she played with. How beautiful some had grown—how accomplished others! How some of them had worn the orange wreath, been led to the altar, and were now happy wives. How the trees had grown in the school-yard! And how Harry was going to be a lawyer, and Ned a merchant, and Charley a printer—and many were at college. And how, when the day was cold and deary, the snow was brushed from off a spot in the church-yard, and a grave received the form of one that she had so loved in years gone by, and whom she still loved—*he*, who carried her over the rippling streams in the wild-wood, and swung her in the grapevine, and made her believe that echo was a fairy.

Gone when the flowers were all away,
When the bright sunshine was absent,
When no song-birds made music,
When the singing brook was frozen up,
And all around was silent. Gone,
Where flowers ever freshly bloom. Where
Sunshine ever lingers. Where all is music,
Where all are angels. Where God is King!

THE story goes—and we desire to give it without any speculation or addition of our own—that Spriggins, the unfortunate individual whose troubles our artist has so graphically depicted in this number, came to California in the "flush times"—made money (of course) very fast—had a palace fit for a queen—drove his own horses—rode in his own carriage—drank his own wine—and sent for his wife, the loved idol of his heart, to enjoy with him the rich fruits of his early efforts. That the "better half," though a plain, sensible, home-spun woman, up to the time of her arrival in this country, soon caught the prevailing infection and insisted on mounting a lofty horse. That *he* yielded, and rode with her. That Spriggins was wrecked in the financial storm of a later day, and consequently found himself unable longer to live up to the high mark fixed by his wife. That she grew furious. That he remonstrated, and exhibited his cash account. That she raved and stormed and broke things. That he struggled on until he became exhausted in mind, body and purse, when the devoted

companion, whom he at the matrimonial altar had rescued from the fangs of poverty, quietly informed him that she *must* live like other woman, and that if *he* could'n't afford to support her, and let her have her own way, she knew who could. That the heart-broken Spriggins made a desperate, praise-worthy effort to rally, but failed. That he contemplated suicide, but was turned by friends from his rash purpose. That he was soon after deserted by his wife on a plea of "inhuman treatment," which was embodied in the bill of divorce; whereupon he hastened to Stockton and knocked for admission to the Insane Asylum. That being told by the examining physician that he was not quite far enough gone for a straight jacket, he resolved to become a politician. His dream of the delightful prospects that awaited him in his new business explains the rest. Perhaps the only thing to be wondered at is that a woman should be at the bottom of the terrible calamity. Yet so goes the story.

In the present number the admirable article, entitled "A Trip to Carson Valley and Walker's River," is completed. The recent gold discovery along Walker's river, having directed public attention to that quarter, we doubt not the information furnished in our pages will prove both useful and interesting. We like the plain, familiar style in which the writer describes his journey. The illustrations are from sketches taken on the spot, and may be relied on as strictly correct.

Our interior correspondents note the gratifying fact that the miners are reaping a rich harvest. Such is the news from all parts of the State. We make mention of this as an offset to the croakings of those who give as a reason for going, or inducing others to go, to the Frazer river diggings, that the California mines are "giving out." From the first we have never doubted the existence of an abundance of the precious metal in the country north of us, and took occasion in our last number to urge forward that class of persons who hang about our cities and towns, never venturing be-

low the "surface" for a fortune. Let such go, but when we hear them giving as a reason for so doing that *our* mines have failed, or that they no longer hold out flattering prospects, we begin to think they are too ignorant to be so far from their mothers. For it is well known, as is stated by our correspondents, that as much, if not more gold is being taken out now-a-days than ever before in California; while throughout the entire mining district we behold scenes of prosperity, happiness and general contentment, such as have never before been witnessed.

THE HESPERIAN: A Journal of Art and Literature. Published Semi-Monthly, and Edited by Mrs. A. M. SHULTZ and Mrs. F. H. DAY. Terms: \$4 00 per Year.

Though we are not in the habit of noticing the new publications of the day, we cannot permit the opportunity to pass to direct the attention of *Californians* to the journal, whose title, as well as aim and object, we have given above. It has been said of us out here on the Pacific, that we pay for and devour more literature than any other State in the Union. Without stopping to discuss a point upon which there may exist doubt, we would ask whether, amid our continued longing for "something to read," we will fail to give a proper reception to a well-conducted journal controlled entirely by California ladies, and devoted to the cultivation of the good, the true, the useful and beautiful in California Literature? The *Hesperian* approaches us with more than ordinary claims. It is, we may say, the first enterprise of the kind ever presented for our consideration, and managed as it is by well known ladies, whose brilliant efforts have for years been so highly prized by the press and people of the State, we should take peculiar pride in rendering it assistance. The number before us, viewed either with regard to its literary merits or typographical appearance, will compare favorably with any of the leading journals of the United States. We trust the ladies may receive the encouragement they deserve, and that they will soon be able to announce that their paper is on a sound, substantial basis.

The Delightful Dream

OF

MAJOR GEORGE WASHINGTON SPRIGGINS, AN AMBITIOUS POLITICIAN,

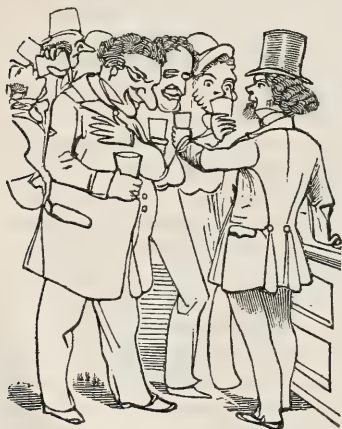
WHO READ THE "LEADING PAPERS" OF THE STATE DURING THE SESSION OF THE
LEGISLATURE.



Spriggins imagines himself a defeated candidate for Constable, in a large commercial city.



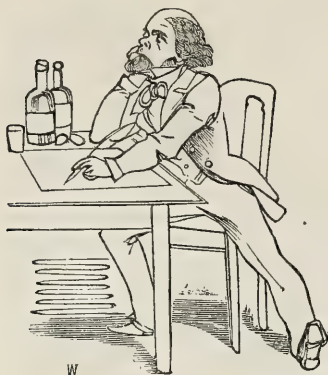
Disgusted with the "filthy pool" of politics, the Major proceeds to the "Interior," where he falls in with an Honest Miner, just about the dinner hour.



"Hurrah for Spriggins!" Elected Coroner of the County, he becomes exceedingly popular.



He holds his first Inquest!—A Shocking Death.



Spriggins stock up.—The “Regular Nominee” for the Legislature.—He prints a “card.”



Having been elected to the Legislature, he proceeds to qualify himself for the arduous and responsible duties of his position



Jones having once been “down South” on a raft, calls the Major out.

THE MAJOR’S “KEERD.”

FELLER SITIZENS.—I am a Demercrat and go in for the grate Merikin Egle. I never wuz anythink else 'cept a Demercrat, only wen I jined the K. N'S, and them's gone in and busted all to Smash long go. Ef I git your suff-eriges, I will do all I kin to extend the Merikin flag over our parts. I WILL! I am in favor of universal edication, and go aginst niggers. I wil vote to have every emty house in our county hired by the Governor, and turned in-to night scules. No more at present.

From your affectionate fren.

GEO. WASHINGTON SPRIGGINS.



He rises to a question of privilege.



Spriggins though not hurt, is a little weak after the excitement of the day.



The Major feels braver under different circumstances.



It's all up with Spriggins.—He is "elevated" by his constituents.

MONTHLY CHAT,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

J. E. Nourse, Jacksonville, Tuolumne Co.—“Notes and Pencillings,” by Erwin, received. The sketches go at once into the hands of the engraver. Much obliged.

L. T., Sacramento.—Glad you have become so deeply interested. The “Countess” will be concluded in the July number. We are unable to answer your last query.

Inquirer, Stockton.—The *Hesperian* has no connection whatever, with the defunct *Athenaeum*. Fie! considering the high and well known character of the ladies engaged in the enterprise, we do not see how you could think otherwise.

Prospector, Marysville.—Have we a map of the Frazer River Diggings? Of course we have—plenty of them. But why ask us? Our Agents, Randall & Co., in your own town have, or should have them. Drop in on them and see for yourself.

Hunter, Oroville.—If nothing happens, you may look for about a dozen of the California wild animals in our next number. Nahl has tried himself on the drawings, and Armstrong has hit it exactly in the engraving—so we fancy.

New England, San Francisco.—We beg to be excused. Nothing of a violent political character can find a place in our pages. The MSS. is subject to your order.

S. M., Downieville.—Really it is not in our power to furnish the information you desire. One of our daily papers—a very reliable one, by the by—stated a day or two since that Vanderbilt & Co. were about opening the Nicaragua route. This may be true—we know nothing to the contrary. But hold on—something may turn up soon.

O. P., San Jose.—Package received “right right side up with care.” Thanks for your kind remembrance.

F. P., San Francisco.—Your “Farewell” is on file for our next number. Let us hear from you again.

Carrie, Sacramento.—Send us the “Reminiscence.” Shall be glad to introduce you to the public.

C. H., Shasta.—We refer you to the “Miner’s Own Book,” just issued by us, for the information you desire.

